Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1880.

FLIRTED WITH HIS APPETITE.

~~How to Bring a Darky out of the Sun.~~

The sun was mercilessly hot. A traveler over a dusty road in Missouri saw an old negro sitting on a log, where the sun shown hot enough to bake a hoe-cake. "Look here, why don't you get in the shade?" the traveler asked.

The old fellow slowly turned his head, raked a stream of perspiration from his brow, and answered: "Caze I wanter set yere in de sun, sah. Dat's 'bout de only reason I kin give."

"But ain't you too warm!"

"I doan know what you calls too wa'm, but I knows dat I'se 'bout ter melt."

"That brings me back to the first question. Why don't you get in the shade?"

"Caze I wanter be hot."

"Do you feel better when you are so hot?"

"Oh, no, sah; ain't say I does."

"You are a fool, that's what ails you."

"Yas, sah, it mout look sorter datter way ter er pusson dat ain' looked at de facks?"

"Well, but what are the facts?"

"Well, sah, de facks is deze yere: I libed in dat cabin 'way off yander in dat ole fiel' las' winter, an' it peered like de win' jes' took er mighty pleasure in stretchin' itse'f out in er narrer streak an' drivin' at dat place. Sometimes I would wake up in de night wid one o' my years dun frost bit, an' I says ter myse'f right den dat ef de weder eber did get hot ergin, I wuz gwine stay out in it, meck no diffunce how hot de sun shined, so yere I is an' dar is de sun shinin' fur all he wuth."

"Why, that was a peculiar resolution."

"Yas, sah, an' dat's whut de June bug 'lowed w'en de duck grabbed him, but it is er fack all de same."

"And you propose to stay in the sun just because you got so cold last winter?"

"Dat's erbout the shape o' it, I reckons."

"Ain't you afraid of being sunstruck? People are dying all around here from the effect of the heat."

"No, sah, I ain't er feered, caze w'en I gits sun-struck I'll den know dar ain't no 'danger o' bein' friz. I'm gwine ter try ter git ernuff heat in me ter las' me all winter."

"You are a funny old fellow."

"Yas, sah, an dat's what ole Ike 'lowed w'en I grabbed him wunst an' flung him down an' come mighty nigh ticklin de life outen him."

"Have you made a vow that you would not sit in the shade during the hot weather?"

"Dat's zactly whut I'se done."

"And nothing could induce you to break it?"

"Nothin' er tall, fur I done promised de Lawd, an' if you breaks er promise dat you mecks de Lawd, w'y you ain't gwine prosper atter dat. All yo' cattle will die, an' yo fire won't burn, an' yo' dogs won't tree nuthin', and yo' terbarker won't taste good er tall."

"Well, that would be a bad state of affairs. I am sorry that you can't go to the shade a moment."

"Whut you want me ter go dar fur?" he asked opening his eyes.

"I have a bottle of very fine whisky and thought that I would give you a drink."

"Whut's de matter wid gibbin, it ter me right yere?"

"Oh it would never do to drink in the sun while the weather is so hot."

"I kin stan' it, sah, swar ter de cross I kin."

"Yes, but I don't want to run any risk."

"Dat won't be ez bad ez gittin' me up dar in de shade an' knowin' dat all dem klamities will fall on me, caze I would be breckin' my word wid de Lawd. Gimme de bottle."

"No, I can't let you drink here."

"Look yere, I'll be er ruint man ef I goes up dar in de shade."

"Well, you'd better not drink then. I must leave you. Good day."

"Yere, hol' on. You ain't gwine flirt wid er man's appetite dat way, is you! Dat ain' 'cordin ter de Skripters er tall. Hol' on an' less argyfy er little."

"I have no time for argument."

"Den wait an' I'll foller you right on ter my 'struction. Dis time nex munt I won't hab er single cattle, an' my terbarker won't taste good, but blamed ef I ain't gwine tech dat licker."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The True Home Spirit.

The love and reverence of children for their parents, the perfect love that casts out fear, and which can never be enjoyed by fathers and mothers who have been harsh and hasty or selfish; the friendship between brothers and sisters which makes each happy in the other's company; the pleasant free-and-easy intercourse in which every one can speak his or her own mind without giving offense—these are the things which go to make all feel that, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."—*New York Ledger.*

THE great wall of China, extending for twelve hundred English miles along what was once the whole northern frontier of the Chinese empire—from twenty to twenty-five feet high, wide enough for six horses to run abreast and furnished with a suitable number of gates and bastions—contains, it has been carefully estimated, more material than all the buildings of the British empire put together.

