SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "A Poor Investment." (Preached at Topeka, Kan.)

TEXT: "*Ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money.*"—Isaiah iii. 3.

The Lord's people had gone headlong into sin, and as a punishment they had been carried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon and felt so sorry for these poor captives that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that, literally, my text was fulfilled. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

There is enough Gospel in this text for fifty sermons. There are persons here who have, like the people of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to yourselves or to God. The title deeds have been passed over to "the world, the flesh, and the devil," but the purchaser never paid up. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

When a man passes himself over to the world he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great things that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be horses and houses, and a summer resort and fashionable companionship. To get it he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world.

He does it in four installments. He pays down the first installment, and one-fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second installment, and one-half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third installment, and three-quarters of his nature are gone, and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth installment, and lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says: "Good morning. I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" says the world. "What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you to fulfill your part of the contract." "Sir," says the world, "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long time expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "Oh, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you stand on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold yourself for naught."

I tell you the world is a liar. He does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. "Oh," you say, "it will help to bury me, anyhow." Oh, my brother! you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough from sanitary considerations.

Post mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world, and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud and you in the midst of the Jordan of death were asked to pay three cents for your ferriage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in the existence beyond which all earthly values fail, and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham street to buy silk pocket handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man who has every put his trust in it.

History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostrils, and there were the richest meats and wines and fruits and confections pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful indulgence on which he reclined, and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have the week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it! Ah! that was a bargain! He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and just before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian empire. I was king over kings. Behold, Behold me this monument." But the world in after years plowed up his sepulcher.

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb; but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call the roll, and be quick about it. Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy? "No. I am afraid I shall some day get crazy." William Hazlitt, the great essayist! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours on a nail going up and down Paternoster row with a volcano in my breast." Sheridan, the witty author! Happy? "No. I am sick of praise and blame. And I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." Buchanan, the world renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII for protection! Happy? "No. Over mountains covered with snow, and through valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive." Moliere, the popular dramatic author! Happy? "No. Taut wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have my children of my brain so hung, drawn and quartered tortures me like a condemned spirit."

I want to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its wall was a picture gallery. I found his death chamber adorned with tapestry, until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. The man had given for 40 years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. But the world came in to stand by his death bed and clearing off the vials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and leaves them in the lurch. It ruins this man and then left him. He had a magnificent funeral. All the ministers wore scarfs, and the pall was of costly silk. Yes, yes! I saw it all. The departed man had accepted not the Christian.

I want to persuade my audience that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay ninety per cent. of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent., nor twenty per cent., nor two per cent., nor one; that it gives no peace when a dead babe lies on your lap; that it gives no peace when conscience flings its stings; that it gives no explanation to the day of death's trouble; and at the time of your decease it takes hold of the pillow case and shakes out the feathers, and then pulls down in the place thereof sighs and groans and moans, and then makes you put your head on it.

Oh, ye who have tried this world, is it a satisfactory portion? Would you advise your friends to make the investment? No. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught." Your conscience went. Your hope went. Your Bible went. Your heaven went. Your God went. When a sheriff under a writ from the courts sells a man out the officer generally leaves a few chairs and a bed, and a few cups and knives; but in this awful vendue in which you have been engaged the auctioneer's mallet has come down upon body, mind and soul—going! gone! "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few pennies you could buy in city shop? Did you think that your soul, if once lost, might be found again if you went out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short lived, and that by parting, you would soon be done for extinction? Or had you no idea what your soul was worth? Did you ever put your forefingers on its eternal pulses? Have you not felt the quiver of its peerless wing? Have you not known that after leaving the body, the first step of your soul reaches to the stars, and the next step to the farthest outposts of God's universe, and that it will not die until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? Oh, my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

But I have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recovery of that soul of yours. I want to show that you have been cheated out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject, and that the world, under such circumstances, had no right to take the title deed from you; and if you will join me I shall get a decree from the High Chancery Court of Heaven reinstating you in the possession of your soul. "Oh," you say, "I am afraid of lawsuits; they are so expensive, and I cannot pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Money is good for a great many things, but it cannot do anything in the matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through. Dollars and pounds sterling mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation, an extension of Wall street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is it I will answer, Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no; it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king?

