BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

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Our 13-inch guns are certainly piece-makers.

Roof gardening is an expensive luxury for amateurs.

Some men's only bad habit is boasting of their good habits.

Once a hero, always a hero—especially to the hero himself.

The man who admits he is in the wrong is usually in the right.

Whenever a man becomes wise he is the first to discover his wisdom.

A girl loves to be loved by a man that she knows some other girl loves.

It's harder for a young man to question her pop than it is to pop the question.

One way to keep on friendly terms with your neighbor is to keep off his premises.

Some machines have automatic attachments and some have sheriff's attachments.

As to the fleets of Spain, we feel sure that so-called power will be able to prove an alibi.

Some people are never satisfied until they find out something that makes them dissatisfied.

Fitzhugh Lee is hereby reminded that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.

Hobson is too good a man to waste himself on the lecture platform, but he ought to speak a book.

Miss Schley, peace commissioner, has passed the age of discretion, being more than forty years old.

Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unpeasably more useful, than talented inconstancy.

The "American hog" has become vastly popular in Cuba, even among the Spaniards, in the shape of bacon.

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others governs our manners.

What are the alms which are at the same time duties? They are the perfecting of ourselves and the happiness of others.

It's rough on the leading lady of a theatrical aggregation when she is compelled to step off the track to let the trains go by.

The uprisings of the Carlists are so numerous and so futile that the miserable pretenders will presently be known as chronic upstarts.

One thing is certain and that is that our courts of justice are almost strangled to death with litigation, but in spite of this condition of affairs original cases which are waiting to be tried for the first time are frequently set aside for weeks and months in order to give place to old cases which are being tried for the second time with perhaps the very same result. Evidently it is high time that radical steps were being taken to cure this evil in our system of trial by jury.

It takes a very subtle casuist to establish the wrong of privateering and the right of capture by government in the same brief. The former may be the more flagrant evil, and we ought to rejoice that it has practically been abolished, but after all it is only a question of degree, and the whole duty of nations will not have been accomplished in this matter until they take Hamlet's advice to the players and reform it altogether. If a war does not teach us something additional of the duties of humanity and endow us with fresh wisdom, than does it leave us poor indeed.

According to a German technical journal, Dr. Von Welsbach, the inventor of the incandescent gas lamp, has discovered an improved filament for electric lamps. This he appears to have found in a filament of osmium, one of the rare metals, which, besides being the densest of all metals, is the most refractory, being infusible at any except the highest attainable temperatures. Osmium is found native as an alloy in certain ores of platinum and iridium. It is a hard, bluish-gray metal, with an atomic weight of 191.1, and the enormous specific gravity of 22.477, the heaviest substance known. So far as can be inferred from what has been published, the experiments of Dr. von Welsbach go quite beyond the employment of a naked osmium filament.

In one of the Canary islands there is a tree of the laurel family that occasionally rains down in the early evening quite a copious shower of water drops from its, tufted foliage. The water comes out through innumerable little pores situated at the edge of the leaves.

The mayor of New York, having rescued three girls from drowning, is hereby permitted to growl all his subordinates' heads off. Whoever rescues one girl does a good thing; but three—just think of it!

When the British courts are not investigating Hooley nowadays they turn their attention to fraudulent gold companies pretending to do business in West Africa, and it is surprising to see how the reports of the proceedings scintillate with titles of nobility.

We view the earth with our own eyes each of us, and we make from within the world which we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is sceptical about friendship; and a man with no ear does not care about music.

Facts Concerning Porto Rico and the Passage Islands.

By the terms of the treaty of peace to Le signed by Spain and the United States as speedily as may be, we come, whatever may become of the Pacific islands, into possession of Porto Rico and a dozen small islands of the West Indies, which under American control should yield a comfortable revenue to the government. Porto Rico alone would provide a remunerative investment for both American capital and industries, but the smaller islands are not to be despised. They are collectively known as the Passage islands, and comprise all the islands and keys lying between the Virgin Passage and the east end of Porto Rico.

The second largest of them is Culebra Island, about sixteen miles to the eastward of Cape San Juan, as the northeast point of Porto Rico is called. It is six miles long by three broad. Culebra Island, sometimes called Carlit or Serpent Island, is one of a very irregular outline. The northern shore is steep and rocky and bare of harbourage.