SUNSET CALM.

The dying sunbeams softly play
On fields of tawny grain;
The rabbit's housed beneath the bay
That skirts the scented lane.

No breeze the leaf to music wakes
In bowers green and cool;
No swallow's wing in circles breaks
The mirror of the pool.

No sheep-bell tinkles from the fold;
And in the lilac glow
That steals o'er nature's cloth of gold
The shadows longer grow,

And melt into the silence deep,
Unbroken as a dream,
That battles like a wreath of sleep
On crimsoned mead and stream.

—[R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Weekly.

SAVED BY A STRATEGY.

BY ROBERT LINGLEY.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Walter Currey, English commissioner at the up-country station of Hutta-bagh, in Northern India had gone out upon the veranda with his wife and his two guests—Col. Ayres and Major Armstrong of the —th infantry. While the party were quietly conversing, a sudden clamor of angry voices from the road below drew them all to the front of the veranda.

The cause of the disturbance was visible at once. Two half-drunken English soldiers swaggering along the road had come into violent contact with a native boy who was running past; one of them, enraged at the collision had felled the poor lad to the ground and was unclasping his own belt with the evident intention of beating him unmercifully.

"Served the young whelp right," shouted the Colonel, rubbing his hands; "that's just what they all want."

The other Major Armstrong—popularly called Major Strongarm—was a huge, brawny silent man, whose forte lay in acting rather than talking. To leap to the ground, twelve feet below, to dart across the garden, to wait over the high stockade beyond, was the work of a moment for the athletic major; and in another instant he had raised the fallen boy tenderly from the ground, while saying to the foremost soldier in the low, compressed tone of a man who means what he says,—

"Be off with you."

"And who are you, shovin' yer nose in where yer ain't wanted?" roared the infuriated ruffian, to whose eyes the major's plain evening dress bore no token of his being an officer. "Just you——"

The sentence was never finished. At the sound of the last insolent defiance Armstrong's patience gave way altogether, and the strong right hand, which had hewn its way through a whole squadron of Sikh cavalry, fell like a sledge-hammer upon his opponent's face, dashing him to the ground as if he had been blown from the mouth of a gun.

"Well done, major!" shouted Mr. Currie, from above. "You deserve your name, no mistake."

At the name of "major" the other soldier took to his heels, and Armstrong, without even looking at his prostrate antagonist, proceeded to examine the injuries of the boy. The latter was sorely bruised in many places, and the blood was trickling freely over his swarthy face, but the little hero still did his best to stand erect and to keep down every signed of the pain he was enduring.

"You're a brave lad, and you'll make a soldier some day," said the major to him, in Hindustance. "Come with me, I'll see that no one molests you again."

Six months have come and gone, and Mr. Currie's hospitable house presents a very different spectacle. The pretty garden is trampled into dust and mire, and the bodies of men and horses are lying thick among the fragments of the half destroyed stockade.

The windows of the house are blocked up, and through the loopholed walls peer the muzzles of ready rifles, showing how steady the besieged garrison stands at bay against countless enemies, whose dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons are visible through the half-ruined building and matted thickets all around. The Sepoy mutiny of 1857 is blazing sky high over Northern India, and Colonel Ayres is blockaded in Hutta-bagh, with a certainty of a hideous death for himself and every man of the few who are still true to him, unless help comes speedily.

Day was just breaking when two men held whispered councils in one of the upper rooms.

"No fear of the water running short," said Major Armstrong; "but even on half rations our food will be out in four days more."

"And then we'll just go right at them, and cut our way through or die for it," growled the colonel, with a grim smile on his iron face, for with all his harshness and injustice, Colonel Ayres was "grit" to the backbone. "We mustn't say anything to them about it, though," added he, with a side glance at Mr. Currie, who, standing at the farther corner, was anxiously watching the thin, worn face of his sleeping wife.

At that moment a loud cheer from below startled them both, and the next moment Ismail (the major's boy, as every one now called him) burst into the room, with a glow of unwonted excitement on his dark face.

"Sahib!" cried he, "there is hope for us yet! A detachment of English are coming up the other bank of the river; if we can send word to them as they pass, we are saved."

"How do you know?" asked the major, eagerly.

"I heard the Sepoys say so, while I was lying bad among the bushes yonder," answered the lad.

"But if the troops are beyond the river, how can we communicate with them?" asked Mrs. Currie, who, awakened by the shouting, had arisen and joined the group. "They may not pass near enough to hear the firing, and we have no means of sending them word."

