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UNDAY'S SERMON E OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: 4 Five Pictures."

rxr: "Behold, I see the heavens opened."

tephen bad been preaching a rousing sern, and the people could not stand it. ey resolved to do as men sometimes would be to do in this day, if they dered, without he had been preacher of righteouness—till a. The only way to silence this man was knock the breath out of him. So they hed slephen out of the gates of the city, d. with curses and whoop and bellow, my brought him to the edid, as was the customated they wanted to take away life by ming. Having brought him to the edge, the clift, they pushed him "off. After he is fallen they eame and looked down, and sing that he was not yet dead that by some life by sing. Having brought him to the edge, the clift, they pushed him "off. After he is fallen they eame and looked down, and sing that he was not yet dead that began here stone, it was not been upon his knees and folds his hands, aid the blood dries from his temples, and m. looking up, he makes two prayers—fe for himself and one for his murderers, and Jesus, receive my spirit." That was himself. "Hord, lay not this sin to their trige." That was for bis murderers. Then, m pain and loss of blood, he swooned ay and fell asleep. want to show you to-day five pictures: uphen gazing into heaven. Stephen six dying graver, Stephen asleep. "Isst, look at Stephen soned. Stephen his dying graver, Stephen saleep." Isst, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. for you take a leap you want to know the wint the ladder reaches. And it was right usen he was a leap you want to know the what in the ladder reaches. And it was right usen he was a leap you want to know the what in the ladder reaches. And it was right usen himself, which are supplied to him off the same posture, ere is not a man of large wealth may have staturin the half, and paintings in the same posture, ere is not as man was not may have staturin the half, and paintings in the same posture, ere is not as man was not may have staturin the half, and paintings in the same posture. There are the highest exhilarations. John says of it, "The kings of the earth pit here are m

names and listen and sit gazing into so on now and see Stephen looking Christ. My text says he saw the Son now and see Stephen looking Christ. My text says he saw the Son and the right hand of God. Just how the looked in this world, just how the looked in this world in the features of Christ and put them canvas, but we will have to wait until our own eyes wesee Him and with our wars we can hear Rim. And yet there says of seeing Him and hearing Him I have to toil you that unless you see sear Christ on earth you will never sed car Him in heaven.

12. There He is! Behold the Lamb of Can you not see Him? Then pray to o take the scales off your eyes. Look advart, for look that way. His voices down to you this day—comes down to indicast, to the deafers soul—saying, winto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and saved, for I am God, and there is none Proclamation of universal emanch, for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know of the world's history, what, other king sked the shandoned, and the forlorn, it with basida him!—Oh, wonderful invitation of the look of the come to be also feel.

The country like is a same that over the president is at the country like. It is a start in the country like is a start in the country like in the country like in the country like in the country like in the country stone reported upon them. While these murderers are transfed by the second of all good men stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen shoed, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelled. "All who will live godly in Othrist Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abnor like.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines dick. When I see a man with voice and money and indusence all out the right side, and some carteature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and some sneer at him, and some great moral for right most years of the stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against exceptions

him out, to destroy num, 1 say, "orepnen-stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good mer. oppose him and denounce him because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stand." But you notice, my friends, that even good mer. oppose him and denounce him because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death Stephen a poke before a few people in the sanhedrin. This Sabbath morning he addresses Christondom. Paul, the apostle, stood on Marshill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about selence as a modern schoolgir!. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of the resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father. Of Marsholism. Booth's builder wacsted the Presidential chair, but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theatre there sprang up the new life of a Nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now and see Stephen in hig dying prayer. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus recive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trapdoor, the black cap being drawn over his bead before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability's that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the

not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body, will at last find a sepucher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receiveit? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to trayel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us.] It has two wings, but it, is in a cage now. It is locked hast to keep it, but it the radoor of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty words at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it? When they would so when my swell is cone contribution.

lakes lity wortes at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or Inhumation. I shall sleep just as well the a wrapping of sacketoth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul-before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation. of my text that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the City of Light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illumer them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross. His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say the Lord Prayer or It has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the Indan prayer our mothers taught up, which John Quincy Adams, seventy years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep.

Now I lay me down to sleep.

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

way of seeing Him and hearing Him In have to tell you that unless you see ar Christ on earth you will never see ar Christ on earth you will never seed at Him in heaven.

See The Him in heaven.

See

was divided weight he is according to be been harded. Stophen is deald The distribution of the latest the saway the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised dimbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asjeep!

and then they pass around to now, away a mealine countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the wave grouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite caim in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with duns-for deots he could not pay. Yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deep-ening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of the arth's night was only the opening twilight of the arth's night was only the opening twilight of the arth's night be setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian come to die. You may have it very rough now. If may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will come in, and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has goden and the devil." Out pegce—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.