I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes 12, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and He descends and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until His touches the sharp covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull shaped, and there, at the sharp stroke of impersonation, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarefied and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says, "In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your lancelet into the arm of a holy religion and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the turtle dove, the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these sentinels on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement.

I think that God intended to impress us with a vividness of that color. The green of the grass, the blue of the sky, would not have startled Saul around us like this deep crimson. It is as if God had said to the sinner, wake up and see what the Saviour endured for you. This is not water. This is not wine. This is blood. It is the blood of My Son. It is the blood of the immaculate. It is the blood of God. Without the shedding of blood is no remission. There has been many a man who, in courts of law, has pleaded "not guilty," who nevertheless has been condemned because there was blood stains on his hands or blood found in his room, and what shall we do in the last day if it be found that we have recruited the Lord of Glory and have never repented of it? You may believe in the blood by or die. No escape. Unless you let the sacrificial Jesus go in your stead you yourself must suffer. It is either Christ's blood or your blood.

"Oh," says some one, "the thought of blood sickens me." Good. God intended it to sicken you with your sin. Do not act as though you had nothing to do with that Calvarian massacre. You had. Your sins were the implements of torture. Those implements were not made of steel and iron and wood so much as out of your sins. Guilty of this homicide, and this regicide, and this deicide, confess your guilt to-day. Ten thousand voices of heaven bring in the verdict against you of guilty, guilty! Prepare to die or believe in that blood. Stretch yourself out for the sacrifice or accept the Saviour's sacrifice. Do not fling away your one chance.

It seems to me as if all heaven were trying to hide in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus, but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the sweat of Gethsemane, but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall, but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven bids once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the abolition His temple, the blood on His cheek, the blood on His chin, the blood on His hand, the blood on His side, the blood on His knee, the blood on His foot—the blood in drops, the blood in rills, the blood in pools coagulated beneath the cross, the blood that wet the tips of the soldiers' spears, the blood that plashed warm in the face of His executioner."

Glory to God, that bid wins it! The highest price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The stranged property is brought back. Take it. You have sold yourself for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money. "A strong blood, cleansing blood, life giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why not burst into tears at the thought that for this He shed it—for this He hard hearted, for this the lost!

"Lost!" says some one: "I will have nothing to do with it except that, like the ewe lamb of Christ, I put both my hands into that carnage and scoop up both palms full of blood and sprinkle it on my children." "His blood be on us and our children!" Can you do such a shocking thing as that? Just rub your handkerchief across your brow and look at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and driven back all these years. Oh, do not do that any longer! Come out boldly and frankly and honestly, and tell Christ you are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat Him upon whom everything depends.

I do not know how you will get away from this subject. You see that you are sold out, and that Christ wants to buy you back. There are three persons who come after you to-day—God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. They unite their three omnipotences in one movement for your salvation. You will not take up arms against the triune God, will you? Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat? By the highest thrones in heaven, and by the deepest chasm in hell, I beg you look out. Unless you allow Christ to carry away your sins, they will carry you away. Unless you allow Christ to lift you up, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood. Christ, the sin offering, bearing your transgressions. Christ, the divine Cyrus, loosening your Babylonish captivity.

Would you not like to be free? Here is the price of your liberation—not money, but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not because I fear your presence, but because I fear that you will miss your chance for immortal rescue. This is the alternative divinely put, "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." In the last day, if you now reject Christ, every drop of that sacrificial blood, instead of pleading for your release as it would have pleaded if you had repented, will plead against you.

O Lord God of the judgment day! avert that calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the scimeter that slays the sin but saves the sinner. Strike, omnipotent God, for the soul's deliverance! Roar, O eternal sea! with all thy waves against the barren beach of that rocky soul and make it tremble. Oh, the oppressiveness of the hour, the minute, the second on which the soul's destiny quivers, and this is that hour, that minute, that second!

Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the seacoast, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signal of distress and the people on shore saw them. They put out in a lifeboat. They come on, and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried: "Hold on! we come! hold on! We save you!" After awhile the boat came up. One man was saved by having the boathook put in the collar of his coat, and some in one way and some in another, but they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain, "for the shore. Pull away now, pull!"

The people on the land were afraid the lifeboat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped and they have all perished together." And there were men and women on the pier head venting their agony in wringing their hands; and while they waited and watched they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the lifeboat. As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept through the boiling surf and came to the pier head the captain waved his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!"

So it may be to-day. The waves of your sin run high, the storm is on you, but I cheer you with this Gospel hope. God grant that within the next ten minutes we may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy. And when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the glorified gathering on the pier heads of heaven to watch and to listen, may we be able to report all saved! Young and old, good and bad! All saved! Saved for time. Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

AN esteemed religious journal, giving advice to boys, says that every one of them "ought always to treat the girls so well that they will all wish he was their brother." That may do to tell to young boys, very young boys, but when a fellow grows up to the age of indiscretion and carries a cane and sometimes buys his own cigarettes, you can't influence him by anything that is calculated to make him the butt of one those I'll-be-a-sister-to-you jokes.

It is passing odd that the only true Americans should be considered not Americans at all. Commenting unfavorably upon the recent marriage of Miss Elaine Goodale to the educated Sioux, Charles Eastman, a Chicago paper said: "It is true that the best man for an American girl to wed is an American man. It is not a compliment to American men when an American woman chooses an Indian or a man from any other race for her husband." If a Sioux is not an American it is hard to tell who is. His ancestors were hunting the bison and spearing the American salmon when the progenitors of the writer of that editorial were churls ground beneath the heel of a feudal lord.

WHEN William Penn sailed up the Delaware, in 1682, there were about 3,500 white people in the province and territories, and on the eastern bank of the river from Trenton to Salem a few wigwams and not over twenty houses were to be found within the entire limits of what is now Philadelphia. In 1684 the infant town had about 2,500 residents, while in 1699 Philadelphia and its Liberties had nearly 5,000 people. Between this period and 1790 there are almost no trustworthy records of population. The Philadelphia Directory, published in 1785 by Francis White, contains approximately 3,900 names of citizens, while MacPherson's Directory for the same year has more than 6,000 names. In 1790 the first census was taken, and the population was found to be 54,391.

ART OF THE SILKMAKER.

The Department Established by the United States a Failure.

The art of silkmaking and embroidery is so ancient that many of the finest features are lost to modern times. When it is considered that America last year imported silk fabrics whose value was over $21,000,000, and paid as a duty of $19,000,000 more, the annual consumption of silk appears startling. But this is only half of the amount actually consumed, for the importation of raw silk in 1889, free of duty, was valued at nearly $20,000,000, which, being manufactured into fabrics and sold at the enhanced price, duty added, makes the total consumption of silk manufactures in the neighborhood of $100,000,000.

The interesting silk culture department at Washington under Philip Walker has been closed, on account of failure by Congress to appropriate money to continue it, the claim being made that reeling by machinery has proven unsuccessful, and reeling by hand is too expensive. The department was established in 1885. Mme. Vaccarino, a French woman, whose husband is an Italian, was brought from Lyons and remained in charge until the enterprise was discontinued.

The process of silkmaking, as described by Miss Sara Sweeney, a most skillful reeler, is full of interest. The silkworm eggs, the size of flaxseed, are imported from Italy, and about April 15 they are placed on mulberry or Osage orange leaves in a room of proper temperature. In fifteen days the worms are hatched, almost the size of small ants. They are then fed on leaves. Within thirty days the worm has grown from two to two and a quarter inches, and has wrapped the silk filament about it, forming the cocoon. If allowed to rest undisturbed the worm becomes a moth and escapes from the small end of the cocoon, destroying its value. To prevent this the cocoons are steamed and baked. Three colors, white, yellow and green, are produced. When brown spots made by butterflies appear, they are removed by salting. The next step is to cook and brush the cocoons.

