SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Armenian Horrors."

TEXT: "They escaped into the land of Armenia."—II Kings xix., 37.

In Bible geography this is the first time that Armenia appears, called then by the same name as now. Armenia is chiefly a tableland, 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and on one of its peaks Noah's ark landed, with its human family and fauna that were to fill the earth. That region was the birthplace of the rivers which fertilized the garden of Eden when Adam and Eve lived there, their only roof the crystal skies and their carpet the emerald of rich grass. Its inhabitants, the ethnologists tell us, are a superior type of the Caucasian race. Their religion is founded on the Bible. Their Saviour is our Christ. Their crime is that they will not become followers of Mohammed, that Jupiter of sensuality. To drive them from the face of the earth is the ambition of all Mohammedans. To accomplish this, murder is no crime, and wholesale massacre is a matter of enthusiastic approbation and Governmental reward.

The prayer sanctioned by highest Mohammedan authority and recited every day throughout Turkey and Egypt, while styling all those not Mohammedans as infidels, is as follows: "O Lord of all creatures! O Allah! Destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion. O Allah, make their children orphans and defile their bodies, cause their feet to slip, give them and their families, their households and their women, their children and their relatives by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions and the race, their wealth and their lands as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!" The life of an Armenian in the presence of those who make that prayer is of no more value than the life of a summer insect.

The Sultan of Turkey sits on a throne impersonating that brigandage and assassination. At this time all civilized Nations are in horror at the attempts of that Mohommedan Government to destroy all the Christians of Armenia. I hear somebody talking as though some new thing were happening, and that the Turkish Government had taken a new role of tragedy on the stage of Nations. No, no! She is at the same old business. Overlooking her diabolism of other centuries, we come down to our century to find that in 1822 the Turkish Government slew 50,000 anti-Moslems, and in 1850 she slew 10,000, and in 1860 she slew 11,000 and in 1876 she slew 10,000. Anything short of the slaughter of thousands of human beings does not put enough red wine into her cup of abomination to make it worth quaffing. Nor is this the only time she has promised reform. In the presence of the warships at the mouth of the Dardanelles she has promised the civilized Nations of the earth that she would stop her butcheries and the international and hemispheric farce has been enacted of believing what she says, when all the past ought to persuade us that she is only pausing in her atrocities to put Nations off the track and then resume the work of death

In 1820 Turkey in treaty with Russia promised to alleviate the condition of Christians, but the promise was broken. In 1839 the then Sultan promised protection of life and property without reference to religion, and the promise was broken. In 1844, at the demand of an English minister plenipotentiary, the Sultan declared after the public execution of an Armenian at Constantinople that no such death penalty should again be inflicted, and the promise was broken. In 1850, at the demand of foreign Nations, the Turkish Government promised protection to Protestants, but to this day the Protestants at Stamboul are not allowed to build a church, although they have the funds ready, and the Greek Protestants, who have a church, are not permitted to worship in it. In 1856, after the Crimean War, Turkey promised that no one should be hindered in the exercise of the religion he professed, and that promise has been broken. In 1878, at the memorable treaty of Berlin, Turkey promised religious liberty to all her subjects in every part of the Ottoman Empire, and the promise was broken. Not once in all the centuries has the Turkish Government kept her promise of mercy. So far from any improvement, the condition of the Armenians has become worse and worse year by year, and all the promises the Turkish Government now makes are only a gaining of time by which she is making preparation for the complete extermination of Christianity from her borders.

Why, after all the National and continental and hemispheric lying on the part of the Turkish Government, do not the warships of Europe ride up as close as is possible to the palaces of Constantinople and blow that accursed Government to atoms? In the name of the eternal God, let the nuisance of the ages be wiped off the face of the earth! Down to the perdition from which it smoked up sink Mohammedanism! Between these outbreaks of massacre the Armenians suffer in silence wrongs that are seldom, if ever, repeated. They are taxed heavily for the mere privilege of living, and the tax is called "the humiliation tax." They are compelled to give three days' entertainment to any Mohammedan tramp who may be passing that way. They must pay blackmail to the assessor, lest he report the value of their property too highly. Their evidence in court is of no worth, and if fifty Armenians saw a wrong committed and one Mohammedan was present the testimony of the one Mohammedan would be taken and the testimony of the fifty Armenians rejected—in other words, the solemn oath of a thousand Armenians would not be strong enough to overthrow the perjury of one Mohammedan. A professor was condemded to death for translating the English "Book of Common Prayer" into Turkish. Seventeen Armenians were sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for rescuing a Christian bride from the bandits.

