Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1896.

STORIES OF WAR HEROES.

Lincoln's Kind-Heartedness—Grant's Coolness and Determination—How Sheridan Suited His Action to His Word.

Few men who have occupied as prominent a place as that which ex-Gov. James M. Ashley, of Montana, filled during the soul-stirring times of the civil war, have retired from public life, carrying with them so completely the respect and good feeling of those with whom they were allied or to whom they were opposed as he. It is seldom that Mr. Ashley can be induced to refer to the old days when he played such a prominent part in the National Legislature, and was chosen to be the mover of one of the most radical propositions ever made before this country, and one which at the time demanded no small amount of personal courage. Fearlessly he performed the duty of moving the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery in this country, at the close of the war.

A reporter met the ex-Governor a few evenings ago in Delmonico's. After having a business chat Mr. Ashley entertained the reporter for over an hour with anecdotes of the war times, about many of the prominent men who were his contemporaries in public life. Starting out in political life when only 20 years of age, he was intimately acquainted with nearly all the men whose names have become historical in connection with those turbulent times before and during the war.

Concerning all these men, Mr. Ashley has an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, and although in his sixty-sixth year his memory is as clear and his eye as bright as it was thirty years ago. He told the reporter some interesting stories of President Lincoln's kind-heartedness. "I consider President Lincoln," he said, "one of the most remarkable men who ever lived, as his kindness of heart was shown to all men at all times. I remember once when Carl Schurz, who was with the army, had sent a letter to the President without consulting his commanding officer. Of course, this was a breach of discipline not to be countenanced, and he subsequently wrote a letter of apology to Mr. Lincoln. The President replied by letter, 'Never mind; come and see me.' Of course, when Schurz went he began to apologize profusely, but the President, seeing how ill at ease he was, smiled and said in a kindly tone, 'Never mind, Schurz. I guess before we get through talking you won't think I am so bad a man as some people say I am.' That kindness broke Schurz all up.

"Another time I saw him give a pardon for a soldier sentenced to be shot, on the supplication of the poor fellow's wife and daughters. Of course, there was a most pathetic scene, and many of the bystanders cried. After signing the pardon the President said, 'Well, I have made one family happy, but I don't know about the discipline of the army.'"

Mr. Ashley also told some good stories about Gen. Grant, of whom he was a loyal and ardent admirer. Among some he related was one of a circumstance on the evening of the first day's battle of Shiloh, which had been a defeat.

"At that time," he said, "when any man might have felt disturbed, the Quartermaster came to Gen. Grant and told him that if he was again defeated on the next day he could not transport the troops (about sixty-five thousand in number), if it was necessary to cross the river.

"Grant asked him: 'How many men can you handle?'

"'Ten thousand,' replied the Quartermaster.

"'Well, said Gen. Grant, quietly, 'if we are defeated, you will be able to carry all that are left.'

"'So, you see,' said Mr. Ashley, 'what determination Grant had. He simply determined to win or be annihilated.

Another story about Grant's coolness was as follows: "Sheridan, when he came East, was assigned by Grant to Gen. Meade's command. Gen. Meade ordered him to go out with his cavalry and reconnoiter, but to be careful about Stuart, who was trouble Meade's brigade. Sheridan, whose blood was up, used some rather strong language, and said that he would 'knock hell out of' Stuart if he could get at him. Gen. Meade, who was a quiet man, when he again met Grant, said: 'Well, General, that man Sheridan you sent me is rather insubordinate.'

"'How is that? What has he been doing?' asked Grant.

"Gen. Meade repeated Sheridan's remarks, and Grant replied: 'Did Sheridan say that?'

"'Yes, sir; he did,' replied Meade, emphatically.

"'Well, said Grant, quietly, 'why didn't you tell him to go and do it?'"