Miss May Dolan, who has been in the cooking department since 1886, is a native of Washington City. She, with Miss Sweeney, occupied a large share of attention from the ladies who visited the fair at Cincinnati in 1889, where the silk exhibit was given during four months.

The first reeler employed in the department was Miss Nena Crain, a native of Baltimore. Another reeler is Miss Gertrude Riggles of Seabrook, Md.

After the silk is reeled it is done up in hanks and sent to the factory, where it is bleached and dyed to suit the purposes of the manufacturer. A very high grade of silk is made in America, its value being $5 a pound, producing a fabric sold at from $8 to $10 a yard.

In the department, now closed, remain as clerks Miss Helen Gardner and Miss Fannie Barthols, her assistant. It is the present intention to take the silk exhibit to the World's Fair.—[Mail and Express.

A Startling Coincidence.

One of the most remarkable coincidences that has ever been the province of a newspaper to record comes from the lower end of the county, says the Wilkesbarre (Penn.) Record. Henry Trumbauer of Ross township, a few miles west of Shickshinny, a farmer, forty-five years old, retired at an early hour on Sunday night in his usual good health, and to all outward appearances never felt better in his life. The next morning his wife was horrified by the discovery of his dead body in bed. He had passed quietly away in the night without a struggle.

On the same night his brother William, living in Hunlock township, about ten miles away, retired hale and hearty. He, too, showed no symptoms of illness. Nothing in his demeanor gave the slightest warning of impending dissolution. His daughter, not seeing her father come down as usual, called, but received no answer. She went up stairs, when she was horror stricken to find him dead on the bed. He was a kind father and a peaceful neighbor, and well thought of by those who knew him. Death came to the two brothers almost at the same moment. The occurrence has created not a little excitement in the neighborhood, as the men were well known in the community. No marks of violence could be found on their bodies, and the general belief is that death was due to natural causes. Both men were married and each leaves a wife and family.

A Remarkable Malady.

Professor Bollinger of Munich calls the attention of the medical world to a remarkable case which came under his observation. A girl, sixteen years old, complained of pains in the neighborhood of her stomach, but the physicians could not believe her, and could not even state the cause of her sickness. All they knew was that a tumor of some kind prevented the girl from digesting the food. Before they could agree on an operation or another kind of treatment the patient, who had grown thinner every day, died. An autopsy showed that a mass of human hair, eight to twenty-eight centimeters long, had not only filled up the stomach, but also some adjoining parts of the body. Professor Bollinger says that only nine cases of this kind are known to the medical profession. Some girls, he states, usually those who are sick or not right in their minds, or hysterical, have the bad habit of swallowing hair which they comb or fear from their head, and when a great quantity has accumulated in the body a sickness like that of the girl mentioned causes death.—[New York Recorder.

I Lost

My confidence, with all my sleep and weakness, work—as a result of general debility, when I was told that Hood's Sarsaparilla was just what I needed. As a browning man grasps at a straw, I took it. To my surprise, from the first day I began improving. By the time I had finished my second bottle I had regained my health and strength, and from that day to this I have been perfectly well. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to my friends, whom I know have been benefited by it. It is indeed peculiar to itself, in that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

not only helps, but it cures. H. C. PIDCOCK, 49 Delavan Street, Lambertville, N. J.

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John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure. ®

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THE COLORADO DESERT

THE WEIRD WASTE WHERE A SEA HAS FORMED.

Walking on What was Once a Part of the Ocean's Bed—A Mosaic Floor of Gems.

The Colorado desert, a great part of which has been transformed into an inland sea, may soon be explored by the government. Of late the Department of Agriculture has been devoting much of its attention to investigating the waste regions of the United States with a view to finding out what things, animal and vegetable, live in them. Two years ago the so-called Painted Desert of Arizona was the object of inquiry, and, in addition to zoological and botanical specimens for enriching collections, vivid pictures were brought back of that red expanse of barrenness, with its scattered cliffs of rainbow hues, topped by heaps of fossil wood, and its sand storms, threatening the luckless traveller with their towering columns of whirling sand dancing over the plain.

