Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1903.

A SCARED BISHOP.

He Was Given a Hint to Leave the Hotel and Took It.

Speaking of practical jokers reminds me, says "An ex-Diplomatist" in the New York *Tribune*, that they often serve the purpose of ridding the house of a visitor whose presence, for one reason or another, has become uncongenial. I remember a case in point, which occurred not in England but at Shepherds, that famous old English hostelry at Cairo which is inhabited throughout the winter by a coterie of people prominent in London society to the exclusion of nearly all outsiders. Among the persons stopping at the hotel during one of the winters which I spent there was a dignitary of the English church, an ex-colonial bishop, who was accustomed to frown upon our innocent amusements and to put on a great deal too much "side" and pomposity for so rank an outsider as an ex-colonial prelate.

Determined to get rid of him, we got hold, one evening about 9 o'clock, of a gigantic flamingo, a most vicious brute who dwelt in the hotel garden, and tucked him in the bishop's bed so tightly that he could not move. Then we fastened down the mosquito curtains, which were thick enough to conceal the interior of the bed, except by daylight. At about 11 the bishop retired. He probed himself by the dim light of a candle, being unwilling to attract mosquitoes by a more extensive illumination, and then, having performed his devotions, extinguished his light before drawing aside the mosquito curtain to get into bed. The moment he untucked the sheet the flamingo became released, and, with a hoarse and furious croak, jumped up and made an angry lunge with its enormous beak at the bishop. The latter, terror-stricken, jumped away, tearing down the entire canopy of the bed, and fled, without much dress or dignity, around the long corridor, filling the air with his imprecations and appeals for assistance.

A few steps behind him came the now frantic bird with outstretched wings and extended beak, croaking with fury almost as loud as the curses of the bishop. The bird was manifestly in pursuit of the right reverend father, whom it held as responsible for its long imprisonment in the bed, and its ordinarily comical appearance was further increased by the fact that part of the mosquito netting of the bed was hanging from its shoulders, much in the same manner as a clergyman's surplice.

The bishop finally got around to his door again, and finding it open bolted in and locked it. The indignant bird spent the remainder of the night wandling up and down the corridor popping its beak and croaking until in the morning the native gardeners were summoned to remove it back to the courtyard. Our object, however, had been attained, for the bishop left on the following day.

Tricks in All Trades but Ours.

"Yes, I know the taste of the stuff, but I have not touched a glass of liquor for five years."

I looked in astonishment at the speaker, who was proprietor of two large saloons in the city and making money hand over fist, as the saying is.

I could have sworn that I have seen him drink many times with customers—more than once, I am ashamed to say, with myself. If you asked him to drink—for he was one of those men who are not above standing behind his own bar—he would smile and reach for a bottle and pour himself out a generous portion. I could not understand what he meant, but it was late at night, he was in a genial mood, and I felt sure that he would elucidate the mystery.

"When I was in Ireland—God bless her," said Mr. Flinch, "I used to drink my drop along with the rest of the boys. But when I came to this country and went to keepin' bar I looked about me a bit. And says I to myself, says I, 'Pat, if you're going to succeed at this business, and indade at any other, you must let your own poison alone.' And I made a pledge which I have steadily kept to, and I think you will say that I have not altogether failed."

"But I have seen you drink lots of times," said I.

"Oh, you have, have you?" said Mr. Flinch, laughing softly. "Well, have a drop with me."

He pulled out a bottle which looked as if it contained any ordinary liquor. It was the one he always drank from.

I poured out a finger or so and drank is down. Whew! Molasses and water! Nothing else. Regular stage liquor. As harmless as milk.

I thought Mr. Flinch would die of laughter, and I laughed with him.

"Don't give me away," he said.

"No," said I. But after I left his place that night it occurred to me that this liquor dealer had been preaching a pretty powerful temperance sermon.

And yet there are hundreds of men in this same business who "never drink their own poison," he pleasantly put it. —*New York Herald.*

Secret Meeting of Steel Workers.

