THE ROYAL HOUSE OF JESUS.

We May Rejoice That We Belong to Christ's Family.

Our Heritage is Very Large, Tho' We Are All Partakers in the Sorrows of the Mighty Family of Jesus, Yet the Extensive Family Estate and Property, the Many Family Mansions, the Joyous Family Reunion and Banquets, Have All Been Bequeathed to Us.

A despatch from Washington says: —The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "Each one re- Judges viii., 18.

Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance: "each one resembled the children of a king." I stand to-day before many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile they shall yet come to their thrones.

There are family names that stand for wealth, or intelligence. The name of Washington means patriotism, although some of the blood of that race has become very thin in the last generation. The family of Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of forty million of dollars in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience; and within a few years they have loaned Russia twelve millions of dollars, Naples twenty-five millions, Austria forty millions, and England two hundred millions; and the stroke of their pen on the counting house desk shakes everything from the Irish Sea to the Danube. They open their hand and there is war; they shut it and there is peace. The House of Hapsburg, in Austria, the House of Stuarts in England, the House of Bourbon in France, were families of imperial authority.

But I come to preach of a family more potential, more rich, and more extensive—the Royal House of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross, all of us are the children of the King.

First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have conquerors, interest. To have conquered kings, or princes in the ancestral line gives lustre to the family name. In our line was a King and a Conqueror, The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at His birth. From thence He started forth to conquer all nations, not by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw Him on a white horse. When He returns He will not bring the captives chained to his wheel, or in iron cages; but I hear the stroke of the hoofs of the snow-white cavalcade that bring them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes lustre from the star that heralded Him, and the spear that pierced Him, and the crown that was given Him, It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to His cradle, and the lilies that flung their sweetness into His sermons, and the box of alabaster that broke at His feet. The Comforter at Bethany, The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Berhsaida. The Saviour of one world, and the chief joy of another. The storm His frown. The sunlight His smile. The spring morning His breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of His voice. The ocean a drop on the top of His finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of His love. Eternity the twinkling of His eye. The universe the flying dust of His chariot wheels. Able to heal a heart-break or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with His glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth swing out the coat-of-arms! Great families wear their coat-of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on the flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our coat-of-arms, won right over the heart, hereafter shall be a cross, a lamb standing under it and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! Most significant of all family "Coat of arms." In every bettle I must have it blazing on my flag; the dove, the cross, the lamb; and when I fall, wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat-of-arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit, and clung to the Cross, and depended on the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

"Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend.
No! when I blush be this my shame—
That I no more revere His Name."

Next, I speak of the family sorrows. If trouble come to one member of the family, all feel it. In Philadelphia, and the region around, it is the custom after the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest to the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery; the two persons at the end of the line touch the battery, and all the circle feels the shock. So, by reason of the filial, material and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its battery, all feel the thrill of distress. So, in the great Christian family, the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

"Their streaming eyes together flow
From human guilt and mortal woe."

If you rejoice at another's misfortune you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats; and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul, and not the Dove, of the Spirit.

Next, I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies, the relations assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died; and we are assembled to-day to hear the will read. He says, "My peace I give unto you. Though the apostle he says; "All are yours." What! everything? Yes; everything! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the walls. They are called the "heir-loom" of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heir-loom of our royal family. The morning breaks from the East. The mists travel up hill, above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky-lost. The forests are full of chirp, and buzz, and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey makers in the log, and beak against the bark; and squirrels chattering on the rail; and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky, make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagration among all the castles of cloud, and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for aching eyes, and burning brain, and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood, and for the dim vision of the octogenarian. Light for queen's coronet, and for sewing-girl's needle. Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heir-loom of our family. And so the night. It is full-moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors; and the ocean under her glance, comes up with great tides panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window-pane into his cabin; and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seems like a song, full, and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen, and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick cradle, than all night long this watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick slumbering earth. Whose is this black-framed, black-tasseled picture of the night? It is the heir-loom of our family. Ours, the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odours of the garden, the harmonies of the air. You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The property of this royal house of Jesus is so great, that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around hte earth. All these valleys and the harvests that wave in them, and the cattle that pasture in them; all these mountains, and these precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane; all these lakes, these islands, these continents—are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side, a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at our Saviour's Nativity. For us they will wheel into line, and with their flaming torches add to the splendour of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk, go around the Eternal City. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots, and the wedding-peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck twelve. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets,—until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for those that love Him!" As these tides of glory rise, we have to retreat, and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness and thanksgiving and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying in the words of the Canticles, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away," and once having put on your hand the signet ring of His love, you will be endowed with all the honours of heaven.

