SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The Three Tabernacles, a Story of Trials and Triumphs."

TEXT: "*Let us make three tabernacles.*"—Luke ix., 33.

Our Arab ponies were almost dead with fatigue, as, in December, 1889, we rode near the foot of Mount Hermon in the Holy Land, the mountain called by one "a mountain of ice," by another "a glittering breastplate of ice," by another "the Mont Blanc of Palestine." Its top has an almost unearthly brilliance. But what must it have been in the time to which my text refers? Peter and James and John were on that mountain top with Jesus when, suddenly, Christ's face took on the glow of the noonday sun, and Moses and Elijah, who had been dead for centuries, came out from the heavenly world and talked with our Saviour. What an overwhelming three—Moses, representing the law; Elijah, representing the prophets, and Christ, representing all worlds.

Impetuous Peter was so wrought upon by the presence of this wondrous three, that, without waiting for time to consider how preposterous was the proposition, he cried out, "Let us make three tabernacles—one for Thee, one for Moses and one for Elijah." Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less material enough to build two tabernacles, and still less, how would they get the material for building three? Where would they get the hammers? Where the gold? Where the silver? Where the curtains? Where the costly adornments? Hermon is a barren peak, and to build one tabernacle in such a place would have been an undertaking beyond human achievement, and Peter was propounding the impossible when he cried out in enthusiasm, "Let us build three tabernacles."

And yet that is what this congregation has been called to do and has done. The first Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1870, and destroyed by fire in 1872. The second Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1874, and destroyed by fire in 1889. The third Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in April, 1891, and in that we are worshiping to-day. What sounded absurd for Peter to propose, when he said on Mount Hermon, in the words of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles," we have not only done, but in the mysterious province of God were compelled to do.

I announce to you this day that we are at last, as a church, in smooth waters. Arrangements have been made by which our financial difficulties are now fully and satisfactorily adjusted. Our income will exceed our outgo, and Brooklyn Tabernacle will be yours and belong to you and your children after you, and anything you see contrary to this you may put down to the confirmed habit which some people have got of misrepresenting this church, and they cannot stop. When I came to Brooklyn I came to a small church and a big indebtedness. We have now this, the largest Protestant church in America, and financially as a congregation we are worth, over and beyond all indebtedness, considerably more than $150,000.

I have preached here twenty-three years, and I expect, if my life and health are continued, to preach here twenty three years longer, although we will all do well to remember that our breath is in our nostrils, and any hour we may be called to give an account of our stewardship. All we ask for the future is that you do your best, contributing all you can to the support of our institutions. Our best days are yet to come; our greatest revivals of religion, and our mightiest outpourings of the Holy Ghost. We have got through the Red Sea and stand today on the other bank clapping the cymbals of victory.

Yes, twenty-three years have passed since I came to live in Brooklyn, and they have been to me eventful years. It was a prostrated church to which I came, a church so flat down it could drop no farther. Through controversies which it would be useless to rehearse it was well nigh extinct, and for a long while it had been without a pastor. But nineteen members could be mustered to sign a call for my coming.

As a committee was putting that call before me in an upper room in my house in Philadelphia, there were two other committees on similar errands from other churches in other rooms, whom my wife was entertaining and keeping apart from unhappy collision. The auditorium of the Brooklyn church to which I came defied all the laws of acoustics; the church had a steeple that was the derision of the town, and a high box pulpit which shut in the preacher as though he were dangerous to be let loose, or it acted as a barricade that was unnecessary to keep back the people, for they were so few that a minister of ordinary muscle could have kept back all who were there.

My first Sabbath in Brooklyn was a sad day, for I did not realize how far the church was down until then, and on the evening of that day my own brother, through whose pocket I entered the ministry, died, and the tidings of his decease reached me at 6 o'clock in the evening, and I was to preach at half past seven. But from that day the blessing of God was on us, and in three months we began the enlargement of the building. Before the close of that year we resolved to construct the first Tabernacle. It was to be a temporary structure, and therefore we called it a Tabernacle instead of a Temple. What should be the style of architecture was the immediate question. I had always thought that the amphitheatrical shape would be appropriate for a church.

