Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13, 1889.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A Little Brown Mouse.

I was wide awake in the night-time;
And what do you think I heard?
It wasn't a dog that bow-wowed;
It wasn't a pussy that purred.

But a little brown mouse in a corner
Had found a crack in the floor;
And he nibbled, and nibbled, and nibbled
Till he made for himself a door.

He wanted to climb like a monkey.
And not on a stair would stop;
So he scrabbled, and scrabbled, and scrabbled
Till he got to the bureau top.

Then down he jumped with a clatter,
And scrambled close to the wall;
He rattled, and rattled, and rattled,
Like a kitten rolling a ball.

And then there was pulling and scratching;
This mischievous little pest
Was gnawing the threads of the carpet
To carry away to his nest.

Next day there came to his corner
A nice little furnished house,
With doors all open for welcome,
And table set fine for a mouse.

I sent him my best invitation—
"Walk in, fair mouse, if you please,
For the dinner is ready and waiting,
All seasoned with savory cheese!"

He wouldn't walk into my parlor,
But just like a rogue he spoke,
Or acted so: "No, I thank you;
I'm not a mouse for a joke!"
—*Youth's Companion.*

Scalping Squashes.

Winfield Scott Davenport! It was a very long name for a very little boy, but great-grandfather was responsible for it, for when he was given the privilege of naming his first great-grandson he said, in his most decided way, "Call him Winfield Scott."

You see, he had fought under that noted General, and was a great admirer of him.

As the child grew older, he displayed great liking for military matters. He and a little girl friend, Tiny, would make long marches around the yard, waving flags, tooting horns and charging valiantly on the old cat, the fussy turkey gobbler, and once completely routing a family of pigs that were rooting in the onion-bed.

The little "General," as his papa sometimes called him, dearly loved to hear stories about wars, and especially delighted when great-grandmother told about the Sioux massacre in Minnesota, where she lived when she was first married. The "General" thought Indian warfare must be very exciting. He had many imaginary battles, and to have seen him scalping invisible Indians you might have thought him a most ferocious warrior.

One October day he happened to be down in the vegetable cellar. Now the nights were getting pretty frosty, and papa had thought it safer to gather his winter squashes, and there they lay, a great pile of dark-green "Hubbards" and golden "Mammoths."

The General gave a little shiver of more fear as he looked at them in the dim light.

"They look like a big lot of peaked-headed Indians!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't it be fun to make believe scalp 'em!" Whereupon, with what he thought a very blood-curdling yell, he gave the Mohawk Indian warwhoop, about which he had read in Peter Parley's little history, and, brandishing his hatchet, made a charge on the pile.

Nearly every squash had a tough green stalk, about five inches long. This the General called the "scalp-lock," and he hacked it off, quite regardless that his blows sometimes cut great gashes in the squash itself.

An hour later, as this hero sat before the fire in the dining-room, making a worsted harness for Snowball, his pet kitten, Papa Davenport strode into the room, saying indignantly, "Who's been hacking away at my Hubbard squashes? Was it you, Winfield?"

A big lump came into the General's throat. He almost wished that the story of George Washington and the hatchet had never been written, because since then everybody felt that it would not do for a soldier to tell a lie.

So he said, slowly, with downcast eyes, "I—I did, papa—I—I was scalping 'em!"

"Scalping them! Child, didn't you know that when the stem is off they decay a good deal faster? I wanted to keep these squashes as long as I could so as to get a good price for them by-and-by. Now I shall have to sell them right away. I'm sorry, my boy, but I shall have to punish you for this bit of mischief. March out into the yard and get me a switch!"

Papa could be very severe when occasion required and the General knew that marching out and getting a switch meant a whipping!—*Youth's Companion.*

Last year Philadelphia built 11,964 houses averaging in cost $2,172 each. In the same time New York built 6,722 houses, the average cost of which was $11,293 each; Chicago, 4,031, averaging $5,083; Brooklyn, 4,500, averaging $5,706; Boston, 4,431, averaging $7,312; Minneapolis, 4,355, averaging $2,006; Washington, 4,048, averaging $1,523; Denver, 2,741, averaging $3,942; Omaha, 2,498, averaging $1,083.

If you want to be good looking, behave that way.