From which none ever wake to weep; Acalem and undisturbed repose.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee Thy kindred and thy graves may be, But there is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep.

From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one day. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

BEWARE OF TOXIC DECOS.

Hero is a rule that every man and woman should inflexibly adopt for guidance: Never under any circumstances take opium or any other toxic drug unless prescribed by an in-t lligent physician, says William Rosser Cobbe,

other toxic drug unless presented by an intiligent physicine, says William Resser Cobbe.

There are mothers present, and I wish to nitter to them a special note of warning. The love they bear their children leads inem toward and they are too prone to resort to medicine for their benefit. It is this practice that is responsible for the receptivity of young men for drugs and alcohol. As I have said, these remedial agents reek with narrotics, and all of them contain alcohol. Southing cordials, drops, etc., are the infinite curse of childhood. The mother would be much kinder to her child if shewer to smother it with a pillow than to give it these positions for the receiptivity of them or which was a source of the containing the curse of childhood. The mother would be much kinder to her child if shewere to smother it with a pillow than to give it these positions drugs, allow the more whisky, any sort of a toxic, because they all affect the cells measureably the same, when they reach young manhood. Knowledge of a fact remains. The bodily reals haven persistent memory. They have the faculty of equirents a taste for anythune. Once they have learned to like opinim they never forget the fact. The child who has been given ordum is far more likely to acquire this habit, and certainly can acquire it infinitely more readily when he is grown no than will one who has no acquaintance with read of the property are rised. Down one they have learned to the fact, the fact is a fact that the drugs are rised. Down one they have learned to the fact they are rised by the property are rised. The way in rised by the property are rised by the ment of the fact is a rised.

than will one who has no acquamance suched rue.

Mothers, learn this fact, and bear it always in mind. Do not go to the sin of the father for the jackristy of your sone. If a man is a drunkard or sojinn habitue, inquire whe kind of medicines were given him as a child It is in the nursery too frequently and not in the saloon that drunkards are made.—Vincland. Outlook.

"NO WOMEN PRISONERS IN THE PENS "NO WOME." PRISONERS IN THE PENS."

One of the first results of the effort at Sunday closing of saloons in New York, under the regime of Mayor Strong and President Roosevett, is thus chronicled by the Daily News of that city. "For the first time in the history of the Jefferson Market court there were no women prisoners in the pen to-day. Th: number of male prisoners for violating the excise law was unusually small, there being but eighteen in the pen. As a rule there are about 120 prisoners in the Jefferson Market court on a Monday moraling."

AN AUSTAINER FOR GOOD EXAMPLE'S SAKE

AN ADSTAINER FOR GOOD EXAMPLE'S SAKE.

Every element of Unristlanity in me sharpens my anxiety for the welfare of my brothren. The reform: I have made up my mind to give it to him. We know that we have nessed from death to life, because we love the brothren (1 St. Johnill., 14). I may be too poor to give money for the reform of drunkards, but I can give what is more precious—a good example.

The family that can not profit by a total abstainer amone its members is hard to find. The good to be a total abstainer. It is good to to eat field, and not to drink wine, no ranything thereby thy brother is offended, or scandalized, or made weak (B. Manas xiv., 21). It is not sinful for me to drink moderately, but of the drink wine now in the status, a rank offen as diffinite and in the drink moderately, but of the drink wine now in the status, and weak (B. Manas xiv., 21). It is not sinful help him to do it by keeping him contains, a rank offen as diffinited as mityretta.

Event when the do it by keeping him contains, a few a saint drawlet as standalone.

Heaven't wisdom says, woo to him that is above the status in the structure. name. Even a saint drawts to stand alone. He seem it wisdom says, woo to him that is alone (Eccles, iv. 10). But when struggling with evil or contending with any overpowering pussion, poor human nature looks for a committe. The heart cries out in danger or in weakness, help me! I am soling to answer that ey. I am determined that no drukard shall relapse for want of my help. If he is driven by necessity to take the pleage, I am uriven by charify to keep him company.

Rev. Walter Elliott

HUBLED THE GLASS.

Louis Cells, an Italian salconist, at Broadway and Giffin street, quarreled with his wife on account of domestic differences, about midnight, Friday, and she buried several beer glasses in close proximity to his head. One of them struck him over the left eye, and the physicians at the hospital, where he was taken in Pastral 2, may they cannot have his eye. He fairned to cause his wife's arrest.—Cincinnati Post.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

TOMMY'S ALPHABET. "Now this is A," mama would say;
"And this is Q, and this is U,
And this is I.

