Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3, 1890.

A CITY OF WHEELS.

Our National Capital a Great Place for Riders.

Washington is distinctively a city on wheels. Nobody there walks if there is any chance of riding. Everybody rides for fun—be it on horseback, in carriage, on bicycle or tricycle. Of the prominent men who are riders, none perhaps has a more picturesque figure than Senator Stewart of Nevada. The old Senator is passionately found of driving, and driving hard and fast. He is said to wear out a pair of horses every three months, but as he is able to afford the luxury that is his business and not ours. He keeps a span of roadsters that are able to do their mile in three minutes or less, and he pushes them nearly up to that speed for an hour or two. Senator Hearst, of California, as everybody knows, has one of the finest stables of race horses in the country. Yet down in Washington he drives about with an old "plug," which hangs its head humbly and trots as if it had corns on its heels, and the carriage he drives is an old weather-beaten carryall, with lop-sided spring and frayed upholstering. Mrs. Hearst has a fine pair of carriage horses. Roswell P. Fowler also has a fancy for worm-eaten vehicles and this summer rode in one of the most rickety outfits ever seen in Washington. Vice President Morton has the finest equipage in town. The foreign ministers show up poorly on the avenue and few of them own their carriages. The attaches of the Chinese legation are, however, fond of riding about town in an open carriage. The Japanese legation has some exceedingly fine carriages of American make. One brougham must have cost $2,000. That picturesque Russian drosky which an attache of the Czar's legation used to drive about the streets has disappeared altogether, and no member of the diplomatic corps rides in a vehicle characteristic of the country which he represents. Senator Stanford keeps a good stable, and Senator Edmunds has one of the finest pair of carriage horses in the city. Mr. Blaine's great friend, Representative Hitt, of Illinois, has the finest stable of which the popular branch of Congress can boast, though Mr. Hayes, of Iowa, has the fastest horses and the greatest number of them.

The great variety of vehicles owned by Uncle Sam must not be forgotten in an account of the appearance of Washington on wheels. In addition to the large number of department wagons of all sizes and shapes, innumerable Senate or House mail wagons, post-office delivery carts, and collection ambulances and military post carryalls, there can be seen every day a very strange government vehicle—a steel box on wheels, guarded front and rear by heavy metal bar work, and also by five or six armed men. This is the Treasury Department money wagon, which often rolls down the street with $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 aboard.

An Unwritten Romance.

Amelie and Edward loved the first time they met. They found that both had great ambitions.

"I feel," said Edward, "as if I could master all happy philosophy. I shall blot out all blackness. I shall prove that the good always triumphs. I shall make men happier."

"And I," returned Amelie, "feel as if I could interpret the hidden meaning of everything that God has ever made."

So they were married, and they determined to immediately begin a great career.

"Fiction must be the medium by which we shall convey our message to the world," decided Amelie.

"Of course," acquiesced Edward. "Fiction, is the hand-maid of truth."

"Fiction," said Amelie, "is the touch which illumines the dark chambers of fact."

"Fiction," chorused Edward, "is the chemical resolvent which married the insoluble quantities of fact. But for the explanations of fiction, life would be a mystery—history would be a paradox."

"Therefore," said Amelie, "fiction should deal with motive. For it is character that makes plot. Man is the greatest study of man. And it is man that makes circumstance. He is not the creature of it, but the creator of it."

"Ah," cried Edward indignantly, "how can you be so mistaken? It is circumstance that makes man! How could you have a Washington without your revolution?"

"There you are wrong," said Amelie, "for it would not have been possible to have had a revolution without Washington."

"A novel," said Edward sententiously, "is a plot. The art of writing a novel lies in showing how the plot developed character."

"The art of writing a novel," said Amelie, with dignity, "consists in showing how the unfolding of a soul caused events to transpire."

"Do you know what you would do with your ideas?" cried Edward. "You would take away inspiration. You would substitute photography for art."

"I would paint nature," replied Amelie. "Realism was created by God. I do not know who made romanticism. I suppose it was Walter Scott."

They argued this question for twenty years. Then Amelie died, and Edward spent his life in regretting her. Neither of them ever wrote a line.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

WAITING FOR WINTER.

Winter may come or Winter may wait,
We're ready whenever he makes his round;
There's a thatch on the roof and a latch on the gate,
There's fodder enough
And good housen stuff,
And fuel both dry and sound.

My old wife and I, we are not to be tricked,
Or flustered or hurried when Winter arrives:
The crops are all stored and the fruit is all picked,
And bacon is smoking
And who would be croaking
With honey in all the hives!

Then let it be early or let it be late,
We can give him a welcome whenever he comes;
And should he decide until summer to wait,
Like our dear city cousins
Who come here by dozens
To sample our peaches and plums,—

Why then, I suppose we should give him a grip,
And a jolly round welcome, since that is our way;
And, spite of his frost with its troublesome "nip,"
I should show him at leisure
Our crops for his pleasure,
And mother would urge him to stay.
—Ida W. Benham, in Youth's Companion.

