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metimes thiever house excepted is about; ary little ding and the most pretense to remove trous, the a station

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Bullard, of To-day she of her being a misfortune ear and her ctly. This by means of or made by as mode by as mode by as mode by the state of the ctly. as made by a rmerly Miss difficulty in g an examin experiment. orked on the Last week it ard came on lonel R. C. ted with the gift, It was for the first red a word. egan to talk

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es of the late South Cana-s the formslong the bot-ne sand has one river in abankment is of the of the river, left the lakes the stream. n of perman many square s of valuable .-[St. Louis

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one kept a ers when any ght near; and as supposed to th poison; an-which caused ervesce. One nother a brace-

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tons them was nontons them was nontons them was all the peorecognes them was all the peorecognes them was all the peotons had been born were still alred
would have been elbowed by our ancests
of an owner, man had been a people
of the people of "Obliviou and Its Defeats" is my subject oday. There is an old monster that swaltwas down everything. It crunches indiriduals families, communities, States, Nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its life is made up of years, of conturies, of each of years, of cycles, of millenon whester and lithe other dictionarians oblivion. It is a steen down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is continued. It is a direct in the everything is continued. It is a direct in the everything is continued. It is a direct in the everything stops, it is the cemetery of the human race. It is he domain of forgetininess. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and would not pronounce it to-day if I did not some armed in the strength of the eternal food on your behalf to stack it, to rout it, to found in the lock at the way the families of

Margaret and a service of the servic

THE NAME OF

pleets "Oblivion and Ita Per

on your nemar to access it, or rount, to both it.

Thy, just look at the way the families of carth disappear. For awhile they are toer, in a peral in the state of the rest in disable, and then they part, some by maragoing to establish other homes; and
is leave this life, and a century is long
with to plant a family, develop it, prosper
d obliterate it. So the generations van-

is and obliterate it, So the generations vanish.

Walk up Broadway, New York: State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; the Strand, London, Princees street, Edinburgh Champs Elysees, Paris; Uater den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year 1893 not one person who walked it in 1793. Whatenguliment! All the ordinary effort at perpetuation are dead failures. Walter Scotte 'Hold Mortality' may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quiexer chisely with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while "Old Mortality" is cutting in one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of bookworms or unread of the rising senerations.

and turrets of our present American and European cities.

Call the roll of the armics of Baldwin I., or of Charles Martel, or of Marthorough, or of Mithridates, or of Prince Fraderick, or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one nawer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Asyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Seosotris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxres at Cunara, the 2,641,000 men under Certes at Thermopyins, and call the long roll. Not one answer.

At the opening of our civil war the men of

with great effort, find that some person of our name was born somewhere between 1810 mid 1890, but they will know no moreyabout us than we know about the color of a child's yes born last night in a village in Patazonia. Tell me something about your great-randfather. What were his features? What lid he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grand-rother. Will you describe the style of the bat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June?

June'
Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over
everything. Even the pyramids are dying.
Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a
ahip of that granite. The saa is triumphing
over the land, and what is going on at Coney

it is so interlocked by the law of gravitationwith other worlds that they will go, too, and
so far from having our memory perpetuated
by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this
world there is no world in sight of our
strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the
fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our
earth is struck with death. The arlettee of
the-constellations will break and let down
the population of other worlds. Stellar,
lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can
swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of
worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down
a frog.

or any second of the part of t

might better be represented as limping on crutches.

Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies, or granite shaft, or building named after its founder, or page of recognition in some encyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will cease and is no immortality at all. Oblivion! A hundrouyears. But while I recognize, this universal submerzance of things sarthly who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us. Absent for a few weeks or months from home, it cheers us to know that we are remembered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced, "I hope you missed me." Meeting some friends from whom we have been partled many years, we inquire, "Did you ever see my before?" and they say, "Yes," pad call us by name, and we feel a delight-

ever see me before?" and they say, "Yas," and call us by name, and we feel a delightful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand, and running up from elbow to shoulder, and then parting, the one current of delight assenting to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight.

epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of bookworms or unread of the rising generations. All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up, because the name of the hencestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands to-day, but dig down deep nough and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands to-day, but dig down deep enough and you will find a prisalem underneath, and go on and deeper down the dig down deep anough and you will on the fop of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of the third. Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep, or fifty deep, or 100 feet. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakens and grave diggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Brooklyn and New York and London will have on top of them of the Brooklyns and New Yorks and Only a terribusologist of far distant centuries come of the distant centuries come and turners of our present American and European cities.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin L.

sovey nerve quadruscele and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight.