And this is I.

Now say them—try."

Oh! Tommy was a youngster, yet
To learn to say his alphabet;
But, bless his lear! though he was small,
He knew his letters—nearly all.

So mother pointed, and ther son
Began to name them, one by one.

"This one?" "It's B." "And this?" "It's
C."

C."
"And this?" ''It's L; I know it well." "Nay; try again!"

"And this one?"—pointing to an I—
"That's YOU!" was Tommy's quick reply.
Mania, the error to undo.
Now pointed to the letter U.
Small Tommy pondered; then quoth he.
His face aglow with smiles, "That's ME."

-[Agnes Lee, in St. Nicholas.

COLOR PROTECTS THEM. More than twenty-five years ago Alfred Russell Wallace predicted that it would be found that brilliantly colored and conspicuous caterpillars were not among the favorite food of birds, although dull-looking caterpillars are devoured by them with great avidity. Various observations and experiments since then have tended to confirm Mr. Wallace's conclusion. His idea was that the bright colors of

to confirm Mr. Wallace's conclusion.

His idea was that the bright colors of certain caterpillars are the result of natural selection. the caterpillars that originally possessed such colors having also possessed such colors having also possessed some peculiarity, such as the secretion of acid jutes, which rendered them distasteful to birds. As the conspicuously marked caterpillars were thus let alone by their enemies, they tended to increase at the expense of their less brilliantly colored relatives. Experiments have shown that birds actually do avoid the bright colored caterpillars—as a rule.

And this seems almost to have become a second nature; for a jackdaw, which had And this seems almost to have become a second nature; for a jackdaw, which had been raised in captivity, and had had no experience in judging the edible qualities of caterpillars, was observed to regard the brilliant caterpillar of the figure-of-eight moth with suspicion and aversion, although it eagerly devoured dull, plain caterpillars placed within its reach. When it was driven by hunger to attack the other, it finally refused to eat it, giving plain cyidence that there was some. ing plain evidence that there was some-thing distasteful about the

thing distasteful about the prey.

One beautiful spring morning a party of us girls and boys went out to pick berries. They grew by the side of a lake. We started at half-past 7 o'clock in the morning. We laughed, talked and gathered berries until 12 o'clock, when we all sat down to eat our lunch. There was one little girl in the crowd named Bessie Daring, who was very willful. She had a friend just like herself named Lucy Hope. They kept going too near the water, although some of the girls were continually telling them not to go'too near. Bessie and Lucy, hand in hand, were standing right on the edge of the lake eating their lunch, while the rest of the party sat further off. All st once we heard a loud splash. We looked and saw that Lucy and Bessie had both slipped and fallen into the water, and had gone under. The and Bessie had both slipped and fallen into the water, and had gone under. The children all screamed, but, without a word, one little boy in the crowd named Ira Perlinsky jumped up, ran to the edge of the lake and, without one moment's hesitation, jumped into the water. With little trouble, he caught Lucy just as she had started under the second time. He brought her out and laid her on the bank. He then went back after Bessie, who was much larger than Ira, and it was with much difficulty that he caught her just as she was going under for the third time and brought her to shore. When he reached the back himself he fainted. Two of the boys ran home and told Ira's and of the boys ran home and told Ira's and of the boys ran home and told Ira's and Bessie's fathers, who immediately sent for a back, and went for the children, whom they carried home in the hack. Ira and Bessie both had a long spell of illness, and Lucy was quite sick. After Lucy and Bessie got well they were always wiser, if not better, girls. The hero of this story is a bright little boy, who formerly lived at Chicago, but now lives at Beaumont, Texas.

THE WREN AND HIS HOME.

Quaint little birds the wrens, dressed in Quaint little birds the wrens, dressed in their brown feather jackets and filtting hither and thither in their brisk, busy way from twig to twig of the bushes, or searching beneath them for the worms and insects on which they delight to feed.—
They are small birds, with long, slender legs, and their plumaze is of a red brown color, somewhat streaked or mottled with dark brown. The judger part of the body.

color, somewhat streaked or mottled with dark brown. The under part of the body is a light color, nearly approaching white, and on the tips of the wings there are small bead-like spots of white.

Their wings are not long, and instead of flying continuously they flit and jump from place to place. The song of the male bird is aweet and clear, but he is very puganetous, and will defoul, but he is very puganetous, and will defoul, but he is very puganetous, and will defoul, but he is very puganetous.

clear, but he is very pugascions, and will cracked defend his rights wherever occasion requires, even though he may be obliged to fight larger birds than himseld.