Next I speak of the family mansion. I might have included this under the last head, but did not choose to do so. It is now so near the 1st of May that it is a great question with many of you where you shall live; you may have to move into a house that will not suit you, in a street you do not like. But do not worry, and I will tell you something that will cheer you up; we shall have a mansion by-and-bye from which we shall never be removed.

Imost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the door-sill. You heard the footstep of the rain on he garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You threshed the orchard for apples, and the neighbouring woods for nuts; and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. In my father's house are many mansions, When we talk of mansions we think of Chatsworth and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory, that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumph of Chantrey, Canova, and Thorwalsden; of the kings and queens who have walked its stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes, and princes and queens, are as nothing to that family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of my Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swung the doors, and planted the parks. Angels walk there, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem, and and the shortest life an eternity. It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne, a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is.- It matters not much to me whether I am sick or poor, or whether the world hates or loves me, or whether I go by land or sea, If only I, may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are grown with the ivy of ages, and the urns at the gateway are abloom with the century plants of eternity. The queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther, and Maria Antionette, and Lady Huntingdon, and Wilberforce, and Cecil, and Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Rutherford, and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor man from the hospital. These two last outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A family mansion means reunions. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married, and went off to St. Louis, or Chicago, or Charleston; but, perhaps, once a year you come together at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years. (Father and mother do not play on it.) How you bring out the old relics, and rummage the garret, and open old scrap-books, and shout, and laugh, and cry, and talk over old times, and, though you may be forty-five years of age, act as though you were sixteen. Yet soon it is good-bye at the car-window, and good-bye at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace, and Mary and Martha, and Charlie, and Lizzie, and all the darlings of your household, not pale and sick, adn grasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the lustre of heaven, and sick ,and gasping for breath, as flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands. What embracing. What coming together of lip to lip. What tears of joy. You say, 'I thought there were no tears in heaven.' There must be, for the Bible says, "God shall wipe them away;" and if there were no tears there, how could He wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief, or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say, "What! child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And, with His one arm around us and the other arm around our loved ones, He shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak, some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you must speak out and say, "Oh blessed day, speed on. Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way." My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come, and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of reunions. And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if, after I have just once kissed Thy blessed feet, I turn around to gather up the long-lost treasures of my heart. Oh, be not angry with me. One look at Thee were heaven. But all these reunions will be heaven encirling heaven, over-topping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven.

I was at Mount Vernon, and went into the dining-room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But, oh! the banqueting-hall of the family mansion of which I speak. Spread the table, spread it wide: for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree the the River, gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards, and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets, carry in the bread of which, if a man eats, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly conquest and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbril: for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine.

THE SOLDIER'S NERVES.

TRIFLING INCIDENTS WHICH TERRIFY HARDENED TROOPS.

The Soldier Who Is Brave in the Presence of Real Danger Is Often Panic-Stricken at Alarms and Rumors of Danger.

It is a peculiar circumstance that hardened and trained troops will go through a long fight surrounded by all the horrors that are inseparable from war without flinching, and with the utmost apparent callousness; and the same men will be struck terrified by a single trifling incident.