On all the other sides there are small islets and reefs, which shelter good anchorages. The island is uninhabited. It is of moderate elevation, broken and rugged and thickly wooded, with scarcely a level spot on the surface. Near the center it rises to a height of fifty feet.

Near Culebra is Northeast Cay, very small, oval-shaped, 240 feet high and thickly wooded. Byrd Cay, a trifle larger, lies 300 yards from Northeast Cay. Byrd Cay is a remarkably small, rocky islet, sixty feet high. About a mile from it are two small rocky islets fifteen feet or so high, and 800 yards southeast are two more about eighty feet high.

Culebrita Islet, or Little Culebra, lies about a mile from Culebra. It, too, is of irregular shape, is 300 feet high and thickly wooded. From the highest part of the island a thick, white light is exhibited at an elevation of 264 feet, and is visible in clear weather nearly fifteen miles. There are only a few inhabitants on the island.

Excellent anchorage can be found within the cape and islands just described, but the best, called the Sound, is toward their southern end, under the lee of the reef.

Great Harbor, in the southern portion of Culebra, is one of the most secure basins in the West Indies. It is a mile long and half a mile wide, of irregular shape, but there are no inhabitants or villages there, and, of course, no facilities of any kind.

Crab Island, called also Vieques Island, six miles to the eastward of Porto Rico, is the largest and most important of the Passage group, being seventeen miles long by five broad. A ridge of small hills runs nearly its whole length along the middle of the island, and rises to a moderate height at the southwest extremity of the island.

The south coast of the island is indented by several small bays, one of which, called Sound or Settlement Bay, is defended by a small fort. There is a small village settlement there.

On the northern shore of Crab island is Port Mula, at the mouth of a little stream. It contains about 1,000 inhabitants, and is the residence of the governor, who is nominated by the captain general of Porto Rico.

There is a lighthouse erected at Mula Point, from which a fixed red light is exhibited. There is comparatively no trade except in fruits and fish in this archipelago, but undoubtedly these islands are capable of development, and will pay a fair revenue after they become a portion of the United States. Their natural beauty is unsurpassed, and over them the trade wind is continually blowing, giving them a warm, delightful climate.

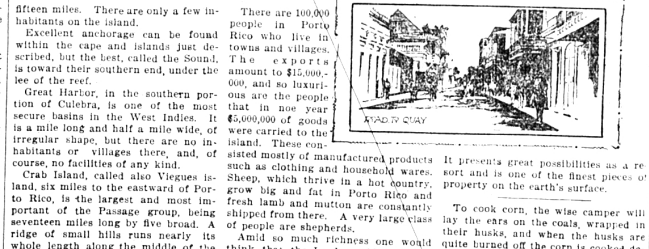
To the west of Porto Rico other islands to become the property of the United States are Mona and Monica islands, lying close together in the Mona Passage, and Desecheo Island, just off the northwestern coast.

They have a total area of some 500 square miles, which, when added to 3,500 in Porto Rico, makes quite a respectable total.

Porto Rico extends 37 miles from north to south and 100 miles laterally. Running across the island from east to west is a chain of mountains, the highest peak of which is El Yunque, 9,000 feet high. It can be seen seventy miles at sea. A magnificent shore signal could be raised there.

For commerce Porto Rico is perfectly adapted, for in its small area there are 1,500 streams, 50 of which are navigable and could be used for commerce. Sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton, corn and potatoes are constantly shipped up and down these rivers, and were Porto Rico to be fully cultivated many more streams could be opened and communication made between others by means of canals, so that the entire island would present a splendid system of waterways.

SOME SCENES IN OUR NEW DEPENDENCY.



There are 100,000 people in Porto Rico who live in towns and villages. The exports amount to $15,000,000, and so luxurious are the people that in one year $5,000,000 of goods were carried to the island. These consisted mostly of manufactured products such as clothing and household wares. Sheep, which thrive in a hot country, grow big and fat in Porto Rico and fresh lamb and mutton are constantly shipped from there. A very large class of people are shepherds.

