

Sunday Reading.

Dr. Talmage Under the Midnight Sun.

The Wondrous Spectacle Witnessed from the North Cape—An Experience That Wrecks Many Nervous People.

We take steamer from Trondhjem, a proper name that you will pronounce wrongly whichever way you pronounce it, unless you were born in Norway, or have for a long while practised the strange accentuation. We are sailing for the North Cape, or the north end of the world, or the Land of the Midnight Sun. We start with a depressed spirit, for the voyagers who have just returned from those regions did not see the wonderful spectacle. There were clouds and fogs which would not lift their curtain for the solar exhibition. Indeed, the most of the people who go to see the midnight sun never see it at all; and there are thousands of persons who think that promised performance a failure and a humbug. They return from the North Cape feeling chilly, and with a bad cold in their heads, and they sneeze violently while they are describing their disappointment. It was raining as we stepped aboard the Kong Harold, and if any one of the party had suggested to us another route, and that the midnight moon kept more reasonable hours than the midnight sun, we would have changed our itinerary.

But fortunately we sailed on toward one of the most rapid and entrancing experiences of a lifetime, for we saw the midnight sun four times out of the five nights we were in the arctic. Our steamer day after day goes winding among the islands which suggest the Thousand Islands of the American waters, and then among inlets that remind us of Lake Lucerne and Cayuga, and by waterfalls which make you think of those of the Yosemite, and by mountain torrents tangled among the crags until the frolicking liquids fling themselves in the sea, and then we go on between the snow-covered rocks which are great white thrones of lustre and pomp, and our ship's gun startles the seagulls by the millions, and the echoes of rock which human foot never trod, and when we ask what means that cannonade we are informed that we have passed into the Arctic Sea which ground up the Jeannette, and has fought back the John Franklins and the Doctor Kanes and the De Longs and the Nansens of the world, and will keep on defying the explorers until the great palace of arctic cold will be left alone, and its keys of crystal are flung down for the peaceful reign of eternal frigidty. The Norway coast is wild and volcanic. It shows that nature has been in paroxysm. When Titans play ball they throw rocks.

It is summer, but all our blankets and furs are brought into service. Good bye to straw hats and thin shawls. In a few hours we have passed from June into November. Our faith in the integrity of watches and clocks is very much shaken. They say it is nine o'clock, and ten o'clock, and eleven o'clock, and yet not even a hint of darkness. But all the watches cannot be in conspiracy to deceive, and every man who has a watch is looking at it, and all the chronometers agree in saying it is ten minutes of midnight. At this time a great thick cloud drops over the sun. We have come four thousand miles through the isles of the great theatre of nature, and alas! there is a prospect that the main actor will not appear upon the stage. Having disappointed so many will he disappoint us? We are transfixed with anxiety, and are watching and waiting and hoping and almost praying that we may see what we have come so far to see. Hush now everybody and everything! Not one cough of the smoke-stack, not one throb of the engine, not one shuffle of the foot lest it disturb the scene. Look! The clouds seem parting, dissolving, passing. Aye! They are gone, and the midnight sun is before us.

Our steamer has moved out of the Fjord into the open sea that nothing may hinder our view. The shimmering waters of the polar sea have become forty miles richest mosaic, and all the angels of beauty and splendor having come down on ladders divinely lowered, walk those pavements of mosaic, and they look like the floor of heaven across which trail the white robes of the beatific. The sun is so bright we looked at it through smoked glasses. The sky was on fire. Enough clouds nearby to make an upholstery of flame. Horses of fire, and chariots of fire rolling through cities of fire. Great masterpiece of the Almighty in the gallery of the sky. Sunrise and sunset married. Niagara of fire. Strange, weird, overwhelming spectacle, smiting all other natural brilliance into nibility. Searching enough, overmaster-

ing enough, glorious enough to be the Eye which neither slumbers nor sleeps. We had seen the morning sun, and the noon-day sun and the setting sun, but never before had we seen and never again will we see the midnight sun. From what vats of infinite beauty were these colors dipped? A commingling of hues to be found in such excess on no other sky and on no other sea, amber and gold; lavender blending with royal purple; all the shades of yellow, orange and canary and lemon; all shades of blue, turquoise and sapphire and navy and marine and azure; all shades of green, olive and myrtle and Nile; all shades of red, scarlet and magenta and cardinal, the fiery red cooling into gray, and the gray warming into ruby. Now amethyst seems about to triumph until emerald appears, but the emerald is soon outdone by the carbuncle. It is in some respects the most impressive scene in the whole world. Seeing other wonders of nature you say they are like this or like that. The Alps are like the Sierra Nevada, the Rhine is like the Hudson, Lock Katrine is like Geneva, but the midnight sun is unlike anything. As there is only one 'Last Judgment,' by Michael Angelo in the Roman Gallery, and only one 'Sistine Madonna' in Dresden Gallery, and go to those places we must if we would see them, so we must go to the North end of the world to behold the burning and deific glory of the midnight sun.