A few days axo, visiting the place of my boyhood. I met one, whom I had not seen since we played together at ten years of age, and I had peculiar pleasure in puzzling him a little as to who I was, and I can hardly describe the sensation as after awhile he numbled out when the sensation as after awhile he numbled out when the sensation as after awhile he numbled out when the sensation as after awhile he numbled out when the sensation as after awhile he numbled out when the sensation as after awhile he numbled out when the sensation as after awhile he numbled out when the sensation as after awhile he will little to be remembered.

Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats, and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and viridly and gloriously remembered five hundred million trillion quistrillion quintillion trillion quistrillion quistrillion when the sensation of the sensation of

Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sesorirs, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxiers at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerzes at Thermoyles, and call the long roll. Not one answer.

At the opening of our civil war the men of the Northern and Southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in milliary hospitals, you cannot call the names of 1000, nor the names of 500, nor the names of 1000, nor the names of fifty. Oblivion' Are the feet of the dancers who were at the all of the Bruchess of Richmond at Brussels he night before Waterloo all still? Are all the ears that heard the guns of Bunger Hill all deal? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George HIL all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years rom now there will not be a being on this sarth that knew we ever lived.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name, and from the nearly faned ink, with great effort, find that some person of our name was born somewhere between 1810 in 1818, but they will know no more about 1018 1810.

and plotting suicide, that for him was near
by a laver in which he might wash, and a
coronet of eternal blessedness he might
wear?
What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are
euloglums in presence of those whose breath
is in their nostrils, what are unread blographies in the alcoves of city library, compared with the imperishable records you
have made in the illumined memories of
those to whom you did such kindnesses?
Forget them? They cannot forget them.
Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of
heaven cannot do, and this is one of them.
They cannot forget an earthly kindness
done. They have no otteas to part that
cable. They have no otteas to part that
cable. They have no otteas to part that
cable. They have no strength to furl into
oblivion that benefaction.
Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of
Malta, who extended the island hospitality
when he and others with him had folt, added
to a shipwreok, the drenching rain and the
sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the
Good Samaritan with a medicament of oil
and wine and a free ride to the hostelry?
Have the English soldiers who wom up to
Good from the Crimean battlefields forgotten
Florence Nightingale.

Through all eternity will the Northern and
Southern soldiers forget the Northern and
Southern women who administered to the
Jying boys in blue and gray after the awful
dights in Tennessee and Pennsylvania and
the James, and the Chattahoodhee, and the Savannah with brave blood? The kindnesses
you do to others will stand

kill stand is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves, and while this is transpiring on the outside of the world the hot chisel of the eternal fire is digging under the foundation of the earth and outting its way-out toward the surface. It surprises me to hear people say they do not think the world will finally be burned by, when all scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire. Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces misde raging to get out.

Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go, too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdan and the surprise of those whom we result and the character of those whom we result in the character of those whom we result and the character of those whom we result in the character of those whom we result in the character of those whom we result and the character of those whom we result and the character of those whom we result and the character of those whom we result in the character of those whom we result in the character of those whom we result in the character of those whom we result and the character of those whom we result in the character of those whom we result and the character of those whom we result and the character of those whom we result and the the character of those whom we result and the the character of those whom we result and the there is different and the character of these to the the character of those whom we call and the t

Do you suppose there will ever come such-as idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited tim to Chrise; that you, by prayer or gospal word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? ... No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren Samed and built St. Ruut's as it will be thown in all heaven that you were the in-strumentality of building a temple for the sky.

But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought

But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under Golg grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but increasing into its every fiber and onergy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. There are no strems in that land, and there is no winter. Will time wear out the inscription which shows you'r fidelity? No. Time is past, and it is an excitating now. Built into the foundation of that imperishable structure, built into its pillars, built into its apstone, is your name—either the name you have on earth or the name by which celestials shall call you.

I know the Bible says in one place that Gol is a jealous Gol, but that refers to the work of thosed he worship some other god. A true father is not jealous of this child. With what glee you show the picture your child hewed out, or recite the noble deed you held can be proved in the structure of the provided in the structure of the structure of the provided in the structure of the provided in the structure of the structure

pocupation. You are making me better or worse, and I am making vou better or worse, and we shall through all eternity bear the mark of this benediction or blasting.

