Wind Storms.

Were it not for the intervening mountain ranges, this country, from Northwest to Southeast, would at times in winter be swept by devastating tornadoes. Blizzards seem to arise out of the caves and canons of the plains. Gaining strength and volume over a wide expanse, their force is arrested by the battlements of big hills. Sometimes they arise above the barriers and sweep the Middle States with fury. There you enjoy one day a mean temperature, and the next may be far below freezing. It is like an ice water bath on a warm day, and the shock to muscles, nerves and circulation is the cause of sudden neuralgic and rheumatic attacks, both violent and acute. Those predisposed to such should have the master cure, St. Jacob's Oil, always ready. Its prompt use prevents the chronic stage, and in the chronic stage it is a prompt, sure cure.

Where Did You Get This Coffee?

Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds $1.00. Order to-day.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND with 15c. stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and 143 page catalogue! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. (A.)

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Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Company.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficient influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many French houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

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For Skin and Blood Diseases

25 CTS. FISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

The Expansion of Ice.

Ice never bursts from freezing. As soon as the liquid of which it is composed is frozen solid, expansion ceases. The cracking or bursting of ice is brought about in this way: When water is subjected to extreme cold, ice crystals will gradually form on its surface until the same is covered with a thin coat of what appears to be wet snow. From this outer coating of ice crystals all subsequent freezing goes downward and outward, and, in case the water under observation is in a vessel, the sides and bottom of the receptacle supply the resistance.

As the freezing process continues the pressure upon the confined water and air in the interior of the bulk increases until something yields. If the vessel be stronger than the ice stratum that has formed over the surface, the layer of ice will be bent upward at the center, that being the weakest point, on account of the fact that the outer edges of the congealed mass are frozen fast to the sides of the vessel in which the experiment is being made. In this connection the center of the ice continues to rise or "bulge" until it bursts from the resistance of the water below. Could the vessel be tapped from below and the water drawn off, no amount of freezing would be sufficient to crack or bulge the ice layer on the surface.—St. Louis Republic.

Aluminum in Ships.

In a recent lecture on the use of aluminum in vessel construction, Mr. Yarrow, the English shipbuilder, who has given the subject considerable attention, declared that the two great enemies of aluminum are heat and alkalies; that the metal anneals at a comparatively low degree of temperature, thus, of course, losing some of its strength, while alkalies act very rapidly upon it. In view of these facts Mr. Yarrow is of the opinion that any part liable to be subjected to a considerable rise of temperature should not be made of aluminum, nor should it be employed for a condenser where soda may be required for the cleaning purposes. At high temperature aluminum is found to oxidize with exceptional rapidity; at low temperature it does not oxidize with such rapidity, and the film of oxide on the surface protects it from further action.—Manufacturer.

Planted His Own Coffin.

Judge Oren K. Farthing, of Bartholomew county, who is now eighty-seven years old, was in his day a prominent lawyer and a judge, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. He is wealthy and eccentric. Forty years ago he planted near his front doorstep a walnut with the avowed intention of securing from the tree timber for his coffin. The tree throve steadily. The other day, feeling strongly the infirmities of age, the judge ordered the tree cut down and sawed into boards. Then, by his direction, the carpenter took his measure and began the coffin.

On Saturday the judge suffered a paralytic stroke, and he is now urging the carpenter to make haste. The physicians say the judge cannot live longer than a day or two.

Signatures of Two Presidents.

Charles Moore, a clerk in the Adams Express office, possesses a parchment deed issued at the Zanesville, O., Land Office on June 20, 1811, to Thomas Honeboard, granting him the northeast quarter section of lot 12 of township 18 in range 15 of the lands directed to be sold at Zanesville by the act of Congress entitled "An act providing for the sale of United States lands in the territory northwest of the Ohio and above the mouth of the Kentucky River." To the deed are attached the signatures of President James Madison and Secretary of State James Monroe, and on the opposite lower corner is affixed the official seal of the Government.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hint for Head Workers.

The man who boasts that he works with his head instead of his hand is respectfully reminded that the woodpecker does the same, and is the biggest kind of a bore at the business.

Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and . . . ?

Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in—*butterflies*. The "rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, supposedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of . . . well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Committee at the World's Fair with the result that while every other make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted because it was the best sarsaparilla. It received the medal as the best. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored. Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best, exclude the rest.

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts and cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Bringing in the Sheaves."

TEXT, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."—Joel iii., 13.

The sword has been poetized, and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Cortes and the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the pen of Addison, the pen of Southey and the pen of Irving. The painter's pencil has been honored, and the world has celebrated the pencil of Murillo, the pencil of Rubens and the pencil of Bierstadt. The sculptor's chisel has come in for high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel and Crawford's chisel and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries. Sharp and bent into a semicircle and glittering, this reaping hook, no longer than your arm, has furnished the bread for thousands of years. Its success has produced the wealth of Nations. It has had more to do with the world's progress than sword and pen and pencil and chisel all put together. Christ puts the sickle into exquisite sermonic simile, and you see that instrument flash all up and down the Apocalypse as St. John swings it, while through Joel in my text God commands the people, as through His servants now He commands them, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."