The sun seems disposed to go to bed at the right time, but it does not like the wet pillow offered it, or it changes its mind, for you watch expecting it to hide beneath the wave. But no! Like unto its behavior in Joshua's time, it seems to stand still. Afterward it begins to rise. It banishes the night. It forbids the moon and stars to appear. These lesser lights seem to say: 'There is no use in our shining, for the sun does enough of that for all.' Victory of light over darkness! the shadows told to go and hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth!

But do not think that it is easy to climb the North Cape—the rock at the jumping off place of the world. I advise none to undertake it unless they be strong of limb and lung and heart. From the steamer you push off in a small boat, and after ten minutes' rowing reach the foot of the rock, which according to the guide-book, is 1,000 feet high, but by the unanimous opinion of those who climb it, about 3,000 feet high. We were not surprised to find a seemingly athletic man give it up and return to the boat. Up and up, slipping and sliding, now holding on to a rock now to a rope, till you come to a stretch of deep snow affording you no solid place for a foothold, and along by precipices, where the climbers are warned not to look down if they become dizzy at great heights. The most of the ladies got fast in the snow and would have been there yet but for the gallantry of those who had them in charge. After you feel you have almost reached the top, some encouraging soul will tell you that the worst is yet to come. But you cannot stop there, and so you keep going on and on until you reach the top of Cape North, and find that you have at least a mile to walk before you come to a place of shelter, and the points celebrated in stone for the visits of William II. of Germany and Oscar II. of Sweden. There again you see the midnight sun. But the descent is much more difficult than the ascent, and by the time you reach the steamer you are disposed to say: 'I would not have missed that excursion for a thousand dollars and I would not take it again for ten.'

But the most trying thing in all the journey to the Land of the Midnight Sun is the perpetual light. There is no suggestion of retirement. You stay up until twelve o'clock to see the wonder in the heavens, and you are so thrilled with the scene—if you have any soul in you—that you must talk it over until one or two o'clock in the morning, and at that hour it is as bright as twelve o'clock at noon in Washington or in New York, and why should you seek your pillow at all? Nothing but force of resolution, and a rehearsal of sanitary law, and an extemporaneous discourse on the uses of sleep can send you to your stateroom, and reaching it, you find the place flooded with light and all the scene proposing activity instead of somnolence. The result is that many people come down from the North

Cape nervous wrecks. They have acquired an insomnia which only weeks of regular habits can extirpate. With what joy we welcomed the night after we had come into lower latitudes! Oh, the practical uses of the night! Shadows as important as the sunshine. Midnight as useful as the mid-moon. We may say of the polar seas which we visited as it was said of a much better place. 'There is no night there.' But in the one case it was descriptive of a perpetual joy, for there is in that land no fatigue to be soled, but in the other case it is descriptive of a disquietude, because we must have hours shaded for rest.

Yet these polar regions have as many seasons of darkness as seasons of light. From the 23d of September until the 22d of March it is continuous night. The inhabitants long for the morning. Lanterns and candles below, moon and stars above are the only alleviations. Think of it! midnight through all of October, all of November, all of December, all of January, all of February, and most of March. I wonder if the roosters know when to crow.

I wonder if the sleepers know when to rise. I wonder if imbecility and unhealth of all sorts are not the result. Thank God, all ye who live in latitudes where the days and nights are not so long. Light for enough hours to do our work. Darkness for enough hours to favor refreshing unconsciousness. Let all who live in the temperate zone rejoice in the place of habitation.

On our way down from the North Cape it was the Fourth of July, and the anniversary of American independence was celebrated. The captain of our ship, a Norwegian, himself genial as a bank of honey-suckle, decorated the dining table with American flags. We all sang the 'Star Spangled Banner,' that is, as much of it as we could remember, all joining in the first line, half of us joining in the second line, two or three voices in the third line, but the last voice gave out in the fourth line, and then we hummed a note or two, and then we all quit, but when our music failed we burst into a chorus of patriotic laughter which saved the occasion from embarrassment. Called upon to say a few words appropriate to the day when Americans in towns and cities all around the world were in celebration, my theme of 'International Brotherhood' was suggested by the presence in that dining room of Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Germans, French men, English and Americans, and I could not help express the wish that as we were then sailing together we all might have a smooth voyage across the seas of this life, and at last drop anchor in harbor eternal, and if ever, between this and that, misfortune and trial should come upon us that the darkness might be irradiated by a Mid night Sun.—T. de Witt Talmage.