LEBANON, Pa., March 21.—The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, of the eighth district, are holding their annual convention here. The meeting is secret. A new scale for the year, beginning July 1, will be fixed. President Weihe, District Secretary Gallagher and 40 delegates are present.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

A REMARKABLE instance of the hold superstition has upon the mind of even the educated and religious was recently exhibited in the case of Mrs. Rebecca Byrnes, of Helena, Ark., a lady noted for her intellectual attainments and pious life. One morning, arising in what seemed her usual health and spirits, she summoned her children to come to her. One son was residing in Topeka, Kan., and one in New Orleans, and two daughters were married and living in Sedalia, Mo., but, obedient to their mother's call, they came at once, though ignorant of the reason of their summons. When all were about her the lady informed them that she had a dream in which her husband, who had been dead for nearly fifteen years, had warned her that she had only ten more days of life. She sent for her children to bid them good-by, which she proceeded to do with much calmness, but with the air of one who had not the slightest doubt that she was already dying. Her friends attempted to reason with her and to point out the folly of placing such perfect confidence in a dream, but all to no purpose. for the lady persisted in asserting that she would depart from earth on such a day and exactly at a certain hour. Her pastor remonstrated with her, and even brought the severest censure to bear on her superstitious credulity, and at last Mrs. Byrnes ceased to speak of the matter, so that her family began to think that she had conquered her fancy. She continued in excellent health and pursued her usual daily life, but just before the hour she had predicted would be that of her dream, she sought her children and bade them good-by, then seating herself quietly in an armchair, expired just as the hour was struck. The physicians declare that her death was due solely to her imagination.

THE Liverpool (England) Post tells of a strange adventure of a venturesome small boy. It appears that he played truant and feared to return home at night. Somehow he managed to get into the station yard at Chorley, with the intention of passing the night in one of the passenger coaches (carriages they call them in England), but he failed to gain access, the doors being locked. He then crept under the guard rods, between the axle of the wheel and the car floor, and between which the brake rods pass. In this position he went to sleep and at 5 o'clock a. m. the train started for Wigan. The lad was actually brought to Wigan and again taken back to Chorley, still fast asleep and clutching the rods. When discovered, after the train had returned to Chorley, he was still asleep. When awakened and told of his perilous eighteen miles' journey, he was inclined to disbelieve it, and only laughed at the frightened look on the faces of the railway employes. Had he made a single movement while on the journey death would have been certain.

"I HAVE seen one or two good hen stories," writes a correspondent, "but I think this one beats them. One day last fall it happened that not far from my house a board was resting on two barrels, which were about ten feet apart, and somebody had laid an old discarded straw hat on the board, the crown lying on the board. An old hen, which was a great pet with the family, saw this arrangement, and evidently decided that the old hat was just the thing for a nest. So she carefully hopped into it and laid an egg. We decided to humor her whim, and, therefore, fastened the hat to the board. She continued to lay in this queer nest for some time. But one day the hat became unfastened in some way and blew off the board. When Biddy saw this, she began to sing discomfortately, and we thought she would give up the hat and seek another nest. But we were mistaken. In a little while she seized the hat in her bill and flew with it on the board, where, after a great deal of fussing, she adjusted it so that she could lay in it. After that we fastened it so that it could not blow off."

IT is estimated in the Allahabad Pioneer that the treasure lying idle in the shape of hoards or ornaments amounts to $1,350,000,000. A competent authority guesses that "in Amritsar city alone there are jewels to the value of two million pounds sterling." As regards some other districts, the figures that have been furnished are not less astonishing. The miserable waste of Montgomery is estimated to possess about fifty lakhs in ornaments. The hillsides and valleys of Kulu are put at three lakhs and a half. In Jhelum two-fifths of the wealth of the district is said to be vested in property of this nature, and in Kohat, "probably one of the poorest districts of the province in this respect the estimate is taken at 800 rupees for each Hindoo family and ten rupees for each Mussulman family, and a lakh in the aggregate for the Nawab and other Rais, making a total for the district of seventy-five lakhs." A lakh is worth about $35,000.

