NEW YORK'S STEADY GROWTH.

The City Has Never Halted Since It Was First Fairly Started.

Brander Ingersoll writes a paper on the greater New York, entitled "Reading The Data Metropolis," for St. Nicholas. Mr. Ingersoll says:

The people of New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island and certain near-by northern towns resolved to unite themselves together into one city, which is now the greater New York. It embraces 341 square miles of territory, and includes a population of nearly 3,400,000.

Besides these, at least another million dwell on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, quite as near and as closely identified with the great city on Manhattan Island as are those of the northern and eastern suburbs. This makes a population of nearly 4,500,000 which may be said to belong to New York, making it not only by far the largest center of human life and interests in America, but, excepting only London, the most populous spot on the globe.

How has it happened that this vast city has grown up where it stands? Why did not the American metropolis arise somewhere else? Is its position an accident, or does history show sound reason for its situation? The earliest settlement here was merely a trading station that gradually became a small seaport, like a dozen others along the coast. Before the year 1700 these were so nearly alike that we would have been a wise prophet who truly foretold which would thrive. Indeed, many men of that day firmly believed that Newport and Annapolis were to be the two great American seaports.

Both cities arise at the points where the greatest number of people find it convenient to meet at first for business and later for pleasure. You cannot force a city to grow in an unnatural or unsuitable situation; and it is no easier to prevent a city from growing in its proper place. But the conditions that change a village into a big town and expand the town into a city or metropolis are not the same in different parts of the globe, and vary with the march of centuries; so that now many an ancient world market, like Nineveh or Memphis, has totally disappeared; while towns like Berlin have lately increased with amazing rapidity, after a long history in small and insignificant places. As for New York, it has never halted nor gone backward for a moment since it was fairly started on its career in 1623.

Sex in Flowers.

Professor Kenjiro Fujii of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan, has recently published a paper in the proceedings of that institution explaining the law that determines the male or the female sex in flowers. His observations and experiments have been made on the prevailing pine tree of that country. He gives, in full detail, the results of many observations and comes to the following conclusions: That the sex of the flowers is undetermined until a certain stage of their growth, and that a flower that would otherwise develop into a male has a tendency to become a female when local increase of nourishment takes place at a certain stage of its development. It is very interesting to note that this discovery as to the law regulating the reproduction of the separate sexes in such trees was made and reported some quarter of a century ago by Prof. Thomas Meehan; and the paper read by him before the American Society for the Advancement of Science appears in the printed proceedings of the Salem meeting. The doctrine met with some opposition at that time, Prof. Agassiz especially making a powerful protest against the sentiments of the paper. But it has since been adopted as a demonstration, and is the accepted theory of sex in the article on this subject in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." The American view, differs slightly from that of the Japanese scientist in this, that while the latter seems to regard the male characteristics as the normal condition, the accident of abundant nutrition only causing an advance of female characteristics, the former regards the female as the normal condition, and the entire absence of the fall supply brings about the male flowers. Again, the American exponent not only requires an abundant supply of nutrition to insure female flowers, but a high vital power in the nucleus to avail itself of the nutrition. Prof. Fujii shows by his paper that he is in ignorance of the occupancy of the field before him by the American philosopher; and the fact gives additional interest to the paper in this respect, that so nearly the same results should follow observations made in such widely separated quarters of the globe. —New York Independent.

A Rat Catcher's Story.

There are tricks in all trades, and probably as many in that of the professional rat-catcher as in any other line. According to the story of a man who has made a barrel of money in the business, but who has since drifted into other pursuits, he was once employed by a Tyler citizen to rate for the extermination of the rodents, he said, "what I received an order for clear a warehouse of the pests I always insisted that the pay should be gauged by the number of rats killed, at so much per head. I carried the ferrets in a big wooden box, with a false bottom. In a secret drawer, underneath, I would place four or five dozen live rats before starting out, let them run loose upon reaching the place to be rid of rodents, and then free the ferrets. Of course, with fifty or sixty rats running around loose, there was always a great slaughter, and sometimes the ferrets would kill nearly all the rats I turned free. In this way I was always sure of receiving handsome remuneration for an evening's work, upon the presentation of the carcases to the parties who employed me."—Philadelphia Record.