OLLIE HEDDER.

BY ALICE M'GOWAN.

When I rode up onto Emory Heights, overlooking Harriman, Tenn., the early twilight was almost upon me, but I could see, in softened outline, the curves of the beautiful Emory winding below me, the rolling hills beyond, and the mountains, silent, watchful, and slumberous purple ranged around, while in the middle ground peeped out the roofs of Harriman itself.

When I was there, some two years ago, the only beacon that lit me to the valley was the cheerful beam from a single farmhouse,—the Jackson homestead, which was afterward my stopping place.

Now, as the dusk deepened, the seven-months-old city began to wink with electric lights.

Phebe was "born and raised" far up the mountains, and is hopelessly rustic and country bred, never having seen more than a dozen houses together in her life, and regarding a group of ten people as no less than a riot. She looked with pathetic dismay at this appalling and unnatural illumination. If the skies had fallen, plainly the moon and a large number of the stars had; and the latter objected strenuously to going down among the planets.

I went to a real, sure-enough hotel, where I felt very wayworn and dilapidated, and I put Phebe in a genuine livery stable, where so far from sharing my diffidence, she ate her oats and took her rubbing with a contemptuously indifferent air, which a straggling parvenue would have envied, and was saucy and arrogant as possible with the sleek city-bred horses among whom she found herself.

One member of the Jackson household in whom I had come to feel a warm, almost tender interest during my previous visit was Olmadella—Ollie for short—a girl of about fifteen, a pleasant, round-faced little thing, with big blue eyes and a sort of confiding, boyish, manner, entirely different from the stolid lumpishness or untamable shyness of the ordinary Tennessee cracker. She was the little maid of all work, the only "help" in the house, very faithful and efficient help too, and, withal, the jolliest little soul in the world; which fact, in the face of her story as told by Mrs. Jackson, was to me particularly touching.

Her parents were poor country people. There was, of course, a big family, one girl older than Ollie, and younger children *ad libitum*, the house never being without a poor, little, dirty baby, that had to be carried by its mother out into the field, and laid under a tree or hedge, while she hoed or dug potatoes, or tended corn, for this was the only kind of work in which Mrs. Hedder was skilled. The old man was trifling and worthless beyond expression; he occasionally did a little tinkering work, or a little peddling of chickens, eggs and butter for some farmer. The oldest girl, Lometa, familiarly Lomy, was a fine-looking, good-natured creature, in appearance and disposition much like her father. She usually did such poor cooking as was done, and worked beside her mother in the field when they could get a day's work to do.

Her people were not, I suppose, absolutely cruel or unkind to Ollie, as they regarded it; but like nearly all their sort, when they found that she was smart and capable and could earn good wages, they regarded her as a valuable work animal, and her earnings as their rightful due.

When she had been with Mrs. Jackson two or three months, they having received small sums along as their needs demanded, they came and applied for every cent due her up to date, and as much more as her employer was willing to advance. They were in high feather. Lomy was going to be married to an idle, worthless fellow. Ollie knew what a scoundrel the fellow was, and that nothing but misery for all concerned could result from such a marriage, but she could do nothing in the matter, and fearfully handed out the money. Tawdry finery was bought, and eggs, butter and sugar procured, from which the expectant bride constructed cakes. They went into the oven freighted with fond hopes and deadly possibilities, raised like a presidential boom, but collapsed as entirely as the same in an off year, and came out a sallow, sad, gluey, substance that to any civilized anatomy would have only been less deadly than well directed bullets.

They had their wedding, they gorged themselves on these and similar dainties and lived, because they were poor and wretched, and had nothing to hope for and the world did not need them.

When the last baby was born they sent again for all of Ollie's money with which to buy food, clothing and provisions, and Ollie gave all willingly; her kind, little heart was especially tender and pitiful to the poor little ones.

On the morning after my second arrival in Harriman I set out for Mrs. Jackson's. I found the old farm-house upon a broad, new street, its pastures and meadows cut into town lots, its ancient dignity pertly elbowed by smart, new structures.

Mrs. Jackson was quite unchanged, natural, motherly self among her metamorphosed urroundings. As soon as our first greetings were over I asked for Ollie.

"Ollie? I do wish you'd been here last Monday?" said she.

"Why, what happened Monday?" I inquired.

"Well, I won't tell you know, that would be beginning at the wrond end.

"You remember what a time the child had with that shiftless family of hers; well, shortly after you were here before, she saved enough outside of their constant demands to buy two young cows for them. She was greatly delighted that now they could have butter and milk for the little ones. But a week or so after, she came back from a visit home crying bitterly; and, when I questioned her, she told me with many lamentations, how the old man had traded off Daisy for a blind Texas pony, and the very next day the owner of the horse, from whom it had been stolen, appeared and took it.