"Fear nothing for that, mem sahib" (madam), said the Hindoo boy, quietly. "I will carry them word myself."

"But how can you possibly do it?" cried Mr. Currie, thunderstruck by the confident tone in which this mere child spoke of a task from which the hardest veteran might well have shrunk.

"Listen, Sahib," answered Ismail. "I will slip out of the house and make a dash into the enemy's lines, as if I was deserting from you to them; and you can tell your people to fire a shot or two after me with a blank cartridge as I go. Then the Sepoys will receive me kindly, and I'll tell them that you are all dying of thirst and that they need only wait a day more to be sure of you, so that they won't come to make another attack. Then, when they have no suspicion, and think I'm one of themselves, I'll steal away and slip across the river."

"But are you quite sure the Sepoys will believe you?" asked Major Armstrong, doubtfully.

"They'll believe this, anyhow," replied the boy, deliberately making a deep gash in his bare shoulder, and staining his white frock with blood as he glided from the room, followed by the major.

The plan was soon explained to the men below, and a moment later Ismail's dark figure was seen darting like an arrow across the open space in front of the building, followed by a quick discharge of blank cartridges from the marksmen at the loopholes. The sound of firing drew the attention of the Sepoys, several of whom ran forward to meet him. In another instant he was in the midst of them.

"I can scarcely see for those bushes," said colonel Ayres, "but he seems to be showing them the mound on his shoulder and telling them it was our doing."

At that moment an exultant yell from the enemy came pealing through the still air.

"That's the story of our being short of water, for a guinea!" said the major; "it was a very good idea of his. If it only delays their attack two days longer there may be time for help to arrive yet."

Slowly and wearily the long hours of that fearful day wore on. The heat was so terrific that even the native soldiers of the garrison could barely hold their own against it, and the handful of Englishmen were almost helpless. Had the Sepoys attacked them then all would have been over at one blow, but hour passed after hour and there was no sign of an assault. At length, as afternoon gave place to evening, a movement began to show itself in the enemy's lines. Their curls of smoke, arising above the trees, showed that the evening meal was in preparation, and several figures with pitchers in their hands were seen going toward the river, among whom the colonel's keen eye soon detected Ismail.

"By George!" cried the old soldier, slapping his knee exultingly, "that lad's worth his weight in gold! There's his way down to the river open to him, without the least chance of suspicion. Why, he's a born general—nothing less."

Every eye within the wall was now turned anxiously upon the distant group, fearing to see at any moment some movement which would show that the trick was detected. Suddenly, as Ismail stooped to plunge his light wooden dipper into the water, it slipped from his hands and went floating away down the stream. A cry of dismay, a loud laugh from the Sepoys, and then the boy was seen running frantically along the bank and trying in vain to clutch the vessel as it floated past.

"What on earth's he up to?" grunted the colonel, completely mystified.

"I see!" said Major Armstrong, triumphantly, "there's a boat yonder among the reeds, and he's making right for it. Well done, my brave boy."

But at that moment a yell of rage from the Sepoys told that the trick was discovered. Luckily those on the bank had left their pieces behind, or poor Ismail would soon have been disposed of; but the alarm instantly brought up a crowd of their armed comrades, whose bullets fell like hail around the boat and its gallant little pilot.

"Let us fire a volley and make a show of sallying out," said the colonel; "It'll take their attention from him."

But in this he was mistaken. The first rattle of musketry did recall most of Ismail's assailants; but at least a dozen were left, who kept up an increasing fire, striking the boat again and again. All at once the colonel dashed his glass to the floor with a fierce imprecation. Between two gusts of smoke he had seen the boat turn suddenly over, and go whirling away down the dark river, keel upward.

"There's an end of the poor lad," muttered the veteran brokenly. "God bless him for a brave little fellow. And now, old friends, we must die hard, for there's no hope left."

The first few hours of the night passed quietly, and the exhausted defenders, utterly worn out, slept as if drugged with opium. But a little after midnight the quick ears of the two veteran officers—the only watchers in the whole garrison except the sentries themselves—caught a faint stirring in the surrounding thickets, which seemed to augur some movement on the part of the enemy. Listening intently for a few moments, they felt certain that they were right, and lost no time in awakening their men. The scanty stores of food were opened once more, and, crouching together in the darkness, the doomed men took what they fully believed to be their last meal on earth.

"They're coming," said Major Armstrong, straining his eyes into the gloom through a loophole. "I hear them creeping forward, though I can't yet see them."

