Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1890.

HOW TO TIE A KNOT.

Various Ways in Which a Rope or String Can Be Intertwined.

The manner in which thread, yarn, braids, cords, etc., can be tied into a knot is manifold.

We begin to tie all knots with a loop [fig. 1] or a noose. [Fig. 2.]

The double loop, which is also called the cable clinch, is used for fastening a rope to a cable or ring. [Fig. 3.]

A simple knot doubled is called the water knot. [Fig. 4.]

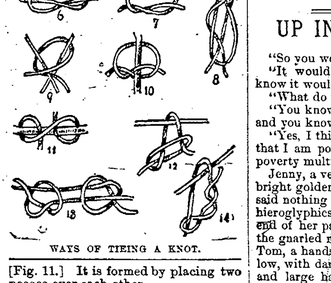
To form an eyelet at the end of a line, the Flemish knot, which is very durable, is used. [Fig. 5.]

The straight cross knot, or chevalier knot, is used for connecting thin cords of equal size. [Fig. 6.]

The false knot, or grandmother's knot, slips apart easily and is not very durable. [Fig. 7.]

The double weaver's knot (fig. 8) is much more serviceable than the single (fig. 9), with which fishnets are usually tied. Fig. 10 shows the common fishnet knot.

The fireman's knot is very strong.



WAYS OF TIEING A KNOT.

[Fig. 11.] It is formed by placing two nooses over each other.

The hangman's knot (fig. 12) is made by forming a noose, and pulling the rope through the first noose in the shape of another.

The English knot (fig. 13) is very serviceable for tying fishlines together.

The carpenter's knot (fig. 14) fastens securely two cords or ropes, which may be much thicker.

Do You Know Him?

The man who growls is a poor traveling companion.

The man who smiles does more good than he could do by scattering gold pieces.

The man who worries is a good friend to the undertaker.

The man with a hobby may not be doing much good in the world, but he is trying his best to be happy.

The man who keeps his joys to himself, and tells everybody all about his troubles, would do less harm with a loaded pistol.

The man who makes the least bluster is often the one to whom the world is most in debt.

The man who steps high and lies low is marching at the head of a long procession.

The man who pets his dog and neglects his children still picks his teeth in every community.

The man with the big head never has any trouble in getting a hat large enough to fit him.

The man with the biggest heart is the one the devil can generally entrap the easiest.

The man who chews, smokes, drinks, bets on horses, and never misses a circus is sure to complain that his wife is a very extravagant woman.

The man who thinks he has no faults to speak of would be likely to change his mind if he could hear what his neighbors have to say about him just after he has turned the corner.—*The Ram's Horn.*

Touching Reminiscences.

Wife (revisiting the scene of her beautiful)—"I remember, Algernon, so well when you proposed to me. How painfully embarrassed you were."

Algernon—"Yes, dear; and I remember so well how kind and encouraging you were, and how easy you made it for me, after all."—*Harper's Bazar.*

When the stars fall a skylight has been broken.

Wanting Too Much for the Money.

"Why the deuce don't you sing out the names of the stations clearly?" said an irate railway passenger to a brakeman who had just delivered himself of the regulation string of unintelligible gibberish.

"Golly!" exclaimed that individual, "dere's a cove as expects hopera singers for a brakeman's wages.

Not to love is not to live.

A SONG OF HOME

Across the wide lands as a pilgrim I roam—
Alone, and a stranger I fare,
But wherever I wander my heart is at home,
With the ones that remember me there.
The flowers bloom sweetly along these wild dells,
And the mountains rise rugged and grand,
And the low Sabbath sound of the far-away bells
Melts tenderly over the land.
And the western skies wait for the soft after-glow,
Eve never closed lovelier day—
But my soul looks beyond, and my eyes they o'erflow,
For my heart is at home far away.
You may warble, sweet birds, to the red evening skies,
Yet your vesper song dies on my ear,
For deep in my spirit the memories rise
Of the far-away voices more dear.
You may babble, pure brook, in your soft monotone,
You may purl to the pebbles one lot of the land,
You may kiss the green moss as it clasps the gray stone,
But my thoughts to a deeper pulse move.
Hark! hark! now I hear them, I hear the old words,
Familiar and sweet, light and gay—
Nay, nay, I but dream, 'tis the song of the birds—
But my heart is at home far away.
The western skies darken, the stars brighten forth,
The wild flowers droop, the night comes,
The birds hurry home to their nests south and north—
Ah! happy things, cling to your homes!
The lights of the city are dawning in view,
I return through the gay, thoughtless throngs,
From happy home windows bright faces smile through,
And I hear children's laughter and songs.
New friends give me welcome, with greetings of cheer,
I laugh and I seem to be gay,
But memory grieves in the thought's inner ear,
And my heart is at home far away.