"'An' now he says he's goin' to beef Rosy,' she said with another burst of tears. 'He says he guesses they'll have one good bait of fresh meat, anyhow! She ain't givin' much; they don't feed her none, an' they only hunt her up an' milk her when they want some milk.' Well, it was one thing or another till I began to think the poor child would have to go away, when they suddenly moderated their requisition to such an extent that in seven months she had in her hands upward of $50. I wondered at this, but soon came upon the explanation.

"Huldy, our washwoman, you know, is a thrifty soul, and she has been for years saving money to buy a bit of land. She makes herself a trifle unpopular among the neighbors by bragging of this a little, and posing as a capitalist; and she told me one morning, with an incredulous snort, that the Hedders had said to her as she came by that they were going to buy land, too; they were saving all of Ollie's money to buy with.

"I said nothing of this to Ollie, but explained to her what would be the necessary arrangements in such a case, had Mr. Jackson to get himself appointed her guardian, and buy the land—a nice little piece of six acres down here on the Emory—for her, from Mr. James. It was for the family; they were to live on it, but she wanted it so the old man couldn't trade it away or be cheated out of it, and I was determined she should have it so.

"But when they heard of it they were furious. They came raving over and ordered Ollie home. I told her she need not go unless she wished; but she is a gentle creature you know and she went. They carried on shamefully; the old man swearing and threatening and Mrs. Hedder berating and abusing. They would sue Mr. James, they said, for dealing with a minor, and they made the child so miserable she finally gave up, and agreed to do anything they wanted. She met Mr. Jackson over at Squire Buncombe's office and they fixed up a new deed in Mr. Hedder's name, but Mrs. Jackson insisted on having some restrictions on the selling of it included in the paper.

"Ollie took it home, pitiful and discouraged, but thinking now there would at least be peace.

"The next day she came here about noon the most miserable-looking creature you ever saw. She had tasted nothing since the day before, and had cried pretty much all the time, till her round, pink face was haggard and white, and her big blue eyes were red and swollen. I made her a cup of coffee and got her fixed up a little, and she told me how things were.

"When she took the deed home her mother met her and demanded to know what she had done.

"'I've had the deed made out to you,' said Ollie; 'here it is.'

"'What does it say, then; read it,' said the woman. Ollie read it, and the moment the mother caught the first hint of a restriction she snatched it from her hand and screamed, 'That's the kin' o' paper ye got me, is it? Well, do you know what I do with such a paper? I'll show ye! That's what I will do,' and she dashed it in the fire.

"They had scolded, abused and threatened her all the rest of the day, and she was now come, as they had ordered her to do, to have Mr. Jackson go and have the deed made to her mother, without any restriction, or better to bring the $50 payment back if Mr. James was willing. She was to fetch her clothes and belongings too, and Mrs. Hedder had said she'd have no such doings. Ollie should be hired out with the understanding that her wages were to be paid directly to her mother.

"They said it was a scandal and a shame," said Ollie, 'for a child to be owning land, an' asking their parents to live on it. They say I can have the same sheer as any of the rest when they're gone—the same sheer as Lomy's man that beats her and don't live with her half the time, and never has earned a mouthful for her.

"'It'll all be eat up and wasted. I can't help them any, an' I can't help myself; there ain't any hope at all, I can see.' She turned her despairing, childish face up to me. 'I really wish I was dead,' said she, 'there, ain't no chance at all.' I was too exasperated; it was time some thing was done.

"I went home with her and sent her off to her room, packed up her things, hitched her up and sent her with Mr. Jackson across the railroad in the wagon. I gave her some money and a letter to a friend of mine in Kentucky, asking her to get Ollie a good place in that State.

"I heard only once from my friend, saying Ollie had a nice place with an invalid lady at some little resort. Mr. James received the remittances for the payment on her piece of land—evidently forwarded by her employer.

"The Hedders were completely cowed. They never said a word or made a sign and were very glad to go and live on the land, which was again Ollie's, the old deed standing since Mrs. Hedder had destroyed the second one.

"Well, she was away more than a year. I never heard directly from her, though Ollie can read and write quite well.

"When the company bought all this land hereabouts we, of course, sold to them as everybody else did, and at a very good price. Ollie's little piece lay right in the middle of their town site. They had every thing all around it and wanted it. We wrote to her and they wrote, but we never got any answer. Finally the company sent a man up there and she came home with him.

"You never saw a girl so improved. A whole year free from nagging and worry, passed amid refined and pleasant influences, almost as the daughter of the house—for anyone must love Ollie that has her about—had perfectly transformed her.

"'Why didn't you answer my letters?' I asked.

"'Why, dear me, I never got any,' said she; then, looking a little sheepish, 'I never went to the postoffice at all. I was afraid paw, or some of them, would be getting somebody to write me a lot of letters to come home, and 'twould make me so miserable, I just had Mr. James send them some money every month, and never went to the postoffice at all.'

"Well, she got a big price for her six acres of town lots—a little fortune it was to her.