Not less weird are the descriptions sent by the present expedition to Death Valley respecting scenes and experiences in that strange alkali sink. But even Death Valley is nothing as to heat and picturesqueness when compared with the Colorado Desert, which was the original Jornado del Muerto, or Valley of Death, of the Mexicans. That region is 200 miles south of the so-called Death Valley in almost a straight line, being that much nearer the equator, and is considerably deeper hole. It covers 9,000 square miles, and more than a quarter of this area, a space 100 miles long by an average width of twenty-five miles, is below the level of the ocean. In some parts its bottom is 230 feet below tidewater. Reliable authorities assert that it is the most intensely hot spot on the face of the earth; the Sahara is nowhere compared with it. Expedition after expedition has been lost in attempts to cross it. Prof. Gilbert Thompson, of the Geological Survey, tells of an occasion some years ago when a railway train on which he was a passenger broke down in the Colorado Desert. By good luck the nearest station was only three-quarters of a mile away, and a number of people started out to walk the distance over the ties. Before reaching their destination twelve of them were struck down by the heat, so that a rescuing party had to be sent out for them. The thermometer stood at 126 degrees in the shade. Under such conditions people cannot live long without copious draughts of water. The water in the blood dries up rapidly, and all the secretions of the body thicken.

It might be said that this Jornado del Muerto is the ideal desert of the world. In no other of the earth's most fearful wastes can be found such natural conditions of ideal horror. Even the mirage, tempter of the dying traveller's delirium, reaches a more extraordinary development there than anywhere else. One can behold in the Colorado Desert, where all is hopeless misery, beautiful lakes, tempting verdure, and even towns with houses and churches within distances apparently small.

The explorer who is bold enough to venture into this region for purposes of investigation is struck, to begin with, with the weirdness of finding himself walking in what was once the bed of the ocean, hundreds of feet lower down than Neptune's waves are flowing a few miles away. He knows that this branch of the sea subsequently became an inland lake, and it is with interest that he looks upon the shores of what was erstwhile a mighty body of water. A great shallow lake it was ages ago, and the rocky banks which enclosed it still remain—cliffs of imperishable stone, with the ancient water marks still on them. When water was there the lime which it contained was gradually deposited on the rocky shores for thousands of years, so that now the cliffs are coated with it three feet thick in many parts, and one is thus enabled to observe just how high this strange inland reservoir threw its waves in times gone by.

Its bed to day may well afford a study to the seeker after marvels, as well as to the geologist. It is a desert wonderland. Imagine a plain of clay, monotonously level, relieved here and there by hills of sand built in beautiful wavelike outlines. These hills are not stationary; they travel constantly, though slowly, journeying over the plain as the winds direct. The sand of which they are composed is not like ordinary sand. Most of the grains are transparent; others are translucent, while many are of rainbow hues, being in fact small gems of red carnelian, green chrysolite, and vari-colored garnet. Beneath a microscope they are most interesting. A majority of them are perfect spheres, rounded and polished by attrition with one another. When mixed with a certain acid they effervesce like Seidlitz powders. Composed of these strangely wrought materials the sand hills look like great snow drifts, with here and there a gleam of color.

In some parts of the desert, here and there, water boils up from springs, which are surrounded by circular hillocks of carbonate of lime from four to eight feet in height, the material of which has been deposited from the flowing fluid. The latter is so highly charged with gas that it is very difficult to keep corks in bottles filled with it. It seems queer to find in such a desolate country real soda-water fountains supplied by nature. Syrups are not offered to order, unfortunately. The lime deposited on the rocky shores was contributed by such springs as these, bubbling up from what was then the bottom of the lake.

The atmosphere of the desert is so clear, owing to the absence of moisture, that small objects at a great distance seem close at hand. All sorts of illusions deceive the eye. A man far away on the plain assumes gigantic stature. Ranges of hills take on wonderful effects of color—rose, violet and yellow. The phenomenon of the mirage is developed on a gigantic scale. Mountains below the horizon rise into view, and vast lakes invite the traveler to turn aside for refreshments.