Every war of any importance, particularly wars between civilized nations, is prolific in incidents of trivial character in themselves, but so unusual and unnatural that they appeal to the natural instinctive horror of men more suddenly and intensely than perhaps the main terrors of days of carnage and surrounding seas of suffering. Such an incident is the one, for example, which occurred at the Battle of Worth, in the early days of the Franco-Prussian War.

In the heat of the great battle a wing of the Prussian army was charged by the regiments of French cuirassiers, in the hope of turning the wing and facilitating the falling back of the French infantry. But the cuirassiers were driven back by the unflinching Prussians. Again the cuirassiers charged, and again they were driven back by the withering fire of shot and shell.

For a third time they came down again, and as the enemy waited for them to draw nearer a horrible,

BLOOD-FREEZING TERROR

seized the Prussians, and for the moment it looked as if they would turn and fly, or be cut down without defending themselves. But in a moment they had pulled themselves together and beaten back for the third and last time the gallant cuirassiers.

The sight that terrified the Prussians appears nothing very much in black and white. It was a regiment of cuirassiers led at a dashing rate towards them by a headless officer sitting upright in his saddle and apparently encouraging on his men. It was no less a person than Futzun de Lascarre, of the third regiment of cuirassiers, whose head had been carried completely off his shoulders as the troop broke into the third desperate charge by a cannon-ball, which also took off another officer's hand and cut the bugler in two.

It is remarkable and singular that at the Battle of Forbach, which took place the same day as Worth, a very similar incident occurred, and did more to shake the nerves of the Germans than hours of roaring cannon and fighting had done.

While a regiment of Prussian infantry were standing in reserve, watching the fight as well as they could from their position of shelter, a charger belonging to a French dragoon regiment (one which was practically destroyed in the battle) galloped right into the midst of the men, who rushed to arrest it, and immediately fell back in alarm; for swinging to the bridle was the whole left arm of the chargers' rider, the fingers of the hand firmly grasping the reins. The arm appeared to have been severed a few inches below the shoulder, and was certainly that of an officer, but who the officer was has never been satisfactorily established.

So moved were the hardened men of battle at

THE HORRIBLE SIGHT

that no one would touch the horse, and the animal was allowed to gallop off, to be killed a few minutes later in crossing before some Prussian guns. Trifling as the incident was, many of the brave fellows who witnessed it declared that their first, almost irresistable, impulse was to throw down their arms and bolt. Yet it was with the help of just such men that General von Goben routed the French that memorable day in August, 1870.

It is a well-known fact that the finest and bravest troops the world can produce have no immunity from that strange and mysterious madness known to military history as "war panic." A heavy war, frequent sanguinary engagements, night marches, and surprises sometimes play havoc with soldiers' nervous systems, and render them more like high-spirited colts than men who have taken the field prepared to suffer immeasurable horrors and take death cheerfully.

Those who have read deeply about the Peninsular War will perhaps recollect that one or two British regiments, the very pick of our army engaged in the war, were so terrified that they were absolutely routed during one night's march by nothing more tangible than a false rumor.

The troops were marching along in good order, cheerily chatting as if they were on the way to manoeuvre on Aldershot Plains, when a rumour ran down the lines that the enemy was at hand. The next moment the line of orderly soldiers was changed into an

ELONGATED MOB OF ARMED MEN

throwing away arms, baggage, and all they carried, and running away in every direction, their faces blanched, and their ears deaf to the thundered commands of their officers.

For the moment they knew but one sentiment, one emotion; a sudden, passionate blind terror, and they fled without thinking whether they were running into the arms of that thing they dreaded or not. It was a terror of madness, and only its madness redeems it from dishonor. If anything were necessary to demonstrate the unnaturalness of the panic it would be done by the grand fact that the moment it became known that the enemy was really at hand, the men instantly fell in and showed the utmost eagerness to attack. The rumor when false set the men flying like a horde of nervous women; the rumor when true, unquestionably, made the women men of steel again.