"Now, when she got all this money the family would have made haste to assert their claims and get hold of it. But, instead of Ollie, they had a very manly and forcible young man to deal with. He was interested not so much in the property as in Ollie, and he saw to it very effectually that she was not robbed or molested.

"I always had hoped the child might marry well, but I could never have expected anything so good as she has done. While I don't think him beyond what Ollie deserves, I was really surprised when I saw him. Though from her own class, he has acquired a good education, is in a responsible position and has a manner and bearing that would command your instant respect. I think his and Ollie's courtship was mostly carried on over text books, and that much of their improvement was due to this influence and help.

"They were married last Wednesday here in the parlor. I'm sure there never was a happier creature than Ollie when she left Harriman, with the old folks peacefully located on a little farm, and beside her to hew out her future pathway in life. I looked at them, he big, fine looking, full of force, energy and ambition, endowed and already well equipped; she good, sweet, bright, with her share of brains, too; quick, intuitive, unstinted sweetness and natural charm; and I thought they were the very typical couple that, here in America, might well reach any station."—[Norfolk Virginian.

Emin Pasha.

Emin Bey, or Pasha, is an Austrian, named Eduard Schnitzer, born in 1840. He was a medical student and received the appointment of surgeon in the Turkish army. In 1876 he was appointed Surgeon-General of the Egyptian army, and in that capacity was ordered to Khartoum. In 1878 when General Gordon was Governor of the Soudan, Emin was appointed Governor of the equatorial provinces of Egypt. He was known then as Emin Bey, and was afterward promoted to Pasha. By good financiering there was a surplus in the treasury, instead of a deficit as before. He drove the grasping slave trader out of his province, and civilized the people. Everything was prosperous. The slave traders declared war on Emin Pasha, who had practically exiled them, and as the surrounding country was ruled by slave traders, the Governor-General was in 1882-86 cut off from the outside world. Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, made known this state of affairs to the home authorities, and Stanley was sent to relieve Emin Pasha in 1887.—[Detroit Free Press.

A Model Anthracite Colliery.

At Plymouth, Penn., there is a model anthracite colliery. It is comparatively free from water, and is ventilated by two twenty-four-foot Guibal ventilating fans. An average of 1,075 mine cars are hoisted every ten hours. This represents an output of 2,200 tons of coal, as each car contains over two tons. The "breaker" used at this mine has a capacity of 2,400 tons a day. There are 750 men and ninety mules employed inside the mine, while the number of men employed outside swells the total number of hands to 1,130. This force has produced as high as 55,000 tons of coal in one month. This mine is a source of great profit to the owners.—[Commercial Advertiser.

BLOWING UP A SHARK.

How Two Men Got Out of a Serious Trouble.

A letter from Iupiter Inlet, in the Globe-Democrat tells this story: Haynes Darling and Will Thorpe, while coming in from Lake Worth days since, had an experience that nice them as to the shark's weight. They had been down to Worth with a load of lumber in a sloop, the Water Witch, and had reached the outer bar to this entrance to the Indian River when they observed commotion in the sea half a mile ward. It approached rapidly, and they could see that it was a dozen more sharks fighting among themselves. The combatants approached nearer till finally there were 20 and fighting almost under the sloop's bowsprit.

Seeing this, and being afraid of damage to the boat, Thorpe seized a rifle and fired into the wild mass, killing that it produced little effect. Darling joined him, and they both fired shooting into the sharks. Hardly half a dozen shots been fired before they noticed a change. The fighting tigers all fell apart and seemed to be intent on finding their new antagonists. All at once several of the sharks plunged directly at the boat and hit it a resounding blow with force sufficient to lift both men flat on the deck. A second rush was made, and then the whole school of fish began pounding on the schooner's bottom and sides. Beat off a dozen rods or more, they would come on with lightning swiftness, hitting the schooner square, making the quiver from stem to stern, while the force of the blow would often stun the shark. Soon there were several floating on the waves, stunned by their own rushes, but there were plenty left to keep up the fight.

At the next run one shark almost leaped high, and he skimmed over the rail and fell on the deck with a sounding whack, narrowly missing the two badly frightened mariners. The big fish lay floundering around, and in a few seconds he had that portion of the deck to himself. Darling and Thorpe were slightly rattled by this time, and hardly knew what to do. They fired at the shark on the deck, but as they were afraid of making a hole in their boat they missed him. He pounded the deck with his big flail tail, and the sailors were afraid the shark would sink them.

Seizing each an axe, they crept close to the flailing and wandering monster and dealt him terrible blows. Up went an enormous tail, and striking Thorpe, he was hurled a dozen feet into the air, landing into the water at the side of the vessel. Luckily, the sheets were trailing in the water, as the sail had gibed when they were fighting the shark, and seized hold and held himself from going down, but, to his horror, the shark began to draw himself up into the boat. Scores of ugly fins and noses, attracted by the splash, drew round on that side of the boat, and he began to kick vigorously and to cry for help. Darling had his hands full, and it was several minutes before he could come to his assistance. Stunning the still struggling shark with one blow nicely dealt on the head, he ran over to his friend's aid—but not a moment too soon. As he drew Thorpe several sharks snapped at him, and an exclamation of pain from the drowned man showed that he was bitten while the blood that flowed from the wounded foot dyed the water around for a yard or more.

