

THE EARTH GIRDLED.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S LATEST BOOK OF TRAVEL

His Third Record of a Unique Journey. How an Eminent Word Painter Has Depicted Some of the Earth's Rarest Marvels—An Interesting Work.

Rev. Dr. Talmage would have made a capital newspaper correspondent. No body has keener perceptions as to what interests the public and his ability to depict it in picturesque English cannot be overrated.

The advance sheets of his latest and greatest literary production have been, through the courtesy of Mr. H. S. Smith, president of the Historical Publishing Company of Philadelphia, furnished to the writer. The book bears a title that is in itself characteristic of Dr. Talmage, so great is it, so comprehensive and yet so simple—"The Earth Girdled."

our foot, Chaco and the Chickasaws, the pronunciation of which proper names will thrill ages to come with thoughts of valor and desperation and agony. Looking each way and away from the top of that mountain, earthworks, earthworks—the beautiful Tennessee winding through the vale—curling and rolling around, making letter S after letter S, as if that letter stood for shame that brothers should have gone into massacre with each other while God and nations looked on.



I have stood on Mount Washington, and on the Sierra Nevadas, and on the Alps, but I never saw so far as from the top of Lookout mountain. I looked back 31 years, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party while the foundations of eternal rock quaked with the cannonade. Four years of interminable strife seemed to come back, and without any chronological order I saw the events. Norfolk navy yard on fire, Fort Sumner on fire, Charleston on fire, Chambersburg on fire, O-

and umbrella trees and breadfruit and algaroba and tamarind and all the south sea exotics. Rough cheeks of pineapples against smooth cheeks of melon. The tropic hursting incense of aromatics to the high heavens."

In another vein the doctor writes of the degraded Samsons, the murderers of white and the general racial characteristics of the—her natives of those odd, picturesque islands.

Further along we find him weaving imitable word garlands about his memories of Australia and the beautiful harbor of Sydney. But he finds that tropic land too prolific of snakes and in a species of half abstruse humor discomposes of the 88 kinds of reptiles Australia affords.

An intensely interesting and instructive chapter is the one devoted to a description of the author's visit to a Buddhist village in Ceylon. A portion of this may be quoted:

"Among the first visited was a Buddhist village. About 100 men studying to become priests gathered around the teachers. Stepping into the building where the high priest was instructing the class, we took on an apostrophe air and told him we were Americans and would like to see his mode of teaching if he had no objections. Whereupon he began, doubled up as he was on a lounge, with his right hand playing with his toes. In his left hand he held a package of leaves on which were written the words of the lesson, each student holding a similar package of leaves. The high priest first read, and then one of his students read. A group of as studiously young men as I ever saw surrounded the venerable instructor. The last word of each sentence was intoned. Not able to understand what was said, there is a lack of language and intonation that is the same among all races. That the Buddhists have full faith in their religion no one can doubt—that is my opinion, though to be sure, what I mentioned in the Melbourne and what I heard of the Buddhists in the Bay of Islands, I find in the Bay of Islands."

I cannot pass the picture of the world, that I find in a character, even a story, without receiving the benefit of it. This book is no exception.

It is a book of such interest, and of such value, that I feel it my duty to recommend it to all who are interested in the history of the world, and in the progress of civilization. It is a book that will give you a new view of the world, and a new appreciation of the progress of civilization. It is a book that will give you a new view of the world, and a new appreciation of the progress of civilization.

Down in the southwestern sea Dr. Talmage found Hawaii—found it in a sense that perhaps no other has, and it—as the very heaven of flowers. How his whole sensitive soul revels in the boundless richness and variety of floral exuberance of this sea-kissed isle! Hear him:



This book must be foregone. Bewildered by the luxuriance of the trees lifting horizon of this unparalleled panorama of the world, I have extended this review far beyond my intention, and still the inclination is strong upon me to say more in praise of it. At any rate, there is one thing of which I am assured—whenever reads a part of it will read it all and will then see how very few of its many virtues I have been able to set forth.

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FACING A GRIZZLY.

HOW A BOY KILLED AN ANGRY DEAR WITH A BLOW OF AN AX.

His Brave Act Saved the Life of One of His Companions—The Geology Class Found Something in the Rockies It Wasn't Looking For.

It was in September—and the Colorado sun had done its duty and made Phil as brown of face and stout of limb as any of us—that the geology class, consisting of the professor and ten pupils, made an excursion into the range with the object of taking a practical lesson among the limestone beds at the back of Lincoln park.

Away we went—feeling very hilarious at the idea of making an independent expedition, even with Blinners for a general—scrubbing over rocks and fallen trees, chasing squirrels and chipmunks, throwing stones at birds and rabbits, and behaving generally just like what we were—a parcel of school-boys.

Presently we emerged from the trees and came out upon another little open parklike stretch of ground. Half way across it our attention was suddenly attracted by a stir among some high grass, and out jumped a little, dark colored, short legged animal, which looked like a weasly pig—if there be any such thing in nature.

As for me, I never reached one of all. In turning to see I tripped over the ax, and though I was up again in an instant the ax had made its last of the piglets.

The chase was very well done. In its progress, at the moment the great beast caught me, and with one blow of her jaw on the stability of my back, sent me tumbling head over heels to the ground, with every atom of breath driven out of my body.

This last circumstance was a good thing for me. I could not have noticed a minute if I had wished to. Consequently the bear supposed that I was dead, and instead of tearing me up like small pieces, she stepped, she began sniffing me all over and turning me about with her claws.

Gradually, however, she ceased and began to growl, and I heard Blinners say in his own soft tone, "Oh, back! You've got my good. You'll only get yourself killed too." From which I concluded that Blinners and the bear had no thought in common; they had supposed me to be dead.

I was beginning to recover my breath a little by this time, and in my anxiety to see what was going forward I made a slight movement with one arm, and in so making the bear took her aim between her teeth. I heard her roar as if she had hit a bone, and all that happened afterward I gathered from the other boys.

Phil, when he saw the bear close, instead of climbing up a tree like the rest, ran back to where I had dragged the ax, and, picking it up, advanced to my rescue.



VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN.

It is the figure of a man in a white shirt and a dark coat, standing on a mountain peak. The mountain is covered in snow and has a few trees scattered around. The sky is blue with some white clouds.

With that directness and strong earnestness for which he is noted, the author plunges at once into the current of his subject and puts into a sentence or two his tender love taking of his family. Its very abruptness makes it tender. He tells of his pained thoughts of the possibilities of misfortune to his family and casualties to himself that may transpire during the accomplishment of the long journey that is before him and stops suddenly with "May the God who holds the winds in one fist and the seas in the hollow of the other hand protect us."

I took a carriage and would up Lookout mountain. Up, up, up! Standing there on the tip-top rock I saw five states of the Union. Some stupendous and overwhelming! One almost is disposed to take off his hat in the presence of what seems to be the grandest prospect on this continent. There is Missionary Ridge, the bench against which the red billows of Federal and Confederate courage surged and broke. There are the Blue mountains of North and South Carolina. With strain of vision, there is Kentucky, there is Virginia. At