Such "war panics" are mysteries; even the most experienced officer cannot satisfactorily explain them. There is something so unnaturally—almost uncannily—unreasonable about them which eliminates any dishonor; and it is particularly remarkable that "war panics" have mostly occurred among regiments whose fearlessness and prowess have made the hearts of their countrymen heave with pride.

During the Zulu War two or three such panics occurred among our troops, though, of course, on a smaller scale and of a more moderate character. Now and then during that war small camps were suddenly thrown into disorderly terror, and almost put to bolting by a sentry mistaking some bush or shrub for a Zulu spy, or the foremost of an attacking horde, and firing upon it.

On one occasion a sentinel, guarding a camp, espied some dark object creeping about among some bushes a little way off, and fired at it. The next instant the camp was in disorder; men were seizing their arms, and rushing forward to pour a hot fire in the direction pointed out by the sentry, despite that the fire was unreturned; and after a few minutes' firing into the darkness, at nothing in particular, a few men ventured out, and discovered that the whole cause of the alarm was a poor, velvet-eyed cow, which had strayed, and strayed into the jaws of death, too!

TO "SILENCE" A GUN.

There is a great deal of ignorance as to what "silencing a gun" means. A gun is silenced when the gunners are disabled or driven back and the gun or gun-carriage damaged. It is a common enough phenomenon for weapons which have thus been silenced to reopen fire after repairs have been made, the gunners rallied, or a fresh gun crew obtained. It is a rare thing for a gun to be so damaged by hostile fire that it cannot be refitted and brought into action again. "I saw," says Prince Kraft, of the German artillery, in the battle of Gravelotte, "many guns during the cannonade lying miserably on the ground "winged," that is, with a broken wheel. But not one was withdrawn; the injured guns were always speedily repaired with the help of the wagons, which were near, so that at the close of the battle I could not tell exactly how many pieces had been put temporarily out of action." The Navy League Journal of London says this expert opinion should put a stop to ignorant witticisms on the frequent silencing at Ladysmith of "Long Tom," as the biggest of the Boer guns was called. The navy had day after day to look after this weapon and dose it with lyddite shells, but on each occasion the work was skilfully done.

WAR TACTICS OF HORNETS.

Boys who propose to bombard hornets' nests may find valuable information in the description, by Hervy Laney, in the Scientific American, of the way these insects defend their homes. There is always a sentinel on watch at the entrance, and when a stone is thrown at the nest, "the hand that threw it has been marked as sure as the sun shines, and before the attacking party can turn the head he will feel a stunning blow on the forehead, and possibly drop to the earth with pain, for the hornet flies with such velocity that the human body is not swift enough in movement to get out of the way." In making such a charge, Mr. Laney says, the hornet flies "with head and tail together," and the sting is driven deep. But if the boy gets behind a tree or bush, and throws from shelter, he is likely to escape, because the hornet seems to possess little power of locating the enemy at sight. When the delivery of a stone is followed by a successfuli charge, Mr. Laney thinks it is because the hornet possesses "the faculty of marking the direction of a missile thrown at the nest."

LORD ROBERTS AND THE AFGHAN

The following story on Lord Roberts gained great currency in the British army a few years ago, says Collier's Weekly. The dirtiness of the Afghan is proverbial, and it is said that on one occasion General Roberts captured a soldier who was so exceptionally dirty that it was thought necessary, for the safety of the whole camp, that he should be washed. Two genuine Tommy Atkinses were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner, and scrubbed at him for two hours with formidable brushes and a large quantity of soap. Then they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain. "What is it, men?" "Well, sir," they replied, somewhat excitedly, "we've washed that 'ere Afghan chap for two hours, but it warn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break, blessed if we didn't come upon another suit of clothes!"