Suddenly, with an inspiration, Darling dived down into the cabin, and returning therefrom, he held a small can of powder in one hand and a coil of fuse in the other. Swiftly fastening a big piece of pork around the can, he fastened it to the fuse, wrapping around it a small piece of rubber coat. Making a slow fuse, he fired it, not noticing his own danger, and then flung it into the mass of sharks.

Before it had hardly touched the water a big fellow snatched it and swallowed it with a gulp. In a second came a rush and then pieces of shark were flying through the air. It was a perfect shower of sharks, and all you who run up and down the slippery ratlines, take to sea with you Him who with a quiet word sent the winds back through the mountain gorges. Some of you lack faith, but to whom these words will come need to "tack ship" and change your course if you are going to get across this sea of life safely and gain the heavenly harbor. Belay there! Ready about! Helm's a-lee! Make sail haul!

Star of peace! beam o'er the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Here at Capernaum, the Arabs having in their arms carried us ashore to the only place where our Lord ever had a pastorate, and we stepped amid the ruins of the church where He preached again and again and again—the synagogue whose rich sculpturing lay there, not as when others saw it in springtime covered with weeds and loathsome with reptiles, but in that December weather completely uncovered to our agitated and intense gaze? On one stone of that synagogue is the sculpturing of a pot of manna, an artistic commemoration of the time when the Israelites were fed by manna in the wilderness, and to which sculpturing no doubt Christ pointed upward while He was preaching that sermon on this very spot in which He said: "Not as our fathers did eat manna and are dead; he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Wonderful Capernaum! Second more miraculous than any place in all the earth! Blind eyes kindling with the morning. Withered arms made to pulsate. Lepers blossoming into health. The dead girl reanimated.

These Arab guides which on this December day I find in Palestine disappear, and I see Capernaum as it was when Jesus was pastor of the place. Look at that wealthy home, the architecture, the marble front, the splendid carvings, the slaves in uniform at the doorway. It is the residence of a counsellor of Herod, probably Chuzas by name, his wife Joanna, a Christian disciple. But something is the matter. The slaves are in great excitement, and the counsellor living there turns away from gazing upon the Nazarene, and puts him at full run across the country. The boy of that household is dying of spinal fever. All the doctors have failed to give relief. But about five miles in the country, near the sea, there is a divine doctor. Jesus by name, and the agonized father has gone for Him, and what wind or weather blows can unbend and relieve had a dying child in the house. This courtier cries to Christ, "Come down ere my child die!"

While the father is absent, and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the people watching the dying boy see a change in the countenance, and Joanna, the mother, on side of his couch, says: "Why, the darling is getting well; the fever has broken. See the perspiration on his forehead. Did any of you give him any new kind of medicine?" "No," is the answer. The boy turns on his pillow, his delirium gone, and asks for something to eat and says: "Where's father?" Oh, he has gone up to Cana to get a young doctor of about thirty-one years of age. But no doctor is needed now in this house at Capernaum. The people look at the sun dial to see what time it is, and see it is just past noon and 1 o'clock. Then they start out and meet the returning father and as soon as they come within speaking distance they shout at the top of their voices: "Your boy is getting well!" "Is it possible?" says the father, "When did the change for the better take place?" "One o'clock" is the answer. "Why," says the courtier, "that is just the hour that Jesus said to me 'Thy son liveth.'- One o'clock.

As they gather at the evening meal what gladness on all the countenances in that home at Capernaum! The mother, Joanna, has not had sleep for many nights, and she now falls off into delightful slumber. The father, Chuza, the Herodian courtier, worn out with anxiety as well as by the rapid journey to and from Cana, is soon in restful unconsciousness. Joanna was a Christian before, but I warrant she was more of a Christian afterward. Did the father Chuza accept the Christ who had cured his boy? Is there in all the earth a parent so ungrateful for the convalescence or restoration of an imperiled child as not to go into a room and kneel down and make surrender to the almighty power that came to the rescue?

The mightiest agency in the universe is prayer, and it turns even the Almighty. It decides the destinies of individuals, families and nations. During our sad civil war a gentleman was a guest at the White House in Washington, and he gives this incident. He says: "I had been spending three weeks in the White House with Mr. Lincoln as his guest. One night—it was just after the battle of Bull Run—I was restless and could not sleep. I was repeating the part which I was to take in a public performance. The hour was past midnight. Indeed, it was coming near to the dawn when I heard low tones proceeding from a private room where the President slept. The door was partly open. I instinctively walked in, and there I saw a sight which I shall never forget. It was the President kneeling before an open Bible.

