TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ELOQUENT TALK ON CHRIST'S PHYSICAL BEAUTY.

In No Age or Clime Did Live One Who Could Compare With Him in Comeliness. He Loved Home and Sobriety and Cleanliness—Christ's Face on Canvass.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon last Sunday was "Fairest of the Fair," the text chosen being Solomon's Song v, 16, "He is altogether lovely."

The human race has during centuries been improving. For awhile it deflected and degenerated, and from all I can read for ages the whole tendency was toward barbarism. But under the ever widening and deepening influence of Christianity the tendency is now in the upward direction. The physical appearance of the human race is 15 per cent. more attractive than in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. From the pictures on canvass and the faces and forms in sculpture of those who were considered the grand looking men and the attractive women of 200 years ago I conclude the superiority of the men and women of our time. Such looking people of the past centuries as painting and sculpture have presented as fine specimens of beauty would be in our time considered deformity and repulsiveness complete. The fact that many men and women in antediluvian times were eight and ten feet high tended to make the human race obnoxious rather than winning. Such portable mountains of human flesh did not add to the charms of the world.

Christ's Beauty.

But in no climate and in no age did there ever appear any one who in physical attractiveness could be compared to Him whom my text celebrates thousands of years before He put His infantile foot on the hill back of Bethlehem. He was and is altogether lovely. The physical appearance of Christ is, for the most part, an artistic guess. Some writers declare Him to have been a brunette, or dark complexioned and others a blonde, or light complexioned. St. John of Damascus, writing 1,100 years ago and so much nearer than ourselves to the time of Christ, and hence with more likelihood of accurate tradition, represents Him with beard black and curly, eyebrows joined together and "yellow complexion and long fingers, like His mother." An author writing 300 years ago represents Christ as a blond: "His hair is the color of wine and golden at the root, straight and without luster, but from the level of the ears curling and glossy and divided down the center after the fashion of the Nazarenes. His forehead is even and smooth, His face without blemish and enhanced by a temperate color. His countenance ingenuous and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same color as His hair and forked in form; His eyes blue and extremely brilliant."

My opinion is, it was a Jewish face. His mother was a Jewess, and there is no womanhood on earth more beautiful than Jewish womanhood. Alas that he lived so long before the daguerrean and photographic arts were born, or we might have known his exact features. I know that sculpture and painting were born long before Christ, and they might have transferred from olden times to our times the forehead, the nostril, the eye, the lips of our Lord.

A Soulful Face.

It was not until the fifteenth century, or until more than 1,400 years after Christ, that talented painters attempted by pencil to give us the idea of Christ's face. The pictures before that time were so offensive that the Council at Constantinople forbade their exhibition. But Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century presented Christ's face on two canvases, yet the one was a repulsive face and the other an effeminate face. Raphael's face of Christ is a weak face. Albert Durer's face of Christ was a savage face. Titian's face of Christ is an expressionless face. The mightiest artists, either with pencil or chisel, have made signal failures in attempting to give the forehead, the cheek, the eyes, the nostril, the mouth of our blessed Lord.

But about his face I can tell you something positive and beyond controversy. I am sure it was a soulful face. The face is only the curtain of the soul. It was impossible that a disposition like Christ's should not have demonstrated itself in His physiognomy. Kindness as an occasional impulse may give no illumination to the features, but kindness as the lifelong, dominant habit will produce attractiveness of countenance as certainly as the shining of sun produces flowers. Children are afraid of a scowling or hard visaged man. They cry out if he proposes to take them. If he try to caress them, he evokes a slap rather than a kiss.

All mothers know how hard it is to get their children to go to a man or woman of forbidding appearance. But no sooner did Christ appear in the domestic group than there was an infantile excitement, and the youngsters began to struggle to get out of their mothers' arms. They could not hold the children back. "Stand back with those children!" scolded some of the disciples. Perhaps the little ones may have been playing in the dirt, and their faces may not have been clean, or they may not have been well clad, or the disciples may have thought Christ's religion was a religion chiefly for big folks. But Christ made the infantile excitement still livelier by His saying that He liked children better than grown people, declaring, "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Alas for those people who do not like children! They had better stay out of Heaven, for the place is full of them. That, I think, is one reason why the vast majority of the human race die in infancy. Christ is so fond of children that He takes them to Himself before the world has time to despoil and harden them, and so they are now at the windows of the palace and on the floors and playing on the green. Sometimes Matthew or Mark or Luke tells a story of Christ, and only one tells it, but Matthew, Mark, and Luke all join in that picture of Christ girdled by children, and I know by what occurred at that time that Christ had a face full of geniality.

