WONDERS OF THE EYE

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON ITS MARVELOUS CONSTRUCTION.

He Also Shows How Much More Overwhelming is the Indescribably Searching Eye of God—The Kiss of the Resurrection—Sight Restored.

New York, July 28.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his summer preaching tour in the west and southwest, has prepared for to-day a sermon on "The All Seeing," the text selected being Psalm xciv., 9, "He that formed the eye shall he not see ?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"Oh, how lofty are their eyes !" Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivetic sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text—"He that formed the eye, shall he not see ?" The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face, but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for 40 years that some scientists, with enough eloquence and magnetism, did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas 30 feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, and the sclerotica, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in common parlance, which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh ! if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the classroom of the university and take the platform, and asking the help of the Creator demonstrate the wonders of what we are !

If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in a plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see ?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all others in structure and in adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things, because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under the water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures, must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain they should get into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight. In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when He was about to make man He called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole top of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before He created it. He cried, until chaos was irradiated with the utterance, "Let there be light !" In other words, before He introduced man into this temple of the world he illuminated it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so, after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall, and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out. God, to educate and to bless and to help the human eye, set in the mantle of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night. To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes, seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eye are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eyes when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them and the rain dashinig against the forehead should not drip into them, the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek, instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating.

The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night but the human eye, as marvellously constructed, can see both by day and by night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvellously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to roll it to the left, another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them. There, also is the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of the lamp wick—passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye ! The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril. A contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 95,000,000 miles away and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus. The microscopist moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler among the Alps with one glance takes in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it.

Oh, this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we can take in our friends, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night, we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming 95,000,000 of miles at the rate of 200,000 miles a second is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting for admission until the portcullis be lifted. Something hurled 95,000,000 of miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke. There, also, is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed and from which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear is not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye. Divinely constructed vision ! Two lighthouses at the harbor of the immortal soul, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor. What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye ! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love ? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain ? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips.

The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermon. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle. But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant: "What shall I pay you in, money or in lands ? Anything you ask me. I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged and urged again the matter he said, "Oh, emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable vail is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred ! That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see ?" "Ah !" said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when he saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only salve he had ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer, with which he cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for 20 years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him.

This morning, in my imperfect way, I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see ?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope ? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope ? Shall Swammerdan not know as much as his microscope ? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer ? Shall the thing formed know more than its maker ? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see ?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the centre of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to descry them. Perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole cannot see the eagle midsky, but the eagle midsky can see the mole midgrass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies.

It passes out from the grass into the positive when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come as convoy to this. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation ? But human inspection, and angelic inspection, and stellar inspection, and lunar inspection and solar inspection are tame compared with the thoughts of divine inspection. "You converted me 20 years ago," said a black man to my father. "How so ?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old schoolhouse prayer meeting at Bound-Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou, God, seest me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men.' "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion so full of mercy ! How it peers through the darkness ! How it outshines the day ! How it glares upon the offender ! How it gleams on the penitent soul ! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful—how much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God ! All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina.

The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye shall not see ?" "Oh, the eye of God ! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask his grace, the eye of an everlasting friend. You often find in a book or manuscript a star calling your attention to a footnote or explanation. That star the printers call an asterisk. But all the stars of the night are asterisks calling your attention to God, an all observing God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with divine suggestion. Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us and God beneath us, and God before us, and God behind us, and God within us. What a stupendous thing to live ! What a stupendous thing to die ! No such thing as hidden transgression.

A dramatic advocate in olden times, at night in a court room, persuaded of the innocence of his client charged with murder and of the guilt of the witness who was trying to swear the poor man's life away—that advocate took up two bright lamps and thrust them close up to the face of the witness and cried, "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!" and the man, practically under that awful glare, confessed that he was the criminal instead of the man arraigned at the bar. Oh, my friends, our most hidden sin is under a brighter light than that. It is under the burning eye of God. He is not a blind giant stumbling through the heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of his chariot. Are you wronged ? He sees it. Are you poor ? He sees it. Have you domestic perturbation of which the world knows nothing ? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my affairs are so insignificant I can't realize that God sees me and my affairs.' Can you see the point of a pin ? Can you see the eye of a needle ? Can you see a mote in the sunbeam ? And has God given you that power of minute observation and does he not possess it himself ? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see ?"