Two distinguished architects were employed, and after much hovering over designs they announced to us that such a building was impossible for religious purposes, as it would not be churchly, and would subject themselves and us to ruinous criticism; in other words, they were not ready for a revolution in church architecture. Utterly disheartened as to my favorite style of architecture, I said to the trustees, "Build anything you please, and I must be satisfied." But one morning a young architect appeared at my house and asked if we had yet selected a plan for our church. I said, "No, and what we want we cannot get." "What kind of building do you want?" he asked. And taking out a lead pencil and a letter envelope from my pocket, in less than a minute by a few curved lines I indicated in the rough what we wanted. "But," I said, "old architects tell us it can't be done, and there is no use in you trying." He said, "I can do it. How long can I have to make out the plans?" I said, "This evening at 8 o'clock everything is to be decided." At 8 o'clock of that evening the architect presented his plans, and the bids of builder and mason were presented, and in five minutes after the plans were presented they were unanimously adopted. So that I would not be in the way of the trustees during the work I went to Europe, and when I got back the church was well nigh done. But there came in a staggering hindrance. We expected to pay for the new church by the sale of the old building. The old one had been sold, but just at the time we must have the money the purchasers backed out and we had two churches and no money.

By the help of God and the indomitable and unparalleled energy of our trustees there and there one of them present to-day, but the most in a better world), we got the building ready for consecration, and on September 25, 1870, morning and evening dedicatory services were held, and in the afternoon the children, with sweet and multitudinous voices, consecrated the place to God. Twenty thousand dollars were raised that day to pay a floating debt. In the morning old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the glory of the Episcopal Church and the Chrysostom of the American pulpit, preached a sermon which lingered in its gracious effects as long as the building stood. He read enough out of the Episcopal prayer book to keep himself from being reprimanded by his bishop for preaching at a non-Episcopal service, and we, although belonging to another denomination, responded with heartiness, as though we were used to the liturgy, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

During the short time we occupied that building we had a constant downpour of religious awakening. Hosannah! Ten million years in heaven will have no power to dim my memory of the glorious times we had in the first Tabernacle, which, because of its invasion of the usual style of church architecture, was called by some "Talmage's Hippodrome," by others, "Church of the Holy Circus," and by other mirthful nomenclature. But it was a building perfect for acoustics, and stood long enough to have its imitation in all the large cities of America and to completely revolutionize church architecture. People saw that it was the common sense way of seating an audience.

Instead of putting them in an angular church, where each one chiefly saw the back part of somebody else's head, the audience were arranged in semicircle, so that they could see one another's faces, and the auditorium was a great family circle seated around a fireplace, which was the pulpit. It was an iron structure, and we supposed fireproof, but the insurance companies looked at it, and after we had gone too far to stop in its construction they declined to insure it except for a mere nothing, declaring that, being of iron, if the inflammable material between the sheets of iron took fire no engine hose could play upon it. And they were right. During those days we educated and sent out from a lay college under our charge some twelve hundred young men and women, many of them becoming evangelists and many of them becoming regularly ordained preachers, and I meet them in all parts of the land toiling mightily for God.

One Sunday morning in December, 1872, the thermometer nearly down to zero, I was on my way to church. There was an excitement in the street and much smoke in the air. Fire engines dashed past. But my mind was on the sermon I was about to preach, until some one rushed up and told me that our church was going up in the same kind of a chariot that Elijah took from the banks of the Jordan. That Sunday morning tragedy, with its wringing of hands and frozen tears on the cheeks of many thousands standing in the street, and the crash that shook the earth, is as vivid as though it were yesterday. But it was not a perfect loss.