This is the way the Turkish Government amuses itself in time of peace. These are the delights of Turkish civilization. But when the days of massacre come, then deeds are done which may not be unveiled in any refined assemblage, and if one speaks of the horrors, he must do so in well poised and cautious vocabulary. Hundreds of villages destroyed! Young men put in piles of brushwood, which are then saturated with kerosene and set on fire! Mothers, in the most solemn hour that ever comes in a woman's life, hurled out and bayoneted! Eyes gouged out and dead and dying hurled into the same pit! The slaughter of Lucknow and Cawnpur, India, in 1857, eclipsed in ghastliness! The worst scenes of the French revolution in Paris made more tolerable in contrast! In many regions of Armenia the only undertakers to-day are the jackals and hyenas. Many of the chiefs of the massacres were sent straight from Constantinople to do their work, and having returned were decorated by the Sultan. To four of the worst murderers the Sultan sent silk banners, in delicate appreciation of their services. Five hundred thousand Armenians put to death or dying of starvation! This moment, while I speak, all up and down Armenia sit many people, freezing in the ashes of their destroyed homes, bereft of most of their household and awaiting the club of assassination to put them out of their misery.

No wonder that the physicians of that region declared that among all the men and women that were down with wounds and sickness and under their care not one wanted to get well. Remember that nearly all the reports that have come to us of the Turkish outrages have been manipulated and modified and softened by the Turks themselves. The story is not half told, or a hundredth part told, or a thousandth part told. None but God and our suffering brothers and sisters in that far-off land know the whole story, and it will not be known until in the coronations of heaven Christ shall lift to a special throne of glory these heroes and heroines, saying, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." My Lord and my God, Thou didst on the cross suffer for them, but Thou, surely, O Christ, will not forget how much they have suffered for Thee! I dare not deal in imprecation, but I never so much enjoyed the imprecatory songs of David as since I have heard how those Turks are treating the Armenians. The fact is, Turkey has got to be divided up among other Nations. Of course the European Nations must take the chief part, but Turkey ought to be compelled to pay America for the American Mission buildings and American schoolhouses she has destroyed and to support the wives and children of the Americans ruined by this wholesale butchery. When the English lion and the Russian bear put their paws on that Turkey, the American eagle ought to put in its bill.

Who are these American and English and Scotch missionaries who are being hounded among the mountains of Armenia by the Mohammedans? The noblest men and women this side of heaven. Some of them men who took the highest honors at Yale and Princeton and Harvard and Oxford and Edinburgh. Some of them woman, gentle and most Christlike, who, to save people they never saw, turned their backs on luxurious homes to spend their days in self-expatriation, saying goodby to father and mother and afterward goodby to their own children as circumstances compelled them to send the little ones to England, Scotland or America. I have seen these foreign missionaries in their homes all around the world, and I stamp with indignation upon the literary blackguardism of foreign correspondents who have deprecated these heroes and heroines who are willing to live and die for Christ's sake. They will have the highest thrones in heaven, while their defamers will not get near enough to the shining gates to see the faintest glint of any one of the twelve pearls which make up the twelve gates.

This defamation of missionaries is augmented by the dissolute English, American and Scotch merchants who go to foreign cities, leaving their families behind them. Those dissolute merchants in foreign cities lead a life of such gross immorals that the pure households of the missionaries are a perpetual rebuke. Buzzards never did believe in doves, and if there is anything that nightshade hates it is the water lily. What the 550 American missionaries have suffered in the Ottoman Empire since 1820 I leave the archangel to announce on the day of judgment. You will see it reasonable that I put so much emphasis on Americanism in the Ottoman Empire when I tell you that America, notwithstanding all the disadvantages named, has now over 27,000 students in day schools in that Empire and 35,000 children in her Sabbath-schools, and that America has expended in the Turkish Empire for its betterment over $10,000,000. Has not America a right to be heard? Aye, it will be heard! I am glad that great indignation meetings are being held all over this country. That poor, weak, cowardly Sultan, whom I saw a few years ago ride to his mosque for worship, guarded by 7000 armed men, many of them mounted on prancing chargers, will hear of these sympathetic meetings for the Armenians, if not through American reporters, then through some of his 360 wives. What to do with him? There ought to be some St. Helena to which he could be exiled while the Nations of Europe appoint a ruler of their own to clean out and take possession of the palaces of Constantinople. To-night this august assemblage in the capital of the United States, in the name of the God of Nations, indicts the Turkish Govenment for the wholesale assassination in Armenia and invokes the interference of Almighty God and the protest of Eastern and Western Hemispheres.