Pure in Body and Mind.

Not only was Christ altogether lovely in His countenance, but lovely in His habits. I know without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers and lakes and oceans was cleanly in His appearance. He disliked the disease of leprosy not only because it was distressing, but because it designated dirt, and his curative words were: "I will. Be thou clean." He declared Himself in favor of thorough washing and opposed to superficial washing when He denounced the hypocrites for making clean only "the outside of the platter," and He applauds His disciples by saying: "Now are ye clean," and giving directions to those who fasted, among other things, He says, "Wash thy face," and to a blind man whom He was doctoring, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam," and He Himself actually washed the disciples' feet, I suppose not only to demonstrate His own humility, but probably their feet needed to be washed. The fact is the Lord was a great friend of water. I know that from the fact that most of the world is water. But when I find Christ in such constant commendation of water I know He was personally neat, although He mingled with many who were rough in pedestrians and took such long journeys on dusty highways. He wore His hair long, according to the custom of His land and time, but neither trouble nor old age had thinned or injured His locks, which were never worn shaggy or unkempt. Yea, all His habits of personal appearance were those of purity.

Sobriety was also an established habit of His life. In addition to the water He drank the juice of the grape. When at a wedding party this beverage gave out, He made gallons on gallons of grape juice, but it was as unlike what the world makes in our time as health is unlike a prevalent disease and as calm pulses are different from the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage or logwood or nux vomica.

The tipplers and the sots who now quote the winemaking in Cana of Galilee as an excuse for the fiery and damning beverages of the nineteenth century forgot that the wine at the New Testament wedding had two characteristics, the one that the Lord made it and the other that it was made out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day and send a barrel of it around to my cellar. You cannot make me believe that the blessed Christ who went up and down healing the sick would create for man that style of drink which is the cause of disease more than all other causes combined, or that He who calmed the maniacs into their right mind would create that style of drink which does more than anything else to fill insane asylums, or that He who was so helpful to the poor would make a style of drink that crowds the earth with pauperism, or that He who came to save the nations from sin would create a liquor that is the source of most of the crime that now stuffs the penitentiaries. A lovely sobriety was written all over his face, from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the bearded chin.

Christ Loved Home.

Domesticity was also His habit. Though too poor to have a home of His own, He went out to spend the night at Bethany, two or three miles' walk from Jerusalem, and over a rough and hilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro. I would rather walk from here to Central Park, or walk from Edinburgh to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear around Hyde Park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. But He liked the quietude of home life, and He was lovely in His domesticity.

How He enjoyed handing over the resurrected boy to his mother and the resurrected girl to her father and reconstructing homesteads which disease or death was breaking up! As the song "Home, Sweet Home" was written by a man who at that time had no home, so I think the homelessness of Christ led Him to his appreciation of domesticity.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sympathies. Now, dropsy is a most distressful complaint It inflames and swells and tortures any limb or physical organ it touches. As soon as a case of that kind is submitted to Christ He, without any use of diaphoretics, commands its cure. And what an eye doctor He was for opening the long closed gates of sight to the blue of the sky, and the yellow of the flower, and the emerald of the grass! What a Christ He was for cooling fevers without so much as a spoonful of febrifuge, and straightening crooked backs without any paring of surgery, and stanching whole choirs of music along the silent galleries of a deaf ear, and giving healthful nervous system to cataleptics! Sympathy! He did not give them stoical advice or philosophize about the science of grief. He sat down and cried with them.

True Sympathy.