The northern part of the desert is paved with the most wonderful pebbles in the world—in many places so exquisitely laid that they defy successful imitation by the most skilled worker in mosaic flooring. These pebbles are porphyry, agates, carnelian, quartz, crystals, garnets, chrysolite, and other beautiful materials. They are packed together so that the surface composed of them is like a floor, and they look as if pressed into it with a roller. As a rule, they are of nearly uniform size, and each one is polished brilliantly, as if oiled and rubbed. Most of them are perfect spheres, and the reflection from them of the sun's rays is gorgeous beyond description. Each convex surface gives back a ray of light, and the ground for miles seems as if literally paved with gems. Thus the surface is a combination of myriads of reflectors.

Everybody knows, without looking at the map, how Lower California runs south from the Pacific coast like a sort of tail, separated from the United States—for it is a part of Mexico, as some people are not aware—by a long arm of the sea called the Gulf of California. Once the gulf extended in a northerly direction 300 miles beyond its present inland limit. Into that northern section the great Colorado River emptied millions of tons of detritus annually, until the deposit accumulated in quantity sufficient to shut off the upper part of the gulf, which was thus transformed into a lake. To begin with, of course, it was a salt lake, but it gradually became fresh through the influx of water from the Colorado. Thereupon fresh water fishes, mollusks, and other creatures not of the brine were developed in it, and in this way it happens that the dry bottom of to-day is covered with their fossil remains.

However, the Colorado, like other rivers, has been steadily diminishing in volume as centuries have gone by; so that its supply of water was at length cut off from the lake, only dry channels remaining where once torrents flowed. One of these old channels is known as the New River. Within the memory of tradition of man there has been no flow worth mentioning through this New River, but in 1853 a geologist, Prof. William G. Blake, attached to a party of United States engineers which first explored this region, said in his report that the desert would again become a lake for a time, if there should be an unusual rising of the Colorado. Now that is exactly what has occurred recently. A large tributary of the Colorado, called the Gila River, has been affected by such a flood as has never been heard of there before. Consequently the Colorado, augmented in volume by this swollen stream, has poured a part of its overflow through the New River channel and the ancient lake bed has become inundated. Necessarily the water will soon dry up.—[Boston Transcript.

Clever Diamond Smuggling.

"Talking about smuggling reminds me of a trick I saw resorted to by a passenger on one of the big steamers a couple of years ago," said a loquacious commercial traveler. "You know there is a duty on diamonds, and one of the passengers had three large stones, worth several thousand dollars, which he had purchased in London. The problem of how to evade paying the duty on the stones worried him considerably, but at last he evolved a plan, and a few days before the steamer arrived in New York he proceeded to execute it.

"The chief officer had a little skye terrier, and the passenger after considerable coaxing induced him to sell the dog. As soon as the smuggler gained possession of the animal he tied him up and gave him nothing to eat until just before we were to go ashore. He then procured some fat meat from the cook, and cutting off a piece a little larger than a walnut, made a hole in it into which he placed one of the diamonds.

"A dog will generally bolt a piece of fat without chewing it, and of course a diamond will go down with it. The hungry dog swallowed the meat, as his owner expected he would, and in a short time the three diamonds were safely stowed away in his interior. The diamond smuggler had no difficulty in evading the vigilance of the Custom House officials, and was soon on his way up town leading the dog by a string.

"I met him again a few days afterward and asked him how he recovered the stones. 'Easy enough,' he replied. 'As soon as I got home I shot the dog and found the diamonds after a long search. Of course I was sorry for the dog, but dogs are cheap and the tariff on stones is high, and I never allow sympathy to interfere with business.'"—[Jeweler's Weekly.

Chinese Love Pork.