Last November there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet and cornet and organ and thousand voiced psalm we praised the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the orchard and all the grains of the field, and the Nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn it gathers to festivity and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come to-day to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? We say he is worth so many dollars, or he has achieved such and such a position, but we know very well there are some men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom and some at the bottom who ought to be at the top, and the only way to estimate a man is by his soul. We all know that we shall live forever. Death cannot kill us. Other crafts may be drawn into the whirlpool or shivered on the rocks, but the life within us will weather all storms and drop no anchor, and 10,000,000 years after death will shake out signals on the high seas of eternity. You put the mendicant off your doorstep and say he is only a beggar, but he is worth all the gold of the mountains, worth all the pearls of the sea, worth the solid earth, worth sun and moon and stars, worth the entire material universe. Take all the paper that ever came from the paper mills and put it side by side and sheet by sheet, and let men with fleetest pens make figures on that paper for 10,000 years, and they will only have begun to express the value of the soul. Suppose I owned Colorado and Nevada and Australia, of how much value would they be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own to-day? How much of Boston property does Abbott Lawrence own to-day? The man who to-day hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionaire who died last year. How do you suppose I feel, standing here surrounded by a multitude of souls each one worth more than the material universe?

Oh, was I not right in saying this spiritual harvest is richer than the temporal harvest? I must tighten the girdle, I must sharpen the sickle, I must be careful how I swing the instrument for gathering the grain, lest one stalk be lost. One of the most powerful sickles for reaping this spiritual harvest is the preaching of the gospel. If the sickle have a rosewood handle, and it be adorned with precious stones, and yet it cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvests souls for God. Shall we preach philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons could beat us at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassizes could beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ with weakest arm going forth in earnest prayer, and wielding this sickle of the gospel, shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheaf binders. Oh, this harvest of souls! I notice in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop to his work, and I noticed in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knee upon them. And as we go forth in this work for God we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric and our metaphysics and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work. Aye, we have to put our knee to it or we will never gather sheaves for the Lord's garner. Peter swung that sickle on the day of Pentecost, and 3000 sheaves came in. Richard Baxter swung that sickle at Kidderminster, and McCheyne at Dundee, and vast multitudes came into the kingdom of our God.

Oh, this is a mighty gospel! It captured not only John the lamb, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it, and clinch their fists, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But, alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go forth into our stores, our shops, our banking houses, our factories and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath and commend Christ to the people, but there are 168 hours in the week, and what are the two hours on the Sabbath against the 166? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men who toil with head and hand and foot—the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all toilers, and God says to you as He says to me: "Go, teach all Nations. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty gospel, let the whole earth hear it! The story of Christ is to regenerate the Nations, it is to eradicate all wrong, it is to turn the earth into paradise. An old artist painted the "Lord's Supper," and he wanted the chief attention directed to the face of Christ. When he invited his friends in to criticise the picture, they admired the chalices more than they did the face, and the old artist said, "This picture is a failure," and he dashed out the picture of the cups, and said: "I shall have nothing to detract from the face of the Lord. Christ is the all of this picture."

Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repent for us and others cannot die for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants and execute the more skillful music, when the hymn is given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. On the way to grandeurs that never cease and glories that never die let us sing. At the battle of Lutzen a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king, "men that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian song! When I argue here, you may argue back. The argument you make against religion may be more skillful than the argument I make in behalf of religion. But who can stand before the pathos of some uplifted song like that which we sometimes sing:

> Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
> Let a repenting rebel live!
> Are not Thy mercies large and free?
> May not a sinner trust in Thee?

Another mighty sickle for the reaping of the gospel harvest is prayer. What does God do with our prayers? Does He go on the battlements of heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those who love you very much? You keep them with great scrupulousness. And do you suppose God will take our prayers offered in the sincerity and love of our hearts, and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! It is not a long rigmarole of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and ever, amens." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers. With it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philipp Melanchthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said, "Philipp, we can't spare you!" "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go. I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food, and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melanchthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said, "You take this food or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came, and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends, "God has saved the life of Philipp Melanchthon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer! Have you tested it?

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled "Around the World," described a mausoleum in India which it took 20,000 men twenty-two years to build—that and the buildings surrounding—and he says: "Standing in that mausoleum and uttering a word, it is echoed back from a height of 150 feet: not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word or earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying, "Behold, he prays!" Oh, test it! Mighty sickle for reaping this gospel harvest, the sickle of prayer!