—[Ernest W. Shurtleff.

UP IN A BALLOON.

"So you won't marry me, Jenny?"

"It would be madness, Tom; you know it would."

"What do you mean by madness?"

"You know well enough what I mean, and you know that I am right."

"Yes, I think I do know. You mean that I am poor and you are ditto, and poverty multiplied by two is madness."

Jenny, a very pretty little blonde with bright golden curls and sweet blue eyes, said nothing but looked down and wrote hieroglyphics on the ground with the end of her parasol. She was sitting on the gnarled roots of a great oak, while Tom, a handsome, broad-shouldered fellow, with dark brown hair and moustache and large hazel eyes, lay half-reclining at her feet.

"Eh, isn't that the sum and the answer?" he asked.

Still Jenny said nothing, but continued to write hieroglyphics, while a little flush rose on her cheeks and brow. The young man looked up in her face, and there was a deep melancholy in his fine eyes.

"I see how it is," he said. "While I have been away you have been demoralized."

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply, giving him an indignant glance.

"Oh, nothing to make you very angry," he replied. "It is just this: There has been some old woman's work going on, and you have been persuaded that

"Two poor folks wed
Had as well be dead."

"Some of those sage female veterans, who have gone through life satisfied to exist without that which it appears to me alone makes life endurable, have talked you into their way of thinking, and now, forsooth, it is madness to marry the man you love. For you do love me, Jenny—you know you do."

The girl was silent yet a little while and then she said, plaintively.

"I did believe I loved you once, Tom. I'll acknowledge it, but I am older now, and think maybe I was mistaken."

"Pshaw!" said Tom; "think maybe. I say you love me still. Yes, you love me still, and yet you are going to marry Ralph Morley. Don't deny it! for I know it; though perhaps you don't quite know it yourself yet. Are you engaged to him?"

"That is an impertinent question and I shall not answer it."

"Then I will take it for granted that you are."

"You needn't do any such thing, for I am not."

"Well, you did answer my impertinent question, after all."

"I was not going to let you think what you pleased."

"I'm glad you answered it anyhow, for now I am going to tell you what sort of a fellow he is, and I sha'n't feel as if I am being rude, as I might otherwise have done. Morley's kinfolks——"

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting any member of Mr. Morley's family except himself."

"The pleasure," said Tom, with a scornful laugh. "I bet me tell you if you do find it a pleasure when you meet one of them—be it father, mother, brother, sister or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done."

"He seems to be a very nice gentleman."

"Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a dinner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?"

"Of course I do, any child would know."

"You don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money."

"Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not far off, "come, I must go home."

Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, walked along by her side without saying another word. He knew if tears did come it would relieve the pressure on the dear little heart which was now pleading for him, and the cruel fellow thought it best to leave it there.

II.

There was to be a balloon ascension, and Tom Arrington was to be one of the party of aeronauts. He had been on several such expeditions before, and was quite an enthusiast on the subject of aerial navigation—but even tried his hand at inventing a steering apparatus for balloons, but had always failed of discovering the one thing needful to make it a complete success.

There was a crowd collected around the inclosure when the big oil silk bag was being inflated with gas. Tom was inside the inclosure with Jenny, her two maiden aunts and Morley, who had joined them, much to the young aeronaut's chagrin.

"How should you like to go up in her, Jenny?" he asked.

"O, I think it would be splendid. If I wasn't frightened, as I am sure I should be," replied Jenny.

"I don't mean to make the trip; but just a little way."

"How could we do that?"

"Easy enough. We'll get in the car, and the man will pay out the rope until we are a hundred feet or so from the ground, and when you have seen what it is like they'll pull us down again. Come, get in and try it; you've no idea how nice it is."

Jennie hesitated, looking at her aunts. "No, Jenny," said Aunt Jane, for whom she had been named, "I'll not permit you to try any such experiment. Suppose the rope were to break; where would you be then?"

Tom said there was no danger of the rope breaking, and Aunt Sarah, who had made up her mind to be one of the party, said she didn't believe there was.