THE STORY TOLD ANEW.

In the dusk and down a lane
Two walked, hand in hand, together;
Blew the wind and fell the rain,
Little heeded they the weather.

Cold March winds might storm about,
Warmth within mocked cold without.

Had the road been paved with gold,
They had never seen a shimmer;
Had the stare left heaven's high fold,
Night to them had grown no dimmer.
Earth, unto its widest hem,
Consisted of four feet for them!

What said he to make her start,
Flush and glow with a sudden pleasure?
What could cause the woman's heart
Then to beat a faster measure?
Why did eyelids, prone to rise,
Hide the light of glowing eyes?

'Twas the story told anew,
Old, but never antiquated;
Just the same words—just a few—
Just the case so often stated—
Just the same in every wise,
As once was told in Paradise.

—[New York World.

NETTIE'S TRIAL

BY MARY PRESTON.

A lovers' quarrel! They are not uncommon, they do not always bring life-suffering or even remorse; but Nettie Ray, standing in the summer-house at Alton Hill, and hearing the first harsh words that had ever grected her from Stephen Rockhill's lips, felt as if all her life's happiness was gone.

For the words were:

"Unless you can tell me why you were at the quarry on Wednesday evening, and who it was you met there, you and I must part."

And, in reply, she could only say—

"I cannot tell you. If you will not trust me, we *must* part."

"Trust!" you was the furious answer. "Trust a girl who has assured me again and again she loved me, who has no male relative, father or brother, and yet meets a man, in a mysterious place after dark! How can I trust you, when you refuse all explanation?"

"I know appearances are against me, but I do not deserve a reproach."

But Stephen would not believe this, and so they parted; to be stride down the road, boiling with rage, she to sink down upon the rustic chair in the summer house, lean upon the table, and weep bitterly.

Grief would have its way at first, but, after a fit of sobbing, little Nettie lifted her pretty face, and took herself to task.

"This is my gratitude," she thought, "that at the first sacrifice I make I cry like a baby and am heart-broken. But—Oh, Stephen! if you only trusted me!"

She thought over one by one the benefits she owed to Marion Alton Raymond, her cousin. Five years before, when Nettie was only fifteen, she had been left orphaned and penniless, and Marion Raymond was keeping a little trimming store, earning a bare living for herself and her three-year-old boy. She was a widow, with a living husband—a woman who had given her heart to a man who had left her side for the gambling hell, and lost heavily night after night, had finally comitted forgery, been discovered, and fled.

Marion had borne her heavy cross patiently, had worked faithfully to support her boy, and been a kind friend to Nettie. When Nettie had shared the hard-earned home for a year, Marion's uncle died, and left her Alton Hill and a large fortune. Then Nettie became a petted darling. The best teachers, the prettiest costumes, the choice of pleasures, were all hers, and Marion's friends knew they could not better please her than by showing kindness to Nettie.

Marion's wealth had proved truly a friend in need, for one year after her uncle's death she became a confirmed invalid. An incurable disease of the spine held her helpless and suffering, and it was only her unselfish persistence that prevented Nettie from devoting her whole life to nursing duty.

But Marion would not have it so. She had a large circle of friends, who did not hold her responsible for her husband's crime, and she insisted upon Nettie's acceptance of all their invitations and civilities.

Even when love came, and Nettie would have sacrificed Stephen, if Marion asked it, she had smiled upon the wooing, knowing him to be a true, good man, worthy even of Nettie. The engagement was not generally known, but the two were betrothed when Stephen, with his own eyes saw his darling, his dainty, refined, little *fiancée*, under circumstances that appalled him.

Nearly two miles from Alton Hill was a huge deserted quarry, a place known as a rendezvous for the loafers of the village in the day time, but usually deserted and desolate after night-fall. It stood back from the direct road leading to Alton Hill from Bayswater, the nearest town, but was often crossed, as a short cut between the two places. Still after dark, it was a place safe enough usually for those who wished to meet secretly.