But what is the duty of the hour? Sympathy, deep, wide, tremendous, immediate! A religious paper, the Christian Herald, of New York, has led the way with munificent contributions collected from its subscribers. But the Turkish Government is opposed to any relief of the Armenian sufferers, as I personally know. Last August, before I had any idea of becoming a fellow citizen with you Washingtonians, $50,000 for Armenian relief was offered me if I would personally take that relief to Armenia. My passage was to be engaged on the City of Paris, but a telegram was sent to Constantinople asking if the Turkish Government would grant me protection on such an errand of mercy. A cablegram said the Turkish Government wished to know to what points in Armenia I desired to go with that relief. In our reply four cities were named, one of them the scene of what had been the chief massacre. A cablegram came from Constantinople saying that I had better send the money to the Turkish Government's mixed commission, and they would distribute it. So a cobweb of spiders proposed a relief committee for unfortunate flies. Well, a man who would start up through the mountains of Armenia with $50,000 and no Government protection would be guilty of monumental foolhardiness. The Turkish Government has in every possible way hindered Armenian relief.

Now where is that angel of mercy, Clara Barton, who appeared on the battlefields of Fredericksburg, Antietam, Falmouth and Cedar Mountain and under the blaze of French and German guns at Metz and Paris and in Johnstown floods and Charlestown earthquake and Michigan fires and Russian famine? It was comparatively of little importance that the German Emperor decorated her with the Iron Cross, for God hath decorated her in the sight of all Nations with a glory that neither time nor eternity can dim. Born in a Massachusetts village, she came in her girlhood to this city to serve our Government in the patent office, but afterward went forth from the doors of that patent office with a divine patent signed and sealed by God Himself to heal all the wounds she could touch and make the horrors of the flood and fire and plague and hospital fly her presence. God bless Clara Barton. Just as I expected, she lifts the banner of the Red Cross. Turkey and all Nations are pledged to respect and defend that Red Cross, although that color of cross does not, in the opinion of many, stand for Christianity. In my opinion it does stand for Christianity, for was not the cross under which most of us worship red with the blood of the Son of God, red with the best blood that was ever shed, red with the blood pouring out for the ransom of the world? Then lead on, oh, Red Cross, and let Clara Barton carry it! The Turkish Government is bound to protect her, and the chariots of God are 20,000 and their charioteers are angels of deliverance, and they would all ride down at once to roll over and trample under the hoofs of their white horses any of her assailants. May the $500,000 she seeks be laid at her feet! Then may the ships that carry her across Atlantic and Mediterranean seas be guided safely by Him who trod into sapphire pavement bestormed Galilee. Upon soil incarnadined with martyrdom let the Red Cross be planted until every demolished village shall be rebuilded and every pang of hunger be fed and every wound of cruelty be healed and Armenia stand with as much liberty to serve God in its own way as in this the best land of all the earth, we, the decendants of the Puritans and Hollanders and Huguenots, are free to worship the Christ who came to set all Nations free.

It has been said that if we go over there to interfere on another continent that will imply the right for other Nations to interfere with affairs on this continent, and so the Monroe doctrine be jeopardized. No, no! President Cleveland expressed the sentiment of every intelligent and patriotic American when he thundered from the White House a warning to all Nations that there is not one acre or one inch more of ground on this continent for any transatlantic Government to occupy. And by that doctrine we stand now and shall forever stand. But there is a doctrine as much higher than the Monroe doctrine as the heavens are higher than the earth, and that is the doctrine of humanitarianism and sympathy and Christian helpfulness which one cold December midnight, with loud and multitudinous chant, awakened the shepherds. Wherever there is a wound it is our duty, whether as individuals or as Nations, to balsam it. Wherever there is a knife of assassination lifted it is our duty to ward off the blade. Wherever men are persecuted for their religion it is our duty to break that arm of power, whether it be thrust forth from a Protestant church, or a Catholic cathedral, or a Jewish synagogue, or a mosque of Islam. We all recognize the right on a small scale. If, going down the road, we find a ruffian maltreating a child, or a human brute insulting a woman, we take a hand in the contest if we are not cowards, and though we be slight in personal presence, because of our indignation we come to weigh about twenty tons, and the harder we punish the villain the louder our conscience applauds us. In such case we do not keep our hands in our pockets, arguing that if we interfere with the brute the brute might think he would have a right to interfere with us, and so jeopardize the Monroe doctrine. The fact is that the persecution of the Armenians by the Turks must be stopped, or God Almighty will curse all Christendom for its damnable indifference and apathy. But the trumpet of resurrection is about to sound for Armenia.