"Will you go, aunty?" asked Jenny, whose heart was all in a flutter between excitement and fear at the idea.

"Yes," replied the maiden lady decidedly, "I've always wished that I could go up in a balloon, and now that I've got a chance to do it without danger—there is no danger, Mr. Arrington?"

"None whatever," said Tom.

"Then I'll go."

"Why, Sarah!" cried Miss Jane. "I'm astonished at your encouraging Jenny in such a wild, harum-scarum adventure."

"There's nothing wild or harum-scarum about it that I can see," said Miss Sarah; "everyone, I dare say, has a natural curiosity to know from experience what ballooning is like, and I'll go."

Tom soon had his arrangements all made, and helped the two ladies into the car.

"Will you go?" he said, not very cordially, to Morley.

"No, thank you," was the reply.

"Why, you are not afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid, but I will stay on terra firma."

"All right," said Tom, stepping into the car where the ladies were already seated. "Let her out," to the men at the rope. "That fellow hasn't the pluck of a woman," he growled, as they slowly arose.

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Jenny, when the balloon came to a stand, about 150 feet from the ground. "Isn't it, aunty?"

"Are you sure there is no danger of the rope breaking, Mr. Arrington?" asked Miss Sarah, instead of replying to her niece.

"It is brand new," replied Tom.

"Then it is a very agreeable sensation," said the lady.

After giving his companions sufficient time to fully enjoy the pleasures of their novel situation, Tom made a sign to the man below, and they commenced to haul in the rope. The balloon seemed rather reluctant to leave her native element—if one may call it so—but was at last secured near enough to the ground for the occupants to alight from the car.

After giving his assistance to Miss Sarah, Tom turned to Jenny, who was preparing to follow her aunt:

"How would you like to try it again?" he said, in a low tone.

"O, so much," was the reply.

In an instant he was back in the car, the signal was given to the men to pay out the rope, and when Aunt Sarah looked around her niece was fifty feet above her in the air.

"I don't know if Tom Arrington had had any such intention from the beginning; but while Jenny was looking over the edge of she car, waving her handkerchief to those below, he took his penknife out of his pocket and cut the rope and the balloon shot up in the blue sky like a wild bird set free from captivity.

III.

At first Jenny was so astonished and frightened that she could not speak; then she said: "O, Tom, I thought you said there was no danger of the rope breaking."

"I said what I believed to be true," replied that equivocating scamp, who had slipped his knife back into his pocket, "but don't be frightened."

"How can I help being frightened?" she asked in a trembling voice, as she looked below and saw houses and trees rapidly diminishing in size—the people already appearing like black ants scurrying about on an ant-hill. "What will become of us, Tom?"

"I don't know," said Tom.

"O, Tom! I thought you were an aeronaut."

"So I am."

"Don't talk such nonsense. You ought to be ashamed to try to make me more frightened than I am."

"I am not trying to frighten you, but now that I have got you up here all to myself I'm going to carry you to the moon, where girls are not sold for money."

"O, Tom," cried the girl, beginning to think that she was in the power of a maniac, "what do you mean?"

"Mean? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? Roll on, silver moon," etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad.

"Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right."

"You ought to be ashamed to—frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helpless condition, put his arm around her waist.

"Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't cry."

"I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder—she felt less frightened that way—"I—can't—help—it; you are—so—so—cruel. I didn't—think—you—would—be cruel—to—me—Tom."

"And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love me—that's all."

They were gliding along now easily and smoothly, but at a rapid rate, though that fact was imperceptible to Jenny. The landscape seemed to be swimming along beneath her, ever changing and beautiful, but she could perceive no motion in the balloon.

"What are you doing with the rope, Tom?" she asked, having somewhat recovered under his treatment.

"I'm steering it," he said, with a comical smile.

"Steering it? I thought balloons couldn't be steered."

"Oh, yes, they can—when the wind's favorable. At any rate, I'm steering this one."

"Where are you steering it to?"

"Right straight to Hymen's bower."

"Now you are beginning again to talk as if you were insane, and I shall get frightened again if you don't hush."

Tom pressed her closer to him.

"Don't you love me, Jenny?" he asked.

She turned her eyes up to him, but didn't say a word. Her head was still lying on his shoulder.

"Don't you think it would be nice to sail along this way all by ourselves, away from Morley and the two old aunties and everybody, forever?"

"I don't know, Tom; perhaps we might get tired."

"Never!" said Tom.