We have the highest authority for correcting the erroneous statement made in a telegram from Birmingham recently with reference to the Queen's New Year's Gift of chocolate to the soldiers in Africa. It was said that one firm had to supply 40,000 tins, and two firms 30,000 each. But we know that the Bristol firm, Messrs. J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Her Majesty's Royal Warrant Holders, are supplying 40,000 tins. It is also gratifying to learn that this firm are constantly dispatching goods to the seat of war, in addition to contributing liberally for the maintenance of the wives and families of the Army Reservists in their employ.

CONTENTS OF A WELL.

To ascertain the quantity of water in a well, take half the circumference (in the clear) and multiply by half the diameter; multiply the result by the depth, which gives the cubic measure: then reckon 6 gallons and 1 pint to the foot.

BRITISH LOSSES TO DATE 8,216.

London, Thursday, Jan. 25.—The British losses up to date in killed, wounded and captured, according to General Buller's last list, total 8,216 men. Of course, a large number of the wounded are again in the field.

CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL.

A Marvellous Feat of Engineering Skill Costing Thirty-Four Millions and Providing a New Outlet for Lake Michigan.

The city of Chicago has just performed the feat of standing the Chicago River on its head. Incidentally it has gone back to the old fashion of wearing the river. In very old times this murky stream used to run toward the Mississippi. During all the time since white men have lived near it it has fed Lake Michigan. Now it goes to the Mississippi again. And if some of the towns in Central Illinois have their way it may be turned back into the lake again.

Lake Michigan is above the level of the Upper Mississippi and only a strip of earth a few miles across and ten feet or so high keeps all the water of the lake from flowing south, as it did in Cenozoic days. The city has cut a big canal through these ten miles.

The canal is one of the biggest engineering feats ever attempted in this country. It has cost nearly $34,000,000—more than the first cost of the Erie Canal from Buffalo to Albany, and more than half its total cost today, with all its improvements.

Some gigantic results may flow from this work done by one city. For instance, the United States may now, using the canal as a starter, dig a ship canal all the way to the Mississippi.

There is powerful opposition to the new canal from two directions. Lake shippers and captains oppose it because they claim that to draw off so much water from the upper lakes will lower their level so much as to injure their harbors.

The other objection is more reasonable. Smaller cities and towns along the Illinois Valley don't care to have all the sewage of Chicago swept past them, especially as most of these towns get their water supply from the river.

Chicago's reply to the criticism is, of course, that the water poured down the canal is as limpid as an angel's tear.

And Congress will have to decide whether the truth is with Chicago or its critics. Chicago being the biggest, it might be easy to prophesy the outcome.

A CHANCE FOR INVESTIGATION.

The Unexplained Phenomenon Connected With the Cooling of an Iron Bar.

If one takes in the hand a bar of metal, heated until one end can only just be held, and then plunges the other end into cold water, the end in the hand becomes so much hotter that the bar has to be dropped. This fact has often been notified by persons who work at the forge. Their explanation of it is that "the cold drives the heat up the bar." But this seems absurd. The phenomenon has puzzled scientific men considerably and many experiments have been tried in connection with it. From these it appears that the heat is transferred, or seems to be transferred, much more rapidly in these circumstances than it is by ordinary convection or conduction, but the reason for this is not yet fully explained. The most feasible suggestion seems to be that the heat which appears to be transmitted along the bar is not really so transmitted, but exists already in the cooler end. When iron or steel has been heated to redness, and is suddenly plunged into water; a marked change certainly takes place in the properties of the metal. And if the change in character in the metal is transmitted from particle to particle to the end of the frod, it possibly results in a lowering of the heat capacity of the metal, the heat in it is given up more readily, and a rise in the temperature at the surface is observed.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Great Preparations for Observations of the Total Eclipse Next May.

The total eclipse of the sun, to take place May 28, is unusual in that almost its entire shadow path will traverse easily accessible and thickly populated portions of the earth's surface, thus rendering astronomical observations less difficult than they have been for many years.