A LARGE grey eagle was killed after a bitter struggle by Gideon Ater, a farmer near Athens, Ohio, one afternoon recently. He is a magnificent specimen, measuring seven feet eight inches from tip to tip and weighing eleven pounds. Ater saw the eagle perched in a large tree and shot at it, one shot penetrating the neck and the bird fell. Ater went up to get his game, when the infuriated eagle made at him. It sprang at his head and scratched and snapped him. The farmer was not considering that his end had come as the mourners decided against him. Seizing a stout club, he made at it in a terrific manner, but the eagle, which made no attempt to escape, did not seem the least daunted, but continued his attack. Finally, a well-directed blow from Ater's club brought it dead to the ground. Mr. Ater was considerably scarred.

SAYS a locomotive engineer: "I once had an interesting experience with a quicksand. My engine ran off a low bridge near River Bend, about 100 miles east of Denver, and fell into a small creek filled with quicksand. A wrecking train came up in a few hours, but the engine had entirely disappeared. The railroad officials ordered it to be raised, but it could not be found. We sounded with rods to a depth of over sixty feet; but not a trace did we discover of the engine, which had vanished as completely as if it had never existed. Four years afterward it was found at a depth of over 100 feet and was raised. We then ascertained that there was scarcely a bit of rust on it, the breaks were few, and, after a little tinkering, it was put upon the road again. The sand had kept out the air and prevented the iron from oxidizing."

WHILE a huge pine log was being sawed into timber at a saw mill on a small creek some two miles from Athens, Ga., as the workmen were turning it over preparatory to "squaring it," what was their astonishment to see the head of a huge frog bob out, where he was imbedded and barely escaped being cut by the saw. How in the world his frogship got there is a mystery, as he was completely incased without any possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth from the butt of the tree, the frog must have had his apartment some fifty or sixty feet from the ground. The tree was perfectly sound with the exception of a decayed spot some inches below the hermetically sealed prison of the frog. The animal was very fat and was unable to move when pulled out of his den.

ON the farm of Aaron Jeffers, about one mile east of the little town of Clements, there was killed a large black snake, inside of which there was found a china egg. Last June Mr. Jeffers had some hens hatching in the hen house. Upon going there one morning to feed and water them, what was his surprise to find all the eggs gone, including the china egg, which was in a nest by itself. Being rather anxious to find out what was robbing him of his eggs, Mr. Jeffers made a complete search of the hen-house, but could not find any trace of how his eggs so mysteriously disappeared. The mystery remained unsolved until one day recently, when Mr. Jeffers killed a big black-snake, inside of which he found his china egg.

A NOVEL method of swindling has been brought to light by the Custom House authorities at New York city. There are in the seizure room several books, including half a dozen copies of the Bible, in which were found concealed jewelry and other articles of considerable value. The method adopted by the smugglers was to cut an oblong cavity in these books in such manner that when the volumes were closed, they would form boxes which served as receptacles for the smuggled property. Another ingenious method of defrauding Uncle Sam was brought to light. In the latter instance an iron tube about six feet in length and four inches in diameter was plugged at the ends and made to resemble a piece of solid shafting for machinery. The interior of the tube was filled with small steel screws intended for the use of watchmakers and other manufacturers of delicate machinery.

THE scientific enterprise of modern criminals was illustrated by a recent discovery in the Faubourg St. Antoine, Paris, France, where the police raided a junk store keeper, who had connected his establishment by privately constructed telephones with the dens of several prominent burglars. The termini of his wires were all in cellars, and in delivering a message he observed the additional precaution of shrouding his head in woollen blankets. Midnight was his favorite time for more underground communions, but that very excess of circumspection at last seems to have led to his ruin. Amateur detectives noticed his nocturnal expeditions and followed him to his hiding-place, with results which he tried in vain to avert by lavish bribery.

A KANSAS paper tells an interesting cow story. The cow in question recently lost her calf. After it died, she transferred her affections to the fourteen-year-old son of her owner, for whom she manifests a strange fondness. She licks him just as she would a calf, and no one but the boy can do anything with the dumb creature. The other day the lad had occasion to go to town, and as he remained away until after milking time, his sister put on a suit of his clothes and went into the barnyard and succeeded in deceiving the cow until she (the cow) happened to see the boy coming up the road, when she kicked the pail over and made a bound in the direction of the youth, showing the most unmistakable evidences of delight.