He had been discharging gas all the time, and the balloon had slowly settled down towards the earth till now everything in it was plain to the naked eye, houses, trees, and even people, who stopped to gaze up at them as they passed over, and Jenny, much to her lover's regret, had lifted her pretty head from its recumbent position to look over the edge of the car.

"Do you see that little white church, Jenny?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, that's what I've been steering for. Do you know why?"

"No; how should I?"

"How should you? Don't you know what people generally do in church?"

"They preach, and pray, and sing hymns."

"Nothing else?"

"Y-e-s, I believe so."

"You believe so. I know so, and that's just what we are going to do."

"O Tom, we can't."

"Can't we, though? Who's to hinder? Not the aunties; not Morley surely. They are a long way from here, and we can do just as we please about it, and tell 'em afterwards. Come, Jenny, you've got to promise to do just as I say, or I'll carry you up in the clouds again, and keep you there forever."

"O Tom, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to take advantage of my situation to make me do as you please," said Jenny reproachfully, but at the same time clinging closer to him; "you haven't got any right to do it."

"I've a perfect right to make you do what you want to do, and what is for your happiness. Come, promise! We are almost to the church, and if you don't I'll let her loose; I've only to throw out some of these little bags, and up she goes," and he picked up one of the sandbags as if to heave it out.

"Don't, don't, Tom," said Jennie, laying her hand on his arm; "I'll promise."

"All right," said Tom, and in a few minutes the balloon was skimming along not far from the ground, over an inclosed field. He threw out his anchor, almost immediately, and it caught in the panel of a fence, bringing the balloon too with a sudden jerk.

"O!" exclaimed Jenny, clasping her arms about her lover's neck. "I thought I was going to bounce out."

"We will bounce out, and that right quickly," said Tom, kissing her blushing face two or three times. "Yonder is the church, parson can't be far off, and—and—I've got the license in my pocket."

"O, Tom," said Jennie, "aren't you ashamed of yourself—to play me such a trick?"

But Tom wasn't a bit ashamed, and afterwards, whenever his pretty wife twitted him with it, as she did occasionally, he said it was a trick worth any two or a dozen that he had ever heard of.—[New Orleans Picayune.

FLOATING HOUSES OF BORNEO.

The Homes and Characters of Fierce and Strange People.

Aside from several unexplored regions in Central Africa there is at present no land of which so little is known as of the two largest islands of our world, Borneo and New Guinea. Our knowledge of these two islands is confined to the coastland and a few portions of the interior. So far as Borneo is concerned ten years ago even of the coastland little was known, so that the various makers of charts were forced to content themselves with the vague remark "imperfectly known." The Dutch expect of the island, whose area is equal to that of France, the physical condition of the land, the many boggy, sluggish rivers, the impenetrable primeval forest, the unwholesome climate and last but not least, the warlike spirit and natural of the inhabitants; all this combined to raise almost insurmountable barriers to an exploration of the island. Added to this were the difficulties in the way of navigation, partly by reason of the bogs shores in the neighborhood of the numerous and large mouths of the rivers, and partly for the many dangerous coral reefs, which gird the island. Borneo is a tropical land par excellence. Forests of invaluable species of lumber cover the mountain sides, and striking above all is the enormous abundance of water, primarily evidenced by the many powerful streams. The course of nearly all these rivers is only surmised, for up to the present time no one has succeeded in navigating them except a short distance. But the greatest obstacles are neither the climate nor the nature of the country, but the dangers with which the invader is threatened by the inhabitants. These belong to the "Dyaks," that notorious tribe whose coveted prey is the head of their victim, and who spare neither age, women nor children. Besides this, many of the tribes are man-eaters; moreover, their attacks are not made openly but from ambush, before the unfortunate victim is aware of the danger.

The habitations of these people are not distinguished from similar prehistoric European dwelling, except that they are not often found in the middle of the stream. Settlements of this kind are particularly dangerous to European exploring expeditions, for they are easily moved out of the way after some atrocious deed has been committed, and safely stationed in some remote side-stream. Expeditions on land are impossible on the island of Borneo, and a river navigation is the most hazardous and dangerous undertaking known to the science of geographic exploration.—[Post-Dispatch.

Beneath the Sea.

