SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Business Troubles."

TEXT: "These were thy merchants in all sorts of things."—Ezekiel xxvii., 24.

We are at the opening door of returning National prosperity. The coming crops, the re-establishment of public confidence and, above all, the blessing of God will turn in upon all sections of America the widest, greatest prosperity this country has ever seen. But that door of success is not yet fully open, and thousands of business men are yet suffering from the distressing times through which we have been passing.

Some of the best men in the land have faltered, men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies and plead before heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever. But I thought it would be appropriate to-day and useful for me to talk about the trials and temptations of our business men and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it now takes three or four times as much to do business well than it once did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods. The merchant would be his own storekeeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper. He would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come. Costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men, and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard dun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise and that there are Waterloos of the counter and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell, and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break." The small craft that could have stood the stream is put out beyond the lighthouse on the great sea of speculation. He borrows a few thousand dollars from friends who dare not refuse him, and he goes bartering on a large scale. He reasons in this way: "Perhaps I may succeed, and if I don't I will be no worse off than I am now, for $100,000 taken from nothing; nothing remains."

Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of Western land. Some man at the East, living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune and is persuaded to trade off his estate for lots in a Western city, with large avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. Well, the man goes on, stopping at no fraud or outrage. In his splendid equipage he dashes past, while the honest laborer looks up and wipes the sweat from his brow and says, "I wonder where that man got all his money?" After a while the bubble bursts. Creditors rush in. The law clutches, but finds nothing in its grasp. The men who were swindled say, "I don't know how I could have ever been deceived by that man," and the pictorials, in handsome woodcuts, set forth the hero who in ten years had genius enough to fail for $150,000!

And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital to rush into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise it is the duty of the Church of God, and the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men, to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to overanxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes if it only comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety, for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books. Men who are living on salaries or by the cultivation of the soil cannot understand the wear and tear of the body and mind to which our merchants are subjected when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men in middle life into the grave, their life dashed out against money rates. They go with their store on their backs. They trudge like camels, sweating, from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides. Oh, I wish I could tenderly rub out some of these lines of care that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles. It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and He manages them for the best. Consider the lilies. They always have robes.

Behold the fowls of the air! They always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink betimes that God did not make you for a pack horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears, and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content. The merchant came home from the store. There had been a great disaster there. He opened the front door and said in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said, "I am left," and the little child threw up its hands and said, "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said, "Then you have all the promises of God beside, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful! I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me!"

Again, I remark that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and home clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon, when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family have arisen from the table he has bound up another bundle of goods and says to the customer, "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?" A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and a music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite and trundle the hoop and chase the ball and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house. If you can afford it, bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But above all teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness; that it throws chains of gold about the neck; that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian Associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But I tell you there is something back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes everywhere.

Again I remark that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it the better, if it come honesty and go usefully. For the lack of it sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds it coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in canting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth and he had no interest in it at all, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poorhouse. While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as the lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact that money cannot satisfy a man's soul; that it cannot glitter in the dark valley; that it cannot pay our fare across the Jordan of death; that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought that a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures.

Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of loss and gain the sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God, find His righteousness, and all shall be well here—all shall be well hereafter.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America. That noble ship had, I think, about 500 passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges tramped the decks and swung into the hatches, and there went up a hundred voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain. The dismal flare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle. As the passengers stationed themselves in rows to bail out the vessel, back to the thump of the buckets, as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun is noticed; its voice heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped, but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All's well, all's well. But at last some financial disaster comes—a euroclydon. Down they go! The bottom of the commercial sea is strewn with shattered hulks. Be sure your sin will find you out. If your property goes do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that, for I have to tell you of a more disastrous shipwreck than that which I just mentioned. God launched this world 6000 years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals, but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and He will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down will never be known until it shall be announced one day in heaven. The shipwreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned! Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls!

THE ONLY WAY.

A Simple Lie Saved Him Domestic Unhappiness.

His eyes were heavy in expression and had delicate streaks of sunrise pink around the edges of the lids. He tried to write, but threw the pen down and said to a man at another desk:

"Say, do I look like a man who had trouble in his home?"

"Well, I don't know about that. But you look as if you had trouble."

"I don't want you to think for an instant that my wife isn't a cheerful and devoted woman. But I don't manage to come along through life as smilingly as you do, and I want to get a few confidential points from you."

"All right. I'll be glad to tell you anything I can."

"You never have to get up at 12 or 1 o'clock at night to see whether you've fastened the parlor windows as you promised, do you?"

"Never."

"You don't have to get up again at 2 to see whether you left the cellar door unfastened."

"No."

"You don't have to go prowling out in the front yard at 3 to see that you haven't left the new lawn mower where somebody will steal it?"