After crossing Mexico, the shadow of the moon will cast New Orleans in darkness at 7.27 a.m., and will travel at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour toward Norfolk, where it will start across the Atlantic at 8.50 a.m. and touch Europe at Coimbra, Portugal. Next it will take in Algiers and Northern Africa, vanishing at sunset near the northern end of the Red Sea. It will cross Spain in the afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Arrangements have been made to biograph it, and theater goers will probably have a chance to see a moving reproduction of the phenomenon between vaudeville acts.

SOME FRAILTIES OF MAN.

The men have again proved their superiority over the women. They have palms in their stores that look green and flourishing all winter, though no fires are kept up for them. The women nurse a palm all winter, and it is sickly in spring. The palms used by the men are made of tin.

Every man who leads a prayer-meeting finally gives the impression that the Lord uses an ear-trumpet and he has exclusive control of this end.

When a man decides, under the influence of an inspiring sermon, that he will dare to be a Daniel, he means that he will no longer be imposed on by his kin.

We don't suppose the man ever lived who was as popular with the women as chocolates are.

We like to see a curly-haired man get married and the children arrive in quick succession. He soon loses the air of superiority he seemed to feel over men with no hair.

broke papa's buggy last night, and so I had to bring him over." She leaned

clared the surplus for the year, carried forward, is $2,203,847.

exchange for property in the Town of Aylmer. Apply at once to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

at the drill hall last night.

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sight, and her presence chills th
phere that surrounds her.
Backaches, sideaches, headac
nervous prostration, irregulari
tism and liver and kidney com
to be the peculiar misfortunes
every class.
To the women who suffer fro
ills mentioned, Paine's Celer
comes in as the great reconstru
ing to sick women the great
health—full nervous energy
nourishing blood.
Thousands of testimonials
establish the fact that when P
Compound is used the nerves
tissue is built up, poisons are
blood is made pure, the brain
active, and the cloudless face
eyes proclaim a condition of pe
See that you get the ge
Celery Compound; see tha
"Paine's" and the Stalk of Cel
the wrapper and bottle.

Biggs—Why did you lend
umbrella? Boggs—Because I
see either him or the um
Neither is any good.

Life's Spring is Po
IF THE KIDNEYS DO NOT CARRY
IMPURITIES—SOUTH AMERIC
CURE KEEPS THESE ORGANS
—PREVENTS DIABETES—B
DISEASE AND BLA
DIFFICULTIES.

Every drop of blood in t
through the kidneys for the
impurities—every three minu
day—while life lasts The ki
filter—and it stands to reaso
filter is out of order the impu
the blood goes to every part
every heart beat. When the
tions of kidney disorder, pres
resort at once to South Ame
Cure—the tried, tested and p
for Bright's disease, diabetes
complications. It never fails
For sale by J. E. Richard
Caughell.

Dinsmore is very rich, I
Cumso to Cawker. Rich? I
was. He's rich enough to ev
ment of his taxes.

CASTO
For Infants and Ch
The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletch

Yes, I want a salesman, sai
of the store, but you are too
were 25 years younger I woul
place in a minute. Shall I com
the gray-haired applicant, wit
when I am in my second child

Catarrh of Long Standin
in a Few Hour

It is not alone the people
country, and prominent citize
Lippe, M.P., of Joliette, Que
members of Parliament, who,
Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powd
it the most effective remedy t
known, but people everywhe
ing their gratification at the
of this medicine. C. G. Arch
Maine says:—"I have had ca
eral years. Water would run
and nose for days at a time.
months ago I was induced to t
Catarrhal Powder, and sin
wonderful remedy I have not
I would not be without it."
ten minutes.
Sold by J. E. Richards
Caughell.

There goes a man whose wif
an unkind word to him, said t
Oh, bachelor, is he? asked the

EVERY DRUGGIST in the lan
Killer. The best Liniment fo
bruises. The best remedy fo
colic. Avoid substitutes, the
Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25