Stephen having called at Alton Hill, was utterly amazed to find Nettie absent after eight o'clock. Mrs. Raymond had received him, and explained that Nettie had gone to a neighbor's, but had refused to send Stephen to escort her home, as he asked and expected. She had been agitated and was deadly pale and unlike her usually calm, serene self, and Stephen was puzzled when he left the house. But his perplexity changed to deep wrath when, in crossing the quarry, he saw Nettie—his Nettie—standing in earnest conversation with a tall man, whose heavy beard and broad white forehead were plainly visible in the moonlight, as he took off his hat, lifted Nettie's hand to his lips, and then strode away toward Bayswater.

Too far away to speak, Stephen had recognized Nettie as she sped away toward the road, rather than cross the quarry to reach home, and he had stood stunned by the thought of her presence there under such circumstances. He was actually afraid to trust himself to face his betrothed at once, and spent nearly half the night wandering about, striving to calm his excitement and anger. But it was only held down by a strong effort of will when, the day following, Nettie quietly but firmly refused all explanation. She denied nothing.

"I am very sorry you saw me," she said, "but since you did, I can only say that you mistake my motive and errand."

"You acknowledge, then, that you wished this to be a secret meeting?" Stephen said.

"I did not wish it known, certainly."

"And did not intend to tell me of it!"

"No. You should never have known if you had not seen me."

"And you will not tell me who the man was?"

"I cannot."

"Nor why you met him."

"I cannot!"

Words failed to move her from this position of resolute defiance, though her face was pale, and she evidently suffered deeply from her lover's anger. Still, she said nothing after her return to the house, and Marion was too ill to question her. For two days Marion had been fighting symptoms that were dangerous in their character, and when Nettie, pale but tearful, came to her side, she found her writhing in pain.

"Poor Marion! Oh! if I could have spared you!" she cried. "Dr. Nelson so warned us against all excitement, and you have had a shock that was terrible. If only I had known what that letter contained!"

"Even if you had, I must have seen it," whispered the invalid. "Send for Dr. Nelson! This pain is unendurable."

Days of agony, followed by utter prostration, ensued, and Nettie was an untiring, faithful nurse. But neither skill nor love could overcome the fatal symptoms developed by the shock of some dreadful tidings. Only a few weeks before Nettie's betrothal, Marion had followed her only child to the grave. She had wearied herself with nursing; she had left the house for the only time in years, to attend the funeral, and had added to her already heavy illness that the doctor had warned Nettie that any further strain, mental or bodily, would be fatal. Tenderly, Nettie had endeavored to spare her all care or agitation, but her love had been powerless against the fatal shock that reached her cousin through the post-office.

Absorbed in Marion's danger, watchful of every symptom, Nettie had thrust her own heartache into the background, though some silent tears would fall when she thought of Stephen.

And Stephen, in his hotel room at Bayswater, where he had come for a summer vacation, to be near Nettie, raved about woman's perfidy, judged harshly and spoke cruelly, and yet alternated these bitter hours by softer regrets when he longed unutterably for a touch of Nettie's hand and a word of love from her lips. Every day he resolved to leave Bayswater, every night he determined to wait one more day, with the faint hope of some explanation to reconcile him to Nettie.

Two weary weeks had passed, when a note was handed him:

"I need a true friend, who will perform a service for me without question, and who will keep a secret. Will you come?"

No, he would not, he resolved. He had been deceived, and would not play cat's paw for any woman. And yet—

A fair, pure face; eyes, innocent, shy, love-lighted; lips that spoke only tender maidenly words—these rose to confront him, and still reluctant, he took his hat, and went to Alton Hill.

"I knew you would come," Nettie said, springing gladly to meet him, as of old; not lifting her shy blushing face for his caress, but pallid, careworn and sad, a very gray shadow of her bright little self.

"Will you go for me, without question, on an errand of life and death?" she asked.

"I will," he said, gently, but not tenderly.

"In Heath street," she said—and he shuddered, for only the most wretched of Bayswater poor lived there—"in Heath street, you will find a Mrs. Smith's. It is No. 85. Ask for Bill Jones, and tell him he must come here to-night, after dark."

"Nettie!"

"Oh, trust me! Only trust me!" she pleaded.

"Is there no other message?"

"None! I dare not send one. But he must come!"

With a heart heavy as lead, and yet strangely moved to obey her request, Stephen left Nettie, to seek for Bill Jones. He was not surprised to see the tall bearded man he had seen once before at the quarry. But he was shocked to recognize upon his face the unmistakable signs of mortal illness. Evidently whatever the man's life had been, it was nearly spent. A dry hacking cough, extreme emaciation, hollow eyes and hectic flush all told plainly their piteous story.