Let others have the thrones of heaven—those who have more mightily wought for God and the truth—but it will be heaven enough for you and me if ever and anon we meet some radiant soul on the boulevards of the great city who shall say "You helped me once. You encouraged me when I was in earthly struggle. Idd not know that I would have reached this shining place had it not been for you."—And we will lauch with, heavenly glee and say "Ha ha! Do you really remember that talk? Do you remember that Christian invitation? What a memory you have! Why, that must have been down there in Brooklyn or New Orleans at least tenthous and million years ago." And the answer will be. "Yes, it was as long as that, but I remember it as well as though ir were yesterday."

Oh, this character building! The structure

but I remember it as well as though pewerday. Oh, this character building! The structure lasting independent of passing centuries, independent of erumbling mausoleums, independent of the whole planetary system. Aya, if the material universe, which seems all bound together like one piece of machinery, should some day mest with an accident that should send worlds crashing into each other like telescoped railway trains, and all the wheels of constellations and galaxies should stop, and down into one chasm of immensity all the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that

tumble like the industion express and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wrecked material universe might truthfully be written, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

O Time, we defy thee! O, Death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine own sepulchers! O, Eternity, roll on till the last star has stopped rotating, and the last sun is extinguished on, the sapphire pathway, and the last moon has illumined the last night, and as many years have passed as all the scribes that eyer took pen could describe by as many figures as they could write in all the centuries of all time, but thou shalt have no power to elface from any soul in giory the memory of anything we have done to bring it to God and heaven!

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship—perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a softened, or the face of a great general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a great general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a great general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a free marriage.

after marriage.

This tattooing is almost as old as the world.

toosed with the tace of a loved one benote of after marriage.

This tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored flould punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that he has tattooed us upon his hands. There can be no other meaning in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, where God says. "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands"

It was as much as to say "I cannot open my hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread shroad My hands to blees, but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with Me. They are so insyrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of My hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of My hands for Myself to look at and study and laye. "Not offer the palms of one hand alone, but on the palms of both hands, for while I am looking upon one hand and thinking of you, I must have the other hand thy hands in My first no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of you can hand anyour face, and though I hold the ovean in the hollow of My hands its billowing shall not the hollow of My hand its hillowing shall not uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand its billowing shall not wash out the record of My remembrance. Behold, I have graven thee on the paims of My hands.

ment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we over lived or died at all. Our fact that we over lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The arketree of the conscisitions will break and let down a single a heavenly ditizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wien the population of other worlds. Stellar, thus, so lar mortality. Ohit/on! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been oversecowded if had, not been for the mercial removal of Nations and gangra. We had been character so the day of the swallow anything that had better not be removed on the mercial removal of Nations and gangra. We had been character be indicated by the mercial removal of Nations and gangra. The world would long ago have been oversecowded if had, not been for the incommental removal of Nations and gangra. The world would be the swallow of the latter world. It is not had a swall of the swallow of the swallo

The saliths gold of saliths and hang it in its chandeliers, and all the pearis of all the seas, and saliths diamonds of saliths diamonds of saliths diamonds of saliths diamonds of saliths discount of the seas, and saliths diamonds of saliths diamonds of saliths discount of the seas, and saliths diamonds of saliths did not salith and salith of the salith and saliths, or Joseph ever with salith and saliths, or Joseph ever with salith of the inter this castles, or Joseph ever with salith of the inter this castles, or Joseph ever with salith of the inter this salite of archangelic constitution, and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and partioning God, and into which all the musto, and all the prayers, and all the semond considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of the salith lamb.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began, it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulcinered. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins, when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet them, Just blow a resurrection trumpet them, Just blow as resurrection trumpet them. Just blow as and their infantises. Blow to this powerless resurrection trumped them that the powerless resurrection trumped the salith powerless resurrection trumped them that the part ond, and in the proposal that the part ond, and in the part of all fifetime. Blow sgaln. Not one of them there are not all forms of the proposal in the proposal in

ing, "Their sins and their infquittes will I remember no more."

Thank God for this blessal oblivion! So you see I did not invite you down into a collar, but upon a thron; not into the graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all abloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony fave become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of sternal triumph.