All are anxious to do something, and as on such occasions sensible people are apt to do unusual things, one of the members, at the risk of his life, rushed in among the fallen walls, mounted the pulpit and took a glass of water from the table and brought it in safety to the street. So you see it was not a total loss. Within an hour from many churches came kind invitations to occupy their buildings, and hanging against a lamppost near the destroyed building, before 12 o'clock that morning, was a board with the inscription, "The congregation of Brooklyn Tabernacle will worship to-night in Plymouth Church."

Mr. Beecher made the opening prayer, which was full of commiseration for me and my homeless flock, and I preached that night the sermon that I intended to preach that morning in my own church, the text concerning the precious alabaster box broken at the feet of Christ, and sure enough we had one very precious broken that day. We were, as a church, obliterated. "But arise and build," said many voices. Another architect took the amphitheatrical plan of a church, which in the first instance was necessarily somewhat rude, and developed it into an elaborate plan that was immediately adopted.

But how to raise the money for such an expensive undertaking was the question—expensive not because of any senseless adornment proposed, but expensive because of the immense size of the building needed to hold our congregation. It was at that time when for years our entire country was suffering, not from a financial panic, but from that long-continued financial depression which all business men remember, as the cloud hung heavy year after year and commercial establishments without number went down. Through what struggles we passed the eternal God and some brave souls to-day remember. Many a time would I have gladly accepted calls to some other field, but I could not leave the flock in the wilderness.

At last, after, in the interregnum, having worshiped in our beautiful Academy of Music, on the morning of February 22, 1874, the anniversary of the Washington who conquered impossibilities and on the Sabbath that always celebrates the resurrection, Dr. Byron Sunderland, Chaplain of the United States Senate, thrilled us through and through with a dedicatory sermon from Haggai ii., 9, "The glory of this house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." The corner stone of that building had been laid by the illustrious and now enthroned Dr. Francis Prime. On the platform on dedication day sat, among others, Dr. Dowling, of the Baptist Church, Dr. Crook, of the Methodist Church, Mr. Beecher, of the Congregational Church, and Dr. French, of the Presbyterian Church. Hosannah! Another $35,000 was raised on that day.

The following Sunday 328 souls were received into our communion, mostly on confession of faith. At two other communions over 500 souls joined at each one. At another ingathering 628 souls entered this communion, and so many of those gathered through have already entered heaven that we expect to feel at home when we get there. My! my! Won't we be glad to see them—the men and women who stood by us in days that were dark and days that were jubilant! Hosannah! The work done in that church on Schermerhorn street can never be undone.

What self sacrifices on the part of many, who gave almost till the blood came! What hallelujahs! What victories! What wedding marches played with full organ! What baptisms! What sacraments! What consecrations! One of them on a snowy Sabbath afternoon, when all Brooklyn seemed to sympathize, and my eldest son, bearing my own name, lay beneath the pulpit in the last sleep, and Florence Rice Knox sang, and a score of ministers on and around the platform tried to interpret how it was best that one who had just come to manhood, and with brightest worldly prospects, should be taken and we left with a heart that will not cease to ache until we meet where tears never fall.

That second Tabernacle! What a stupendous reminiscence! But, if the Peter of my text had known what an undertaking it is to build two tabernacles he would not have proposed two, to say nothing of three. As an anniversary sermon must needs be somewhat autobiographical, let me say I have not been idle. During the standing of those two Tabernacles fifty-two books, under as many titles, made up from my writings, were published. During that time also I was permitted to discuss all the great questions of the day in all the great cities of this continent, and in many of them many times, besides preaching and lecturing ninety-six times in England, Scotland and Ireland in ninety-four days.

During all that time, as well as since, I was engaged in editing a religious newspaper, believing that such a periodical was capable of great usefulness, and I have been a constant contributor to newspapers and periodicals. Meanwhile all things had become easy in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On a Sabbath in October, 1889, I announced to my congregation that I would in a few weeks visit the Holy Land, and that the officers of the church had consented to my going, and the wish of a life to me was about to be fulfilled. The next Sabbath morning, about 2 o'clock, or just after midnight, a member of my household awakened me by saying that there was a strange light in the sky. A thunderstorm had left the air full of electricity, and from horizon to horizon everything seemed to blaze. But that did not disturb me, until an observation taken from the cupola of my house declared that the second Tabernacle was putting on red wings.