And the message brought on such violent agitation, such an exhausting fit of coughing and suffocation that in mere humanity Stephen granted the stranger's request that he would accompany him to Alton Hill, and went to secure a carriage for the drive.

It was dark when they reached the house, and Nettie was watching. She did not seem surprised to see Stephen, but motioned him to wait, while she led the strange visitor up the broad staircase.

The little mantel clock chimed three times, and midnight had nearly come, but still Stephen lingered. Some strange hope held him to the room where Nettie had left him, and he paced up and down, waiting.

Waiting till nearly at night's noon, the door opened, and Nettie came to—

"I hoped you would wait," she said. "Will you come with me?"

Up the broad staircase, to a large room above. Upon a couch there, dressed in a snowy wrapper, lay the still form of Marion Raymond dead, and beside her upon the floor crouched the man Stephen knew only as "Bill Jones."

"You must help us," Nettie said, and Marion told me to trust you. You guess who this is?"

The stranger lifted his head.

"Tell whom you will," he said, in a hollow faint voice; "I'm almost gone! I've killed my wife! I've starved, begged, stolen! What does it matter now? Bring the police, and tell them Henry Raymond is found at last!"

"Your cousin's husband?" Stephen whispered, throwing off the burden on his heart in one deep sigh.

"Yes. I met him, at her prayer, to give him money to flee again from justice. But he has been so ill, he could not go. The shock of his return, after so many years' absence, killed Marion. You will help me to conceal him? He cannot live many days."

"Not many hours," Stephen thought; and he was right. Before the day dawned, Henry Raymond had gone beyond earthly justice or vengeance, and Nettie carried out Marion's last wish, that her husband should rest in death in the cemetery where wife and child lay beside him.

Nettie was Marion's heiress, by a will made when Mrs. Raymond believed her husband must be dead. But the little maiden's wealth did not give her the deep happiness she felt when Stephen pleaded for forgiveness for his want of faith, and she once more felt his kiss upon her lips and his words of love greeted her ears.—*The Ledger.*

Generosity in a Dog.

Mr. J. A. Bartlett, who discourses of "The Fighting Instinct" in the pages of Longman's Magazine, knows a Newfoundland dog who can drink delight of battle with his peers, and yet can show himself on occasion a generous foe.

One day this noble creature had what the vulgar call a row, though Mr. Bartlett prefers to refer to it as "smart altercation," with a predatory mastiff. It was about that proverbial source of contention, a bone, of which the predatory mastiff had sought to possess himself at the expense of his neighbor, and it happened that in the course of the struggle the combatants fell over a bridge into the stream deep down below.

Of course the Newfoundland swam at once to the shore; but not so the mastiff. The Newfoundland, after a good shake, was preparing to depart, when he caught sight of his antagonist wildly beating the water and drowning as fast as he could.

"One look," says Mr. Bartlett, "was enough. In went he of the shaggy coat, and, seizing the other by the collar, brought his late enemy safe to land."

The little story ends with the statement that the two dogs then eyed each other with a perfectly indescribable expression for some seconds, then silently and solemnly wagged their caudal appendages, and with dignity departed.

Such romantic generosity between dogs of this sort is not likely to have been thrown away. Can we be wrong in assuming that the little ceremony which Mr. Bartlett has noted embodied a silent and solemn compact of mutual respect for each other's bones?

Deadly Vegetable Poisons.

The most deadly poisons in the world are vegetable poisons. For example there is the "woorari" plant from South America, which is used by the savage natives for poisoning their arrows. Introduced into the circulation, the juice of this vegetable immediately paralyzes the muscular system, and soon produces death. Physicians experimenting in vivisection employ this poison to paralyze the muscles of frogs and other animals, in order that the subject treated may not move under the knife. It should be mentioned that the arrows envenomed with this powerful agent of destruction are propelled through blow-guns of bamboo with astonishing accuracy of aim, birds and other game being captured in this way. Strychnine is a vegetable product, obtained from the nux vomica plant of India. The seeds supply this active principle, which is used in medicine to act upon the nervous system as a tonic. Too much of it is a deadly poison, paralyzing the nerve centres and occasioning convulsions that soon end in death.