It does not make so much difference about the posture you take, whether you sit, stand or kneel, or lie on your face, or in your physical agonies lie on your back. It does not make any difference about the physical posture, as was shown in a hospital, when the chaplain said as he looked over the beds of the suffering: "Let all those wounded men here who would like to be prayed for lift the hand! Some lifted two hands, others lifted one hand; some with hands amputated could only lift the stump of the arm. One man, both his arms amputated, could give no signal except to say, "Me! Me!" Oh, it does not make any difference about the rhetoric of your prayers; it does not make any difference about the posture; it does not make any difference whether you can lift a hand or have no hand to lift. God is ready to hear you. Prayer is answered. God is waiting to respond.

"Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest!" How many have you reaped for God? Do you ask me how many I have reaped for God? I cannot say. Now can you say how many you have reaped? I hope there are some who have been brought into the kingdom of God through your instrumentality. Have there not been? Not one? You, a man thirty-five, forty, fifty years of age and not one? I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday-school teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here is a tract distributer bringing in forty or fifty souls. Here is a man you never heard of who has been very useful in bringing souls to God. He comes with 150 souls. They are the sheaves of his harvest. How many have you brought? Not one—can it be? What will God say? What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now! And that is this instant! Why not be reaped for God this hour?

"Oh," says some man, "I have been going on the wrong road for thirty, or forty or fifty years. I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime and must first get myself fixed up." Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge. You get worse and worse until He comes to the rescue. "Not the righteous—sinners, Jesus came to call." So, you see, I take the very worst case there is. If there is a man here who feels he is all right in heart and life, I am not talking to him, for he is probably a hypocrite. I will talk to him some other time. But if there is a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself. Though you be wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the head and wounded in the heart, and though the gangrene of eternal death be upon you, one drop of the elixir of divine life will cure your soul. Though you be soaked in evil indulgences, though your feet have gone in unclean places, though you have companioned with the abandoned and the lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

I do not say that you will not have struggles after that. Oh, no! But they will be a different kind of struggle. You go into that battle and all hell is against you, and you are alone, and you fight and you fight, weaker and weaker, until at last you fall and the powers of darkness trample on your soul. But in the other case you go into the battle and fight stronger and stronger and stronger, until the evil propensity goes down and you get the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, come out of your sins! Have you not been bruised with sin long enough? Have you not carried that load long enough? Have you not fought that battle long enough?

I rattle the gates of your sepulcher to-day. I take the trumpet of the gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle. Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland, in almost despair, took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of those three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror. But history says that when he had blown third blast, Roland's trumpet broke.

I take this trumpet of the gospel and blow the first blast, "Whosoever will." I blow the second blast, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." I blow the third blast, "Now is the accepted time." But the trumpet does not break; it was handed down by our forefathers to us, and we will hand it down to our children, that after we are dead they may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a pardoning God, a loving God, a sympathetic God, and that more to Him than the throne on which He sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal put his finger on the latch of His Father's house.

I invite any one the most infidel, any one the most atheistic, I invite him into the kingdom of God with just as much heartiness as there was from any man in the world to come in at the opening of the gospel door. Why, I was once in a place where there was a great fall. When I was living in Philadelphia, there had been a gentleman told me of a scene in which he was a participant. In Callowhill, Philadelphia, there had been a meeting going on for some time, and many were converted, and among others the prominent members of the club house in that city. The man who was the leader of that club house, the president of it, resolved that he would go to get his comrade away. He came to the door, before he entered he heard a song, and under its power his heart was agitated. He went in and asked to be prayed for. Before he came out he was a subject of converting mercy. The next night his comrade went to reclaim the two who had been lost to their sinful circle. He came and under the power of the Holy Ghost came a changed man, and the world knew they were all saved and the infidel club house disbanded. Oh, it is a mighty thing! Though you came here a child of wrath you can go away a child of grace, you can go away singing:

> Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
> That saved a wretch like me!
> I once was lost, but now am found;
> Was blind, but now I see.

Oh, give up your sins! Most of you are already gone. Your children are on the same wrong road. Why do you not stop? "This day is salvation come to this house." Why not this moment look up in the face of Christ and say:

> Just as I am, without one plea
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

God is going to save you. You are going to be among the shining ones. When the portals of life are over, you are going into everlasting rest, you are going up to your loved ones, departed parents, departed children. "Oh, my God," man, "how can I come to Thee? I am so far off. Who will help me, I am so weak? It seems such a great undertaking." My brother, it is a great undertaking! A great you cannot accomplish it, but God can do the work. He will correct you, and He will correct your life. "Oh," you say, "I will stop profanity." That will help you. "Oh," you say, "I will stop Sabbath breaking." That will not save you. There is only one door into the kingdom of God, and that is faith; only one ship that sails to heaven, and that is faith. Faith the first step, the second step, the hundred and the thousandth step, the last step, by faith we enter the kingdom. By faith we live. In faith we die. Heaven a reward of faith. The earthquake shook down the Philippi dungeon. The jailer said, "What must I do?" Some of you would say, "Be out of the place before the walls crack." What did the apostle say? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "Ah," you say, "here's the rub." Have I faith? Suppose you were thirsty, and I offered you this glass of water, and you believed I meant to give it to you, and you came up and took it. You exercised faith. You believe I mean to keep my word. Christ offers you the water of everlasting life. You take it. That is faith.