I scouted the idea and turned over on the pillow for another sleep, but a number of excited voices called me to the roof, and I went up and saw clearly defined in the night the fiery catafalque of our second Tabernacle. When I saw that I said to my family "I think that ends my work in Brooklyn. Surely the Lord will not call a minister to build three churches in one city. The building of one church generally ends the usefulness of a pastor. How can any one preside at the building of three churches?" But before twenty-four hours had passed we were compelled to cry out, with Peter of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles." We must have a home somewhere. The old site had ceased to be the center of our congregation, and the center of the congregation, as near as we could find it, is where we now stand.

Having selected the spot, should we build on it a barn or a tabernacle, beautiful and commodious? Our common sense, as well as our religion, commanded the latter. But what push, what industry, what skill, what sacrifice, what faith in God were necessary! Impediments and hindrances without number were thrown in the way, and had it not been for the perseverance of our church officials, and the practical help of many people, and the prayers of millions of good souls in all parts of the earth, and the blessing of Almighty God, the work would not have been done. But it is done, and all good people who behold the structure feel in their hearts, if they do not utter it with their lips, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" On the third Sabbath of last April this church was dedicated, Dr. Hamlin, of Washington, preaching an inspiring sermon, Dr. Wendell Prime, of New York, offering the dedicatory prayer, and some fifteen clergymen during the day taking part in the services. Hosannah!

How suggestive to many of us are the words spelled out in flowers above the pulpit—"1869" and "1892"—for those dates bound what raptures, what griefs, what struggles, what triumphs. I mention it as a matter of gratitude to God that in these twenty-three years I have missed but one Sabbath through physical indisposition and but three in the thirty-six years of my ministry. And now, having reached this twenty-third milestone, I start anew. I have in my memorandum books analyses of more sermons than I have ever yet preached, and I have preached, as near as I can tell, about 3383.

During these past years I have learned two or three things. Among others I have learned that "all things work together for good." My positive mode of preaching has sometimes seemed to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell. Feeling called upon fifteen years ago to explore underground New York city life, that I might report the evils to be combated, I took with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that needed removal and the allurements that endangered our young men. There came upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents from north, south, east and west; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the Gospel that otherwise would never have been opened.

Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on Amusements, and a false report of what I did say—in none of the sermons said to have been preached by me was not mine in a single word—roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirk and pistol and other forms of extinguishment, until the chief of Brooklyn police, without any suggestion from me, took possession of the church with twenty-four policemen to see that no harm was done. That excitement opened many doors, which I entered for preaching the Gospel.

After awhile came an ecclesiastical trial, in which I was arraigned by people who did not like the way I did things, and although I was acquitted of all the charges, the contest shook the American church. That battle made me more friends than anything that ever happened and gave me Christendom and more than Christendom for my weekly audience. On the demolition of each church we got a better and a larger church, and not a disaster, not a caricature, not a persecution, not an assault, during all these twenty-three years, but turned out for our advantage, and ought I not to believe that "all things work together for good?" Hosannah!

Another lesson I have learned during these twenty-three years is that it is not necessary to preach error or pick flaws in the Old Bible in order to get an audience; the old Book without any fixing up is good enough for me, and the higher criticism, as it is called, means lower religion. Higher criticism is another form of infidelity, and its disciples will believe less and less, until many of them will land in Nowhere and become the worshipers of an eternal "What is it." The most of these higher critics seem to be seeking notoriety by pitching into the Bible. It is such a brave thing to strike your grandmother. The old Gospel put in modern phrase, and without any of the conventionalities, and adapted to all the wants and woes of humanity, I have found the mightiest magnet, and we have never lacked an audience.