"What was that?" exclaimed the colonel suddenly. "It looked like a fiery arrow flying past."

"It's worse than that," said the major, in a low voice. "The rascals are shooting lighted chips of bamboo into the roof to set it on fire. Send the women up with buckets to flood the thatch—there's not a moment to lose!"

"I'll go, and see to it myself," cried Mrs. Currie, hastening out of the room.

But the power of this new weapon had already been fatally manifest. The house was an old one, dry as tinder from the prolonged heat, and as fast as the flames were quenched in one place they broke out in another. When day dawned, the fire had already got hold of one corner of the building, and a crushing discharge was poured upon all who attempted to extinguish it, whilst the triumphant yells of the human tigers below told that they felt sure of their prey.

"It's all over with us, old fellow," said the colonel, grasping his companion's hand; "at least we shall have done our duty."

"Give me one of your pistols," whispered Mrs. Currie to her husband, in a voice that was not her own. "I must not fall into their hands alive."

At that moment Major Armstrong was seen to start and bend forward as if listening intently, for he thought—although he could scarcely believe his ears—that he had suddenly caught a faint sound of distant firing. In another instant he heard it again, and this time there could be no doubt, for several of the others had caught it likewise, and a gleam of hope once more lighted up their haggard faces and bloodshot eyes.

Louder and nearer came the welcome sound, while the sudden terror and confusion visible among the enemy showed that they, too, were at no loss to gain its meaning. Then high above the din rose the well-known "Hurrah," and through the smoke clouds broke a charging line of glittering bayonets and ruddy English faces, sweeping away the cowardly murderers as the sun chases the morning mist.

"That boy is worth his weight in gold," said Colonel Ayres, as, a few hours later he listened to Ismail's account of how he had dived under the boat and kept it between him and the Sepoys, that they might think him drowned.—[Yankee Blade.

FOUR CENTURIES OLD.

A Bible Which was Printed Five Years Before Luther's Birth.

What is probably the oldest copy of the Scriptures in the United States is a very curious Bible in the possession of Rev. Father A. A. Lambing, the historian, of Wilkinsburg, Pa.

It is a folio in size, containing about nine hundred pages of heavy parchment (sheep) and bears a marked resemblance to the first Bibles printed by Gutenberg when he invented printing. The Bibles printed at first by Gutenberg (in 1450 and 1455) are described as "quarto in size, double columns, the initial letters of the chapters being executed with the pen in colors."

Father Lambing's Bible was printed in 1478, and is, therefore, one of the earliest specimens of printing. The letters are in large Gothic style and the hand-illuminated work is simply beautiful. The gilt painting, after a lapse of time, is as clear and pretty and bright as though put on only yesterday.

Chemistry to-day is said to possess no materials which will maintain a red color any length of time, and here in this Bible the flourishes and initial letters in red have withstood the ravages of time for more than four hundred years and are still brilliant. The monks had some secret in the mixture of their paints. They became adepts at the illuminating art.

The text of the book is in the Latin vulgate, except that the Acts of the Apostles are put after St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. There are many contractions in the printing which are hard to make out, even to Latin and Biblical students. The cover is of maple wood covered on the outside with hogskin, over which flourishes and fancy stamp work have been embossed.

The corners of the cover are protected by solid brass castings. Another of these metal ornaments has been fastened to the middle of the back and the fragments of brass clasps are still hanging to the Bible. In those days durability was aimed at in binding far more than it is now.

Father Lambing says that this Bible is five years older than Martin Luther. Luther was born November 5, 1483, and the book was printed November, 1478. He says it is probably one of the old books which were chained in the monasteries.

More than the Snake Could Chew.

The other day, while D. N. Buchanan was on his way home he discovered a small reptile known as the milk snake, which was trying to swallow a horned toad. The snake succeeded in getting the toad started down the winding stairs, but by this time the toad discovered the object the snake had in view and began to kick, so the snake and toad had it up and down, the snake holding on like grim death and the toad kicking like an Apache Indian. Finally the toad made one desperate effort to liberate himself, piercing the snake's mouth on either side through and through with its horns. This sealed their doom, for the snake could not liberate the toad nor could the toad free the snake, consequently both expired, leaving the head of the toad in the snake's mouth and its horns protruding from either side. J. M. Richardson has the snake and toad preserved in alcohol, and parties desiring the truth of our snake story can call at Mr. Richardson's and examine the proof.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