During the last three years, Dr. H. Fol has been making excursions into a region little frequented by man—that lying beneath the surface of the Mediterranean—and has gained a larger experience of a subaqueous existence than any other person has enjoyed. After a short time his diving dress became not at all disagreeable, though he found it advisable not to continue a "dive" beyond a quarter of an hour. He found a charm in the unfamiliar sights of the sea, and was able to make unexpectedly good natural history collections. He declares that the notion of walking upright is a false one, as it is necessary to incline the body forward at least forty-five degrees. After the first few yards down all the light is so blue that even red objects cease to appear red. The range of vision is greatly shortened, and at a depth of 100 feet it is possible to see in a horizontal direction only about twenty-feet under a clouded sky to perhaps eighty feet under the most favorable conditions. This difficulty of seeing through the water is mentioned as likely to prove a serious obstacle in the way of submarine navigation.

Only Eat Frozen Potatoes.

In Bolivia potatoes are not considered fit to eat until after they have been frozen. This is purposely done during the coldest months, May, June, July and August, when they are spread out on the ground in the higher altitudes till well frosted. Potatoes treated as above seldom attain more than the size of a hickory nut, but if any have grown larger they are cut in two. After one night's freezing they are soaked in water for twenty-four hours, then spread again on the ground, softly stamped by bare feet to squeeze out the surplus moisture and frozen another night or two. When this performance is completed they are hard as bones and will "keep" forever. In order to cook them properly, according to the notions of the people, they must first be soaked in warm water and then pounded or beaten between the stones. They are seldom used except in combination, that is put into the chupe or soup, or stewed with bits of dried sheep. If first ground fine and then cooked solus they make a poultice-like mess similar to the "mashed potato" of more civilized lands, but infinitely nastier.—[Washington Star.

Pressure of Water.

"Water," says the American Engineer, "serves to convey any pressure of power which may be given to it, whether that pressure is a pumping engine at the end of a main or by means of a column or weight of water above the main contained in a lofty tower or high storage reservoir. One cubic foot of water weighs 62½ pounds, and if the height of the column is increased, the pressure upon the base is increased for every foot thus added a further 62½ pounds. A column of water one square inch in area at base and 2.3 feet high weighs exactly one pound, so that for every increase of height of 2.3 feet a pressure of one pound per square inch is added to the base."

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Crooked Things."

TEXT: "*The crooked shall be made straight.*"—Isa. xl., 4.

Geometry, from the time it was discovered on the banks of the Nile, which by its overflow annually obliterated the landmarks, and the restoration of those landmarks made such a science necessary—I say geometry ever since then has been busy with lines, straight lines, curved lines, lines in angles and cones and spheres, but has never been able to evolve any beauty from a line that was merely crooked. The circle and the square was always considered admirable. Polish recognizes the circle and says, "The Lord sits upon the circle of the earth." The altar of the ancient tabernacle was "four square," and the breast plate of the priest "four square," and heaven, according to St. John, is "four square." But the Bible has no admiration for lines that are merely crooked. Indeed my text in prophesying the world's complete rectification declares, "The crooked shall be made straight."

There have been so many moral earthquakes that many things have got into a terrible twist—crooked laws, crooked Governments, crooked fortunes, crooked dispositions—and many of the efforts to straighten things have only made them more crooked. And so good people sit down in despair and become pessimistic, and give up life, and the church and the world as dead failures. With such lachrymose behavior I have no sympathy. It is a promise of the Lord Almighty, "The crooked shall be made straight." I propose, as I may be divinely helped, to mention some of the crooked things that are going to be straightened.

Much of the wealth of the world is in the hands of the profligate, while many of the best people are subjected to distressing privation, and there is going to be a redistribution of property. If it were possible it would be a bad thing to have things divided equally. Some men are able to endure more success than others, and prosperity that might not unbalance you might destroy me. The Declaration of American Independence declares that all men are born equal, but the opposite is the truth, for they are born unequal. In no respect is this more evident than in their capacity to endure success, financial or social. I have seen men by the acquisition of $50,000 made arrogant and overbearing, and I have known others with their millions of dollars childlike and unassuming and Christian. We would all be affluent, but the Lord cannot trust us. I am glad there are those He can trust.

Much is said against capitalists, but the world would be a very shaky world without them. Who built the great railroads which, while they give such facilities of travel, employ tens of thousands of laborers, supporting them and their families? Capitalists. Who built great ships that stir the rivers and bridge the ocean? Capitalists. Who reared the thousands of factories all over the land in which hundreds of thousands of employes earn their daily bread? Capitalists. Who endowed your colleges and opened free libraries and built asylums for the orphan, the cripples and the insane? Capitalists. But for these men would not be a piano in every house, or a picture gallery, or a free library, or a steamboat, or a railroad in America. Who put the world on seventy-five years before? Who put the world ahead in enterprise, in comforts, in educational advantages, in good things without number? Capitalists.