Gen. Meade went back, took the hint, gave the order to Sheridan and Stuart never troubled the command again.—*New York Tribune.*

BETSY ARNOLD, a sister of Benedict Arnold, lived for years and years after her brother's disgrace in Norwich on public charity. When she was ninety years old, she was taken to the almshouse by old Sheriff E. G. Thomas. Betsy made a great how-to-do about it, and was so grieved that she lived only a few months. She was a strong old woman, and had much of her brother's temper.

HOW I ESCAPED ISANDULA.

BY WILLIAM M. GRAYDON.

"My dear fellow, don't, I beg of you, go into this campaign with the same light and boastful spirit that characterizes the rest of your British troops. Even your commanders, brave and skilled men though they are, have no proper estimate of Cetewayo and his Zulus. I ought to know them well. Have I not traded in ivory and hides all through Zululand, from the Buffalo River to the Umvolosi? Have I not lived in their kraals and hunted the elephant with their warriors? No, no, they are not to be despised—not to be routed at the approach of your bright uniforms and flashing rifle barrels. They will yield eventually, but they will score their mark before they go down, remember that."

This prophetic utterance was the last admonition to me from my old friend, John Roosevelt, the trader, when I left Port Durnford for the interior on that memorable Zulu campaign of '79.

Prophetic words indeed! Scarcely two weeks had passed away when the dire massacre at Isandula sent a shiver through all England, a premonitory shudder of what was to follow, for on the heels of this disaster came the awful tidings from Rorke's Drift.

I shiver yet sometimes to think how near I came to leaving my bones at Isandula. Plenty of brave fellows did leave their bones there, but I was one of the lucky ones. In fact, I escaped the terrible scene entirely, though while it was going on I was conducting a miniature warfare of my own which threatened to have fully as disastrous an ending as did Isandula.

Early on the afternoon of the day preceding the massacre our scouts brought in news of the approach of the Zulus. At first little heed was paid to it. Our intrenchment was a good one, our guns were well mounted, our ammunition was plentiful, and the soldiers were in a cheerful, courageous mood.

But towards evening things assumed a more serious aspect. Fresh news came in every moment. Two impis of Zulus were advancing from the north, already an impi had taken up its position on the slope to the westward, another was on our eastern flank, and now, to culminate matters, a horde of the grim warriors was steadily advancing from the south. Our camp was surrounded, that was certain, and our confidence now gave way to grave fears.

Just before dark, Colonel Chelmsford summoned me to headquarters, and, as I hastened along through the camp, I observed with a shiver the strange quietude that had fallen on everybody.

The colonel's greeting was very grave.

"I have a perilous mission for you, Blount," he said; "will you accept it?"

Without waiting for an answer, he went on:

"We are in grave peril, graver indeed than I care to admit. Our position is invested on all sides, and against a combined attack I don't see that we can hold out long. Sir Evelyn Wood is off somewhere towards the Umvolosi—how far away I can't tell. You must break through the enemy's lines, find Sir Evelyn, if possible, and hurry him back without an hour's delay. I have chosen you, Blount, because I know your record, and believe you can accomplish what I want, if any man can do it."

"I'll do my best, colonel," I told him, and then, with a tight clasp of the hand, I hurried off to make my preparations. for it was now dark. I had a good horse, and that in itself was everything. I was soon ready, and without saying a word to anybody I rode to the edge of the camp, and, dismounting, started on foot into the darkness, leading my horse by the bridle.

On the eastern side of our camp were two hills, on which the Zulus had intrenched themselves. Between these hills was a narrow ravine, and here was my only hope. If that ravine was unoccupied, I was all right; if not, all was up with me, I knew.

"I picked my way forward very carefully. The ground was soft and spongy, and my horse's hoofs made hardly any noise. Out on the hills stood the camp fires of the Zulus, blazing away merrily in a long line. The ravine was conspicuous only by its darkness, and from this I inferred that the way was open.

At last I reached the very edge of the ravine. Up above me on the hillsides I could see the dusky forms moving to and fro in the firelight, and could hear the rascals' conversation very plainly.