AN agitation is going on in London for equality in sleeplessness. This sounds singular, and it would be a strange thing indeed in the United States, but there is nothing peculiar about it in London. It appears that under the laws that govern the British metropolis, there are a few streets inhabited by the aristocrats on which vehicles are not allowed to pass after 11 o'clock at night. These streets are closed at one end by a bar, and after that hour at night a great calm reigns. People living on the streets can get into them in a vehicle, but no vehicle can pass through. It has to go out the same way it comes in. The agitation is for the removal of the barriers and for placing all the people of the metropolis on an equality. Lord Rosebery is one of those who favors this reform. He says that it is necessary to go back to "the time of the Pharaohs of Egypt, when the children of Israel were relegated to a part of that country which was shut off by bars and gates at a fixed hour of the night from any communication with the outer world," to find a precedent for so wonderful a state of things.

THE industry of the little busy bee seems to lose force as a moral example, when the profitless and unnecessary toil of a lot of Kentucky bees is considered. The home of these bees was a bluff 170 feet high near Franklin, and for a number of years they had been seen to emerge from a fissure near its top. It recently occurred to a farmer that the bluff might be full of honey, and, in company with a number of neighbors, he undertook to find out. A hole bored into the bluff completely corroborated his theory. It disclosed one of the most remarkable finds of honey ever discovered. Everybody for miles around has filled a barrel or two, and the farmers are supplied with honey enough to spread on their biscuits for years to come. But the industry for which bees are lauded by the novelists, seems to have been misdirected in this case. They produced an enormous surplus of honey which they could not use themselves and which they intended nobody else should use, only to be robbed of it in the end.

"Poor's Manual of Railroads" for the current year shows that there were 161,396 miles of track laid at the close of the fiscal year ending December 31, 1889. Increase of mileage in the calendar year 1889, 5,751 miles; increase of mileage in the fiscal year, 6,268 miles. The total assets of the companies amount to $10,205,493,050; total liabilities, $9,931,453,146; excess of assets over liabilities, $274,039,904. The total train mileage was 723,772,142; passengers carried, 495,124,767; tons moved, 619,137,537; total gross earnings, $992,956,856; operating expenses, $674,731,517; net earnings, $318,125,339; other income, $88,804,148; total available revenue, $406,929,487; total payments for interest, dividends, rental and miscellaneous items, $376,402,967.

CAPTAIN F. A. BOUTELLE, Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, in his first annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, speaks of the danger to the park from forest fires, and suggests measures of protection against these fires, any of which might greatly mar the grandeur of the Grand Canon and destroy the beauty of Yellowstone Lake by destroying the fringe of forest surrounding them. The protection of the wild animals in the park during the past few years, Captain Boutelle says, has been perfect, and, as a consequence, they have greatly increased in numbers. Buffalo, beyond enumeration abound, and the number of elk in the park is something wonderful, herds of from two to three thousand having been seen last winter.

EVEN the historic Sevres porcelain manufactory is threatened with being gobbled by an English syndicate, which to include some of the more important china makers of Great Britain. Of late the control of the French government, has been steadily running down in public esteem. The manufactory has received an annual subsidy of something more than $160,000, but a commission has reported in favor of abolishing this. The annual sale of porcelain products at Sevres now scarcely exceeds $20,000.

THE Baroness Klara von der Deckien of Tiflis, has sent a circular letter to the beautiful women of the world, asking them to forward their photos to her. These photos will be examined by a committee of artists, and those approved of will be placed in an album to be entitled, "Types of Female Beauty of the Last Years of the Nineteenth Century," which is to be placed in a museum at Moscow for preservation. Women of all classes and countries who can lay claim to beauty are to be represented in the forthcoming album.

THERE are thirty-five widows drawing pensions from the Government, because their husbands were soldiers in the Revolutionary War. The oldest of them is Mrs. Nancy Rains, of Knoxville, Tenn., the widow of John Rains. She is now in her ninety-eighth year. On account of her great age, which is proved by family records, she receives a pension of $30 a month, which is more than that received by any other revolutionary pensioner. The number of these pensioners, however, is now rapidly decreasing every year, and but few will probably be left at the close of another decade.

RUSSIA is interested in the statistics of Tushkuroff, a traveler and ethnologist, who points out the fact that there are 400,000 heathens and 50,000 Mohammedans in the Russian army, the latter forming 75 per cent. of the Cossack regiments, and also declares that Christianity is dying out in Southeastern Russia.

Experience is authority enough for knowledge of natural law.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The Food in God's Gospel."

TEXT: *"And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."*—Joshua v., 12.