Invited Grant to Go to Her Cellar If He Got Frightened.

Summer Hill, close to Studley, Va., is a very interesting place, built over a hundred years ago, and was the arena of much active warfare about the year 1862. Mrs. Newton resides there, the widow of Capt. William B. Newton, a scholarly gentleman and brave commander of cavalry in Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, who was killed at the battle of Culpeper Court House. He was a brother of the late Bishop John Brokenbough Newton, who died last Ascension day. Summer Hill was taken for headquarters by Gen. Grant, and there he held a council of war with Gen. Hancock and Gen. McDowell. Gen. Grant told Mrs. Newton he was expecting an attack and that a battle would be fought under her very roof-tree, and added:

"I advise you strongly, madam, to go over into King William County with your little children. I will be glad to furnish you an ambulance and safeguard to cross the lines."

She answered: "No, I prefer to stay here. This old home is all I have left, and if its fate is to fall down it will have to fall on my head. I can put the children down in the potato cellar, and, General, if you get scared when the firing begins you can go down there with them."

Gen. Grant laughed heartily and said: "Have your own way, madam. You are brave enough."

After the war was over he inquired very particularly of her, and expressed the hope that she came out all right.—Boston Transcript.

Golf Breed's Thrift.

The rapid spread of golf in this country has opened a new field for the enterprising American boy.

It is good, healthful work for a lad, for it keeps him out in the open air, and he often gets as much fun and more work out of a game than the player himself. His earnings are more than those of most of his fellows in stores and offices, too. The usual rate is from 10 to 15 cents an hour, and with the tips from players the caddie's earnings often amount to $8 or $10 per week in the golf season. In some places the caddies are paid by the round, but that is not so fair as the time pay system, as the lest skillful players, who are apt to give the caddies most work, take the longest time to go over the course.

In the neighborhoods of the big cities, where most of the golf links are located, many business men play the game, going over the links early in the morning or on their return from business after 4 in the afternoon. In such times some of the caddies are schoolboys, who can do this work outside of school hours, as the links are practically deserted during the middle of the day except on Saturday, which is, of course, a holiday for the schoolboy, as well as for the business man. There are any number of thrifty caddies who are paying all their school expenses this winter with the money they earned running after balls during the long summer days.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cold Storage.

Some fifteen millions of dollars are invested in this business, and poultry, eggs, oysters, beef, venision, lamb, etc., may be kept in perfection for months, even from one season to the next.

A visit to one of these warehouses is interesting. The walls are of extraordinary thickness, sheathed with wood and filled with huge ice boxes. In some of the modern warehouses, the same chemicals used to make artificial ice are circulated through the rooms by means of pipes, which keep the temperature several degrees below zero. The fish, meat or game to be preserved is packed in the ice boxes, which have double walls and the ice is packed around them. With the atmosphere around them below zero, the articles to be preserved are kept at a temperature that would make an Arctic explorer shiver, until they are wanted, when they are taken out and sold, sometimes in a few days, and as often in a few months. The refrigerator cars have helped to develop the cold-storage business.

British Generals.

There are on the active list of the British army eight field marshals, twenty generals, thirty-nine lieutenant-generals, one hundred and sixteen major-generals and twenty-nine local major-generals, besides a large number in all ranks.

DISCOURSES OF THE DAY.

A COMPETITIVE SERMON BY A BROOKLYN MINISTER.

"Christian Cheerfulness" is the Title of the Eighth Sermon in the N. Y. Herald's Competitive Series—By a Brooklyn Minister—Dr. Talmage on Home Life.

TEXT: "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice."—Philippians, iv., 4.