I listened a moment, but all seemed quiet ahead. The Zulus are sharp fellows, and for all I knew there might be half a dozen savage warriors lurking in the shadows, ready to impale me on their assegais.

There was no use in delaying. The sooner it was over the better. I spurred up my horse, and away we went into the gloom at a sharp, quick trot. Twenty or thirty yards had been covered, and I was just beginning to congratulate myself, when whizz came an assegai past my head and a dark form sprang out of the path just in time to escape my horse's hoofs. Another came flying after my retreating form, but in a moment more I was beyond their reach, dashing up the ravine at a pace which defied pursuit.

Just as I supposed, the rascals had been lurking there in the darkness, and had the groom not been so intense I would never have left the place alive.

The ravine narrowed to a dark, rocky gorge that finally let me out on the open country, and then I rode on in earnest, for if it was a possible thing the beleaguered men must be saved. Mile after mile I galloped over hill and plain, through jungle and meadow land, all the while keeping a sharp lookout for the expected camp fires. Little did I dream of the long distance that separated Sir Evelyn Wood from the camp at Isandula.

I was heedless of time in my excitement, and it was a tremendous shock when the first halo of dawn lighted up the east. Morning already! Where was Sir Evelyn, and what was taking place at Isandula?

I drew rein on a small ridge overlooking the furrowed plain. For in the distance shone a dim glimmer of water, and on the right lay one of those irregular rock formations that are met with only in Zululand—a great heap of stones towering up from the plain.

The situation was full of perplexity. I could not make up my mind whether to go on in the hope of finding Sir Evelyn, or to turn back and take the chances with my friends. My horse, meanwhile, had gone slowly down the slope, and suddenly, to my surprise, I found that I was riding through an abandoned camp-ground. Here were the ashes of the fires, the spaces where the tents had stood, the marks of the ammunition wagons, and various camp refuse scattered about.

That it was the camp of Sir Evelyn I had no doubt. But the ashes were cold and dead, and the traces of the march showed that he had retreated toward the Umvolosi probably on the previous morning.

To follow him was useless, and I came to the hasty conclusion to ride back to Isandula as rapidly as possible.

But destiny had other views for me. Glancing up from the ground my eyes encountered off to the left a sight that actually left me incapable of motion for a brief period.

A horde of dusky Zulu warriors was swarming over the crest of a sloping ridge, fifty yards distant, and in the dim light I could see their ox hide shields and assegais, and the swarthy gleam of their brawny arms and breasts.

The discovery was mutual. With a single shout they came bounding down the slope and were perilously near before I realized my danger. I was off like a streak, heading straight for Isandula, when half a dozen more of the fiends burst out of the bush in front of me, and I dodged down on my horse's neck just in time to escape two or three assegais that went hurtling past.

I drew my revolver and shot the foremost man and then made a dash through them. One big black fellow went down under my horse and I rode over him. I heard his cry of pain and then my horse suddenly gave a mad plunge and I shot headforemost to the ground.

An assegai had pierced the poor animal in the flank and off he went at a gallop, leaving me decidedly in the lurch.

I was on my feet instantly, and before the astonished Zulus realized it, I was bounding with great strides straight across the bush towards the flower in mass of rocks. They swept on behind in full cry, and the larger force that I had seen first made a break to cut me off from the rocks.

I am at all times a good runner, but on this particular occasion I beat all previous records. I left the fleet-footed Zulus behind, dodging from side to side to avoid the flying assegais, and dashed up to the rocks some yards ahead of the other party, who were sweeping along at the top of their speed. I turned sideways as I ran and took a snap shot at the leader, who was waving two assegais in a most vicious manner, and then in frantic haste scrambled up the face of the cliff.

It was split and seamed with crevices, and jagged with loose boulders, but no hiding place appeared till I came near the top. Then I saw a crevice down among the rocks just big enough for a man to get in, and in I went in a trice!

The top of the cliff projected out over my head, and I had a big, jagged rock in front of me. I drew down into the crevice like a tortoise into his shell, and waited in deep suspense.