Enter into the kingdom of God, and now. The door of life is set wide open. I plead with you by the bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the death groan of Golgotha, by cross and crown, by Pilate's condemnation and Joseph's sepulcher, by barricades of hell, by kingdoms of light and realms of darkness, by domes of light and realms of darkness, by the trumpet of the archangel that shall wake the dead, and by the throne of the Lamb, the Lord Almighty and the Lamb, that you come now to the things of eternity. Oh, what a sad thing it will be if, having come to the gates of heaven, we miss it! Oh, to have come as far in sight of the shining pinnacles of the city and not have entered! Oh, to have come near we have seen the mighty throng of the redeemed and we not joining them! Angels of God, fly this way! Good news for you; there is joy in the story among the redeemed on high! Let us be one there especially longing for the salvation, let that one know it now. Let us lay down our sorrows. Glory be to God for such a hope, for such a pardon, for such a day, for such a heaven, for such a God.

DECISION AGAINST STERN

Final Action of the Bavarian Minister of Justice in the Forfeited Bail Matter.

Berlin, Feb. 17.—Baron von Leonrod, Bavarian minister of justice, has rendered a final decision that it would be impossible to refund the 80,000 marks, the amount of bail forfeited by Herr Stern of New York by his failure to surrender himself and serve the sentence of fine and imprisonment imposed upon him by the court for insulting Baron von Thuengen, deputy commissioner of the Spa, at Kissengen. The pardon, which had been granted through the proclamation of amnesty issued by the prince regent, only benefited Stern in so far as it enabled him to return to Bavaria without being compelled to serve out his sentence.

SUFFERED GREAT AGONY

Police Lieutenant Doe Dies at Lynn from Hydrophobia.

Lynn, Mass., Feb. 17.—Lieutenant Nelson H. Doe, after having suffered indescribable agonies for forty-two hours, died at 6:30 last evening at the Lynn hospital of hydrophobia. The application of electricity, which had been tried Saturday evening, had to be abandoned owing to the irritibility of the patient. Prof. Thompson said that the application would have been purely experimental as electricity had never to his knowledge been applied in a hydrophobic case. He would venture no opinion as to the probable result.

COAL OUTPUT LAST YEAR

Over 8,000,000 Tons Mined in the Wilkesbarre District of Pennsylvania.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 17.—Mine Inspector C. M. Williams of the anthracite district, anthracite region, has completed his report for the year 1896. It shows the total production of coal to have been 8,066,412 tons. During the year there were 74 fatal and 1,[illegible] fatal accidents in the mines of the district.

Aosta Wants To Lead His Sons.

Rome, Feb. 17.—The Duke of Aosta, nephew of King Humbert, has asked his majesty and Gen. Mocenni, minister of war, to allow him to take command of the men of his regiment, the 1st artillery, who have been selected to reinforce the Italian army against the Abyssinians.

Horses as Brestworks.

There is probably no other set of officers and men in the army who can boast such a display of horsemanship as the troops G and A of the Sixth. The skill given by them tends more to show that a high degree of efficiency and horses can be trained than to any knowledge of cavalry movements, says the Washington Post.

Troop A, Captain Kendall, Lieutenant Short and White, closed the drill. After going through similar movements the men gave a very interesting exhibition of hurdle jumping and using horses for hurdles. In the latter part of the horses were a little ill-tempered, but were quickly subdued. The most serviceable thing of the entire exhibition was the use of horses for breastworks. The horses were taught to lie down, by the use of the reins, coming from the right ankle forelegs over the shoulder, while the left leg is off the ground and hobbled.

The soldier pulls on the shoulder strap, shoves against the left shoulder and down goes the horse. After a while the only thing necessary is to pull up the left front leg and shove over the shoulder, while some of the more intelligent animals need only a push. The use of horses as breastworks has long been in vogue on the plains during Indian fights, but the idea had first to be shot.

Artificial Marble.

For ornamental purposes, indoor architecture, marble is said to be in growing demand, thousands of tons of the article being made annually, and the importation of the natural substance being affected thereby. Even many persons actually in the trade declare their inability to distinguish between the real and the false, for the markings or marbling go wholly through the block and are not merely superficial. The basis of the whole is represented to be a peculiar combination of limestone and [illegible] which under certain circumstances [illegible] ment is made of [illegible]