Did I say in opening that on one of the peaks of Armenia, this very Armenia of which we speak, in Noah's time the ark landed, according to the myth, as some think, but according to God's "say so," as I know, and that it was after a long storm of forty days and forty nights, called the deluge, and that afterward a dove went forth from that ark and returned with an olive leaf in her beak? Even so now there is another ark being launched, but this one goes sailing not over a deluge of water, but a deluge of blood—the ark of American sympathy—and that ark, landing on Ararat, from its window shall fly the dove of kindness and peace to find the olive leaf of returning prosperity, while all the mountains of Moslem prejudice, oppression and cruelty shall stand fifteen cubits under. Meanwhile we would like to gather all the dying groans of all the 500,000 victims of Mohammedan oppression and intone them into one prayer that would move the earth and the heavens, hundreds of millions of Christians' voices, American and European crying out: "O God Most High, spare Thy children! With mandate from the throne hurl back upon their haunches the horses of the Kurdish cavalry. Stop the rivers of blood. With the earthquakes of Thy wrath shake the foundations of the palaces of the Sultan. Move all the Nations of Europe to command cessation of cruelty. If need be, let the warships of civilized Nations boom their indignation. Let the crescent go down before the cross, and the Mighty One who hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords,' go forth, conquering and to conquer. Thine, O Lord, is the Kingdom! Halleluiah! Amen!"

BLUE LAWS ENFORCED.

Trenton's Mayor Acts on the Advice of the Ministers' Union.

Trenton, Jan. 13.—An attempt to enforce the blue laws was made here yesterday. At the instance of the ministers' union, the mayor directed the police commissioners to enforce the laws. They at once issued an order that all traffic on Sunday must cease save that in milk, drugs and newspapers, and further exceptions were made in favor of the street cars, barber shops and telegraph offices. The result has been the closing of confectioneries, cigar stores, saloons and restaurants. A few business men who refused to close their places had their names taken and may be fined to-day.

A CORRESPONDENT ARRESTED.

New York Newspaper Man in Prison in Cuba.

Havana, Jan. 13.—Charles A. Soloman, who claims that he is a New York newspaper correspondent, was arrested here on the arrival of the steamer Seneca, on which he had traveled from New York. The authorities had been notified of his departure and of the fact that he was suspected of being in league with the insurgents. It is supposed that compromising letters were found in his possession. He was lodged in jail, and the officials refuse to allow anyone to communicate with him.

RAM KATAHDIN ACCEPTED.

Will Probably Go into Commission in About Ten Days.

Washington, Jan. 10.—In accordance with the joint resolution of congress, Secretary Herbert has accepted the ram Katahdin in behalf of the government. It is expected that she will be placed in commission in about ten days.

Shot at a Christening.

Vineland, N. J., Jan. 13.—At a christening of an infant on the farm of Angelo Formesan, near this city yesterday afternoon, Frank Angelo of Newfield was shot and probably mortally wounded by his cousin, John Gordiana of Vineland. Angelo had been courting Gordiana's sister, and Gordiana objected to his attentions. Gordiana escaped.

HEROINE OF PINE RIDGE.

An American Lady Decorated by French Society.

For the heroism she displayed at the time of the Indian outbreak at the Pine Ridge Agency, in 1890, Miss Emma C. Sickels, of North Washington square, has been awarded the gold medal of La Savateur Society, of France. She was notified a few days ago of this honor and will receive the decoration from the hands of the French consul in this city as soon as it arrives, says the New York Journal.