If I had entertained any hope of remaining undiscovered I was soon undeceived. I heard the scoundrels chattering away down at the foot of the rocks, and presently two or three assegais shivered their points against the stone within a foot of my head. I paid little attention to them at first, but tried to compress myself into a still smaller space. I lay quite a moment or two, and then it suddenly flashed into my mind that those assegais must have been hurled from a point part way up the cliff instead of from the ground below, as I had at first supposed. This supposition was immediately confirmed, for, as I peeped up over the ledge very cautiously, I discovered half a dozen Zulus advancing steadily up the rocks. The foremost was a big, stalwart man, and, quick as lightning, he let fly his assegai. I dodged in the nick of time, and then, handing up my revolver, I took aim and fired, and down went the big Zulu to the bottom of the crags, taking along with him two others who happened to be just in the rear.

Several assegais swept past my ears, and then, as I blazed away indiscriminately, knocking one more man over, the rest beat a hasty retreat down the cliff.

A chorus of wild yells rose from the swarming fiends below, and in order to scare them a little I unloaded the revolver into the crowd there as fast as I could. They hurried out of range very quickly, and after some consultation squatted down in the bush.

I was in for a siege, and a most mighty unpleasant siege, too. The sun was up and beating down fiercely into the crevices of the rocks, and, to add to the misery caused by the intense heat, I was both hungry and thirsty.

The hours passed on with torturing slowness, and while I was suffering untold miseries in my rocky retreat the Zulus complacently baked their bodies in the broiling sun, their heads covered by their shields. I had no doubt that they were only waiting for darkness to finish me up. There was absolutely no chance of escape, for they had invested the rock on all sides.

The shield belonging to the big warrior whom I had shot was lying a few feet below me, where it had caught on a sharp spur. Here was a capital defense against their assegais in case another attack was made. Pulling myself nimbly over the parapet, I started down.

The cliff, as I have said before, hung directly over me, and I had taken but one step when a dark shadow shot across the rocks in front of me, and then down came a big Zulu on my shoulders. He miscalculated his leap, for he rolled sideways and pinned me over on top of him.

We grappled fiercely and floundered over the rocks at a lively rate. I had no chance to use my revolver at all.

The Zulu was a big, brawny man, and for a time the issue was uncertain; but at last I knocked his head against a sharp rock, and the tight grasp relaxed at once.

But now I was horrified to see a dozen warriors bounding up the cliff only a few yards away. With one spring I was on my feet, and, as I plunged into the cranny of the rocks, a perfect hail of assegais rattled around me.

In that instant I gave myself up for lost. Had left the shield behind, and I knew well enough that the moment I ventured to raise my head it would be made the target for a dozen spears.

I drew down as far as possible, pointing the muzzle upward, for I was resolved to put a few of them out of the way before I went under. But minute after minute passed on, and not a sound of any kind reached me. Then the suspicion stole over me that this was a cunningly laid plot to induce me to poke up my head and be impaled on an assegai. Fully convinced of this, I remained quiet for ten minutes longer, and then slowly thrust up my head.

Oh, the gladness of that moment! It was worth a day's suffering. Not a Zulu was in sight, save two or three dead ones lying on the ground; but fifty yards away, coming at a rapid trot through the bush, was a detachment of English cavalry. The Zulus had spied them in the distance, and beat a rapid retreat.

Cramped and stiff, I crawled down over the rocks, and was heartily welcomed by the brave troopers.

They turned out to be a reconnoitering party attached to Sir Evelyn Wood's forces, who were camped on a small watercourse five miles distant.

In an hour I was in his presence, relating the peril of the camp at Isandula. Instant preparations were made for a night march, but just before dark two blood-stained troopers rode wearily into camp with the terrible tidings. They were the sole survivors of the massacre.—[The Argosy.

No Peaceful Slumber in India.