THE most expensive meal ever eaten by man or beast in this country was partaken of by a mule belonging to Frank Hill, who, lives a few miles from Belton, Texas. Mr. Hill went to his lot to feed his stock. He pulled of his coat and hung it on the fence. In an envelope which was in the side pocket, he had $235 in currency and several notes and accounts. In some way this envelope dropped out of his pocket and a mule which was wandering around the lot, picked it up and began munching it. When Mr. Hill realized the situation it was too late to recover the envelope or money. Both had been thoroughly masticated.

AN anecdote is going the rounds in Australia concerning the manner in which a well-known leading actor supplied the accidental absence of a necessary article of remake-up." He was playing Macbeth, and when he came to the murder scene he asked in vain for the blood with which he had intended to imbrue his hands. After abusing the property man roundly for his neglect the actor struck with a happy thought, and denoted his the functionirs on the nose, to that a good supply of crimson fluid was obtained and in this the actor bathed his palms.

THEY KNOW THE CROOKS.

Detectives Watch Every Man Who Enters Wall Street.

Speaking of the familiarity of certain people in the metropolis with certain localities reminds me of the good turn this serves that remarkable body of Inspector Byrnes's department whose duty it is to guard the wealth of Wall street. There are stationed at intervals in the vicinity of Wall street several of the best detectives in the country. These men are accustomed to the faces of the legitimate residents and habitues of the brokerage and banking sections. They probably know the face, figure and name of every bank cashier, teller, broker and broker's customer who comes into the street. Just as soon as a new face makes its appearance all one of these fellows has to do is to decide whether that is the face of a crook or of some new candidate for being crooked. In the first place, these detectives know the faces of about every crook in the country whose talents would naturally direct him to Wall street. Bank burglars and men of that stamp from which come expert counterfeiters are not born in a day, but are the products of criminal skill, and during the process of their advancement their personality becomes familiar to the expert thief-catcher in large cities. What seems remarkable, therefore, to a layman is a mere matter of course to a disciple and employee of Inspector Byrnes.

It has been truthfully remarked that during the decade in which Inspector Byrnes has had this espionage of Wall street not a single bank burglary or robbery of any importance has been committed in that vicinity. Up to that time a very large amount of money had been obtained by notorious crooks, and some of the most daring bank operations had proved successful. It is said that at least $7,000,000 in securities and money had been taken out of Wall street up to the period when Byrnes undertook to maintain a systematic watch upon the street. One day last summer I was standing in conversation with a friend in front of Trinity Church when a dapper little gentleman carrying a slender switch cane came sauntering slowly by. There were several people looking through the railing in Trinity churchyard as usual. This curious crowd can be seen there any day and at any hour during the day in the summer months. There was nothing apparently out of the way, therefore, in the present instance. When the slender gentleman passed he took a good look at one of those persons and suddenly turned on his heel and took him gently by the buttonhole. The man seemed startled out of his self-control for a minute, and then again recovered his mental equilibrium. It required but a word or two to send him walking swiftly up Broadway. Then my friend turned to me and said: "Did you notice that? That's Byrnes' detective, and he has discovered the presence of a crook in this forbidden neighborhood."—[New York World.

Silly Duelists.

The Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie's duels were almost incessant; and one of his affairs of honor was so silly that it helped to set in motion the current of ridicule which has made dueling so much less honorable than it once was. One day another famous duelist, Pierrot d'Issac, came to see his friend, the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie. It should be explained that, in French, pierrot means sparrow, and merle means blackbird. "Marquis," he said, "I am a Bonapartist, and you are a royalist. Moreover, I am a sparrow, and you are the blackbird. Doesn't it strike you that there is one bird of us too many?" "It does, precisely," said the Marquis; "my choice is pistols; and as is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight in the trees." "Agreed," said D'Issac. As if it were not sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another because his name was Sparrow, and the other Blackbird, the duel was actually fought from trees. The seconds stood on the ground below. The pistols were fired at the signal. There was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut-trees. It was Pierrot d'Issac, who, wounded severely in one leg, came tumbling to the ground like a ripe chestnut," Sainte-Marie's seconds said. Fortunately he caught on one of the lower branches, and was helped to the ground by his seconds. At this point Merle de Sainte-Marie began to chirp triumphantly; imitating the song of the blackbird. D'Issac waited until he was recovered from his wound, and then challenged Sainte-Marie for the chirp. This time there was nothing amusing about the duel. It was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded. The sparrow had avenged himself upon the blackbird.—[Argonaut.

IN Berlin, the other day, a driver who ran down two pedestrians had a narrow escape for his life. In Mexico the law of the streets is the reverse, the citizen who gets run over being arrested and fined for his stupidity. In New York, seriously comments the New York Press, we adopt a middle course. The passage of Broadway is a sort of rough and tumble go-as-you-please, in which the laugh if not the law, is for the man who gets hurt.

UNCLE SAM'S FIRST MINT.

The First Regular Coins Were Turned Out by Horse Power.

The act establishing the United States mint was passed April, 1792. It was three years before it was ready to erect a suitable structure in which to domicile the new department. The seat of the federal government was in the state house and other buildings in Independence Square, and it was desirable that the mint be located as near the spot as possible. A site was secured upon the east side of 7th street above Sugar alley, afterward called Farmer and now known as Filbert street.

Here a plain brick building was erected in the summer of 1792. The coining presses arrived from England in September and operations began in the last part of October, the material for starting coining, six pounds of old copper, having been purchased a few days before. The machinery of the mint was moved by horse power. The first regular returns of coins to the treasury was made March 1, 1793, and consisted of 11,178 cents, staged this plague of lice.

There are a hundred ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, yet with his lips he may not once directly lie. There are those who state what is relatively untrue, but afterward say "may I die if I lied." These departures from the truth are called "white lies," but there is really no such thing as a white lie.

The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition. No inventory of public affairs will be sufficient that omits this giant abomination. There are men high in church and state actually useful, self-denying and honest in many things, who, upon certain subjects and in certain spheres, are not at all to be depended upon for veracity. Indeed, there are many men and women who have their notions of truthfulness so thoroughly perverted that they do not know when they are lying. Withmany it is a cultivated sin; with some it seems a natural infirmity. I have known people who seemed to have been born liars. The falsehoods of their lives extended from cradle to grave. Generations, misrepresentation and dishonesty of speech appeared in their first utterances, and were as natural to them as any of their infantile diseases, and were a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina. But they have been placed in circumstances where this tendency has day by day been spurred by hour been called to larger development. They have gone from attainment to attainment and from class to class until they have become regularly graduated liars. The air of the city is filled with falsehoods, they hang pendent from the chandeliers of the fashionable residences, they crowd the shelves of some our merchant princes, they fill the walk from curbstone to brown stone front, they cluster around the mechanic's corner, and blossom from the sod of the merchant's yardstick, and sit in the doors of churches. Some call them "fiction." Some call them "fabrication." You might say they were subterfuge, disguised, delusion, romance, evasion, pretense, fable, deception, misrepresentation, but, as I am ignorant of anything to be gained by the hiding of God defying outrage under a lexicographer's blanket, I shall call them what my Father taught me to call them—lies.

I shall divide them into agricultural, mercantile, mechanical, ecclesiastical, and social lies.