What is so comico-tragic among men as the disposition to see only the dark side of the events of life? Many of us have a tendency to exaggerate our ills which amounts almost to melancholia. If it is not always high tide in our course of fortune we sink into a condition of morbid despair. We are too apt to forget that in nature the tide must fall as well as rise. We do not realize that it is the part of wisdom to make the best use of the opportunities we have. We compare our circumstances with those of others who are more fortunate and brood over "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

The tendency to dwell upon our ills grows with time. In the beginning it can be checked easily, but if time is allowed like a torrent gaining impetus with its descent, unless it be beyond control. Now and then we receive the sad news that one whom we esteemed as upright and godly has allowed this morbid tendency to obtain such headway that it unseats his reason and with it the sense of moral responsibility. Then we learn of the self-destruction of such a one and are not surprised. It was almost the inevitable consequence of a false, one sided view of life that is supported by neither common sense nor religion.

With reference to the character of the mind men may be divided into three matter of fact and the exaggerative. While the former are liable to be unsettled and disconcerted occasionally, the latter are apt to be so as a rule, because their minds, being imaginative, create for themselves difficulties which they seldom, if ever, attain. Nevertheless, the normal condition of life is one of cheerfulness. God teaches us this in nature, which, as a rule, is bright with sunshine, gay with color and filled with joyous music. Laughter and song, harmony and beauty are the radiant figures of that living picture whereby our Heavenly Father points out to each the road to happiness. It is the desire of every earnest man to please God. There is no better way to do so than by showing ourselves satisfied with what He gives us. A preacher once said: "We do not please God more by eating bitter aloes than by eating honey. A cloudy, foggy, rainy day is not more heavenly than a day of sunshine. A funeral march is not so much like the music of angels as the songs of birds on a May morning. There is no more religion in the quaint, naked forest in winter than in the laughing blossoms of the spring and the ripe, rich fruits of autumn."

How we cultivate a sunny disposition! How few make an effort to be cheerful when they feel unhappy! There are some the hard lines of whose faces never break into a smile. There are others who know only that mirth which is provoked by artificial means, such as a joke or a ridiculous incident. Some are cheerful only when they have driven a good bargain. You know how the business smile worn by those who are anxious to gain your good will or your money. Perhaps you are acquainted with people who wear a mask of cheerfulness for the outer world and a mask of terror for their homes.

Little do they who go through life dissatisfied and cheerless know how much they lose of that which is sweetest in human experience. Not only they but all with whom they come in contact are robbed of a portion of the blessing of existence. You see it in our families, our friends, in fact to all our fellow men, as well as to ourselves, to make brighter, not gloomier, this human life. St. Paul's example shows that even in distressing circumstances cheerfulness is possible. His injunction, "Rejoice in the Lord," was literally obeyed by himself.

The consistent Christian must be cheerful. Even when the knowledge of his sinfulness weighs heaviest upon him he believes that God is forgiving and merciful. The bitterness of his sorrow is sweetened by the promises of God. The gloom of his soul is illumined by the light of God's love. However forbidding the darkness by which he is surrounded, however great the suffering to which he is subjected, however miserably the hand of misfortune may tighten its grip, he knows he shall be lighter in the esteem of his God and nearer to his destiny if, with patience and a cheerful heart, he bears these things. The consolations of his religion will never fail him if he appeals to them. Gloomy Christianity is a misrepresentation. The Christian is meaning those may be who dwell only on the sufferings of Christ, only on the wrath of God and the punishment of the sin of God an injustice and teach only half the truth. There is nothing to gain from such a one-sided presentation of religion. It is not natural, necessary nor fair to our fellow men to minimize those features of our religion that God has made most prominent. There is a bright side which it is of the utmost importance to emphasize, in order to win men to religion. The dawn of redemption and the joy of spiritual triumph forever obliterated the sorrows of Calvary. The justice, mercy and love of God irradiate prismatic light on the sombre picture of sin and judgment. James B. Nies, Rector Church of the Epiphany, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOME LIFE.

Dr. Talmage Preaches On the Cares of the Household.

TEXT: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me."—Luke x., 40.

Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead, and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow, Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. This is Mary, the the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and her face having no appearance of anxiety or care. Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and, of course, there is a good deal of excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back and the dresses are adjusted as well as, in so short a time, Mary and Martha can attend to these matters. They did not see Christ standing at the door until they had elaborately arranged their tresses, then coming out with their affected surprise, as though they had not heard the two or three previous knockings, they cried, "Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies, and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best fashion of its silken dress. The sister chide