Amid so much richness one would think that the Lord would have endowed Porto Rico no more heavily, yet it is a fact that in one end of the island gold mines exist, and iron, copper, coal and salt are found in plenty. The vegetable productions are, however, so valuable that the minerals have been neglected in order to cultivate the vegetables.

San Juan is a city of 300,000 people. The inhabitants are Roman Catholics and are highly educated. The women are of middle size and are exquisitely formed. They have all the coquetry of the women of the tropics, and their beauty, gentleness and grace is the talk of all who visit the island. The harbor of San Juan is the best in the West Indies.

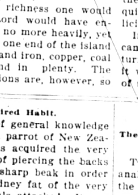
One of the principal sources of the revenue is its water supply. More than twenty islands of the West Indies send to it for water. Little boats sail up the harbor of San Juan, load their tanks with water, and sail away again.

Poverty is unknown in the island. Every man owns his horse and every woman has her chickens. The principal sport of the island is cock fighting, and the men of Porto Rico fight with game cocks as Madrid people indulge in bull fights. There is nothing but hospitality on the island, and the traveler who hands out money offends his host.

A feature which strikes the traveler is the roof gardens, for all Porto Rico enjoys itself on the housetops at night. The houses are built a little off the ground, and to the dreamy person seeing them for the first time they look not unlike castles in the air built for pleasure, rather than for dwelling purposes. The people have the habit of sleeping in the day and at night they go their shopping and visiting. This is the custom in Australia and other hot countries, and in Porto Rico it is almost universal.

Every man has his country house and town house. At time of carnival or celebration he takes his family to town and brings them back again when the sport is over.

Porto Rico is immensely wealthy in proportion to its size, and it is doubted if the Philippines can equal it in richness in proportion to the square foot of



It presents great possibilities as a resort and is one of the finest pieces of property on the earth's surface.

To cook corn, the wise camper will lay the ears on the coals, wrapped in their husks, and when the husks are quite burned off the corn is cooked deliciously.

If one is where shad abound the fish can be fastened to an oak shingle and turned before the fire till done, when it will be found to have a fine flavor of the oak.

MUSTACHE OF AN EX-QUEEN.

Natalie Counts the Hair on Her Lip as a Mark of Beauty.

Ex-Queen Natalie of Servia, who is about to organize a corps of titled ladies to act as nurses in the Cuban war, has a mustache—a thick, well-defined mustache, of which many a dowy-lipped dude might be justly envious. Natalie is known as "the most unfortunate queen in Europe," and to the mind of the average American woman the mustache is doubtless sufficient ground to establish the title. But Natalie is enough of an oriental to count the shadowy line above her lip as a mark of especial beauty—a particular mark of favor from the gods. She has had more tragedies in her life than any other queen consort of modern times, not excepting the ill-fated Eugenie, who was also empress-consort, by the way. One of the favorite pastimes of Natalie's disreputable husband, King Milan, was to swing her about by her long, black hair before the entire court circle. Her son, Alexander, was torn from her arms at an age when he most required her care. Her life was saved by a party of students, who escorted her carriage over the frontier when it was attacked by hired assassins. Her reason finally gave way under her burden of sorrows, but this last misfortune was only temporary, and she went to a convent for a time for the peace the world could not give. Natalie now forgets her own griefs in trying to lighten those of others.

He was Interested.

Voice over the Phone—"Any more fighting in Santiago?" The Office Boy—"Nop." Voice—"Sure?" "Yes,sure. You seems mighty anxious." "You bet I'm anxious. I've got a nephew there who owes me $13."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Particular.

Miss Frigid—If I had known that Margaret Doyle had been bathing here nothing would have induced me to enter the same sea. I feel that it contaminates me now—Pick-Me-Up.

If you reside in a stone house, don't throw glasses.

An Acquired Habit.

It is a matter of general knowledge that the mountain parrot of New Zealand, the kea, has acquired the very destructive habit of piercing the backs of sheep with its sharp beak in order to feed on the kidney fat of the very unfortunate animals attacked. It was at one time believed that the birds had learned this habit from procuring fatty particles from the skins of sheep which had been slaughtered; but now a more likely solution of the problem has been suggested by a correspondent of the Zoologist. This gentleman, who writes from Melbourne, tells us that in the hilly districts of the middle island of New Zealand there grows in great quantity a white lichen, which bears a strong resemblance to sheep's wool. Beneath this lichen are to be found small white fatty substances, which some suppose to be the seeds of the plant, and others describe as maggots which infest it; but whatever they be, they form a favorite food of the kea. It is suggested that the bird, misled by the resemblance of the sheep's wool, digs down into the flesh in the hope of finding this white substance of which it is so fond, and that in this way the new habit has been originated. In the first place, probably the birds are misled by mistaking dead sheep for masses of the lichen under which they had been accustomed to find their favorite food.