The nests are made of hay or moss, lined with feathers and covered with a

root; the opening is at the side:

To prevent being discovered the birds select for the outside of the nest material resembling in color the object against which it is to be built, and always choose some spot where it will be sheltered from storms, such as under the eaves of a ouse, or beneath the projecting edge of wall or bank. They will also gladly ake possession of the little bird houses take possession of the little bird houses which may be prepared for them or others of the feathered tribe, and consider the quarters very luxurious.

One species, called the Winter Wren, is cults numerous, and may be found in the cold climate of Labrador, and thence to the far south. Another is called the House Wree, and loves to make its home

near dwelling houses, and reoders liself a truly welcome neighbor because of its sweet and cheery song.

When the winter is very severe, a number of wrens will forn themselves into a company and take possession of a bird house, or some old nests, and there make themselves as comfortable as possible until the intense cold is gone.

There are several varieties of these little birds, besides those already mentioned, such as the common when and marsh wren, and they are all very interesting little creatures, and as they sing their sweet songs in coldest winter weather as well as through the summer, they have unlimited power of giving pleasure.

Valuable Dog Collars.

"I can assure you that you have 'I can assure you man you man not been misinformed as to gold and precious gems being used to decorate dogs' collars," said one of the best known dealers in such articles, "but the graze is for more pregalent in the craze is far more prevalent in France, Russia and England than it is here.

is here.

"Not many weeks ago I supplied to the special order of an English lady a dog collar that cost fifty-guineas. It was a chain collar of silver and gold links alternately, and with a gold bell to hang in front. French ladies are very fond of watch dog collars a real-French ladies are very fond of watch dog collars, a small gold watch being let into the front of the collar, and I have made several of these. But in scores of cases I supply beautifully made collars with name plates of solid gold, and often enough with gold 'bosses' as well. Nearly all the collars of this class are intended forcarriage does and drawing-room carriage dogs and drawing-room poodles alone.

"A fashion has lately had great vogue in France of putting tiny bracelets round the fore legs of bracelets round the fore legs of poodles, and I have even seen diamonds let into these circlets. At the same time, in my own stock, I have lots of dog collars ranging in price-from \$15 to \$100. The most remarkable collar I have ever made was to the order of a gentleman from South Africa. It consisted of nuggets of gold and an uncut diamond, which he supplied, and it was given to a well-known lady as a present."

How to Breathe.

An old gentleman gave good advice to a young lady who complained of sleeplessness. He said: "Learn how to breathe and darken your completely, and you won't need any

doctoring."
"Learn how to breathe! I thought "Learn how to breathe! I thought that was one thing we learned before coming into a world so terribly full of other things to be learned," the insomniac said ruefully.

On the contrary, not one in ten adults knows how to breathe. To breathe perfectly is to draw the breath in long deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, so as to relieve the lower lungs of all noxious accu-mulations. Shallow breathing won't do this.

"I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, seasickness and even more serious threatenings by simply going through a breathing exercise—pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long slow, ample breaths. Try it before going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhate pure air, and then darken your sleeping room completely. We live too much in an electric glare by right. If you still suffer from sleeplessness after this experiment is fairly tried, I shall be surprised."

A Bug Born of Fire.

There are some bad bugs and worms in the southern forests, but there are certainly none that are quite equal in endurance and toughquite equal in endurance and toughness to the worm that developed himself from the great forest fires of the northwest. Scarcely had the fires cooled sufficiently for the owners to make inspection of losses when they found that this new worm had gotten there first and was already completing the destruction of what the flames had spared. Both standing and cut timber was attacked, and the most vigorous measures have flames had spared. Both standing and cut timber was attacked, and the most vigorous measures have been resorted to and have evolved partial success. This worm seems to have evolved from the heat, and, so far, the cold and snows of the winter do not appear to have affected his health or lessened his voracity. He certainly is a new and unpleasant feature in the timber question, and a nut that scientists have not yet

Cats Living in Trees.

Two cases are reported—one re-cently and the other in the summer of 1881. The latter was in St. James' Park. London, when a stray cat made a nest in a tree some forty or fifty feet from the ground, and her kittens were seen to be disporting themselves in the branches like so many

Famous Cedars of Lebanon.

The famous cedars of Lebanon bear The famous cedars of Lebanon cear little resemblance to our cedars; Su-too, with the Algerian cedars. These famous old monarchs of the forest at Tentet-el-Ahd are sealously guarded by the Algerian Government, and their wood is prized for cabine work. work.