Only a Little Journey.

It was a short journey of an hour or two. The smoky little train rumbled along, stopping at dingy stations, and every time it stopped a young girl looked up from her novel, yawning, and found each village drearier than the last.

The train passed between fields of wheat. 'Just the color to trim my hat with!' thought the girl.

'Wheat,' said the man in front of her to his seat mate, 'has gone up a cent a bushel since last week. That's a poor crop.'

An old man at the back of the car looked out at the field. His own life, he thought, had been something like that field, wide spaces of waste land, empty; and here and there a little feeble crop. But the great Reaper would be merciful in judgment.

The sun went down in a red glow of splendor, and one or two stars came out in the grey overhead. The old man had so long been used to refer every sight and sound to his unseen Father that the crimson clouds seemed to him only a curtain with which He had screened His presence.

'He sets the stars in their places as at the first night,' he thought. 'He that watches over us neither slumbers nor sleeps.'

The wheat dealer observed that it was a fine night, and the young girl jerked down the shade impatiently and asked the brakeman to turn up the wick of the kerosene lamp.

At the next station a man lumbered into the car and sat down. He was ragged and pale. There was a stale smell of whiskey about him, but the poor sot was sober just now. He winced when the wheat dealer hastily exchanged his seat.

The young woman, too, told the conductor sharply that he should not allow such people to come aboard a car in which there were ladies.

The old farmer on the back seat had been thinking of his Master. Who had sent him into the world to work; thinking too, that the time was short, and wondering what He would have him to do now.

When he saw the friendless drunkard,

therefore, he thought, 'There is the next duty.' And when the train stopped and the miserable fellow arose to leave the car, the old man followed him, and taking him cordially by the arm, walked away with him, talking cheerfully as to a friend.

In the journey of life, as in Saul's journey to Damascus, a light from God shines round about us all. Some of us, like Saul's companions, think only that it thunders. But others, like the apostle, understand, and 'are not disobedient to the heavenly vision.'

Early Egyptian Standards.

The ethics, philosophy and manners of the ancient Egyptians, as embodied in the precepts and maxims set forth in the 'Oldest Books in the World,' a series of translations made by Isaac Myer, LL. B., are not only singularly elevated and refined, but distinctly modern in spirit. Who would imagine that the following extracts were taken from books written, as is asserted, between 3580 and 3969 B. C.?

'Be not haughty because of thy knowledge. Converse with the ignorant as with the scholar, for the barriers of art are never closed; no artist ever possessing that perfection to which he should aspire.'

'If thou hast to do with a disputant when he is hot, act as one who cannot be moved. Thou hast the advantage over him, if only in keeping silent when he is using evil speech.'

'If thou hast the position of a leader, making plans go for that they will, do perfect things which posterity will remember, not letting prevail words which multiply flatterers, raise pride and produce vanity.'

Happy is the man who eats his own bread. Enjoy thy prosperity with a glad heart. What thou dost not possess, labor to get!

'All workmen who do not labor be come outcasts.'

THIS DOG HAS A WOODEN LEG.

He takes kindly to it, and soon he is to have a Regular Artificial Limb.

The town of Milton boasts a dog with a wooden leg. 'Nat,' a keen-eyed fox terrier hardly a year old, is a source of never ending wonder and curiosity to Dorchester veterinary surgeons as well as to the blue-blooded residents on the brow of Blue Hill avenue, Milton Hill.

'Nat,' who is the property of Arthur Merritt, came to grief on July 1, when he fell from the rear porch to the ground, a distance of fourteen feet. When 'Nat' was picked up it was seen that he was suffering great pain, and two veterinaries were immediately summoned. Upon examination it was discovered that the poor animal's right foreleg was broken, and upon treating him for two days, vainly endeavoring to give the dog some relief, the doctors stated there was no hope for poor 'Nat,' and recommended shooting before hydrophobia set in.