Next to the blessing of my own family I account the blessing that I have always had a great multitude of people to preach to. That old Gospel I have preached to you these twenty-three years of my Brooklyn pastorate, and that old Gospel I will preach till I die, and charge my son, who is on the way to the ministry, to preach it after me, for I remember Paul's thunderbolt, "If any man preach any other Gospel, let him be accursed." And now, as I stand here on my twenty-third anniversary, I see two audiences. The one is made up of all those who have worshiped with us in the past, but have been translated to higher realms.

What groups of children—too fair and too sweet and too lovely for earth, and the Lord took them, but they seem present to-day. The croup has gone out of the swollen throat and the pallor from the cheek, and they have on them the health and radiance of heaven. Hail, groups of glorified children! How glad I am to have you come back to us to-day! And here sit those aged ones, who departed this life leaving an awful vacancy in home and church. Where are your staffs and where are your gray locks, and where you stooping shoulders, ye blessed old folks? "Oh!" they say, "we are all young again, and the bath in the river from under the throne has made us agile and bounding. In the place from which we come they use no staffs, but scepters." Hail, fathers and mothers in Israel; how glad we are to have you come back to greet us. But the other audience I see in imagination is made up of all those to whom we have had opportunity as a church, directly or indirectly, of presenting the Gospel. Yea, all my parishes seem to come back to-day. The people of my first charge in Belleville, New Jersey. The people of my second charge in Syracuse, New York. The people of my third charge in Philadelphia. And the people of all these three Brooklyn Tabernacles. Look at them, and all those whom, through the printing press, we have invited to God and heaven, now seeming to sit in galleries above galleries, tiers galleries, a hundred galleries, a thousand galleries high.

I greet them all in your name and in Christ's name, all whom I have confronted from my first sermon in my first village charge, where my lips trembled and my knees knocked together from affright, speaking from the text, Jeremiah i., 6, "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!" until the sermon I preach to-day from Luke ix., 33, "Let us make three tabernacles;" those of the past and the present, all gather in imagination, if not in reality, all of us grateful to God for past mercies, all of us sorry for misimproved opportunities, all hopeful for eternal raptures, and while the visible and the invisible audiences of the present and the past commingle, I give out to be sung by those who are here to-day, and to be sung by those who shall read of this scene of reminiscence and congratulation, that hymn which has been rolling on since Isaac Watts started it one hundred and fifty years ago:

> Our God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home.

INSPECTOR BYRNES MAD.

He Says the Grand Jury Presentments are Insulting.

NEW YORK, April 2.—The grand jury, which was incited to action by Dr Parkhurst's eloquence from the pulpit of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, rounded up its affairs by bringing in some half dozen presentments. The principal presentment, after passing a high eulogium on the efficiency of the New York police, charges that body with not exercising their powers sufficiently in closing and arresting the inmates of the various gambling dens and disorderly houses in their several precincts, but leaving such work rather to private societies; it also censures the police for being derilict in their duty in not securing the conviction of the many flagrant violations of the excise law, suggesting that in all probability there may be some bribery in connection with such violations.

The next in importance is directed to certain newspapers which print in their columns the advertisements of places of vice.

Inspector Byrnes was much incensed over the matter, declaring the presentment an insult to the entire police force and department. He threatened to retire from the department if such attacks were upheld.

"If there are individual members of the force who have committed wrongful acts," said the inspector, "they should be indicted and punished as they deserve, but to attack the great body of men for the misdeeds of a few is manifestly improper and unjust.

Sale of the Road Confirmed.

TRENTON, N. J., April 4.—The Chancellor has confirmed the sale of the Philadelphia & Seashore Railroad to Lindlsey Garrison of Camden, for $185,000. The Bethlehem Iron Company opposed the confirmation on the ground that they knew of a party who would give 21 per cent. more for the road. The Chancellor said that the sale was properly conducted and could not be reopened because of some prospective bidder.