"I haven't had that experience."

"And you don't have to get up again at 4 to satisfy your wife that you didn't let the dog out to get lost when you got up the time before?"

"Such a thing never happens."

"Well, what I want you to tell me, in confidence if you wish it, is how you manage to avoid it?"

"Simplest method in the world."

"What is it?"

"I lie."

He Was a Game Man.

"Speakin' of game men," remarked a Westerner with frowzled whiskers, "there was Sam Slug, of Slugville, as we called him, but it wasn't his name, that used to be City Marshal of our town. He was on the shoot in a minute, and when his gun went 'pop' something was bound to come down.

"I remember one night he went into a saloon full of tough citizens to make an arrest, and the gang was onto him. He took his sixteen-shooter with him, but the crowd was so full that they didn't seem to take that into the count, and when Sam collared his man the row began.

"When it was all over the saloon was cleaned out, and Sam and a number of his feller citizens occupied the floor, and we fished Sam out and took him to his boardin' house. He wasn't very badly hurt, not near so bad as the others, and the next day, as I was Mayor of the town, I went up to see Sam."

"'Sam,' says I, purty stiff, 'you kind of overdone things that time.'

"'How, Mr. Mayor?' says he.

"'Why,' says I, 'shootin' so doggone permiskus.'

"'Did my man git away?' says he.

"'Oh, no,' says I, 'he's safe with the rest of 'em.'

"'How many?' says he.

"'Only fifteen,' says I, with a grin.

"'Is that all?' says he, disapp'nted like.

"'Ain't that enough?' says I; 'you ought to be sorry.'

"'I am,' says he, 'about one thing.'

"'What's that?' says I.

"'About that cartridge I wasted, Mr. Mayor,' says he. 'There was sixteen shots in that gun and I'd like to know which one of 'em didn't do its duty.'"

These Wee Birdies.

Whittlesey Mere, in Huntingdonshire, now drained, once produced the finest ruffs and reeves, a delicacy of which Prince Talleyrand was extremely fond, his regular allowance during the season being two a day. An amusing anecdote is told of a young curate who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was asked to dinner at Bishopthorpe by Archbishop Markham. Out of modesty, he confined himself exclusively to the dish before him till one of the resident dignitaries observed him. But it was too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird.

A similar tale has been told of another delicate morsel, the wheatear, popularly designated "the English ortolan." A Scotch officer was dining with a certain Lord George Lennox, then Commandant at Portsmouth, and was placed near a dish of wheatears, which was rapidly disappearing under his repeated attentions to it. Lady Louisa Lennox tried to divert his notice to another dish, but "Na, na, my leddy," was the reply; "these wee birdies will do verra weel."—Chambers' Journal.

There is only one thing prettier than the sunrise, and that is an early morning nap.

ANIMALS IN WAR.

When the next European war comes it is more than probable that it will have a novel and picturesque point of military interest about it in the employment of animals, which will play quite as important a part in the campaigns in their way as the Generals and soldiers. Ever since the earliest days of war—from the very beginning of things, that is—horses have, of course, been military aids of the greatest value. Now it is planned—indeed, several of the European powers are actively making experiments—to draft other animals into the service, with the expectation that they will be of great help.

France, during the times of the Franco-German conflict, brought the science of carrier pigeons up to a high standard of efficiency. Then it was thought that no superior to this lithe little bird could be found as a carrier of dispatches. But the French military authorities are beginning to think differently now. Experiments have been made with the swallow, and he has proved to be swifter, surer and altogether more satisfactory. There is the greatest probability, therefore, that swallows will be part of the army equipment for the next campaign.

A new idea has sprung up in French military circles, nevertheless, that, after all it is rather imprudent for a great army to intrust its messages, frequently of great moment, to such small birds, so subject to attacks from the great birds of prey that are continually on the outlook for such as they. It has been proposed that storks be trained for dispatch service, the theory being that the "nest instinct" in these birds, their swift, certain flight, their tremendous wing and leg power and their strength to meet any attack whatsoever in the air would render them ideal messengers of war.

The stork certainly could combat successfully any hawk and almost any eagle. Beside his splendid strength would make it possible for a great bundle of dispatches, of a weight and size that a dozen carrier pigeons or swallows would be unable to convey, to be sent at once under one cover.

In Russia a theory a good deal like this has already been put into practice, and a number of falcons have, this past year, been put into training for the Russian army dispatch service and have proved eminently satisfactory. The falcon himself is a most warlike bird, and ardently resists every attack made upon him. Warsaw and Brest-Litewski, on the western frontier, have been the seats of these experiments.