Unequal to Exertion.

For a time there was no sound except that of two hearts beating as one. Finally she broke the silence. "I think, George," she said, "that you'd better speak to papa tonight." "But, dearest," he protested, "he seems exceptionally cross tonight." "True," she admitted, "but he is also exceptionally tired." From that standpoint of safety he realized then that the occasion was one not to be lost.—Chicago Post.

Two Views of It.

"When I hyahs a man sayin' he would'n steal a pin," said Uncle Eben, "I sometimes takes it as an evidence of great honesty. An' den agin, it simply calls 'tention to de fack dat de market price foh pins ain' very big, nohow."—Washington Star.

ABOUT MOLECULES.

Their Relations to Electricity and Its Effect on Them.

The New South Wales government analyst, William M. Hamlet, delivered the presidential address in the section of chemistry at the recent meeting of the Australian Association for the Advancement of Science, the subject being "The Molecular Mechanism of an Electrolyte." He defined an electrolyte as a body in solution or state of fusion, capable of being instantaneously decomposed by a current of electricity, and he claimed that if the explanation he offered was adequate for the electrolyte it must hold good for the constitution of the matter in the universe, so that the treatise on the electrolyte has a most important scientific bearing. The method of investigating the action of one body upon any other, he reminded his audience, was brought to a high degree of accuracy by the immortal work of Sir Isaac Newton. He alluded to some observations of the late Professor Clifford, made over twenty years ago, this authority remarking, almost prophetically, "We can look forward to the time when the structure and motions in the inside of a molecule will be so well known that some future Kant or Laplace will be able to make an hypothesis about the history and formation of matter."

Expert Advice.

Gentleman (meeting old negro, who is much battered)—"Why, what's the matter, uncle?" "O, nuffin, boss, but ef yo' ever got soanfous tings to say about eh mule, yo' want ter say dem ter hees face."—Truth.

Satan in Hard Luck.

Louis Satan was prostrated by the heat in New Jersey the other day. After his experience in New Jersey probably Satan henceforth "will never care to wander from his own fireside."—Chicago Times-Herald.

More Than Was Needed.

"He was a liberal judge," said Languid Lawrence. "In wot way?" asked Restful Rawson. "He gimme four hours ter leave town, w'en I needed but ten minnits."—New York World.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text, Proverbs, Chapter 18, Verse 24, as Follows: "A Man That Hath Friends Must Show Himself Friendly."—Timely Advice.

About the sacred and divine art of making and keeping friends I speak—a subject on which I never heard of anyone preaching—and yet God thought it of enough importance to put it in the middle of the Bible, these writings of Solomon, bounded on one side by the popular Psalms of David, and on the other by the writings of Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets. It seems all a matter of haphazard how many friends we have, or whether we have any friends at all, but there is nothing accidental about it. There is a law which governs the acquisition and dispersion of friendships. They did not "just happen so" any more than the tides just happen to rise or fall, or the sun just happens to rise or set. It is a science, an art, a God-given regulation.

Tell me how friendly you are to others, and I will tell you how friendly others are to you. I do not say you will not have enemies; indeed, the best way to get ardent friends is to have ardent enemies, if you get their enmity in doing the right thing. Good men and women will always have enemies, because their goodness is a perpetual rebuke to evil, and this antagonism of foes will make more intense the love of your adherents. Your friends will gather closer around you because of the attacks of your assailants. The more your enemies abuse you the better your conquerors will think of you.