Committed for Murder.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 4.—William P. McLaughlin of High Spire, this county, is dead from the effects of a gunshot wound inflicted Saturday night by Jacob K. McAllister, who has been committed to this city on a charge of murder. According to McAllister's story he shot McLaughlin after the latter had blackened his eyes. Both, he says, were drunk when the fight and subsequent shooting occurred.

Attacks American Women.

PARIS, April 4.—A sprightly and scandalous novel entitled "L'Americaine," severely attacking and libeling American women in general, has just been published here. The name of the author has not been given, but when it is disclosed there is likely to be trouble. It is evidently written to gratify the ill feeling aroused in certain Parisian circles by the Deacon-Abbotts tragedy.

Does Not Know Trout are Killed

NEWBURG, N. Y., April 4.—Willet Kidd, fish and game protector for this district, was asked if it was true, as stated in the newspapers, that thousands of trout had been killed by the liming of the streams in this vicinity. He replied that the first he had heard of such a condition of affairs was gleaned from the papers, and he knew nothing about it further than that.

The Tilden Estate Appraised.

NEW YORK, April 4.—The appraiser of the Samuel J. Tilden estate has filed his appraisal in the Surrogate's Court at White Plains. The total value of the real and personal property is estimated to be $5,189,631. After the expenses, various trust settlements, etc., are deducted, the balance will be $3,207,793 to be divided among the heirs at law.

"Detained" Immigrants Escape.

BOSTON, April 4.—Six "detained" immigrants escaped from the steamer Kansas at East Boston Saturday morning, and two were captured Saturday night. Frederick Warren, of the Warren Line, is held by the police on the charge of allowing these immigrants to escape.

PANAMA, April 4.—It is reported that a revolution has broken out in Ecuador and that the revolutionists have seized the Government steamer.

A Waste of Time and Money.

Miss Hardware (about to go abroad)—But, papa, can't you permit me to extend our trip to Italy?

Old Mr. Hardware—Humph! Can you see enough organ-grinders there in New York?—Judge.

Mr. S. G. Derry
of Providence, R. I.

Widely known as proprietor of Derry's Waterproof Harness Oil, tells of his terrible sufferings from Eczema and his cure by

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

"Gentlemen: Fifteen years ago I had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, followed by

Salt Rheum

breaking out on my right leg. The humor spread all over my legs, back and arms, a foul mass of sores, swollen and itching terribly, causing intense pain if the skin was broken by scratching, and discharging constantly. It is impossible to describe my 13 years of agony and torture. I spent

Thousands of Dollars

in futile efforts to get well, and was discouraged and ready to die. At this time I was unable to lie down in bed, had to sit up all the time, and was unable to walk without crutches. I had to hold my arms away from my body, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day.

"Finally a friend urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I began by taking half a teaspoonful. My

Stomach Was All Out of Order

But the medicine soon corrected this, and in six weeks I could see a change in the condition of the humor which nearly covered my body. It was driven to the surface by the Sarsaparilla, the sores soon healed, and the scales fell off. I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happier man I was. I had been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for seven months, and since that time, 3 years, have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well.

The Delight

of myself and wife at my recovery is impossible to tell. To all my business friends in Boston and over the country, I recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

from personal experience." S. G. Derry, 18 Bradford Street, Providence, R. I.

If you are Bilious take Hood's Pills.

The casting out of the devil of disease was once a sign of authority.

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JEER CRUSTACEANS.

ABS OF MANY KINDS AND THEIR CURIOUS WAYS.

ddlers, Shore Crabs, Oyster Crabs, Stone Crabs and Lady Crabs—The Most Beautiful Crabs.