La Savateur's medal is only awarded to persons who distinguish themselves by conspicuous deeds of courage. It is of solid gold, in the shape of a Maltese cross, and bears the name of the society, with the motto, "To live or to perish."

Miss Sickels is the first American woman upon whom this medal has been conferred. She is about thirty-five years of age, slender and weakly-looking, but there are lines of firmness about her mouth and the expression of her eyes denotes great strength of character. She conducts a small restaurant on Sixth ave. "I had been superintendent of the Indian school at the agency," she said yesterday, "and made so many friends among the red men that when I left the chiefs held a council and extended me an invitation to return. Everybody knows about the ghost dances, and how the Indians armed themselves and went into the Bad Lands on the war-path. They declined to receive messengers from the Government, and as the fate of hundreds of soldiers depended on General Miles getting information from them, I decided to go and have a talk with them, relying for my safety on my previous friendly relations with them.

"I went inside their lines alone, and succeeded in getting Little Chief, the head of the Cheyennes, and Little Wound, chief of the Sioux, into a council, with the result that Little Wound came into the agency under a flag of truce. I learned that 1,200 Indians were camping in the Bad Lands, awaiting an attack from the soldiers, whom they intended to engage in battle, while Red Cloud and a strong force advanced from another direction and captured the agency.

"Little Wound decided to go out and advise his friends to come into the agency and make peace. He succeeded in getting the other chiefs to consent, but they arrived on the outskirts of the reservation just a day after the battle of Wounded Knee. Upon learning of that battle the Indians suspected treachery. They arrested Little Wound, and went into camp outside the reservation.

"General Miles was about to order an attack upon the Indians when I informed him of their suspicions, and told him that if I went out and explained how the battle of Wounded Knee came to be fought, I thought they would come in peaceably. The General consented to delay the attack. I went into the Indian camp, explained matters to the chiefs, and came out unmolested. A half-hour later the hostiles were in the agency and the uprising was at an end."

For Housewives to Remember.

That impure water may be rendered pure by filtering through charcoal.

That brooms should be hung in a cellarway to be kept soft and pliant.

That to wrap cutlery in coarse brown paper will keep it from rusting.

That lemons are improved by keeping in cold water until needed for use.

That a pan of hot water in an oven prevents the contents from scorching.

That a spoonful of grated horseradish will keep a pan of milk sweet for days.

That roaches and creeping things are best destroyed by the use of hot alum water.

That ink spots on clothing may be removed by the use of spirits of turpentine.

That an old newspaper cleans a looking-glass more effectually than linen or chamois.

That kerosene oil will make tin tea kettle as bright as new. Rub with a woollen rag.

That the fibre of a baked apple will cook evenly only when the core is removed before cooking.

That a spoonful of vinegar put into the water in which meat or fowl is boiled makes them tender.

That windows may be kept free from ice by rubbing the glass with a sponge dipped in alcohol.

That a paste of crude potash and whiting brushed over a grease spot on marble will remove the stain.

That furniture may be relieved of ink stains by applying a solution of nitre and water with a brush.

That a sponge may be cleansed by rubbing half a fresh lemon thoroughly into it and rinsing several times in lukewarm water.

That if grease-spots appear on the wall paper they may be eradicated with a piece of blotting-paper and a hot flat-iron.

That a papered wall may be cleaned and freshened by rubbing down with bread or by applying cornmeal with a cloth.

The Absence of Pain.

If there is any truth in the saying that perfect health is the absence of all pain, mental, physical, the enjoyment of it can only be found in heaven. But so far as the physical is concerned, it is within easy reach; at least measurably so, so far as cure will go. A small sum of human misery in this line is made up of greater or less degrees of physical suffering. The minor aches and pains which afflict mankind are easy to reach and easily cured. There are none in the whole category, which, if taken in time, cannot be cured. They must in some form affect the nerves, the bones, the muscles and joints of the human body. They are all more or less hurtful and wasteful to the system. Jacobs Oil is made to cure them, to soothe out hidden pain spots, and to cure promptly and in a true medial and lasting way. That very many have not known happiness for years till they used it, and very many are now putting off cure and happiness because they don't use it.

We learn from the Monterey (Cal.) Express that that town had a narrow escape from wholesale destruction the other day. It says: "John King's peanut roaster caught fire yesterday morning, but the damage was slight." The fire laddies must have fought like Trojans.