The Merritt family was loath to execute the verdict, especially as the animal has been the constant playmate of the two children boy and girl, aged 9 and 13, also being an especial favorite with everyone on the hill. The dog was also valued at \$200 being a thoroughbred. So it was decided to give 'Nat' one more chance for his life, and at length Dr. John O'Connell of Dorchester was sent for. Upon arrival, the latter was informed of the non-success of his colleagues, and asked to state frankly whether or not there was any real chance of saving the dog's life.

The doctors answer was a thorough investigation of the injured member. He found that the break was at the point corresponding with the elbow of the human arm. The break was a bad one, and the dog's leg had swollen to almost twice its natural size. Gangrene had set in. At first the case looked hopeless and the doctor was about to add his verdict to that of his colleagues, when suddenly a daring idea presented itself. He would amputate the limb and substitute for it a wooden one. Success would mean a triumph, both for him and surgery.

Untold his plans to Mrs. Merritt, whose husband is in Europe, he tenderly carried the little animal home to the Bowdoin Kennels and made ready for the operation. The animal was etherized, as a human patient would have been, and the leg was carefully amputated just above the first joint, and then it was a case of waiting until the wound should heal.

When granulation had set in and the doctor had adjudged the wounded part not too sensitive, a wooden leg, fashioned from the branch of a tree, was carefully fitted to the stump. A sort of harness, suitably padded and worked on the same principle as braces, kept the wooden stump in place.

At first the animal refused to move, not knowing what to make of the strange gear but finding it impossible to 'turn it loose,' he resolved to make the most of what he evidently considered a bad bargain, and now stumps sturdily around his present quarters.

The skin has grown firmly around the wooden stump where it joins, and the stump has evidently become accustomed to its surroundings. The operation is looked upon by all, both lay and professional men as a complete success, and one almost unheard of in the annals of veterinary surgery.

The Merritts are delighted at the result of the experiment, and as for 'Nat' he 'hops and goes lightly' around the confines of the spacious grounds and kennel of his owner, awaiting the advent of a new cork leg, which his proud owners have ordered for him.

A Wedding Present.

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

Expensive Hats.

The most costly man's hat of which the Hatters' Gazette has found record is one which was presented to General Grant while he was in Mexico. Fifteen hundred dollars in gold was paid for it. No wonder it is to be seen in the National Museum at Washington, for besides being so expensive, it is said to be the finest specimen of a Mexican sombrero ever made.

Perhaps the most expensive hat was that which was presented to William H. Steward when he was Secretary of State in President Lincoln's Cabinet. It was of the kind known as Panama, and his South American admirers who sent it to him paid a thousand dollars for it.

At one time good Panama, cost five hundred dollars, but these are not now made. A hundred and ten dollars seems to be about the highest in the present day.

The rich men of South America wear hats as fine as this, but ordinary mortals have to be content with specimens which cost at the most but ten or fifteen dollars. Still these are fine, and are practically everlasting, for they can be cleaned again and again.

It is curious that they are called Panama hats, for they do not come from there. The finest are obtained from Payta, Peru, and Guayaquil. They are made of the fibre of the pineapple plant, and are as soft as silk, and so pliable that they can easily be folded up and carried in the pockets. Excellent specimens are made by the natives of Cuba.

Cholly—He called me a liab. What would you do about it?

Miss Pepprey—Well, if I were you I'd make it a point to always tell the truth when he's around.

What You Pay For Medicine

Is no Test of its Curative Value—Prescriptions vs. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are just as much a doctor's prescription as any formula your family physician can give you. The difference is that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were perfected after the formula had proven itself of inestimable value in scores of hundreds of cases.

Dr. Chase won almost as much popularity from his ability to cure kidney disease, liver complaint and backache, with this formula, as he did from the publication of his great recipe book.

The idea of one treatment reaching the kidneys and liver at the same time was original with Dr. Chase. It accounts for the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in curing the most complicated ailments of the filtering organs, and every form of backache.

Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlan, Beauharnois Que., states: 'I was troubled with Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia for 20 years and have been so bad that I could not sleep at nights on account of pains in the back, but would walk the floor all night and suffered terrible agony.'

'I tried all sorts of medicines but got no relief until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They made a new man of me, and the old troubles seemed to be driven out of my system.'

Mr. John White, 72 First avenue, Ottawa, writes: 'I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for deranged liver and pains in the back, with excellent results.'

'My wife used them for stomach trouble, and pains about the heart, and is entirely cured. They are invaluable as a family medicine.'

Scores of hundreds of families would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house. They are purely vegetable in composition and remarkably prompt and effective in action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates and Company, Toronto.