"The light was turned low in the room. His back was turned toward me. For a moment I was silent as I stood looking in amazement and wonder. Then he cried out in tones so pitiful and sorrowful: 'Oh, Thou Great God that heard Solomon in the night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me! I cannot lead this people, I cannot guide the affairs of this nation without Thy help. I am poor and weak and sinful. Oh God who didst hear Solomon when he cridd for wisdom, hear me and save the nation!' You see we don't need to go back to Bible times for evidence that prayer is heard and answered.

But some one may say that Christ at Capernaum heard that courtier's child, yet would not have done it for one in humble life. Why, in that very Capernaum He did the same thing for a dying slave belonging to the man who had made a present to the town of the church of which Jesus was pastor, the synagogue among whose ruins I today leap from fragment to fragment. This was the cure of a Roman soldier's slave, whose only acknowledged rights were the wishes of his owner. And none are now so enslaved or so humble or so sick or so sinful but the all-sympathetic Christ is ready to help them, ready to cure them, ready to emancipate them. Hear it! Pardon for all. Mercy for all. Help for all. Comfort for all. Heaven for all. Oh, this lake Galilee! What a refreshment for Christ it must have been after sympathizing with the sick, and raising the dead, and preaching to the multitudes all day long to come down on these banks in the night time, and feel the cool air of the lake on His hot face, and look up to the stars, the lighted lamps around the heavenly palaces from which He had descended!

All heaven and earth were still: from the high post
Of stars to the lifted lake and mountain coast.
All heaven and earth were still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most.

"But," says some one, "why was it that Christ, coming to save the world, should spend so much of His time on and around so solitary a place as Lake Galilee? There is only one city of any size on its beach, and both the western and eastern shores are a solitude, broken only by the rounds coming from the mud hovels of the degraded. Why did not Christ begin at Babylon the mighty, at Athens the learned, at Cairo the historic, at Thebes the hundred gated, at Rome the triumphant? If Christ was going to save the world, why not go where the world's people dwell? Would a man wishing to revolutionize for good the American continent, pass his time amid the fishing huts on the shores of Newfoundland?"

My friends, Galilee was the hub of the wheel of civilization and art, and the center of a population that staggers realization. On the shore of the lake we sail to-day stood nine great cities—Scythopolis, Tarich, Hippos, Gamala, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, Tiberias—and many villages, the smallest of which had 15,000 inhabitants, according to Josephus, and reaching from the beach back into the country in all directions. Palaces, temples, coliseumns, gymnasiums, amphitheatres, towers, gardens terraced on the hillsides, fountains bewildering with sunlight, baths upon whose mosaic floors kings trod; while this lake, from where the Jordan enters it to where the Jordan leaves it, was beautiful with all styles of shallop or dreadful with all kinds of war galley. Four thousand ships, history says, were at one time upon these waters. Battles were fought there, which shocked all nations with their consequences.

Here mingling blood with pale and sparkling foam,
In the last time Judea fought with Rome.

Upon those sea fights looked Vespasian and Titus and Trajan and whole empires. From one of these naval encounters so many of the dead floated to the beach, they could not soon enough be entombed, and a plague was threatened. Twelve hundred soldiers escaping from these vessels of war were one day massacred in the amphitheatre at Tiberias. For three hundred years that almost continuous city encircling Lake Galilee was the metropolis of our planet. It was to the very heart of the world that Jesus came to soothe its sorrows, and pardon its sins, and heal its sick, and emancipate its enslaved and exterminate its sin.

And let the church and the world take the suggestion. While the dreary places are not to be neglected, the most strike for the great cities, if this world is ever to be taken for Christ. Evangelize all the earth except the cities and in one year the cities would corrupt the earth. But bring the cities and all the world will come. Bring London and England will come. Bring Berlin and Germany will come. Bring Paris and France will come. Bring St. Petersburg and Russia will come. Bring Vienna and Austria will come. Bring Cairo and Egypt will come. Bring the near three million people in this cluster of cities on the Atlantic coast and all America will soon see the salvation of God. Ministers of religion let us intensify our evangelism. Editors and publishers! purify your printing presses! Asylums of mercy! enlarge your plans of endeavor!

Stop the sectarian strife and battling and wicked rivalry among our cities as to which happens to have the most men and women and children, not realizing that the more useless and bad people a city has the worse it is off, and a city which has ten thousand good people is more to be admired than a city with one hundred thousand bad people, let us take a moral census, and see how many good men and good women are leading forth, how large a generation of good children who will consecrate themselves and consecrate the round world to holiness and to God. Oh, thou blessed Christ, who didst come to the mighty cities encircling Lake Galilee! come in mercy to all our great cities of to-day.