John Murphy! Well, you did not know him. Once when I was in great bereavement he came to my house. Kind ministers of the gospel had come, and talked beautifully, and prayed with us, and did all they could to console. But John Murphy, one of the best friends I ever had, a big-souled, glorious Irishman, came in and looked into my face, put out his broad, strong hand, and said not a word, but sat down and cried with me. I am not enough of a philosopher to say how it was or why it was, but somehow from door to door and from floor to ceiling the room was filled with an all prevading comfort. "Jesus wept."

I think that is what makes Christ such a popular Christ. There are so many who want sympathy, who wants all the sick and troubled and weary to lean against Him, and he says: "Lean hard. If you love me lean hard." Aye, He is close by with His sympathetic help. Hedley Vicars, the famous soldier and Christian of the Crimean war, died because he was persuaded his regiment was too far off from the base of supplies. He was not mortally wounded, and if the surgeons could only have got at the bandages and medicines he would have recovered. So much of human sympathy and hopefulness comes too late, but Christ is always close by if you want Him and has all the medicines ready and has eternal life for all who ask for it. Sympathy!

Aye, He was lovely in his doctrines. Self sacrifice or the relief of the suffering of others by our own suffering. He was the only physician that ever proposed to cure His patients by taking their disorders. Self sacrifice! And what did He give up for others? The best climate in the universe, the air of heaven, for the wintry weather of Palestine, a scepter of unlimited dominion for a worker's box in an earthly conference, a flashing throne for a crown of stinging brambles, a palace for a cattle pen, a throne for a cross. Self sacrifice! What is more lovely? Mothers dying for their children down with scarlet fever, railroad engineers going down through the open drawbridge to save train, firemen scorched to death trying to help some one down the ladder from the fourth story of the consuming house, ah, these put together only but insufficient emblems by which to illustrate the grander, mightier, farther reaching self sacrifice of the "altogether lovely."

Inspiration of Heroisms.

Do you wonder that the story of His self sacrifice has led hundreds of thousands to die for Him? In one series of persecutions over 5,000 were put to death for Christ's sake. For Him Blandina was tied to a post, and wild beasts were let out upon her, and when life continued after the attack of tooth and paw she was put in a net, and that net containing her was thrown to a wild bull that tossed her with its horns till life was extinct. For Him Ignatius dying for Christ! Albigenses dying for Christ! The Vaudois dying for Christ! Smithfield fires endured for Christ! The bones of martyrs, if distributed, would make a path of moldering life all around the earth. The loveliness of the Saviour's sacrifice has inspired all the heroisms and all the martyrdoms of subsequent centuries. Christ has had more men and women die for him than all the other inhabitants of all the ages have had die for them.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sermons. He knew when to begin, when to stop and just what to say. The longest sermon He ever preached, so far as the Bible reports Him—namely, the sermon on the mount, was about 16 minutes in delivery at the ordinary rate of speech. His longest prayer reported, commonly called "The Lord's Prayer," was about half a minute. Time them by your own watch, and you will find my estimate accurate, by which I do not mean to say that sermons ought to be only 16 minutes long and prayers only a half a minute long. Christ had such infinite power of compression that He could put enough into His 16 minute sermon and his half minute prayer to keep all the following ages busy in thought and action. No one but a Christ could afford to pray or preach as short as that, but He meant to teach us compression.

Yea, Christ was lovely in His chief life's work. There were a thousand things for Him to do, but He crowded everything into three years. Three years of kind deeds, three years of living for others! Three years of self-sacrifice! Let us try it.

Aye, Christ was lovely in His demise. He had a right that last hour to deal in anathematization. Never had any one been so meanly treated. Cradle of straw among goats and camels—that was the world's reception of Him. Rock cliff with nails pounding spikes through tortured nerves—that was the world's farewell salutation. The slaughter of that scene sometimes hides the loveliness of the sufferer. Under the saturation of tears and blood we sometimes fail to see the sweetest face of earth and Heaven. Altogether lovely! Can cold criticism find an unkind word He ever spoke, or an unkind action that He ever performed, or an unkind thought that He ever harbored?