"There are ever so many curious kinds of crabs in the world," said a naturalist to a Washington Star writer the other day. "Not the least interesting species are those of the funny little fiddlers, which are found all along the Atlantic coast of the United States. They inhabit the marshes near the seashore and often they are seen in numerous companies and in regiments, wandering over the muddy or sandy flats where they make their homes. When disturbed, they quickly scamper in every direction, seeking the nearest holes, and often failing to discriminate in their choice of a refuge. Under such conditions you will frequently observe the rightful owner of a burrow in the act of ejecting one or more intruders.

"The burrows which fiddler crabs live in are nearly or quite vertical holes four foot or more in depth, after which they take a horizontal turn, each one ending in a chamber where the occupant lays most of the time when not looking out for food. These queer crustaceans are vegetable feeders, depending chiefly for their diet upon small plants of a sedge nature, with which the mud where they dwell is more or less covered on the surface. Such growths they scrape up with their claws and consume. The male fiddler has one small claw and one very big claw, the latter being presumably intended merely for the purpose of fighting, inasmuch as the little claw is exclusively employed to feed itself with. In the female both claws are small and are utilized indifferently for conveying food to the mouth. It is very amusing to see these animals at work excavating their burrows. This labor they perform either at night or in the day time, and they do the digging by fetching to the surface the mud or sand, a small pellet at a time, depositing each such load at a distance of four or five feet from the hole.

"There are two remarkable species of crabs on the Pacific coast, more plentiful there than any other kinds, which are called respectively the yellow and purple shore crabs. Their bodies are nearly square and their claws very large for the size of the animal. Hundreds of them will often be found under a single stone, especially in muddy places or in brackish water. On every rock that when the tide is out thousands of them threaten the intruder with uplifted mandibles. They are not esteemed by the people generally, but they are much eaten by the Chinese, who regard them as a delicacy, spitting them on wires and cooking them over the fire.

"Among the most curious crabs are those which are not known otherwise than as parasites of the oyster. However, only the females live in the oyster shells, where specimens have been found by every lover of the bivalve on the half shell. Funnily enough the males do not dwell with the oysters, but when they are found swimming at the surface of the water. The adult female attains a size of half an inch across the carapace. These little fellows are considered good to eat by epicures, who swallow them raw together with the oysters in which they are also cooked separately in various fashions, and are occasionally pickled. A nearly allied species is found in the shells of common sea mussels and scallops. It is bigger than the oyster crab, and the females alone of this are parasites.

One of the most highly prized of all crustaceans is the so-called "stone crab" of the South Atlantic coast which is found all the way from South Carolina to the West, and in the Gulf of Mexico also. It lives in holes in the mud along coasts and estuaries or in crevices among rocks. A heap of refuse bricks often affords a congenial hiding place. It is usually taken by hand, the hunter reaching into the hole supposed to be occupied by the creature and grabbing him at the risk of a severe bite. The animal has very powerful claws and its nip is sometimes to be dreaded. Nevertheless, a skillful person can make the capture without much danger, if only he is quick enough. The art lies in seizing the prey before it has time to make a clutch. Where many of this kind are caught they are highly esteemed as food, the meat of the claws having a lobster-like flavor. They are preferred even to the blue crab, the sort common in the Chesapeake and Potomac, and command a higher price in the market, being much less common. They grow to a larger size than the blue crabs, measuring two inches more across the back shell. When seized they cling so tightly to the walls of their abode that it is apt to be very difficult to dislodge them without fetching them out with the meal.

"Among the queerest crustaceans are the 'lady crabs,' or 'sand crabs,' which are abundant on sandy shores from the Cod to Florida and in the Gulf of Mexico. Their bodies are roughly similar in color and marked with spots of red and purple on the back. The claws themselves commonly near lower mark on the beaches, covering themselves up to the eyes with sand and waiting thus perfectly concealed while waiting for prey and looking out for enemies. If they are disturbed they disappear together and instantly. So numerous are they in some localities that the fish on the beach will often be covered with them, but if any one approaches they scuttle off and vanish with marvelous celerity. Presently, all is quiet, an immense number of eyes and antennæ are protruded from beneath