The best friend we have ever had appeared at some juncture when we were especially heartsick. There have been times in my life when unjust assault multiplied my friends, as near as I could calculate, about fifty a minute. We are bound to some people by many cords that neither time nor eternity can break, and I will warrant that many of those cords were twisted by hands malevolent. Human nature was shipwrecked about fifty-nine centuries ago, the captain of that craft, one Adam, and the long boat running the famous cataract of Niagara a snag in the river Hiddekel, but there was at least one good trait of human nature that waded safely ashore from that shipwreck, and that is the disposition to stick. The sort of those unfaitly dealt with. When it is thoroughly demonstrated that some one is being persecuted, although at the start slanderous tongues were busy enough, defenders finally gather around as thick as bees hover on a trellis of bruised grapevine. *

Before you begin to show yourself friendly you must be friendly. Get your heart right with God and man, and this grace will become easy. You may by your own resolution get your nature into a semblance of this virtue, but the grace of God can sublimely lift you into it. Sailing on the river Thames two vessels ran aground. The owners of one got one hundred horses, and pulled on the grounded ship, and pulled it to pieces. The owners of the other grounded vessel waited till the tides came in, and gently floated the ship out of all trouble. So we may pull and haul at our grounded human nature, and try to get into better condition, but there is nothing like the oceanic tides of God's uplifting grace. If, when under the flash of the Holy Ghost, we see our own foibles and defects and depravities, we will be very lenient, and very easy with others. We will look into their characters for things commendatory, and not damatory. If you would rub your own eye a little more vigorously you would find a mote in it, the extraction of which would keep you so busy you would not have much time to shoulder your broadaxe and go forth to split up the beam in your neighbor's eye. In a Christian spirit keep on exploring the characters of those you secure, and I am sure you will find something in them fit for a foundation of friendliness.

You invite me to come to your country-seat and spend a few days. Thank you! I arrive about noon of a beautiful summer day. What do you do? As soon as I arrive you take me out under the shadow of the great elms. You take me down to the artificial lake, the spotted trout floating in and out among the white pillars of the lond-lilies. You take me to the stalls and kennels where you keep your thoroughbreds—here are the Durham cattle and the Gordon setters; and the high-stepping steeds, by pawing and neighing, the only language they can speak, asking for harness or saddle, and a short turn down the pike. Then we go back to the house, and you get me in the cool light, and show me the Kensetts and the Bierstadts on the wall, and take me into the music-room and show me the bird-cages, the canaries in the bay window answering the robins in the tree-tops. Thank you, I never enjoyed myself more in the same length of time. Now, why do we not do so with the characters of others, and show the bloom and the music and the bright fountains? No. We say, "Come along, and let me show you that man's character. He is a green-stumped frog-pond, and there's a filthy cellar, and I guess under that hedge there must be a black snake. Come and let us for an hour or two regale ourselves with the nuisances."

Oh, my friends, better cover up the faults and extol the virtues, and this habit once established of universal friendliness will become as easy as it is for a syringa to flood the air with sweetness, as easy as it will be further on in the season for a quail to whistle up from the grass. When we hear something bad about somebody when we always supposed to be good, take out your lead pencil and say, "Let me see! Before I accept that baleful story against that man's character I will take off from it twenty-five per cent for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story, then I will take off twenty-five per cent for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So I have taken off seventy-five per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining twenty-five per cent. Excuse me, sir, I don't believe a word of it."

Now, supposing that you have, by a Divine regeneration, got right toward God and humanity, and you start out to practice my text. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Fulfil this by all forms of appropriate salutation. Have you noticed that the head is so poised that the easiest thing on earth is to give a nod of recognition? To swing the head from side to side, as when it is wagged in derision, is unnatural and unpleasant; to throw it back, invites vertigo; but to drop the chin in greeting is accompanied with so little exertion that all day long, and every day, you might practice it without the least yemblance of fatigue. So, also, the structure of the hand indicates hand-shaking, the knuckles not made so that the fingers can turn out, but so made that the fingers can turn in, leaving the open hands, and the thumb divided from and set aloof from the fingers, so that while the fingers take your neighbor's hand on one side, the thumb takes it on the other and, pressed together, all the faculties of the hand give emphasis to the salutation. Five sermons in every healthy hand urge us to hand shaking.