The Effects of Forests.

At the International Agricultural Congress, at Vienna, one of the first papers read was by M. Prosper Demontzey, "On the Prevention of Torrents and the Reafforesting of Mountains," in which he described at length the experiences of the Forest Department of France, of which he is the administrator. He pointed out the importance of assisting nature in restoring the forests which the selfishness of man had destroyed, thus creating a real danger to the public, and urged forestry to persevere in their efforts, notwithstanding the indifference and opposition which they at present met with. Another paper by Dr. Ernst Ebermayer, of the Munich University, dealt with the hygienic importance of forests, and summarized the results of a large number of exact experiments with reference to forest, air and soil.—[New York Herald.

STUDIES IN COW SENSE.

PECULIAR SKILL OF OLD HERDSMEN.

An Expert Can Ride Thirty Miles Straight to a Herd He has seen Seen for Nine Months.

"The cattle-trade in America is rapidly changing hands," said a Southerner the other day. "The cowboy of the prairie is giving way to the stable-boy of the farm, and the wild cattle of the South and West are being handled, fed, stabled, and curried into domesticity and are being bred more to milk than horns. The cowboy and herdsmen came in with ranch life, and were preceded by the cattlemen or cowmen, who made their cattle run wild, rounding them up once a year. They were shipped to Cuba from the Southern territory in thousands, fifty years ago, for then America supplied the Cuban beef-market almost exclusively. There are plenty of small cattle-owners yet in the South who have herds of from 100 to 800 head, but the wire fence of the immigrant is cutting up the ranges, the cattlemen's sons are going into stores and offices, and it is probable, after the present generation of them die off, that this country will never see their like again.

"They are a peculiar set of men, living on little farms where a few vegetables are raised. Their houses are comfortless, and the families in cold weather gather about pine-knot fires in their yards, seated on rude chairs with bottoms made of cowhide cut from some place in the skin where the hair was prettily marked. In wood-lore they are wonderfully skilled. The men are splendid riders and good rifle-shots. The children fish, shoot, or lounge in the sun till they are old enough to get into some town, where they quickly pick up the ways of civilization and leave their former wild life. An old cowman can do things in his own line little short of the marvelous. To say that he can look a young steer in the face twenty miles away and tell to which herd he belongs and be able to tell the brand on the animal when he can find it when it is old enough for beef is misleading in as far as his mode of ascertaining where it is is concerned; but it is not any more surprising than what he really does.

"Texas cattle are as wild as deer. Corral one, lasso, brand and turn him loose, and he cuts the wind open, his tail stands out stiff, his neck and head are thrown aloft, and he bounds forth—away and away, across the prairie, through the woods, swamps, mesquite brush, everything—till he has left his tormentors far behind and has wearied himself with running. He thinks he is free, but as the old cowman leans on the pine rails of the inclosure he thinks to himself: 'He'll be fit for beef in the fall,' and feels no misgivings about his hasty departure. It was my business once to buy cattle from these men for big ranch men who were situated farther north and our cowboys were always mystified by the peculiar instincts of these men. To a cowboy a cow is a cow. He knows nothing of its modes of thought, but treats it as a machine, belaboring it in one direction or another. He has no idea what a cow or herd will do, so he rides about it, cuts off its progress in one direction and stimulates it in another. On the open plain he is all right, but in the woods, or alone, he is helpless. I remember one old cowman turning to four of my boys who had succeeded in dispersing a herd of 200 cattle all over the country.

"'Look a hyar,' he said, 'a caow ain't a beef, it's a critter. You jes go home. I'll bring in the caows about the shank of the eveinin' myself.' And he did it.

"It would take a book to tell all that these men understand of woods-sense. Their skill is based upon the theory that cow-mind acts in the same way under similar circumstances. For instance cattle have a fear of being 'bogged' in mud, therefore early in the day, when the herd is rested, if it is driven into a hog-hole the animals will all come out on the other side without the herdsmen having to follow and chase them through. If they are hungry, and an attempt is made to drive them across good pasturage, they will scatter and wander. If it is moss-quito-time, you can drive them into a wood, and they will come out on the other side; but if it is hot weather, and about midday, they will scatter and stray in the woods. A bull will not let his herd walk after the track of another herd. His feelings of jealousy must be respected or there will be a split in the process. The old bulls and cows and the young calves, form the nucleus around which the gregarious instincts of the animals attract them. If, therefore, a few young heifers or lively steers break from the herd and go galloping back to the prairie, to pursue them is folly. They will come back if let alone and bring their tails behind them.