First, then, I will speak of those that are in particularly agricultural. There is nothing in the perpetual presence of rural objects to make a man pure. The never ceasing issue "false stock." Wheat fields are always honest. The farmer cannot cheat more in the night, not paying for the place he have occupied. Corn shocks never make false assignments. Mountain brooks are always "current." The gold on the grain never counterfeit. The sunrise never deals in false colors. The dew sports only genuine diamonds. Taking farmers as a rule, I believe they are truthful and fair in dealing and kind hearted. But the regions surrounding our cities do not always send forth such men to our markets. Day by day we creak through our streets and about our market houses farm wagons that have in their honest spoke in their wheels or a truthfulness from tongue to board. During the last few years there have been times when domestic economy has foundered on the farmer's skin. Neither high nor the high price of dry goods, nor the exorbitancy of labor, could excuse much of the city has witnessed in the behavior of the yeomanry. By the side of the Hudson, Chesterfield and Orange Counties I hope there may be seasons of deep reflection and early repentance. Rural districts are accustomed to rail at great cities as given up to land and every form of unrighteousness, but our cities do not absorb all the abomination. Our citizens have learned the importance of not always trusting to the size and color of apples in the top of a farmer's barrel as an indication of what may be found underdown. Many of our people are accustomed to water sugar to the quality of beets is measured, and there are many honest milk cans.

Our cities do not all cluster round city halls. When our cities sit down to weep over their sins, all the surrounding towns ought to come in and weep with them. There is often difficulty on the part of officers against traders, as though the man who raises the corn was necessarily more honorable than the grain dealer who put into barrels the product of industry and so such hostility. Yet producers often do it no wrong to snatch away from the buyer and they say to the bargain maker, "Let get your money easy." Do they get easy? Let those who in the quiet field learn get their living exchange places with those who stand to-day amid the excitements of commercial life and see if they do is very easy.

Take the farmer goes to sleep with the fence that his corn and barley will be stolen all the night, moment by moment, to his revenue, the merchant tries to be very conscious that that moment his goods may be broken on the rocks or dashed by the wave that sweeps clear across the hurricane neck, or that reckless speculation that every hour be plotting some sudden revolution, or the burglars be at work open his safe, or his debtors fleeing from him, or his landlord raising the rent, or his building on the block that contains his estate, burned to the ground, help merchants! It is hard to have the palms of hands blistered with outdoor work, but more dreadful process, when through social anxieties the brain is consumed, the next place we notice mercantile lies before the counter and behind the counter. I will not attempt to specify the various forms of counterfeit falsehood, which merchants who occupy these vocations from truthfulness because of the falsely called commercial custom. In other words the multiplication and universality are every while as good looking as a dollar, and drop of unequited toil in the shape of bad or imperfect lies in the shape of a spark of bad temper flashing in the breast; bracket; not one drop of honest heart blood in the system. Walk through our great metropolis, in the business quarters, and there is not one door knob, not one brasses, not one trimmed, not one thread and not one piece of ribbon, that has not been in the hands of dishonest men. Every day, a band of toil and tears wrung with sweat and blistered until the skin came off should be placed upon the counter that paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb—or that some day, walking the halls, there should be a voice accusing the occupant of the place, "Twelve cents for an army blanket," and the man should try to sleep at night, but every and anon be aroused, until getting up on our pillow, he should shriek out, "Who's there?"

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive in her delirium, she said, faintly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done; I am tired. I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found out afterward she was making garments for eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and they cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says, "Are you going to leave me." "Yes," she said, "and I am come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said, "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you;" and he kicked her down the stairs.

There are thousands of fortunes made in commercial spheres that are throughout dishonest. God will let His favor rest upon every scroll, every pictured wall, every traceried window, and the joy that flashes from the lights, and also upon the music and dances in the children's quick feet, pattering through the hall, will utter the congratulation of men and the approval of God.

A merchant can, to the last item, be thoroughly honest. There's never any need of falsehood. Yet how many will, day by day, hour by hour, utter what they know to be wrong. You say that you are selling at less than cost. If so, then you ought to say it. But did that cost you less than what you ask for it? If not, then you have falsified. You say that that article cost you twenty-five dollars. Did it? If so, then all right. If it did not, then you have falsified.