Thou who didst put Thy hand on the white mane of the foaming billows of Gennesaret and make them lie down at Thy feet, hush all the raging passions of the world! Oh, Thou blessed Christ, who on the night when the disciples were trying to cross this lake and "the wind was contrary," after nine hours of rowing had made only three miles, didst come stepping on water that at the touch of Thy foot hardened into crystal, meet all our shipping, whether on placid or stormy seas, and say to all Thy people now, by whatever style of tempest tossed or driven, as Thou didst to the drenched disciples in the cyclone: "Be of good cheer. It is I. Be not afraid!"

Thank God that I have seen this lake of Christly memories, and I can say with Robert McCheyne, the ascended minister of Scotland, who, stationed on the banks of this lake, wrote in his last sick days, and just before he crossed the Jordan, not the Jordan that emptied into Galilee, but the Jordan that empties into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," these sweet words, fit to be played by human fingers, on strung strings of earthly lute, or by angelic fingers on seraphic harps:

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful, round thee the mountains meet,
Thou come, repeating sea.
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graveed on Thy heart is that lovely strand
And every fragrant hill.

Natural History Fairy Tales.

Two queer natural history fairy tales reach us from Scotland. At Haddington last week a cat gave birth to four kittens, and with her offspring took up her abode in the garden summer house. Three of the kittens were removed, and the lady of the house was surprised to find that the fourth kitten had also disappeared. Search was made, but to no avail. Several days passed, and the inmates were attracted by the somewhat stealthy movements of the mother cat, when it was seen to disappear into a thick arch of honeysuckle in the garden. Here the missing kitten was found safely ensconced in a blackbird's nest. A better retreat could not have been chosen, as the nest is fully seven feet from the ground and in the thickest part of the honeysuckle. Here the kitten remains, apparently comfortable in its novel quarters.

Fairy tale No. 2 is that of a dog—or, rather, two dogs—who were playing together with a toy whip. The Irish terrier, momentarily losing his temper, made a snap and snarled at his companion, who immediately turned tail and walked off in a huff. The terrier stood a moment, and then, seeming to recognize that he was at fault, picked up the whip, and, making after the aggrieved one, laid the whip down before him with every canine expression of good will. This maneuver was repeated two or three times, until the other dog, understanding that his playmate was sincere in his offer, dashed at the whip, and the two dogs resumed their play, the best of friends. The repentance of the prodigal son was nothing in comparison with this display of the Irish terrier, which unfortunately was killed at Montrose Station the day after the occurence of the incident.

A Corner in Pumpkins.

"Just look at that, will you," said the keeper of one of the large produce stands in Centre Market to a *Post* reporter, as a party of a dozen boys trooped off, each with a big pumpkin under his arm. "That is the way it has been for ten days past. Bet I have sold a carload to boys. They want big ones, too. The common, ordinary size doesn't seem to meet their notions."

"What do they do with them?"

"Count the seeds. There is a perfect craze over it. Nearly every lady who comes along here doing her day's marketing says 'Send me up a pumpkin, a large one; my little boy wants to count the seeds.'"

"I thought at first it was jack o' lanterns they wanted them for, such as we used to make when I was a boy, but it seems that there is a guessing contest for a pony going on up her at Sak's. The child guessing the nearest to the correct number of seeds in a giant pumpkin exhibited in one of their windows gets the pony, and these boys are hunting a few facts on the seed question. 'Tisn't a bad idea, but it keeps us produce men hustling for big pumpkins.—*Washington Post.*

An Experiment That Failed.

A few years ago two well-known writers in the neighborhood of Harvard College endeavored to evince a practical turn. They lived near each other—so near that when the water in the supply pipes in the house of one was frozen they conceived the idea of introducing the much-needed fluid before the plumber arrived by conveying it from the house of the other in an ordinary rubber hose. The weather was of the zero kind, and the same cold that froze the water in the leaden pipes within the house froze the water in the rubber hose which lay upon the snow without. It is hardly necessary to add that a mass of icy stuff and a broken hose were the only results of this novel squeduct.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

DIVING FOR TURTLES.

A TRICK MUCH EASIER THAN IT APPEARS

Bringing Up Big Crustaceans from a Depth of Forty Feet—Playing Jockey Below the Surface.

Getting a huge turtle into a boat is lively work for a while, and one which is likely to result in an involuntary bath or a capsize if the men are not experts. The best way to do it is to lean over the gunwale, so as to bring it as close to the water as possible, catch hold of the flippers until the body of the turtle is well forward, then sit suddenly on the opposite side and in tumbles the awkward captive, sprawling amidships.

Nothing, however, is not by any means so exciting as the alternative means of capture by "pegging;" this has all the incidents of whaling without its rigors. In thus hunting smaller boats, broad of beam and manned by two or more experts, make their way to the "runs." One man sculls and the other stands in the bow on the lookout.

Men of experience will espy a turtle almost as far as the human eye can see, even in lumpy water, although the turtle makes less commotion in the water than any other swimming creature, for only a small portion of his back shows above the surface. Its well-known snort as it comes to the surface more often indicates its locality; it is a sound easily recognized by those familiar with it, and when it breaks water, or "bots," as it is locally termed, anybody with a good sea eye can follow it.