What a marvel it is that all the nations of earth do not rise up in raptures of affection for Him! I must say it here and now. I lift my right hand in solemn attestation. I love Him, and the grief of my life is that I do not love him more. Is it an impertinence for me to ask, do you, my hearer—you, my reader, love Him? Has he become a part of your nature? Have you committed your children on earth into His keeping as your children in Heaven are already in His bosom? Has He done enough to win your confidence? Can you trust Him, living and dying and forever? Is your back on your face toward Him? Would you like to have His hand to guide you? His might to protect you? His grace to comfort you? His sufferings to atone for you? His arms to welcome you? His love to encircle you? His heaven to crown you?

The Conqueror's Throne.

Oh, that we might all have something of the great German reformer's love for this Christ, which led him to say: "If any one knocks at the door of my breast and says, 'Who lives there?' my reply is, 'Jesus Christ lives here, not Martin Luther.'"

Will it not be well when we get through this short and rugged road of life we can go right up into His presence and live with Him world without end?

And if, entering the gate of that heavenly city, we should be so overwhelmed with our unworthiness on the the side and the supernal splendor on the other side that we should be bewildered and should for a few moments be lost on the streets of gold and among the burnished temples and the sapphire thrones, there would be plenty to show us the way and take us out of our joyful bewilderment, and perhaps the woman of Nain would say, "Come, and me take you to that Christ who raised my only boy to life," and Martha would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ who brought up my brother Lazarus from the tomb," and one of the disciples would say, "Come, and let me take you to the Christ who saved our sinking ship in the hurricane on Gennesaret," and Paul would say, "Come, and let me lead you to the Christ for whom I died on the road to Ostia," and whole groups of martyrs would say, "Come, let us show you the Christ for whom we rattled the chain and waded the floods and dared the fires," and our own glorified kindred would flock around us saying, "We have been telling a good while for you, but before we talk over old times, and we tell you of what we have enjoyed since we have been here, and you tell us of what you have suffered since we parted, come, come and let us show you the greatest sight in all the place, the most resplendent throne and upon it the mightiest conqueror, exaltation of Heaven, the theme of the immortals, the altogether great, the altogether good, the altogether fair, the altogether lovely!"

Well, the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face.
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

AN excellent remedy for inflamed eyes is to soak a little sassafras pith in boiling water; let it draw until the water becomes slimy, and then strain through thin muslin. Bathe the eyes frequently with the liquid.

AROUND PUGET SOUND

A COUNTRY WITH MANY NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

Immense Forests—Extensive Mineral Deposits—Rich Farming and Fruit Lands—America's Finest Tide-water Harbor—Coming Port for Alaska and the Orient.

Splendid Scenery.

No country has yet been discovered in which the natural conditions are more perfect. There are a few localities in this world of ours which from experience and by common consent are agreed to be unusually favored as a habitation for man. Among these the State of Washington and the Puget Sound country especially take high rank. None will dispute the well-established fact that Puget Sound is the largest and safest land locked tide water harbor on the face of the earth.

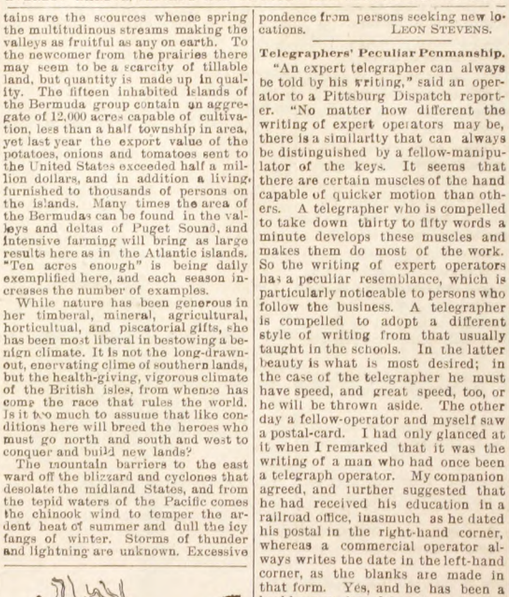
To the east runs a range of majestically pictures que mountains with countless spurs, slopes, and glens, covered with primeval forests more valuable commercially than the gold that Cortez and Pizarro sought. Stored away in these snow-capped and forest-clothed peaks are mines of gold and silver, coal and iron. A veritable Monte Cristo is even now developing, which will enrich thousands in this and generations to follow.