Besides this, every day when you start out, load yourself up with kind thoughts, kind words, kind expressions and kind greetings. When a man or woman does well, tell him so, tell her so. If you meet some one who is improved in health, and it is demonstrated in girth and color, say, "How well you look!" But if, on the other hand, under the wear and tear of life he appears pale and exhausted, do not introduce such subjects, or say anything at all about physical condition. In the case of improved health, you have by your words given another impulse toward the robust, and the blessed, while in the case of the failing health you have arrested the decline by your silence, by which I conclude, "If I were really so badly off he would have said something about it." We are all, especially those of a nervous temperament, susceptible to kind words and discouraging words. Form a conspiracy against the sad let you meet us at certain points on our way over to business, and let each one say, "How sick you look!" though we should start out well, after meeting the first and hearing his depressing salute, we would begin to examine our symptoms. After meeting the second gloomy accosting, we would conclude we did not feel quite as well as usual. After meeting the third our condition would be dreadful, and after meeting the fourth, unless we resorted a compress, we would go home and go to bed and the doctor. A pessimist would be such an orphan of a compliment.

We want something like that spirit of sacrifice for others which was seen in the English channel, where in the storm a boat containing three men was upset and all three were in the water struggling for their lives. A boat came to their relief and a rope was thrown to one of them and he refused to take it, saying: "First fling it to Tom; he is just ready to go down. I can last some time longer." A man like that, be he sailor or landsman, be he in upper ranks of society or lower ranks, will always have plenty of friends. What is true manward is true Godward. We must be the friends of God if we want him to be our friend. We cannot treat Christ badly all our lives and expect him to treat us lovingly. I was reading of a sea fight in which Lord Nelson captured a French officer, and when the French officer offered Lord Nelson his hand, Nelson replied, "First give me your sword and then give me your hand." Surrender of our resistance to God must precede God's proffer of pardon to us. Repentance before forgiveness. You must give up your rebellious sword before you can get a grasp of the divine hand.

Oh, what a glorious state of things to have the friendship of God! Why, we could afford to have all the world against us and all other worlds against us if we had God for us. He could in a minute blot out this universe, and in another minute make a better universe. I have no idea that God tried hard when he made all things. The most brilliant thing known to us is light, and for the creation of that he only used a word of command. As out of a flint a frontiersman strikes a spark, so out of one word God struck the noonday sun. For the making of the present universe I do not read that God lifted so much as a finger. The Bible frequently speaks of God's hand and God's arm and God's shoulder and God's foot; then suppose he should put hand and arm and shoulder and foot to utmost tension, what would he make? that God of such demonstrated and undemonstrated strength, you may have for your present and everlasting friend, not a stately and reticent friend, hard to get at, but as approachable as a country mansion on a summer day, when all the doors and windows are wide open. Christ said, "I am the door." And he is a wide door, a high door, a palace door, an always open door. * * *

My four-years-old child got hurt and did not cry until hours after, when her mother came home, and then she burst into weeping, and some of the domestics, not understanding human nature, said to her, "Why did you not cry before?" She answered: "There was no one to cry to." Now, I have to tell you that while human sympathy may be absent, Divine sympathy is always accessible. Give God your love, and get his love; your service, and secure his help; your repentance, and have his pardon. God a friend? Why, that means all your wounds healed, all your sorrows soothed, and if some sudden catastrophe should hurl you out of earth it would only hurl you into heaven.

If God is your friend, you cannot go out of the world too quickly or suddenly, so far as your own happiness is concerned. There were two Christians who entered heaven; the one was standing at a window in perfect health, watching a shower, and the lightning instantly slew him; but the lightning did not flash down the sky as swiftly as his spirit flashed upward. The Christian man who died on the same day next door had been for a year or two failing in health, and for the last three months had suffered from a disease that had made the nights sleepless and the days an anguish. Do you not really think that the case of the one who went instantly was more desirable than that of the one who entered the shining gate through a long, lane of insomnia and consumption? In the one case it was like your standing wearily at a door, knocking and waiting, and wondering if it will ever open, and knocking and waiting again, while in the other case it was a swinging open of the door at the first touch of your knuckle. Give your friendship to God, and have God's friendship for you, and even the worst accident will be a victory.