It is simply awful to sleep in the hotels in India. All kinds of lizards and insects drop on your bed and make life a hideous nightmare. There is a barking reptile, or species of the reptile that I cannot name at present, which is really very dangerous and has a habit of falling on one's bed in the middle of the night. It will not bite unless disturbed, and then it will inflict an ugly wound. Several of them fell upon my bed one night, but I did not move or disturb them, so I was not bitten. Everything in the way of birds and tame fowls fraternize in India. The chickens are fed in the front yard on a small board, and I have seen peacocks, ducks, doves, hens, geese and nearly every species of tame and semi-domestic fowl eating together in sweet harmony. No one ever kills a bird, except in the hunting valleys, so they are very tame.—[Mail and Express.

A Famous Jews-harpist.

The death is announced of Carl Enlepstein, who, as far back as 1832-28, under the patronage of the then Duke of Gordon, created a great sensation in London by his performances upon sixteen jews-harps, with which instruments he is said to have gained some extremely beautiful effects. Eventually the vibrations of the jews-harps wore away the enamel of his teeth, and after a tour in Scotland he established himself at Bath as a teacher of the guitar and the concertina.—[New York Journal.

MEERSCHAUM.

It Comes from Turkey and Is Chiefly Used for Pipes.

The meerschaum comes from Turkey in nodules. A box holds about 100 pounds, and is worth from $30 to $50, according to the size and quality of the pieces. It looks like plaster of Paris, smoothed off and rounded. The nodules look like beeswax or large pieces of resin. It comes in pieces, and is worth from $2 to $50 a pound. Meerschaum to make a $5 pipe costs about $2.50. The amber tips raw cost about one-quarter to one-half as much.

When an order comes for a pipe the proprietor goes through the stock of meerschaum to get a piece out of which the pipe can be cut with as little loss as possible. Four-fifths of the meerschaum is wasted, though the chips are also saved and made into imitation meerschaum pipes.

The meerschaum is first cut on a circular saw into a piece a little larger than the pipe-bowl. Holes drilling down below and beating down barely into the crevices of the rocks, and, to add to the misery caused by the intense heat, I was both hungry and thirsty.

The meerschaum is then put into a lathe and turned to the shape of the bowl, and is turned with a half motion. After the turning the stem is inserted. It is smoothed off when dry, boiled in wax and polished; then it is ready to be sold.

The amber is worked with a chisel and turning wheel. The chisel is sharp and razorlike. A clumsy operator would cut his fingers off with it. An old operator takes the piece of amber in his hand and rounds it with the chisel, the forefinger of the left hand serving as a guide for the chisel to play. When it is rounded it is held against the face of a rough-edged wheel until it is turned to approximately the required size. Then it is put in the same turning wheel and a hole is bored through it.

This is for the more common and cheaper amber stems, the kind that are put in briarwood pipes, which sell for 50 and 75 cents. It does not take more than a quarter or half hour to finish one of these stems. A stem for a more costly pipe will take a day. The shortest time in which a good meerschaum pipe can be made is three days. That is for a plain pipe. If the pipe is to be carved that time has to be added. Workmen have spent months on carving one pipe.

The dust and chips from the amber and meerschaum are saved. The amber dust is melted and made into amberine. The meerschaum dust is chopped up and worked into a paste, from which imitation meerschaum pipes are made. It is a common idea that real meerschaum can be told from imitation meerschaum by the fact that real meerschaum floats on water, but imitation meerschaum floats also. Imitation meerschaum can be made which will color better than real meerschaum does, though it does not last so long and the color is likely to come in streaks. It is hard for a man who is not in the business to tell a real from an imitation meerschaum. The best quality of meerschaum frequently has slivers and cracks in it.—[New York Journal.

Widened Field of Woman's Usefulness.

Sixteen years ago or thereabouts, Massachusetts first woke up to her responsibility for the thousands of superfluous females within her lines, many of whom were without vicarious support, and for whom there were only the most limited means of self-support. At that time there were 857,529 women in the State, only 182,906 of whom were engaged in pursuits which gave them a livelihood.