Suppose you are a purchaser. You are "beating down" the goods. You say that this article is worth five dollars, when it is not worth more than four. Is it worth no more than four dollars? Then all right. If it is worth more, and for the sake of getting it for less than its value, you willfully depreciate it, you have falsified. You may call it a sharp trade. The recording angel writes it down on the ponderous tomes of eternity, "Mr. So-and-so, merchant on Water street or in Eighth street or in State street, or Mrs. So-and-so, keeping house on Beacon street or on Madison avenue or Rittenhouse Square or Brooklyn Heights or Brooklyn Hill, told one falsehood." You may consider it insignificant because relating to an insignificant purchase. You would despise the man who would falsify in regard to some great matter in which the city or whole country was concerned; but this is only a box of tacks, or a row of pins, or a case of needles. Be not deceived. The little pair chased may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin was bigger than the Pyramids, and the echo of the dishonor will reverberate through all the mountains of eternity.

You throw on your counter some specimens of handkerchiefs. Your customer says, "Is that all silk? No cotton in it?" You answer, "It is all silk." Was it all silk? If so, all right. But was it partly cotton? Then you have falsified. Moreover, you lost by the falsehood. The customer, though he may live at Lynn or Doylestown or Poughkeepsie, will find out that you have defrauded him, and next spring when he again comes shopping he will look at your sign and say: "I will not try there! That is the place where I got that handkerchief." So that by that one dishonest bargain you pick your own pocket and insulted the Almighty.

Would you dare to make an estimate of how many falsehoods in trade were yesterday told by hardware men and clothiers and fruit dealers and dry goods establishments and importers and jewelers and lumbermen and coal merchants and dealers in wine and tobacconists? Lies about saddles, about buckles, about ribbons, about carpets, about glasses, about coats, about shoes, about books—about everything. In the name of the Lord God Almighty, I arraign commercial falsehoods as one of the greatest plagues in city and country.

In the next place I notice mechanical lies. There is no class of men who administer more to the welfare of the city than mechanics. To their hand we must look for the building that shelters us, for the garments that clothe us, for the car that carries us. They wield a tremendous influence. There is much derision of what is called "Muscular Christianity," but in the latter day of the world's prosperity I think that the Christian will be muscular. We owe a right to a great deal of those stalwart men of toil the highest possible integrity. Many of them answer all our expectations, and stand at the front of religious and philanthropic enterprises. But this class, like the others that I have named, has in it those who lack in the element of veracity. They cannot all be trusted. In times when the demand for labor is great it is impossible to meet the demands of the public, or do work with that promptness and perfection that would at other times be possible.

But there are mechanics whose word cannot be trusted at any time. No man has a right to promise more than he can do. There are mechanics who say that they will come on Monday, but they do not come until Wednesday. You put work in their hands that they tell you shall be completed in ten days, but it is thirty. There have been houses built of which it might be said that every nail driven, every foot of plastering put on, every yard of pipe laid, every shingle hammered, every brick mortared, could tell of falsehood connected therewith. Thousands attempting to do ten or fifteen pieces of work to leave not the time or strength to do more than five or six pieces, but to promises never fulfilled keep all the underlings waiting, their own grasp. This is what they call "pushing" the job.

How much wrong to his soul and insult to God's goodness would save if he promised only so much work as could be done! Society has no right to ask of you impossibilities. You cannot always calculate correctly, and you may fail because you cannot get the help that you anticipate. But now I am speaking of the willful making of promises that you know you cannot keep. Did you say that that shoe should be ready Saturday? Where are your tackets and thread and leather? Why, there is not one stitch taken in it! Did you say that that door should be hung and the latch put in the latch of dishonor. Why, there is not one door hung, not one latch put in the latch of dishonor. Did you say that that window should be glazed and the putty put in? Why, there is not one pane of glass in the window, and the putty is in the form of a lie! Did you say that that paper hanging should be put on the walls? Why, there is not one piece of paper on the walls, and the lie stares you in the face! Did you say that that carpet should be laid? Why, there is not one carpet on the floor, and the lie stares you in the face! Did you say that that door should be put in? Why, there is not one door in the house, and the lie stares you in the face! Did you say that that spout should be put on? Why, there is not one spout on the house, and the lie stares you in the face! Did you say that that window should be glazed by Saturday, to do it yourself? Do it yourself? Do it yourself?