How refreshing is human friendship; and true friends, what priceless treasures! When sickness comes, and troubles come, and death comes, we send for our friends first of all, and their appearance is our doorway in any crisis is reinforcement, and when they have entered, we say: "Now it is all right!" Oh, what would we do without personal friends, business friends, family friends? But we want something mightier than human friendship in the great exigencies. When Jonathan Edwards, in his final hour, had given the last good-bye to all his earthly friends, he turned on his pillow, and closed his eyes, confidently saying: "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing Friend?" Yes, I admire human friendship as seen in the case of David and Jonathan, of Paul and Onesiphorus, of Herder and Goethe, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Montaigne and Fletcher, of Cowley and Hardy, of Erasmus and Thomas More, of Lessing and Mendelssohn, of Lady Churchill and Princess Anne, of Orestes and Pylades, each requesting that himself might take the place of the dagger, so the other might be spared. Of Epaminondas and Pelopidas, who locked their shields in battle, determined to die together; but the grandest, the mightiest, the tenderest friendship in all the universe for the friendship between Jesus Christ and a fallen lying soul. Yet, after all I have said, I feel I have only done what James Marshall, the miner, did in 1848 in California, before its gold mines were known. He reached in and put upon the table of his employer, Captain Sutter, a shimmeloful of gold dust. "Where did you get that?" said his employer. The reply was: "I got it this morning from a mill race from which the water had been drawn off." But that gold dust, which could have been taken up between the finger and thumb, was the prophecy and specimen that revealed California's wealth to all nations. And today I have only put before you a specimen of the value of Divine friendship, but a specimen of mines inexhaustible and infinite, though all ours and all eternity go on with the exploration.

STRONGER THAN A NAVY.

What a hostile navy had not succeeded in doing, was likely found within the power of a little child. When war broke out between the United States and Spain, friendly relations between the subjects of the two countries had not come to an end. Thus it happened that a Spanish officer from Cuba was visiting in our land.

He desired to return, but found himself unable to do so, as Cuba was blockaded. Nothing daunted, he went aboard a small fishing schooner, hoping to run into port unseen. He was unfortunate. The schooner was captured by an American vessel, and the officer was a prisoner of war.

It looked as if he must abandon his project and resign himself to the inevitable. Yet the very next day that Spanish officer was on Cuban soil. He did nothing daring in order to get there. He only explained to the American commander that he was trying to get back to Cuba to see his little baby, not yet many days old.

The plea was potent. Love of childhood was in the heart of the American commander no less than in that of the Spanish officer. The next day a small boat, under a flag of truce, landed the young navy part and officer on Cuba. Force and intrigue could accomplish nothing, but the baby prevailed.

The Snipe as a Surgeon.

It has just been discovered that the snipe is able to repair injuries to his own person. Whenever the snipe is wounded about the body or his leg broken he does not necessarily crawl away to some quiet nook to die. Most other birds give themselves up as dead when such a misfortune befalls them, but the snipe does not seem to mind a little thing like that. He simply flies away to some quiet place and tears feather after feather from his side or wing, or from any other part of his body than the wounded place. As soon as the snipe has obtained three or four loose feathers he quickly strips the downy part and allows the hard quill to fall to the ground. The down he places over the injured part, and before an onlooking bird would have time to say "Jack Robinson" the snipe has stopped the flow of blood. The crisis being over, the snipe finishes his surgical operation more leisurely. This he does by finding some cast-off feathers lying about the grass, and after tearing out the quills he lays fold after fold of the new down over the wound. The blood acts as a sort of gum to the down, so that when the snipe has finished his work he is completely out of danger. When in a few weeks nature provides some new cuticle for the snipe's wound, the artificially applied feathers are dropped, little by little, until finally the snipe's breast looks every whit as well as it was before he was hurt. The person who discovered that snipes are their own surgeons is the famous ornithologist, Fatio, who announced his interesting discovery to the International Physical Society at their recent convention in Geneva. M. Fatio says snipe do not merely stop bleeding wounds on their bodies. He has had evidence showing that they are also capable of constructing a splint to nurse broken wings and broken legs.

The Reason.

Haverly—"Doesn't Enpec believe in a central form of government?" Austen—"No; he married a telephone girl."—New York Evening Journal.

How Cereals Rank in Russia.

Wheat in Russia ranks third in the production of cereals, rye taking the lead and oats the second place.