At that time an appeal was made to the State Legislature to encourage in every possible way the employment of women in as many branches of work as were suited to them. The result has been an indirect, cut a marked one, as is shown in the statistics of a pamphlet recently published by the Chief of the State Bureau of Labor, in which it appears that "in 1885 the number of females in the State had increased to 1,009,257, and exceeded the number of males by 76,373, and the number employed in gainful pursuits was 309,999. The number of those employed had increased, therefore, from less than 22½ per cent. to nearly 31 per cent. of the entire female population. The total for 1885 does not include 1,710 women who were partners in manufacturing industries, nor 11,582 who were stockholders in such industries. The increasing industrial tendency is shown in the fact that while in 1875 there were 30,916 women furnished with work at their homes, in 1885 the number had fallen to 18,333. Of those engaged in industrial employment, 31,521 were engaged in the cotton factories, 27,564 were making clothing, and 14,390 were in boot and shoe factories, 12,159 were weaving books, and 12,643 were domestics in private families. The marked increase in the industrial employments is most significant of the great widening in the field of woman's usefulness during the past ten or fifteen years.—[New York Sun.

Food for Indigestion.

When such indigestible foods have been used as fat meat, rich pastry, hot breads, unripe fruit, tea, coffee, spices, etc., the eaters thereof may look plump but their muscles will be soft and their bones small, and they are while they are likely to be overcome by inflammatory diseases. To counteract the ill effects of such living a plain diet should be adopted, consisting of lean meat, fresh fish, fruit, succulent vegetables like onions, celery, asparagus, the various salads, vegetables, oatmeal, graham bread, rice and cool water, and as much out-door exercise as possible should be taken.—[New York Observer.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Summer Vacation."

TEXT: "*Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile.*"—Mark vi., 31.

Here Christ advises His apostles to take a vacation. They have been living so excited as well as a useful life, and He advises that they get out into the country. I am glad that for longer or shorter time multitudes of our people will have a summer vacation. The Pullman car trains are being laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the sea shore. Multitudes of our city men are packing their trunks for a restorative absence.

The city halls are pursuing the people with torch and fiber of sunstroke. The long chain halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrival. The crystaline surface of Winnipesogee is shattered with the prow of steamer, laden with excursionists. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen and toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. Already the baton of the orchestral leader is waved in the mountain air with glad green, and American life puts on festal array, and the rumbling of the tenpin alley, and the crack of the rifle ball on the green, and the balls in brilliant tables, and the jolting of the barroom goblets, and the explosive uncork-ing of champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance and the clattering hoofs of the race courses attest that the season for the great American watering-places is rapidly inaugurated. Fife and flute and drum and cornet-a-piston and clapping cymbals—will wake the echoes of the mountains.

And I am glad that fagged out American life for the most part will have an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Sabbatha. I believe in watering places. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor a season of inoccupation. Letter used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hours of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—as I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." And I have observed that those who most know how to rest do not know how to work.

But I have to declare this truth to-day, that some of our fashionable watering places are the resort and skating rink of a multitude that no man can number, and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of our friends I must utter a note of warning—plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety all at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the fashionable summer resort. It is generally because that the Sabbath is more of a carnival than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday excursions.

Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains take the day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is just to be a sacred variety, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in the evening, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know they are not half so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Your puny souls stand in the organ loft and small a tune that nobody knows, and worships, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended. The air is charged with "the world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place have had such terrible rents made in their Christian coats that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended! The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but take your Bible along with you and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath though they denounce you as a bigoted Puritan. Shake off from these institutions which propose to initiate you into the mysteries and iniquities of olden time Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recreation, and remember that all the waters of Hathorne and Walker and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the mineral, healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. Well, I like the horse. There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every my noble, whether in shape or spirit or capacity or intelligence or affection or usefulness. He is semi-human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast.

But we do not think that the speed of the horse should be cultured at the expense of human degradation. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names, and it is now of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suppose you, or a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of a "camp meeting."