But you say : "God is in one world, and I am in another world. He seems so far off from me, I don't really think he sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun 95,000,000 miles away, and do you not think God has a prolonged vision ? But you say, "There are phases of my life and there are colors—shades of color—in my annoyances and my vexations that I don't think God can understand." Does not God gather up all the colors and all the shades of color in the rainbow ? And do you suppose there is any shade in your life he has not gathered up in his own heart ? Besides that, I want to tell you it will soon all be over, this struggle. That eye of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strung and hinged and roofed, will before long be closed in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. So he giveth his beloved sleep. A legend of St. Fortobert is that his mother was blind, and he was so sorely pitiful for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes, and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the ressurection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through the world under perpetual obscuration, or were dependent on the hand of a friend, or with an uncertain staff felt their way, and for the aged of dim sight about whom it may be said that "they which look out of the windows are darkened" when eternal daybreak comes in ! What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery : "Here reposes in God, Katrina, a saint 85 years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10,1840.'

An Acceptable Excuse.

"In view of the extraordinarily high price of coal oil, Laura," said George, "don't you think I'd better—aw—turn the gas a little lower?"—Chicago Tribune.

He Knew It.

"Some of the world's finest literature is out of print," remarked the bibliophile.

"That's right," replied the poet. "It's such an editor to touch my produ—"—Washington Star.

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ANGRY WOMEN

Use Tar and Feathers—Their Victim's Injuries are Many and Serious.

She Had Returned Home After Deserting Her Husband and Eloping With a Married Man.

Watertown, N. Y., July 30.—In Jayville, St. Lawrence county, a mob of women administered a coat of tar and feathers to Mrs. Burt Covey, of that place, Monday night.

Besides this they broke two of her ribs and otherwise so maltreated her that the physician thought she would die. Late this afternoon she rallied, and it is now believed that she will recover. Numerous arrests will be made, as only a few of the women made any attempt to disguise themselves.

Mrs. Covey is about thirty years old and is possessed of good looks. At least John Kirch, a well-to-do resident of the village, thought so, and about two months ago the pair left for parts unknown.

Kirch was employed by a lumber company at a good salary. He drew all his money from the bank and left his wife and four children destitute. Mrs. Covey got what money she could from her husband, who was employed on the railroad, and told him she was going down to Carthage on a shopping trip. He has not seen her since, and a short time ago commenced an action for divorce.

MRS. COVEY RETURNS.

Last Saturday Mrs. Covey came back unexpectedly, and went to the home of her mother. Her appearance in the town caused a sensation. The indignant neighbors decided to give her warning to get out of the village on the first train Monday morning. Mrs. Covey took the first train out, but did not stay. She went to the next town and got a peace warrant. Armed with this she returned last night.

When she stepped off the train, a mob of women and a few men and boys were waiting. Some of the women in the party were masked, and some had used burnt cork as a disguise. They went at the object of their wrath like furies. The woman was stripped of every particle of clothing, struck with clubs and switches, and then thrown to the floor of the waiting room in the depot, where she was held by the men, while women of the village applied a coat of tar with a paint brush, afterward giving a liberal application of feathers.

HER INJURIES ARE SERIOUS.

When the mob dispersed it was found Mrs. Covey had received severe injuries. She was taken to her mother's home and a physician summoned. When the tar was removed she was found to be terribly bruised. Two ribs were broken, and it was believed that she would die. Today the physicians think she may pull through.

Kirch has not returned to Jayville. It has been learned that he went to Michigan with Mrs. Covey, tired of her and sent her back.