Far up in these snow-covered mountains are the sources whence spring the multitudinous streams making the valleys as fruitful as any on earth. To the newcomer from the prairies there may seem to be a scarcity of tillable land, but quantity is made up in quality. The fifteen inhabited Islands of the Bermuda group contain an aggregate of 12,000 acres capable of cultivation, less than a half township in area, yet last year the export value of the potatoes, onions and tomatoes sent to the United States exceeded half a million dollars, and in addition a living furnished to thousands of persons on the islands. Many times the area of the Bermudas can be found in the valleys and deltas of Puget Sound, and intensive farming will bring as large results here as in the Atlantic islands. "Ten acres enough" is being daily exemplified here, and each season increases the number of examples.

While nature has been generous in her timberal, mineral, agricultural, horticultural, and piscatorial gifts, she has been most liberal in bestowing a benign climate. It is not the long-drawn-out, enervating clime of southern lands, but the health-giving, vigorous climate of the British isles, from whence has come the race that rules the world. Is it too much to assume that like conditions here will breed the heroes who must go north and south and west to conquer and build new lands?

The mountain barriers to the east ward off the blizzard and cyclones that desolate the midland States, and from the tepid waters of the Pacific comes the chinook wind to temper the ardent heat of summer and dull the icy fangs of winter. Storms of thunder and lightning are unknown. Excessive heat is as rare as severe cold. Flowers bloom in the open air all through the winter in sight of peaks of snow and ice. Vegetables keep in the ground through the winter, and are dug as needed.

EVERETT HARBOR, CASCADE MTS. TO RIGHT AND OLYMPIC MTS. TO LEFT.



LOCATION OF EVERETT, NEAREST TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

A study of the map shows the strategic point on Puget Sound to be Everett, the tidewater terminus of the Great Northern Railway, the shortest route by many miles to and from the east. From Everett ships with lumber, wheat, and flour will go to other countries, bringing back in return teas and silks from the Orient, fish and furs from the vast waters reaching to Alaska and beyond, the ocean being of easier access here than from any other city on the Sound. Far-sighted men have shown faith in this location by establishing here some of the most important industries west of the Mississippi, representing a capitalization of over $3,000,000, and giving employment to over 1,0 0 men, with a monthly pay-roll amounting to $60,000.

Visitors to the World's Fair may have seen samples of paper made by the Everett Mills, and among others the largest continuous roll ever made, being eight feet wide and 28,000 feet long. The mills have a capacity of fifteen tons a day, making only the higher grades of book paper and writing manilas, together with hardware papers. The plant has cost $400,000 and the buildings and yards occupy twenty-eight acres. The possibilities of the wood pulp industry are limitless, as the supply of material here is boundless.

The Barge Works, with a steel whaleback steamship 360 feet long and of 5,100 tons burden on the ways, is the only ship yard of its kind and importance on the coast.

The Wire Nail Factory is the chief concern of this kind west of the Mississippi, having a capacity of 1,000 kegs of nails and fifty tons of drawn wire a day, making everything from a thirteen-inch spike down to the smallest brad, in all over 250 varieties.

The gold and silver smelter, built at a cost of $250,000, is the finest on the coast, handling all kinds of precious ores. There are a dozen or more lumber and shingle mills in operation, together with brick yards, iron foundries, machine shops, in all some twenty-five or thirty industries.

Lumber must always occupy a leading position, Everett commanding the unrivalled forests of this country, through the three principal logging streams of Puget Sound, the Snohomish, Stillaguamish and Skagit.

For a city of less than three years old Everett has made marvellous progress, and without municipal debt, with 6,000 population, street cars, water works, profitable and diversified industries well established, its future is assured. Its location is most sightly, giving a view of the Olympic range in the west, and the mighty Cascades in the east from Rainier to Baker—100 miles apart—the only city on the Sound where these two mountain monarchs are visible at the same time.

There are openings here for many new industries, and the Everett Land Company, Everett, Wash., invites correspondence from persons seeking new locations.

LEON STEVENS.

Telegraphers' Peculiar Penmanship.