Only those who have had something to do with the commissariat of an army know what a job it is to feed and clothe five or six hundred thousand men. Well, there is such a host as that marching across the desert. They are cut off from all army supplies. There are no rail trains bringing down food or blankets. Shall they perish? No. The Lord comes from heaven to the rescue, and He touches the shoes and the coats which in a year or two would have been worn to rags and tatters, and they become stormproof and timeproof, so that after forty years of wearing the coats and the shoes are as good as new. Besides that every morning there is a shower of bread, not sour or soggy, for the rising of that bread is made in heaven, and celestial finger has mixed it and rolled it into balls, light, flaky and sweet, as though they were the crumbs thrown out from a heavenly banquet. Two batches of bread made every day in the upper mansion—one for those who sit at the table with the King, and the other for the marching Israelites in the wilderness.

I do not very much pity the Israelites for the fact that they had only manna to eat. It was, I suppose, the best food ever provided. I know that the ravens brought food to hungry Elijah, but I should not so well have liked those black waiters. Rather would I have the fare that came down every morning in buckets of dew—clean, sweet, God provided edibles. But now the Israelites have taken the last bite of it in their fingers, and put the last delicate morsel of it to their lips. They look out, and there is no manna. Why this cessation of heavenly supply? It was because the Israelites had arrived in Canaan, and they smelled the wealth of the harvest fields, and the crowded barns of the country were thrown open to them. All the inhabitants had died, and in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the Israelites took possession of everything. Well, the threshing floor is cleared, the corn is scattered over it, the oxen are brought around in lazy and perpetual circuit until the corn is trampled loose; then it is winnowed with a fan, and it is ground and it is baked, and, lo! there is enough bread for all the worn out host. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

From among the mummies of Egypt and Canaan have been brought grains of corn, exactly like our Indian corn, and carefully planted, they have produced the same kind of corn with which we are familiar. So I am not sure which kind of grain my text refers to, but all the same it is memorable.

The bisection of this subject leads me, first, to speak of special relief for especial emergency; and, secondly, of the old corn of the Gospel for ordinary emergencies.

If these Israelites crossing the wilderness had not received bread from the heavenly bakeries they would first have been a long line of dead children half buried in the sand. Then there would have been a long line of dead women waiting for the jackals. Then there would have been a long line of dead men unburied, because there would have been no one to bury them. Yet, I will say, it has been told in the history of the world that a great company of good people started out from Egypt for Canaan and were never heard of—as thoroughly lost, in the wilderness of sand as the City of Boston and the President were lost in the wilderness of waters. What was it to them that there was plenty of corn in Canaan or plenty of corn in Egypt? What they wanted was something to eat right there, where there was not so much as a grass blade—in other words an especial supply for an especial emergency. That is what some of you want. The ordinary God. Oh, lift up your lacerated soul in prayer, and you will get omnipotent comfort! I do not know in what words the soothing influence may come, but I know that for especial grief there is especial deliverance. "I give you two or three passages; try them on; take that which best fits your grief. "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;" "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I know there are those who, when they try to comfort people, always bring the same stale sentiment about the usefulness of trial. Instead of bringing up a new plaster for a new wound, and fresh manna for fresh hunger, they rummage their haversack to find some crust of old consolation, when from horizon to horizon the ground is white with the new fallen manna of God's help not five minutes old!

But after fourteen thousand six hundred consecutive days of falling manna—Sundays excepted—the manna ceased. Some of them were glad of it. You know they had complained to their leader, and wondered that they had to eat manna instead of onions. Now the fare is changed. Those people in that army under forty years of age had never seen a corn field, and now, when they hear the leaves rustling and see the tassels waving, and the billows of green flowing over the plain as the wind touched them, it must have been a new and lively sensation. "Corn!" cried the old man, as he opened an ear. "Corn!" seried the children, as they combed the shining grains. "Corn!" shouted the vanguard of the host as they burst open the granaries of the affrighted population, the granaries that had been left in the possession of the victorious Israelites. Then the fire was kindled, and the ears of corn were thrust into it, and, fresh and crisp and tender, were devoured of the hungry victors; and bread was prepared, and many thought that can be made out of flour regaled the appetites that had been sharpened by the long march. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

Blessed be God, we stand in just such a field to-day, the luxuriant grain coming above the girdle, the air full of the odors of the ripe old corn of the gospel Canaan. "Oh!" you say, "the fare is too plain." Then I remember you will soon get tired of a fanciful diet. While I was in Paris I liked for a while the rare and exquisite cookery, but I soon wished I was home again, and had the plain food of my native land. So it is a fact that we soon weary of the sirups and the custards and the whipped foam of the fanciful religionists, and say, "Give us plain bread made out of the old corn of the gospel Canaan." This is the only food that can quell the soul's hunger.