DEVONSHIRE'S WIFE.

Something About One of the Most Celebrated English Women.

London, July 26.—Superior to the Marchioness of Salisbury in social power, influence and brilliancy is the Duchess of Devonshire, who for more than 40 years has been one of the queens of the London great world. Although a German by birth, she is a thorough Parisienne in all that concerns elegance and toilet, and has managed ever since she has taken up her residence in England on her first marriage in 1852, to retain something very much akin to supremacy in all questions of dress and fashion. Until the death of her first husband, the seventh Duke of Manchester, she was greatly hampered in her social and political role by his relative poverty, as well as by his intellectual heaviness. Although the most chivalrous and kindly of men, yet his dullness was of such a phenomenal kind as to cause him to be the subject of good-natured ridicule on the part of the public until the day of his death. This was, of course, most galling for a woman of the character of his duchess, who found, however, consolation in the romantic attachment which existed for so many years between herself and her present husband, then Lord Hartington

She is popularly credited with having acted as his political Egeria, and with the responsibility of having induced him to take a prominent part in politics. This must have been an arduous task for even so clever a woman, for the Duke of Devonshire is renowned for his intense indolence, his entire indifference to public sentiment, and his undisguised preference for everything pertaining to sport. To her, then, it is due that he holds at the present moment a positions that rivals in importance that of Lord Salisbury hmiself. For the Duke of Devonshire has been called upon to fill a post in the new administration which is practically that of lord high constable of the British empire. True, his official title is merely that of lord president of the privy council, but as president of the commission for national defence he is, to all intents and purposes the chief, not only of the army, but also of the navy, since the secretaries of state for each of these departments have to defer to him, and, in all matters of importance pertaining to their office, are subject to his direction, supervision and control.

Certainly no such power and influence have ever been intrusted to any British subject since the death of the great Duke of Wellington. The duchess therefore may be said to have made up for waiting so long to become what is described in this country as a "cabinet lady," this being the first occasion on which the Duke of Devonshire has held office since her marriage to him.

There is no hostess more perfect or gracious in all London than the Duchess of Devonshire, and while, perhaps, her three-score years have impaired the beauty and the elegance which a couple of decades ago were celebrated throughout the length and breadth of Europe, yet she has gained in stateliness and grandeur of manner what she has lost by the touch of time's ruthless hand.

If there is one quality in which the Duchess of Devonshire excels more than any other it is that of tact and savior-faire. Of these she gave a most characteristic illustration when, on discovering the Duke of Roxburgh's son-in-law, George Russell, at one time private secretary of the Prince of Wales, cheating at cards during a royal visit to Kimbolton castle, of which she was then the chatelaine, she refrained from imparting her discovery to any one, merely taking steps in her own inimitable way to prevent Mr. Russell from playing any more by keeping him in close attendtendance upon her. Of course, her object was to avoid a scandal during the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales under her roof, a scandal which would forever have reflected on her hospitality, as it did upon that of the infinitely less tactful Mrs. Arthur Wilson of Tranbycroft and baccarat fame.

THE LIBERALS' RECORD.

(Portland Press.)

In a letter to the Boston Sunday Journal, George W. Smalley has advanced some striking views in regard to the English elections. Mr. Smalley has always leaned toward the conservatives. Indeed, he has been called the "Old Tory Squire," for his opposition to Mr. Gladstone. Perhaps he conceived for the conservatives a just partiality in the days of our civil war. Mr. Smalley was one of the most famous and patriotic of the war correspondents; and he has not forgotten the attitude of the English statesmen at that time. In his letter to the Journal he asks which of the two parties did the most harm to our cause, and answers it as follows:

Beyond a doubt, the liberals. It was Lord John Russell who let loose the Alabama, and cried exultingly that the republican bubble had burst. It was Mr. Gladstone who exclaimed, not less exultingly, that Jefferson Davis had made a nation. Who was the real leader of the conservatives ? Beyond a doubt Mr. Disraeli, and it was Disraeli who did us the greatest single service any Englishman of his time ever did by rejecting the proposal of Napoleon for the recognition of the confederacy. He was then in opposition. He was consulted because it was felt that such an act ought to be done, if at all, with the support of both parties, and it was Disraeli's peremptory negative which prevented it. That is the record, and upon it which of the two parties in England do you say proved itself more friendly to America ?