"An expert telegrapher can always be told by his writing," said an operator to a Pittsburg Dispatch reporter. "No matter how different the writing of expert operators may be, there is a similarity that can always be distinguished by a fellow-manipulator of the keys. It seems that there are certain muscles of the hand capable of quicker motion than others. A telegrapher who is compelled to take down thirty to fifty words a minute develops these muscles and makes them do most of the work. So the writing of expert operators has a peculiar resemblance, which is particularly noticeable to persons who follow the business. A telegrapher is compelled to adopt a different style of writing from that usually taught in the schools. In the latter beauty is what is most desired; in the case of the telegrapher he must have speed, and great speed, too, or he will be thrown aside. The other day a fellow-operator and myself saw a postal-card. I had only glanced at it when I remarked that it was the writing of a man who had once been a telegraph operator. My companion agreed, and further suggested that he had received his education in a railroad office, inasmuch as he dated his postal in the right-hand corner, whereas a commercial operator always writes the date in the left-hand corner, as the blanks are made in that form. Yes, and he has been a bookkeeper; for, although the figures were written hastily, they were in perfect lines, added my friend. This all came from our noticing the class distinction in the writing of a telegrapher. We asked the man who received it who had written it. He gave the name of a now prominent business-man who began life as a messenger in a railroad office, then became a telegrapher, next was given a position of trust where book-keeping was one of his duties, finally launching out for himself in a line entirely foreign to railroading or book-keeping. The characteristics that had crept into his writing during his early training were still visible. We had guessed the history of the man from his writing."

Adoration.

Looking into the blue stillness of a nightly sky sown with twinkling stars, every one of which is a sun like our own, or much larger, as Arcturus, which is 550,000 times larger than that sun, every one of these millions of suns, no doubt, having inhabited planets revolving around it, can we marvel at the words of the psalmist, "What is man, O God, that thou art mindful of him?" An infinity of suns and systems of suns, in infinite space, in infinite duration, controlled by infinite Power and infinite Wisdom, and guided to the minutest atom and aggregation of atoms by infinite intelligence, all beget in rightly constituted mortals the deepest humility, and cause their hearts to overflow with adoration and worship of the Creator.—Pullman Journal.

THE great industry of Alaska is the catching and canning of salmon. But though the supply of the fish is vast, overfishing and destructive methods of fishing are rapidly bringing about such a condition in the business, which gives employment to five thousand men, with nine hundred steam vessels and five hundred fishing boats, that it is seriously threatened.

The Smallest Tree in the World.

The distinction belongs to the Greenland birch. Its height is less than three inches, yet it covers a radius of two or three feet.

THE NATION'S SOLONS.

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Our National Law-Makers and What They Are Doing for the Good of the Country—Various Measures Proposed, Discussed, and Acted Upon.

Doings of Congress.

The House devoted the entire day Wednesday to debate on the consular and diplomatic appropriations bill. It touched a wide variety of subjects and at times was brimful of interesting personalities. The Hawaiian policy of the present administration came in for good share of attention. The appointment of Mr. Van Alen as minister to Italy provoked a very extended discussion. The bill authorizing the erection of a stone bridge across the St. Louis River, harbor of Superior, Wisconsin, passed the Senate. The venerable Senator Morrill, of Vermont, spoke on the tariff, as did also Senators Turpie, Cameron, and Quay. Mr. Harris, at 5:30 p. m., moved an executive session and it was agreed to, and at 6:30 the Senate adjourned.

The day in the Senate Thursday was almost entirely consumed by a speech against the pending tariff bill by Senator Perkins, of California. But little business was transacted during the morning hour, but an agreement of the Senate to the report of the conference committee on the urgent deficiency bill being the most important. The Peffer resolution for the appointment of a committee on communications for the purpose of hearing the grievances of Coxey's army was debated by Senators Spooner and Allen, both of whom favored it, but it went over without action by the expiration of the morning hour. At 5 o'clock executive session was pronounced on the late Representative W. H. Enochs, of Ohio, after which the Senate at 5:15 adjourned. The House is making very slow progress with the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill. Almost the entire day was devoted to thrashing over the old straw in the Hawaiian controversy. After 4 o'clock half the membership of the House suddenly faded away to attend the opening ball game of the season, and when this act was observed Mr. Cannon carried the committee of the whole to a vote on an amendment to prevent the increase of the salary of the Mexican Secretary of Legation. The Democrats were unable to produce a quorum, and after a roll call the House adjourned.