TRIED TO CAPTURE HIS VESSEL Experience of a Steamer Captain in a Brazilian Port.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13 .-- The steamer Melbourne, from Santos, just arrived, brings the largest cargo of coffee ever brought to the port of New York. She brought 57,-490 bags of coffee, which is worth \$1,400,-000 at least.

The captain reports that everything was quiet at Santos when he left. Heavy guns had been mounted for the defense of the harbor, and although two of Mello's gun-

harbor, and although two of Mello's gun-boats made an attack on the town they were easily repulsal and sailed for the island of St. Catherina 300 miles away, where the inhabitants esponse the cause of Mello. At Bahia, where the vessel touched on Oct. 21, everything was quiet and the people spithetic.

The steamer brought 30 head of cartle from Buenos Ayros to Rio Janeiro before loading for this port. While discharging the cattle alongsile the dock, under the projection of a detachment of soldiers and two field pieces, one of Admirai Mello's launches made an insucces-fai attempt to capture the vessel. Volley after volley of musketry was firel but no one was hurt, and the insurgents withdrew.

SENATOR HOAR'S VIEWS Republican Victory an Expression of Approval of the McKinley Bill.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 9.—Senator Hoar said to-day that the republican victory in Onio is the expression of approba-tion of the McKinley bill, the best and most scientifically constructed economic measure ever enacted in this country or any other." The victory in Ohio means

this.

The victory in Massachusetts is the The victory in assassinguistics to the fusal of the people to attribute to the democrats the repeal of the silver bili, and the people's apprehension of the democratic administration which avowed in its Chicago platform in 1892 that "protection to American industries is dishonest and a robbery."

Thinks it Will Help Cleveland.

Bostev, Nov. 9. Among prominent bankers who expressed opinions on the election, Col. Henry L. Higginson, of Lee, election, Col. Heary L. Higginson, of Lee, Higginson & Co., thinks the result will strengthen the hands of President Cleve-land. He believes the most important election was in New York where, accord-ing to accounts, every enemy of Mr. Cleve-land was side-tracked.

Foreign Press Comment.

LONDON, Nov. 9.—The Daily News says of the American elections: "McKinley's enormous majority in Ohio seems to indi-

Deputy Sheriff Under Arrest.

Long Island City, L. L., Nov. 13.—Special Deputs Sheriff Edward J. Orpheus i cial Deputy Sheriff Edward J. Orpheus is under arrest on a warrant sworn out by keeper John McDougall of the Queens county jail in Long Island City accusing Orpheus or aiding and abetting in the escape of criminals. Until his arrest Orpheus was employed as a special keeper in the jail and was detailed to watch a prisoner named Richard Von Hauken, who—attempted suiteds some time *ago.

Rockefeller's Gift.

New York, Nov. 13.—John D. Rocke-feller was at his office and confirmed the news that he had made a conditional gift of \$500,000 towards the general fund of the university of Chicago. The condition imposed is the subscription of \$400,000 more as the amount required to secure M. A. Richardson's gift of \$100,000, which would swell the total to \$1,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller declined to discuss the matter at length. length.

The Johnstown Disaster Sult. Priviseuro, Nov. 13.—The suit of Mrs.

Pittisburg, Nov. 13.—The suit of Mrs. Ann Jenkinson, the Youngstown lady who asks damages from the South Fork fishing club for losses in the tertible Johnstown disaster, will be tried to-day in the United United States circuit court. The trial of this case has been postponed time and again through the #Grets of the attorneys engaged in the defense. It is the first and necessarily, the test case against the club.

ALASKA INDIANS' QUEER TASTE

They Esteem Decomposed Salmon
Heads and Bad Eggs.
The Indians in the far interior of
Alaska, shut off from the outside world
by towering lines of snow-buried Alaska, shut on from the outside words by towering lines of snow-buried mountains and monster ice-fields, have to depend entirely upon local products for their food. They keep no live stock at all, nor do they till the soil, but nature furnishes them with a generous supply

ror tneir food. They keep no live stock at all, nor do they till the soil, but nature furnishes them with a generous supply of provisions.

From July to November all the streams and lakes are stocked with an abundance of delicious salmon.

After the long and bitter winter, with the thermometer often at 60 degrees below zero, the natives are gaunt and haggard, but in the early spring their lean and wrinkled bodies begin at once to assume rounder shapes, as soon as they can ply their gaff hooks and land the fatted salmon safely on shore. At this season, all day long the squaws are kept busily employed boiling fish in big cooking pots over log fires. As soon as the meal is cooked it is tilted out into a shallow wooden dish, to be very soon consumed by a hungry group of Indians armed with big horn spoons.