The more money a man gets the better, if it comes honestly and is employed righteously. Nevertheless we all see that there needs to be a redistribution of property. Communism proposes to make that distribution by torch and dagger and dynamite. Throw the midnight express train off the track and put the factory into conflagration. Disrupt society, burglarize, assassinate. Such people believe neither in God nor man nor woman, and they know how to make things worse, but never have made and never can make anything better.

I tell you how there will come a redistribution of property. Under the divine blessing good people will get more alertness and acumen and assiduity. Many good people are kept in straitened circumstances because they have been indolent or lacked courage to take honest advantage of circumstances, and were too stupid to get on. With the very same surroundings others went on to competency. In the better days to come good men will have their faculties wakened, and prosperity. On the other hand, estates wrongfully accumulated will disintegrate. If not the sons, then the grandsons will make the money fly, and it will gradually scatter in their hands and become a part of the general wealth.

Then, as to vast properties righteously gathered—and there are thousands of them—such estates will contribute toward helping the unfortunate, not more by charities than by helping struggling people into lucrative business, and the man who has amassed enough and a surplus will say, "There is a young merchant without any capital; I will start him on Fulton street;" and "There is a young mechanic who has no means of his own and I will put him on a career of prosperity;" and "There is a farmer with a big mortgage on his land, and I will help him lift the encumbrance." The fact is that if the kindness and generosity manifested by the rich toward the struggling during the last fifty years increases in the same ratio for the next fifty years there will be a condition of society paradisiac. We are going to have a multiplication of William E. Dodges and Peter Coopers and James Lenoxes and George Peabodys. So will come redistribution, and the crooked will be made straight.

Mind this: God never yet undertook a failure. The old book, which is worth all other books put together, makes it plain that God has undertaken to regulate this world by moral influences, and if He has the power He will, because He says He will, and no one can make to anything will deny His power. God has said a hundred times "I will" and "I will" and has never said "I cannot." Hammers may pound away, but God will mend and improve and straighten the fractured condition of the world, and be the admiration of the world, and be the wonder and the marvel of the universe, because our arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor our ear heavy that it cannot hear. The most defiant difficulty will disappear when God with a hammer made of summer thunderbolts strikes the anvil and says, "The crooked shall be made straight."

Your business concerns there are infinite rights to outsiders for business firms do not advertise their private troubles; but there is a firm has everything just as it should be, and there are a hundred firms at their back and want to do with that partner who gives them his share of the profits. Every stockholder who comes in just often enough to pay his dues, or with that disappointed look which you cannot account for, or with that threatening which you dare not venture to stay to your judgment because you are sure of the determination to push it through. Some people talk as though God controlled things in general but not in particular; that He started everything, and let certain laws and then let it run on out of its own accord. Without any prospect of the trouble is putting a wrinkle on God's dress because not at all disagreeable, though he found it advisable not to continue a "dive" beyond a quarter of an hour. He found a charm in the unfamiliar sights of the sea, and was able to make unexpectedly good natural history collections. He declares that the notion of walking upright is a false one, as it is necessary to incline the body forward at least forty-five degrees. After the first few yards down all the light is so blue that even red objects cease to appear red. The range of vision is greatly shortened, and at a depth of 100 feet it is possible to see in a horizontal direction only about twenty-feet under a clouded sky to perhaps eighty feet under the most favorable conditions. This difficulty of seeing through the water is mentioned as likely to prove a serious obstacle in the way of submarine navigation.

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Pressure of Water.

"Water," says the American Engineer, "serves to convey any pressure of power which may be given to it, whether that pressure is a pumping engine at the end of a main or by means of a column or weight of water above the main contained in a lofty tower or high storage reservoir. One cubic foot of water weighs 62½ pounds, and if the height of the column is increased, the pressure upon the base is increased for every foot thus added a further 62½ pounds. A column of water one square inch in area at base and 2.3 feet high weighs exactly one pound, so that for every increase of height of 2.3 feet a pressure of one pound per square inch is added to the base."

TEXT: "*The crooked shall be made straight.*"—Isa. xl., 4.