The principal article of meat diet with the Chinese is pork. It is to them what beef is to the true son of Albion's isle. The Chinese butcher, having only the one species of animal on which to exercise his skill, has become by practice a big anatomist in the full sense of the word. A fat porker as soon as it is placed on the block in a retail Chinese butcher shop is scientifically rif of all its bones. The carcass is expertly cut into strips, so that every customer gets an equal quantity of fat and lean with his purchase. It is sold salted, smoked or roasted ready for eating.

It is also smeared with nut oil and disposed of in a semi-dried state. The hungry Celestial is frequently to be seen investing a five-cent piece in a large strip of roasted pork, which he eats with every evidence of satisfactory relish as he strolls along.—[New York Press.

WHISTLING ANIMALS.

Strange Creatures That Infest the Olympic Mountains.

The Whatcom (Wash.) Reveille has the following: After lunch we passed through a beautiful piece of bottom land, teeming with flowers, red and yellow monthly musk, fringing the banks of the stream, where it spread out over the meadow in a dozen different channels. Charlie wanted to stop and take up 100 acres, but Campbell told him, "Too much plenty snow in winter," and after vainly trying to drink the creek dry, we passed on. Another turn brought us to the base of a steep, bare, stony mountain. Skirting this and climbing over some big rocks we suddenly came into a lovely grass country. Like the prairie in summer, every conceivable flower seemed to bloom and blossom in the grass; the place was ablaze with red, blue, yellow and white.

We must have passed through 500 or 600 acres of it, and every here and there a rippling stream ran wildly through it. The place was a perfect paradise, and, thank goodness, we had got out of the dark valley and stood in the bright, warm sunshine. We were now close to the head of the Quilcene, and we eagerly pressed on. Presently we met a dog, and close after him his master, who turned out to be Mr. Ransom, going from the head of the Dungeness of Port Townsend. He gave us cheerful accounts of the elk, and also kindly took a letter into town for us. At 5:30 o'clock we camped under Sentinel rock, about a mile from the divide. This rock stands boldly out alone, like a massive fortress, guarding the entrance to the valley of the Dungeness.

Suddenly the mountain sides seemed to be alive with men whistling to one another, when—and one would turn sharp around only to hear another and a shriller whew—on the other side; and soon we saw lots of animals, about the size of a fox, with long, bushy tails, running about from rock to rock, sometimes lying down, but more often sitting bolt up, erect, as a forret does. We shot a couple of small ones that night, and afterwards shot several more larger ones. Campbell called them whistling dogs, and declared they were good to eat; but the smell was enough for us. Their odor is peculiar, but not fragrant. They have two long teeth in front like a beaver, and feet almost shaped like a squirrel's feet. I believe their right name is mountain beaver.

Wherever we went afterwards in the mountains, as long as there was grass, we saw these whistling dogs, as we got to call them. I liked to see them; they seemed to make the place cheerful and lively, and were very amusing to watch. In winter they have long narrows under the snow, and their coats get a dark grey; in summer they are yellow. Their skins should make good fur, and I think would pay for being trapped in the winter months.—Our altitude this night was 5,450 feet, and we christened the place "Stone Camp," from the terribly stony ground we had to sleep on. The night was warm until about 4 o'clock a. m., when it got fearfully cold, and we were almost frozen.

Dried Human Heads.

The National Museum does not go in for horrors, but some gruesome things are to be found there nevertheless.

For example, there are two human heads from the upper Amazon, dried in a weird and extraordinary fashion. The natives on the high slopes of the Andes delight in chopping off the heads of their enemies and preserving them for ornamental and other purposes. Their method is to make a cut with a knife around the lower part of the neck and draw the skin off over the head, taking care to preserve intact the nose, mouth and other features.

Next, the skin is turned right side out and the lips are sewn together with coarse twine, such as grocers use, leaving a fringe of the string hanging down for a length of two feet from the chin of the departed foe. Finally, the head, thus bereft of its skull, is filled with hot gravel, which makes it shrink. The hot gravel is renewed as often as may be necessary until the head has shrunk to quarter the size of that of a new-born child.

The appearance of a head thus treated is grotesque beyond describing. Its face is that of a human being reduced to