I rode some thirteen miles to see the Alexander, a large steamship, that was launched near Southampton, L. I. It was a splendid vessel. I walked up and down the decks and in the cabins I said: "What a pity that this vessel should go to pieces, and be lying here idle." The coast wreckers had spent $30,000 trying to get her off, and they succeeded once; but she came back again under a large stanchion. I was walking on deck every part of the vessel trembled with the beating of the surf on one side. Since then I heard that that vessel, which was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, was sold for $3500, and knocked to pieces. They had given the idea of getting her to sell again. How suggestive all this is to me! There are those who are ground in religious things. Once you started for heaven, but you are now aground. Several times it was thought you had started again heavenward, but you soon got back to the old place, and there is not much prospect you will ever reach the harbor of the blessed. God's wreckers, I fear, will pronounce you a hopeless case, bedched for eternity! And then it will be written in heaven concerning some one of your size, and complexion, and age, and name, that he was invited to be saved, but refused the offer, and starved to death within sight of the fields and granaries full of the old corn of Canaan.

"You Sabbe Glos?"

A small Chinaman with a long pigtail and an excited manner, rushed up to a stroller in Chinatown and whispered, "You sabbe glos?"

"What?" said the stroller.

"You sabbe glos?" repeated the heathen, tossing his cue over his right shoulder and looking around in an alarmed fashion.

"Me sabbe glos, alle same Melican. You sabbe spilit?"

"What's the matter with you, any way?" shouted the American; "hitting the pipe?"

You sabbe Alemely stleet?" continued the trembling Chinaman. "Me walkee up alle, alle same, feel heap good, no sleep, no hit pipe, me slober, alle same Melican man. Me walk long Hit Sing's home, you sabbe, me see fine China-man, look like mandline, you sabbe mandline? Me say 'How you?' in Chinee. He looke me in eye, he bleath hard, no spleak, me say 'How you?' he no spleak. Me say 'You sabbe Melican?' he no spleak. Then one put out pipe. You sabbe air? him alle same air. You sabbe air? him alle same air, you sabbe lice? he alle same lice, heap cold."

"What did you do?" asked a bystander. "You sabbe git?" queried the Chinaman, "Me git alle same Melican man."

This is all that could be obtained from Wong Sing; he was all broken up and had seen a ghost.

From a Chinaman who spoke English it was learned that Wong was returning home from a visit to some friends, and passing a house where a Chinaman had died he saw a finely dressed Chinaman in the full war paint of a mandarin standing. Accosting him he received no reply. They spoke again, and, after the American fashion, attempted to nudge the mandarin in the ribs with his long pipe, but to his horror the pipe and his hand sank into and through the figure, which was nothing but air, and air as cold as ice. Wong said that it felt as though he had put his hand into an ice box or for the coming Democratic convention. In short, it was a spirit, a Chinese ghost, and Wong recovered and ran up the alley as stated.

Ghosts are rare in Chinatown, and no other Chinaman had seen the mandarin, though one was found who said that there were "heap ghosts, alle same Melican man." The ghost is a truly American invention, and the fact that one has been seen in Chinatown shows that John is rapidly coming over to American ways and ideas.

GOD has never had any use for people who had no business of their own to attend to.

crown, and lifted sceptre, and transangelic throne.

There is another characteristic about bread, and that is, you never get tired of it. There are people here seventy years of age who find it just as appropriate for their appetite as they did when, in school, their mother cut a slice of it clear around the loaf. You have not got tired of bread, and that is a characteristic of the Gospel. Old Christian man, are you tired of Jesus? If you can take His name out of our Bible, and let us with pen and ink erase that name wherever it occurs in our hymnology, and let "There is a Fountain" and "Rock of Ages" go into forgetfulness. Let us tear down the communion table where we celebrate His love. Let us dash down the baptismal bowl where we were consecrated to Him. Let us hurl Jesus from our heart, and ask some other hero to come in. Let us say, "Go away, Jesus I want another companion, another friend, than Thou art." Could you do it? The years of your past life, aged man, would utter a protest against it, and the graves of your Christian dead would charge you with being an ingrate, and your little grandchildren would say: "Grandfather, don't do that. Jesus is the one to whom we say our prayers at night, and who is to open heaven when we die. Grandfather, don't do that." Tired of Jesus! The Burgundy rose you pluck from the garden is not so fresh and fair and beautiful. Tired of Jesus? As well get weary of the spring morning and the voice of the mountain runnel, and the quiet of your own home, and the gladness of your little children. Jesus is bread, and the appetite for that is never obliterated.