Geometry, from the time it was discovered on the banks of the Nile, which, by its overflow annually obliterated the landmarks, and the restoration of those landmarks made such a science necessary—I say geometry ever since then has been busy with lines, straight lines, curved lines, lines in angles and cones and spheres, but has never been able to evolve any beauty from a line that was merely crooked. The circle and the square was always considered admirable. Polish recognizes the circle and says, "The Lord sits upon the circle of the earth." The altar of the ancient tabernacle was "four square," and the breast plate of the priest "four square," and heaven, according to St. John, is "four square." But the Bible has no admiration for lines that are merely crooked. Indeed my text in prophesying the world's complete rectification declares, "The crooked shall be made straight."

There have been so many moral earthquakes that many things have got into a terrible twist—crooked laws, crooked Governments, crooked fortunes, crooked dispositions—and many of the efforts to straighten things have only made them more crooked. And so good people sit down in despair and become pessimistic, and give up life, and the church and the world as dead failures. With such lachrymose behavior I have no sympathy. It is a promise of the Lord Almighty, "The crooked shall be made straight." I propose, as I may be divinely helped, to mention some of the crooked things that are going to be straightened.

Much of the wealth of the world is in the hands of the profligate, while many of the best people are subjected to distressing privation, and there is going to be a redistribution of property. If it were possible it would be a bad thing to have things divided equally. Some men are able to endure more success than others, and prosperity that might not unbalance you might destroy me. The Declaration of American Independence declares that all men are born equal, but the opposite is the truth, for they are born unequal. In no respect is this more evident than in their capacity to endure success, financial or social. I have seen men by the acquisition of $50,000 made arrogant and overbearing, and I have known others with their millions of dollars childlike and unassuming and Christian. We would all be affluent, but the Lord cannot trust us. I am glad there are those He can trust.

Much is said against capitalists, but the world would be a very shaky world without them. Who built the great railroads which, while they give such facilities of travel, employ tens of thousands of laborers, supporting them and their families? Capitalists. Who built great ships that stir the rivers and bridge the ocean? Capitalists. Who reared the thousands of factories all over the land in which hundreds of thousands of employes earn their daily bread? Capitalists. Who endowed your colleges and opened free libraries and built asylums for the orphan, the cripples and the insane? Capitalists. But for these men would not be a piano in every house, or a picture gallery, or a free library, or a steamboat, or a railroad in America. Who put the world on seventy-five years before? Who put the world ahead in enterprise, in comforts, in educational advantages, in good things without number? Capitalists.

The more money a man gets the better, if it comes honestly and is employed righteously. Nevertheless we all see that there needs to be a redistribution of property. Communism proposes to make that distribution by torch and dagger and dynamite. Throw the midnight express train off the track and put the factory into conflagration. Disrupt society, burglarize, assassinate. Such people believe neither in God nor man nor woman, and they know how to make things worse, but never have made and never can make anything better.

I tell you how there will come a redistribution of property. Under the divine blessing good people will get more alertness and acumen and assiduity. Many good people are kept in straitened circumstances because they have been indolent or lacked courage to take honest advantage of circumstances, and were too stupid to get on. With the very same surroundings others went on to competency. In the better days to come good men will have their faculties wakened, and prosperity. On the other hand, estates wrongfully accumulated will disintegrate. If not the sons, then the grandsons will make the money fly, and it will gradually scatter in their hands and become a part of the general wealth.

Then, as to vast properties righteously gathered—and there are thousands of them—such estates will contribute toward helping the unfortunate, not more by charities than by helping struggling people into lucrative business, and the man who has amassed enough and a surplus will say, "There is a young merchant without any capital; I will start him on Fulton street;" and "There is a young mechanic who has no means of his own and I will put him on a career of prosperity;" and "There is a farmer with a big mortgage on his land, and I will help him lift the encumbrance." The fact is that if the kindness and generosity manifested by the rich toward the struggling during the last fifty years increases in the same ratio for the next fifty years there will be a condition of society paradisiac. We are going to have a multiplication of William E. Dodges and Peter Coopers and James Lenoxes and George Peabodys. So will come redistribution, and the crooked will be made straight.

Mind this: God never yet undertook a failure. The old book, which is worth all other books put together, makes it plain that God has undertaken to regulate this world by moral influences, and if He has the power He will, because He says He will, and no one can make to anything will deny His power. God has said a hundred times "I will" and "I will" and has never said "I cannot." Hammers may pound away, but God will mend and improve and straighten the fractured condition of the world, and be the admiration of the world, and be the wonder and the marvel of the universe, because our arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor our ear heavy that it cannot hear. The most defiant difficulty will disappear when God with a hammer made of summer thunderbolts strikes the anvil and says, "The crooked shall be made straight."