John Bright, it should be added, was a great liberal and a great friend of America; but Bright was one of those liberals who afterwards left Mr. Gladstone on the home rule issue.

DUCKBILL OF AUSTRALIA.

Provided With a Poison Gland to Meet Its Foes.

Australia certainly holds the palm for queer and uncouth animals. Chief among these is the duckbill, or ornithorynchus, which Sidney Smith described as "a kind of mole with webbed feet and the bill of a duck, which agitated Sir Joseph Banks and rendered him miserable from his utter inability to decide whether it was a bird or a beast." It was only recently that it was proved beyond a doubt that this curious animal lay eggs like a bird, though this had long been reported by travellers. Now comes the news that it has a sting on its hind leg capable of killing by its poisonous effects.

For a long time it was considered to be quite harmless and destitute of any weapon of offence, although the hind legs of the males were armed with a powerful spur, apparently connected with a gland. Then the opinion was advanced that this might be a weapon allied to the poisonous armory of snakes, scorpions and bees, all of which possess a sort of hypodermic poison syringe. Though one set of observers asserted that this was the case another set denied it, and so Dr. Stuart determined if possible to solve this question. He received two independent accounts, which coincided perfectly, and from them he concludes that at certain seasons, at all events, the secretion is virtually poisonous. The mode of attack is not by scratching, but by lateral inward movements of the hind legs. Two cases are reported in dogs. One dog was "stung" three times, the symptoms much resembling those from bee or hornet poison. The dog was evidently in great pain and very drowsy, but there was no tremors, convulsions or staggering. It is worthy of note that a certain immunity seems obtainable, for the dog suffered less on the second occasion and still less on the third. Two cases of men being wounded are reported, in both of which the animals were irritated, one by being shot and handled, the other by being handled only; the symptoms were the same as in the dog. No deaths are reported in human beings, but four in dogs. Literary Digest.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

An extraordinary circumstance that has been noticed with interest, and that always creates surprise when first learned, is the entire absense of foreign matter in the deeper part of the ocean's floor. Of all the vessels lost in mid-ocean, of all the human beings that have been drowned, of all the marine animals that have perished, of all the clay, sand and gravel let fall by dissolving icebergs, of all the various substances drifted from every shore by shifting currents, not a trace remains, but in their place water from 1,000 to 2,500 fathoms in depth covers the uniform deposits of black, bluish, tenacious slime, called blobigerina ooze. A bit of this under the powerful lens is a revelation of beauty not readily forgotten. The ooze is composed almost endrely of the daintiest, most delicately beautiful shells imaginable. At the greater depths than 2,500 fathoms, the bottom of the sea consists mainly of products arising from exposure for almost incalculable periods to the chemical action of sea water, of pumice and other volcanic matters. This finally results in the formation of the red clay deposits that are considered characteristic of the profoundest depths of the ocean. Carbonate of lime, which in the form of the shells of foraminifera makes up so large a part of the globigerina ooze, is here almost entirely absent. Sea water is very rarely a universal solvent, and before any shell, large or small, reaches the bottom of these tremendous abysms it is chemically eaten up, literally dissolved—a result which the enormous pressure of the water must materially hasten. At 1,000 fathome the weight of the water pressing on all sides of an object immersed to that depth is very nearly one ton to the square inch, or more than 100 times that sustained at the sea level; and at the greatest depths the pressure is so increased that it would seem nothing could withstand it; in fact, heavy metal cylinders let down with the sounding apparatus are sometimes, on being drawn up again to the surface, found bent and collapsed; strongly made vessels, which the metal enclosed, are shattered into fragments.