As the summer advances and fish become more plentiful the natives seek variety in the bill of fare and supplies his gastronomic taste by curious methods. I have frequently watched a native harpoon a salmon, and then having bitten a mouthful from the gristly part of its head, fling the fish, mutilated but alive, back into the stream. In utter contrast to this strange taste decomposed salmon heads are deemed a natural delicacy. In order to impart to them the desired flavor they are kept for several weeks in wooden troughs, and so highly prized is the odorous result that the guest to whom it is offered feels unusually honored.

I remember at one time visiting a litle rocky island in an island lake during

guest to whom it is offered feels unusually honored.

I remember at one time visiting a little rocky island in an island lake during the breeding time of the sea-gulls, and we gathered up a lot of eggs. It was a little late in the season, however, and only a few were quite fresh. An old Indian, whom we had with us at the time, eyed us with amazement as we commenced to throw away the bad eggs; then as if to rebuke our fastidiousness, he carelessly broke half a dozen in this pan, and good, bad and those which would soon be able to fly were mixed into an omelet, which was consumed with such evident relish as to leaves, no could be delicious appeal.

Meat is generally cooked by being toasted in long strips, and when eating the Indian stuffs his mouth as full as possible and cuts off each bite close to his lips with his knife by an upper cut. Upon my first visit to Alaska, before I had experienced the treacherous and ungrateful character of the natives, as I watched their mode of eating meat I felt fearful lest they would cut their noses off, but a subsequent acquaintance with the copper-colored gentry substituted for the sympathy I originally felt the hope that such an accident would happen.

In summer time, when vale and hill-side are rid of winter snow, a luxuriant growth of frild berries is found throughout Alaska. Dilberries, gooseberries, and cranberries ripen to perfection, and in many places delicious wild strawberries, sare found in shundance. I remember at one time visiting a litle

raspberries, blueberries, salmonberries, and cranberries ripen to perfection, and in many places delicious wild atrawberries are found in abundance, but their delicious tlavor does not appeal to the Indian's palate unless the luscious fruit is churned up with rancid oil.—{Chicago Tribune. Tribune.

Insects in Pharmacopæa.

Not only in industry and art, but in medicine also, insects are now utilized to a considerable extent, and indeed to a degree not generally understood by the non-professional. Even cockroaches, dried and powdered, are recognized now-adays as a remedy for dropsy, the dust contains an active principle termed antihydrophia, which stimulates the kidneys and checks the complaint. Probably everybody is familiar with the fact that pulverized Spanish flies are commonly utilized for blisters, inflaming the skin through the operation of a substance called cantharadine; and it has latterly been ascertained that ordinary potato Not only in industry and art, but in through the operation of a substance called cantharadine; and it has latterly been ascertained that ordinary potato bugs dried and powdered possess an equal virtue of the same description; many other insects are also used for supplying cantharadine, there being so many as fifteen species of blister beetles obtained in this country, Cockineal insects, so valuable as a dye, are administered in small doses for neursigia and to check the spasms of whooping cough. Lac insects, from which shelac is made, are resorted too as a remedy for dysentry; and the medical properties of extracts derived from the galls formed on plants by gall files are well understood; these galls, which contain about seventy per cent. of tannin, being largely gathered in Asia Minor, mostly from oak trees.

Clever Collies

The troupe of eight collies at the Royal Aquarium, London, enacts quite a little stage play. After performing some clever feats, without the instigation of a whip residual the does of their own accord. feats, without the instigation of a wnip or stick, the dogs of their own accord, on a stage property house appearing to be on-fire, rush off on their hind legs and fetch from the wings of the stage a fire escape, trundling it up to and placing it against the burning house. Bruce, the head fireman, rushes up the ladder, and entering through the window of the top floor room, returns, carrying a child in its mouth, with which it descends, depositing its burden safely on the ground. Bruce, who is supposed to be injured during the regue, simulates death; one of the collies rushes off for a policeman-returning with a dog costumed as a during the reque, simulates death, one of the collies rushes off for a policeman returning with a dog costumed as a policeman, wheeling an ambulance, into which poer Bruce is placed, its widow, a collie in petticosts, apparently greatly distressed. This is only a part of the general performances.—[Globe.

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San Francisco

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