As to animals pure and simple, the elephant cannon-drawers in use in the British Army in India are very familiar, and, from the days of the earliest British possession there, have done magnificent service. In fact, they were indispensable in the Sepoy campaigns. The camels of the East are also valuable adjuncts in the battles and forced marches around desert regions, because of their tremendous powers of endurance.

But it has been reserved for Germany to bring forward dogs as war animals. An exhibition of "war dogs" has recently been held in Dresden, and some splendid specimens of canine warriors shown. As an attacking column these dogs will show a formidable front against the soldiery of any other nation, and as discouragers of hesitancy during the retreat of an enemy they will prove invaluable to the regiment possessing them. Brigades of dragoons and hussars will doubtless be superseded by dog platoons. The only difficulty that the German officers foresee is teaching the dogs to keep ranks until the order "Charge!" is given. Internal dissensions over bones and rations are also to be feared. Yet, at all events, there will be no difficulty in getting the new-fangled warriors to advance upon the enemy in spite of shot and shell.

Even that traditionally stupid animal, the goose, stupid in spite of the fact that she is reported to have saved Rome at one time—has a possibility of military glory under the new ideas. There is an authentic incident of a Bavarian regiment of light hussars, stationed at Ingolstadt, Germany, who adopted a young goose during their stay there and made it, through kindness, become so tame that it was quite the pet of the regiment. It showed its gratitude by assuming the responsibility of sentry duty and remaining faithfully in the vicinity of the sentry-box each day from sunrise to sunset.

There was no need whatever for the sentry to keep careful guard, or even to walk up and down, for the goose (this is a historic incident) kept her eye open, and when any one approached would set up a tremendous squawking. The sentry could go to sleep if he pleased (and indeed, many of them did). Yet, strange to say, no sentry during the goose's sojourn in the camp was ever caught napping or found wanting. In fact, the soldiers used to say that the goose did the best duty in the regiment. Such are animal possibilities of the near future at military outposts.

SCARE PAPER.

That Would Be a More Accurate Designation than Sandpaper.

Sandpaper as now made is false to its name, for it has no sand about it, the place of that material being now taken usually by powdered glass, which does its work with vastly greater effect.

One of the most important operations in the fabrication of sandpaper is the pulverization of the glass into powder of the different grades of fineness. Commonly an iron mortar is used for this purpose, a heavy iron pestle being the crushing instrument. Stamping machinery is better. It consists of a stout box, whose iron side walls serve as a base for the stamping machinery. In the box, which can be closed by a wooden door to prevent waste of material and also injury to the workman, are two iron cylinders in which play the stamps. These crush the glass, turning on their own axles as they work.

For grading the powder several shifting cylinders are necessary, covered with gauze of different mesh. Beginning with the coarsest the workman proceeds gradually to the finest, resifting each time that which passes through the network.

The paper to be used in the manufacture must be good, strong and rather long-fibred; it must also be free from knots and irregularities, and if there be any such they must be planed off. If they should be overlooked, they would interfere with the proper use of the sandpaper; the knots would protrude through the glue, and little ridges and channels would result, making it impossible to smooth off a surface evenly with the paper.

The paper is cut into large sheets, spread on work tables, fastened down, and then painted, by means of a large brush, with a thin, even coat of hot glue. If the glue is too thin and the paper of bad quality, the glue soaks into the paper, so that which remains is not of sufficient consistency to hold the glass. Thus results a sandpaper from which the glass easily rubs off, or which, in places, has no glass at all, or not enough. This is notably the case with the coarser varieties, in which the layer of glue must be put on with exceeding care that the relatively large fragments of glass, which can in no manner be soaked with the binding material, may be held fast in it. On the other hand, if the layer of glue is too thick or the consistence too viscous, the outer part hardens too quickly, so that the glass powder cannot embed itself in it.

When the glue has been spread on the paper the powdered glass must be sifted on through an appropriate sieve. This operation also requires considerable skill, through not so much as the spreading of the glue. For the glass must not be sifted merely in such a manner as to use a given quantity to a sheet, but so that each sheet may be covered evenly. Even then all the powder will not stick, and some of the particles lie upon others without touching the glue; these can be shaken off by a slight movement of the paper. When the superfluous glass powder has been removed a wooden roller is passed lightly over the paper to press the particles of glass as firmly as possible into the glue and to form a perfectly even surface.

A Heartless Wife.

Norton Wadsworth is one of those men who are liable to give way to despondency. On such occasions he threatens to commit suicide. Not long since something went wrong, and he said he would drown himself in the cistern.

"Not in the cistern. We are using that for drinking water," replied Mrs. Wadsworth, who had no nonsense in her composition.

"Yes, I am going to drown myself in the cistern."

"Very well," she responded calmly, "get through with the rash act as soon as convenient, but take off those shoes first."