There was a lively time, relatively speaking, between Representatives Bartlett Brows and Wheeler Friday. Mr. Wheeler was taunted with talking four columns of the Congressional Record in precisely one minute and retorted to that charge with bad grace from one whose hands were red with parliamentary murder." Mr. Burrows recalled a previous example of Mr. Wheeler's brevity, a speech that occupied five minutes in the delivery but was taken up fourteen columns of the Record. A motion was made to refer the subject to the Committee on Printing, but Mr. Wheeler cried "No!" and refused to withdraw his remarks. Outside of this episode the proceedings were very uninteresting. Practically no business was transacted. Under the rules, it being Friday, the day was devoted to business on the private calendar. Three small, unimportant bills were passed, and the rest of the day was spent in the fruitless discussion of a bill to pay certain Tennessee war claims against the Government amounting to $22,000. It was finally ended when Mr. Enloe made the point of no quorum on a motion to recommit the bill. The evening session was devoted to pension business. The Senate talked tariff.

In the Senate, Monday, Mr. Washburn spoke three and a half hours, and at the conclusion of his speech, at 5:30 Senator Dolph delivered another installment of his speech. Promptly at 5 o'clock Senator Quay called attention to the fact that the hour for closing the tariff debate had arrived and some discussion as to the intent of the agreement ensued. Senator Gray for the Democrats maintaining that it was not intended to shut off tariff debate at 5 o'clock, Senator Quay had no other business from coming in between 4 and 5 o'clock. The Republicans declined to go on, and at 5:02, on motion of Senator Harris, the Senate went into executive session, which at 5:20 was declared reopened and the Senate adjourned. The House devoted the entire day to business from the Committee on the District of Columbia, and passed a number of bills. The first, which was passed, was a bill extending the time allowed the Metropolitan Street Railroad Company, of Washington, to change its motive power. The other bill was one to permit polo playing at the regular spring and fall meetings of the jockey clubs and driving parks of the District of Columbia. The bill was defeated by 97 to 85. The House then, at 5 o'clock, adjourned.

On Tuesday the Senate listened to Mr. Mills, who spoke at length upon the tariff. The close of Mr. Mills' speech was greeted by a hearty round of applause. It had been expected that the speech would be much longer. It consumed just two hours and fifteen minutes. The Republicans who expected Mr. Bennett would consume the entire day, were not prepared to go on. Accordingly, on motion of Mr. Harris, the Senate went into executive session at 3:20 p. m., and at 4:10 adjourned. The House resumed consideration of the postoffice appropriation bill. The pending amendment to strike out the appropriation for the fast Southern mail was defeated. An amendment providing a limitation of ten years upon the payment of money orders, and for the destruction of money order files at the end of that time, was adopted. Mr. Quigg proposed an amendment making all publications purporting to be issued periodically and to subscribers subject to postage at third class rates when transmitted through the mails. The amendment affects Seaside Library publications and books (reprints) given as premiums with country newspaper subscriptions, etc. Mr. Pickler, of South Dakota, yielded a portion of his time, opposed the amendment in the interest of cheap literature for the farmers. Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Bingham, and Mr. O'Neill, of Missouri, made remarks against the amendment. The amendment on a vote was stricken from the bill—26 to 183.

Remarkable Case of Treason.

A new form of high treason will soon be dealt with in the German courts. A young man at Erfurt went before the doctors and was examined for compulsory military service. They found his body tattooed with seditious sentiments, which are described as insulting to the Emperor. Across his breast, for instance, were the words: "Down with tyrants." The authorities placed the young socialist under arrest and he is awaiting trial.

The Production of Iron.

The production of iron in this country is increasing faster in proportion than the increase in population.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

THE art of turning wood was invented by the Greeks.

MORE people die in spring than in any of the seasons.

THE moss rose was well known in Europe before 1724.

FOREIGNERS took 63 per cent. of the World's Fair prizes.

A COOPERS' union was formed at Weihenslephan in 1146.

BELGIUM was the first country to make hypnotism a crime.