A WOMAN'S WATCH.

A young woman took her watch into a jeweller's recently and explained that something was the matter with it. While the watchmaker examined it the owner of the fractious watch remarked that she did not see what made it act so.

"It is always stopping or having something happen to it," she said.

"Possibly you do not take good care of it," ventured the jeweller, closely regarding the interior of the watch.

"Oh, yes, I do. I wind it nearly every night, and I nearly always remember to take it out of my pocket when I take off my dress. The pocket in my gray dress is too large, though, and sometimes it falls into the bowl when I am washing."

"Water would ruin it if it got inside."

"That little bit wouldn't," said the girl with a wise shake of the head. "It's only falls that hurt them. Once it fell out of the up-stairs window, but it landed in the rosebush and was not hurt much. The time Johnny squeezed it by shutting the bureau drawer on it the crystal was broken, though."

By that time the jeweller had discovered that the balance wheel was out of place and two cogs broken.

"I don't see how it happened," said the girl in surprise. "It flew out of my blouse pocket yesterday when I was swinging dumb-bells, but I did not suppose that was what hurt it."—Home Journal.

THE COMING EXHIBITION.

The Directors Pushing Along the Work on the Buildings—The Cattle Accommodation.

The directors of the Exhibition association are pushing along their work rapidly. Horse boxes to the number of about two hundred are nearly completed. They are placed along the two sides of the new grounds. On one side they stretch about six hundred and twenty feet and about six hundred and fifty feet on the other. The cattle stalls will run in parallel lines, east and west, between the two rows of horse boxes. They will accommodate upwards of four hundred cattle. The accommodation for sheep and swine will be ample. Adams & Belyea are making preparations for building the cattle sheds, which are to be finished on the 1st September.

Bowman & Lelacheur, the contractors for the large agricultural hall, 64x186 feet, are busy at work. The building is to be completed and ready for use early in September. The lower floor will be used for exhibiting agricultural machinery and implements, with the exception of a room about 42x64 at the north end, which will be specially prepared for the exhibition of dairy products and dairy machinery. It is probable the dairy machinery will be operated by power furnished through an electric motor. The upper floor will be for showing agricultural products of all kinds. The ornament hall, 54x65 feet, will be on this floor. It will be largely used for special attractions.

The cattle ring will be near by in the parade ground. Within the parade ground is the drill shed, a large building of 100x200. Carriages, sleighs, etc., will be displayed in this building.

Mr. Magee is laying the asphalt floor in the machinery hall. The height of the hall has been improved by the addition of about one foot to its height.

Mr. Maxwell is laying the foundation for a 100 horse-power engine, from the establishment of the Robb Engineering Co. of Amherst. Another engine of somewhat smaller size will be furnished by the Burrill, Johnson Iron Co. of Yarmouth. Other engines and an additional boiler or two will be added.

A large portion of the space in the manufactures and arts buildings has already been taken up, and daily applications are being received. At present it looks as if the applications will be beyond the capacity of the buildings.

The directors inform the Sun that they will distribute the space for carriages in the drill shed about Sept. 1st. Applicants after that period must take the risk of finding room.

The association is negotiating for first class fireworks and a number of attractions.

The St. John Railway Co. will light the buildings and grounds with about one hundred and forty arc lights.

A GREAT CANADIAN.

(Toronto Telegram.)

Good judges of parliamentary oratory declare that Hon. G. E. Foster's reply to Wilfrid Laurier in the debate upon the Manitoba school question was one of the two or three best speeches ever delivered in the Canadian parliament.

The work of Mr. Foster in the peculiarly trying session which has just closed was good enough to satisfy his party, and at the same time excite hopes of still higher achievements in the long political future which is just opening for him.

The party which judges by results must be well satisfied with a leader who has brought the government triumphantly through a session, the dangers of which threatened its life. The country can rise to broader views, and must see in Mr. Foster's work a basis for pride in the ability of a great Canadian.