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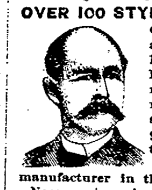

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IN CASE OF WAR.

Terrible Damage Some Missiles Can Inflict.

Firing at a corpse with a Mannlicher at a distance of 4,500 feet he proved complete perforation of the opinium with simultaneous rupture of stomach and intestines.

With a living horse the bullet passed through the head and lengthwise through the backbone, grinding it to powder.

At shorter distances a bullet striking the head smashed it into pieces.

According to the doctor, the bullets use an amount of hemorrhage which sure to be fatal wherever the wound received. A soldier accidentally shot the leg died and four quarts of blood were found in his plural cavity.

All the nations of Europe, as well as the United States, are armed with new magazine rifles of nearly equal power.

A Maxim rapid-fire gun, weighing only 127 pounds, has a capacity for placing six hundred bullets in a minute wherever they will do most harm.

The Browning rapid-fire gun, used in the United States army, is capable of firing four hundred rounds in one minute and forty seconds.

The pneumatic dynamite guns at Sandy Hook are capable of throwing a shell containing 500 lbs. of dynamite a distance of three miles.

Each gun weighs 50,000 lbs. They are 50 feet long, and the bore is 15 in. in diameter.

A shell from one of these guns would, according to United States military officers destroy the largest warship afloat. It would destroy every artificial construction within a radius of 400 ft. of the explosion. A city block would be wiped out by it.

It is claimed for this gun that one shell well placed would destroy three men-of-war.

In testing the dynamite gun ten dummy shots were fired in fifteen minutes. From the subsequent test with the full charge of dynamite there is every reason to believe that this rate could be maintained with the explosive charge.

A 1,000 lb. shell from one of the 12 in. guns at Sandy Hook will penetrate 33 in. of steel. Stone fortifications will be useless against such weapons. For the splintering stone will only make so many additional missiles.

A Hotchkiss quick-firing gun is made which weighs only 20 lb. It is capable of firing 600 30-calibre cartridges a minute, or at the rate of 30,000 an hour. Each one will kill six men.

This gun is easily portable by one man, and several can be carried by a horse.

In France the gun has been fired rapidly without rest for three hours. During this test 100,000 cartridges were used.

A 1,100 lb. projectile fired from a 13 in. gun, the largest in use in the United States navy, has passed through 11 in. of Harveyized nickle steel plate, 5 in. of oak, two plates of half-inch steel, and then gone a mile or two beyond. The steel used in this case is the most successful armor yet made.

The shell weighed 1,110 lb., and was propelled by 484 lb. of powder. It moved at a velocity of 1,800 ft. per second, and exerted a force of 25,000 ft. tons. It made a clean, round hole.

One of the newest engines of destruction is known as the Maxim-Schupphans gun. The invention lies in the powder which is to be used.

The inventors propose to construct a 20 in. gun which would be able to throw 500 lb. of explosive ten miles. That would destroy a whole city, let alone a ship. The powder has been used with good results in small guns.

The Haskell gun, in which a succession of charges are exploded as the shot passes through the bore, will throw a 150 lb. shell through 24 in. of iron at a distance of fifteen miles.

BOOKS MADE OF WOOD.

Each Volume Tells All About the Tree it Represents.

In a retired street of Cassel stands an old-fashioned, roomy house, the depository of the Natural History Museum of Hesse.

The most unique and interesting of the various collections is the so-called "Holzbibliothek," or library of wood, consisting of 546 volumes in folio, octavo, and duodecimo, made from trees growing in Wilhelmshohe park, and representing 120 genera and 441 species.

On the back of each volume is a red morocco shield, bearing the common and scientific names of the tree, the class and species to which it belongs, according to Linnaeus, specimens of the moss and lichen peculiar to it, a bit of the rind or bark, and if it is resinous, a drop or two of the resin.

The upper edge shows the young wood cut crosswise to exhibit the rings and pith, while the under edge is of old wood, cut in the same manner, to illustrate the changes which take place in the texture as the tree gains in age and size.

The top cover is of unripe wood in the rough; the under cover is planed smooth; the front edge shows polished grain, and also the [illegible] the tree is liable when [illegible] of decay or disease.

Attached to the front edge is a [illegible] inch of mature wood, on which [illegible]