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THE GOLDEN-ROD.

One of the Most Dangerous Plants Known to Botanists.

A few nights since, while making a call at an uptown residence, the evening's conversation drifted from social matters to the subject of the most appropriate and acceptable flower as a National emblem. I knew the lady of the house to be well versed in matters botanical, and sought her opinion as to which she deemed would have been the better flower to adopt, the field daisy or the golden-rod. "The daisy, by all means," she quickly answered. "But will not the golden-rod meet with greater approval?" I asked. "Not when the two flowers are placed side by side, and their merits and demerits have been intelligently explained. Although it is not generally known," she continued, "golden-rod is one of the most dangerous plants known to botanists, and as an illustration of its evil influence upon the human system I will cite to you the following little incident, which occurred only last Sunday:

"On the afternoon in question three members of the household, including myself, took a trip up to the new Washington Bridge, and several hundred feet below the bridge we saw a beautiful sea of nodding golden-rod. The anxiety of one of the party to gather a bunch of the flower and take it home could not be resisted, and going to the field gathered a large handful. We all admired it greatly, and, in fact, our enthusiasm was so great that for the time being I entirely forgot that, while it was decidedly grand, yet underneath its golden beauty there lurked a deadly poison, and a day or two later I had ample occasion to regret having allowed it to be brought into the house. However, it was brought home and placed in a vase in the parlor, where it remained for two or three days, not having withered in the least. The rooms of our flat all open into one another, and at night to allow a free circulation of air we throw open every door upon retiring. On the following Wednesday several members of the family began to sneeze, complain of sore throat, and feel generally depressed. At nightfall the patients were so much worse that the medicine chest had to be resorted to frequently. The situation the next morning was no better than on the preceding night, and indeed it was not until the fourth day that there were any signs of improvement. As none of the afflicted ones had exposed themselves in any way, we began to conjecture as to the cause of this sudden and strange illness.

"A few days after this conversation I had occasion to go into the parlor, and the first thing upon which my eye fell was that bunch of golden-rod. It then dawned upon me as plainly as day the cause of the trouble, and I informed the patients that they had been made sick—poisoned—by that flower. Its exhalations had poisoned the atmosphere, and by inhaling it had produced the results above described. It is needless to add that the golden-rod went out of the window in a hurry.

"The poison of the golden-rod arises from a fluffy or powder-like substance which the flower produces as it begins to decay, which increases day by day, and sends forth its poison around, entirely imperceptible, and the peaceful sleeper inhales it to such an extent as to lay him up for several days. In some respects the symptoms are not unlike La Grippe. It irritates the throat, produces violent sneezing, makes the limbs feel as though burdened by a heavy weight, and depresses the patient to such a degree that he hardly cares whether school keeps or not. On the other hand, the field daisy is exempt from all these dangers, and it is to be regretted that in the choice of a flower as a national emblem the latter, instead of the former, was not adopted.—[New York Star.

The Doctor Did Not Say a Word.

A prominent surgeon at a recent banquet told the following story on a well-known young physician who was present. Calling the attention of all present to the young man, he said: "I have a good joke on John. He had a very bad case of pneumonia which he had treated very well. His patient pulled along very nicely and was finally nearly well. John told him so, but said that in three days he would call again to see if anything further was needed. In three days he called. His patient's brother met him at the door with a long face and said, 'I have sad news for you, doctor; brother is dead.' John stood there for a minute and thought, 'Well, how am I going to get out of this? I have got to let myself down easy.' He began to run over in his mind all the causes that might produce a sudden death, and finally decided on one that he thought would do. He said: 'Such things happen now and then. Sometimes one cause and sometimes another brings it on. Now, I expect that with your brother a clot of blood suddenly formed in the heart and killed him.' He rattled this off and kept talking for several minutes without giving his listener time to say a word. He stood with his mouth open and gazed at the doctor as he fired technical terms at him. Finally, as John stopped to take a breath, he said in the most serious tone: 'No, doctor, that ain't what killed brother. He went down to the canal and fell in and was drowned.' John did not say a word, but left as the horse was on him, and has never had the heart to send in his bill."—[Louisville Commercial.

In an out-of-the-way corner of an