Then the harpooner in the bow clutches his pegging pole, made of yellow pine, light and easy to handle, tipped with a sharp point and a flange to prevent its entering too far into the shell, and away goes the chase; away goes the terrified turtle out to the deep water, and away flies the pursuing boat. Quick must be the marksman and sure. Whiz goes the pole and with it the spinning line. The peg, if rightly aimed, sinks in the shell, and if the turtle once gets a start before he is surprised and hauled in he will pull the boat with its crew several miles before yielding through fatigue, and at a pace quite surprising.

It has not this chance with thoroughly efficient peggers, for every precaution is taken to prevent his scaring the other members of the shoal. He is hauled aboard with as little disturbance as possible, and a really clever crew will capture, one after another, nearly the whole shoal, without the others having a faint idea of danger.

Sometimes the harpooner is so successful that there is not time to haul the quarry aboard, in which a keg, large enough to hold about five gallons, is tied to the peg rope, and each captive is allowed to swim about until the crew are ready to take them o t of the water. Great skill and judgment are required in the "striker," for a thrust that would not enter the shell of an adult would completely pierce a young one, and of course thereby materially reduce its value.

One of the means by which the struggle for liberty is counteracted is exceedingly interesting and nearly always successful, for when the turtle is struck down goes the diver, cleaving the water like a knife, and from a depth of five to six fathoms of water he will almost unfailingly bring the turtle to the surface. This trick is in fact much easier than it looks, for all the diver has to do is to seize the shell behind the neck with his hand, lift the fore part as much as possible, press his knees against the turtle's back and up he comes, his four flippers violently beating the water. It is then an easy task to lasso him aboard.

The best turtle divers in the Gulf of Mexico are the Seminole Indians. They have been known to bring an 800-pound turtle from a depth of forty feet; but the Bahamians are even more daring and successful. The easiest way in which a novice can acquire the art is to jump on a turtle while it is sleeping on the surface and then hold on like traditional "grim death."

It may be that thus rudely awakened it will attempt to get rid of its unwelcome jockey by plunging downward, but you have only to press the knees against the lower part of the back and lift the front and you will master the situation and the turtle too.—[Outing.

The Pope as a Sportsman.

Pope Leo XIII. seems to be somewhat of a sportsman. His exploits are confined to the gardens of the vatican and are conducted in a dignified silence. Small birds serve for game, and these are lured into box-like traps by means of small grain; then the Pope, who is meanwhile concealed in the adjacent shrubbery, pulls a convenient string, the door of the trap falls and the birds are imprisoned. Subsequently the birds are sent to the kitchen, where duly they are served up in such style as do most soothe the papal palate. The Italians, as a people, prey largely upon small birds—upon those small birds that at other seasons and in other parts of Europe are known as songsters. Every winter thousands of nightingales are butchered in Italy. The nightingale does not sing in Italy; with spring it migrates and mates and breeds. A movement looking to the protection of these birds has been undertaken by certain English and Germans, but it is hardly probable that the Italians will be induced to enact legislation for the benefit of their neighbors.—Chicago News.

ALTHOUGH only five years in existence, the Teachers' Mutual Benefit Association of New York city is already paying annuities to forty-seven of its members out of a fund of $50,000, collected by contributions and the laying aside of 80 per cent. of the dues of the members.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

OF REV. DR. TALMADGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "On Lake Galilee."

[illegible] "He entered into a ship, and sat [illegible] the sea, and the whole multitude was [illegible] the sea on the land."—Mark iv., 1.

Monday morning in our Palestine excursions, and the sky is a blue Galilee above us, the boat we sail the blue Galilee below. It is thirteen miles long and six miles wide, but the atmosphere is so clear it seems as if I could cast a stone from beach to beach. Lake looks as though it had been let down on silver pulleys from the heavens and is a section of the sea of glass that St. John describes as a part of the celestial land. The Lake Galilee is a depression of six hundred feet in which the river Jordan rises and tarries a little, for the river Jordan comes in at its north side and departs at its south side; so this lake has its cradle and its grave.

The white satin cradle is among the snows of Mount Hermon where the Jordan starts, and its sepulchre is the Dead Sea into which Jordan empties. Lake Como of Italy, the Geneva of Switzerland, Lake Lomond of Scotland, Lake Winnipesaukee of America, larger, but Lake Galilee is the greatest inland water ever dropped from the finger of the clouds, and whether encamped on its shores as we were yesterday and worship at its crystal altars or sail over it in a boat, which make an ordinary bath solemn as a baptism, or now putting out upon its glittering surface in a boat, it is something to talk about and pray about and sing about. Sit on the lips with which we now describe an neither talk nor pray nor sing.

Lake Galilee is a beautiful child in a neighborhood has a half dozen pet names and some the neighbors call her