"What for?"

"Because some man who has got some sense will be slipping into your shoes, and I don't want them spoiled. Water hardens shoes, and if he has corns the hard shoes will hurt them."

Wadsworth, instead of taking a header and disappearing, shut the trap-door of the cistern with such violence that the neighbors thought burglars were blowing a safe open.

The Yellow Sea of China is so called from the presence of yellow mud washed down by the great rivers that empty into its waters.

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WATER LIFE IN CH

FLOATING HOUSES OF MI OF PEOPLE.

Numerous Craft of Queer Sh Express Boats—Cormorant Vessels.

Julian Ralph has in Harper's M an interesting article on Chinese life activity on the water," he write marvellous. The craft are as nu and varied as the water will hold mind can fancy. The most impres the junks, with preposterous sai hide everything behind them from sky. These junks ride low in fro are built up behind like the Pinta and Santa Maria. They have gre gle-eyes painted and carved on their and turned to look down at the Every European in China loves to stranger why nearly all the boats, o shape and size, are thus ornament is because, 'if no hab eye, how can no can see, how can savey? If savey, how can walk?' Then are large cargo-boats shaped like lo rels or large cigars. Their roundin are made of bent mats that can be p top of one another in one place to m little cabin, or can be pulled out, end, to cover all the cargo. The other long narrow boats, laden high garden truck, with potatoes or pea beans or rice straw, and looking li many Flatbush farm wagons afloat. are little sampans, from which me women fish with nets. And there numerable other small boats, wherein women and children are working tools, like oyster tongs, with which tear up the weeds that grow beneat water. These are spread on the and thus raise all central China high higher above the water of the creek canals, which is where the ocean once was, though the land now rises four to six feet above it. The e boats are very interesting. They ar der, long row-boats roofed over with for one or two passengers, and carry the stern a muscular Chinaman, wh pels a big-bladed oar with his feet. a small oar in one hand to steer with the other hand holding a parasol o the while he may be puffing at his pi toils carmly on, all night or all day ed on the point of his spine, and de ing endless circles with his muscular and his dexterous feet.

"Thousands of the vessels, even smallest, are the only homes of the p in them. In them men take wi them children are born and rear them death pursues his rounds. In we saw whole families at work making kets, making lanterns, busy at many s labor. The family cat or dog, or the m choly chicken perched on an outrigge watching the family duck at his ablu tail up in the water, with a string ti his leg to keep him at home—these some of the assurances we had that c of the craft were floating homes. O on the cargo boats, the dwelling place beneath a great square mat in the s There the man slept, the woman co the rice and fish, and the tiniest chi worked the yoolo to send the boat a Baskets hanging behind served as c and clothes chests. On the chop b which are floating homes of the best g we saw pots of pretty flowers, and k ens and cooks, and gentle ladies solemn looking mustachioed old gran as well as nurses and children.

"Most of all were we interested in cormorant fishing boats. These are size of a Whitehall row-boat, and ar open within, to permit the fisherma walk from bird to bird between bow stern. Often he is alone; often he ca a boy or a wife to work the yoolo. birds sit at the sides of the boat, on jecting sticks over the water. They p in pairs, and there may be ten of the two dozen. They are the size and very like the fish hawks of the Atl coast; but they are dirty birds, with ged wings, plucked to keep them flying. In color they are a metalic b with mottled or creamy or even bosoms. They have long, narrow, cu bills of the flesh-tearing character. T perches are wrapped with straw, to the birds a good foothold. When fis is done their master tightens the noose each wears round its neck, and, putti stick before each one, lifts it down to water. When they have caught fish enou or, more likely, have become so spe that they must be taken aboard to dry rows among them and lifts them bac their perches. Their skill lies in their g and their greed has doomed them to se labor.

"They are caught on the sea coast w young, and are trained by their purcha until they become worth ten dol Mexican, apiece. Their training con in starving them all day and in throt them so that they cannot swallow what catch. When they are in the water not only dive for fish, but are said to s swiftly under the water after their p When a fish is caught, the bird rises to surface and gasps and chokes to get fish down. The other birds rush at to wrest his prey from him. The fis man hurries to the spot, beats the o greedy birds away, and lifting the succ ful cormorant into the boat, takes his from him, loosens his throttling string, pokes some food into his ravenous beak a reward of merit. At last the birds all returned to their perches. They ve and flap their wings to dry themsel and he prepares for them a fairly good er of rice and small fish, or whatever cheapest, stopping now and then to s and beat one with a cane if one is q "lesome."

Red Mountain, Col., which four ye ago was a prosperous camp of sev thousand people, and did the largest mo nder business of any camp in the San J country, is now without a postoffice.