Do not talk to me about a man being doubtful about the doctrines of grace. He is not doubtful to me at all. Bread is bread, and I know it the moment I see it. I had a cornfield which I cultured with my own hand. I did not ask once in all the summer: "Is this corn? Tell me about it in the *Agriculturist* to get a picture of corn. I was born in sight of a cornfield and I know all about it. When these Israelites came to Canaan and looked off upon the fields the cry was: "Corn! corn!" And if a man has once tasted of this heavenly bread he knows it right away. He can tell this corn of the gospel Canaan from "the chaff which the wind driveth away." I bless God so many have found this Gospel corn. It is the bread of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. I see the gladness of your soul to the tunes of "Ariel" and "Antioch." I ring the wedding bells, for Christ and your soul are married, and there is no power on earth or in hell to get out letters of divorcement.

But alas for the famine struck! Enough corn, yet it seems you have no sickle to cut it, no mill to grind it, no mouth to bake it, no appetite to eat it. Starving to death when the plain is golden with a magnificent harvest!

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AMMONIA AND SUICIDES.

One of the Most Certain Agents for Causing Death by Slow Poisoning.

Of the number of those seeking suicid by swallowing some form of poison, probably there are few people who have sought to kill themselves by inhaling ammonia. Nevertheless ammonia, although it is the active agent in most of the salts sold to women for their gilt-decorated and perfumed scent bottles, is poisonous when taken internally in a concentrated form. To attest this there have been recently in New York several cases, the most recent being that of Herman Harowitz, of which Deputy Coroner Jenkins said that death took place in a comparatively short time after the ammonia was taken. In another case, that of a child, Dr. Jenkins said, resulted in five minutes after swallowing the ammonia solution.

There are on record also cases of slow poisoning from ammonia, administered with intent to commit murder. Furthermore the appearance of workmen in guano factories, where ammonia is set free by grinding guano, has been noted, and in every case there is an unmistakable system of poisoning. This is di-coloration of the skin of the face, which assumes a blotched, dirty appearance. First to take on this appearance is the skin of the nose and forehead. Autopsies of those who die from ammonia poisoning reveal a dark hue on the mucous membrane lining the stomach and intestines.

As an agent for causing death by slow poisoning, ammonia is one of the most certain and the most difficult of detection, owing to its volatile nature. This quality has led physicians to believe that some of the mysterious deaths that have taken place in the history of modern mediæval crime are due to ammonia. It is known now that months have elapsed between the first symptoms of sickness and the death of a person from ammonia poisoning. On the other hand, death has resulted in four minutes from the time a large draught of ammonia has been swallowed. It has been found in cases of gradual absorption of ammonia in the human system that there is a general elimination of healthy oxidation of the blood and a consequent lawering of the bodily strength. In the cases of immediate poisoning, death comes with a frightful agony, as in the case of Harowitz. Blood gushed from his nose and mouth.

Statistics in England put ammonia thirteenth in frequency in the list of poisons. Alexander Winter Blyth, Medical Officer of Health in the St. Marylebone district, London, cites thirty cases of poisoning by ammonia swallowed for the purpose of committing suicide, or administered with the purpose of committing murder, or absorbed unconsciously in food. Of the suicidal cases six were fatal. Of twenty accidental cases twelve were fatal. Of cases of murder with ammonia Dr. Blyth notes two, both of them children.

The name of the chemical agent ammonia dates back to remote antiquity. In Europe the chief source of the supply of ammonia up to the latter part of the last century was Egypt. It was made originally from camel's dung collected in the neighborhood of the temple of Jupiter Ammon—hence the name ammonia. The droppings were collected in March and April by Arabs, then dried and burned, and the soot collected. This was sold to merchants and ammonia was collected from the soot by chemical process. It is now almost entirely made from crude gas liquor in illuminating gas manufactories. Only half as much ammonia is made in summer as in winter. Hence ammonia is always more costly in summer. Furthermore, ammonia is extensively used in the manufacture of artificial ice. Ammonia is one of the products of putrefaction of animal organic matter. It is found in sewage and in the stable drainage. Chemists measure the amount of sewage contamination by the presence of ammonia. By tests now employed one part of ammonia can be detected in 200,000,000 parts of water. One part of ammonia in 50,000,000