"This love is almost interminable. An old bull will take the herd to feeding-grounds that suit his declining appetite and failing teeth. A young bull will choose coarser pastures, where the grass is luxuriant, but not so tender, and an old cowman knows just about where they will be, at any time of year, and in all weathers, if they are alive, and he can saddle his horse and ride thirty miles to a bunch of cattle that he hasn't seen for nine months."

A Bird that Shaves.

Man is said not to be the only creature that shaves. The South American bird called the "mot-mot," the Momotus braziliensis which actually begins shaving on arriving at maturity. Naturally adorned with long blue tail feathers, it is not satisfied with them in their natural state, but with its beak nips off the web on each side for a space of about two inches, leaving a neat little oval tuft at the end of each.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Wonderful Distance Traversed by Christ."

TEXT: *"So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north."*—Ezekiel viii., 5.

At six o'clock on a December afternoon, at the Damascus gate, we are passing out of Jerusalem for a journey northward. Hot in my breast is infancy, and I will not forsake them now that they are dead. Interrupt me not. There stoops an angel that I must drive back with my agonized cry. There is a panther I must beat back with my club."

Do you know what that scene by our roadside in Palestine makes me think of? It is no unusual scene. Right here in these three cities by the American consuls there are a thousand cases this moment worse than this. Mothers watching boys that the rum saloon, that annex of hell, has gibbeted in a living death. Boys hung in chains of evil habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after waiting until 10 o'clock at night for the ruined boy to come home, and, giving it up, he may say: "Mother, come to bed; there's no use sitting here any longer." But mother will not go to bed. It is 1 o'clock in the morning. It is half-past 1. It is 2 o'clock. It is half-past 2 when he comes staggering through the hall.

Do you say that young man is yet alive? No; he is dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the church where he was reared. Dead to all the noble aspirations that once inspired him. Twice dead. Only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp. His father is asleep, his mothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep; but his mother is watching him, watching him in the night. After he has gone to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep, his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered, and before she turns out the light will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah!" she says, "I cannot go to bed. I am Rizpah watching the slain."

And whatever the political parties of this country doing for such cases? They are taking care not to hurt the feelings of the jackals and buzzards that roost on the shelves of the grog shops and hoot above the dead. I am often asked to what political party I belong and I now declare my opinion of the political parties to-day. Each one is worse than the other and the only consolation in regard to them is that they have exhausted all the power they have to rot. Oh, that comparatively tame scene on which Rizpah looked! American motherhood and American wifehood this moment are looking upon seventy of the slain, upon seven hundred of the slain, upon seventy thousand of the slain. Woe! woe! woe!

My only consolation on this subject is that foreign capitalists are buying up the American breweries. The present owners see that the doom of that business is coming as surely as that God is not dead. They are unloading upon foreign capitalists, and when we can get these breweries into the hands of people living on the other side of the sea our political parties will cease to be afraid of the liquor traffic, and at their conventions nominating Presidential candidates will put in their platform a plank as big as the biggest plank of the biggest ocean steamer, saying: "Resolved unanimously that we always have been and always will be opposed to alcoholism."

But I must spur on our Arab steed, and here we come in sight of Beeroth, said to be the place where Joseph and Mary missed the boy Jesus on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, going home now from a great national festival. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Mary. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Joseph. Among the thousands that are returning from Jerusalem they thought that certainly He was walking on in the crowd. They described Him, saying: "His is tall, graceful, with light complexion and blue eyes. A lost child!" Great excitement in all the crowd. Nothing so stirs folks as the news that a child is lost. I shall not forget the scene when, in a great outdoor meeting, I was preaching, and some one stepped on the platform and said that a child was lost. We went on with the religious service, but all our minds were on the lost child.

After a while a man brought on the platform a beautiful little tot that looked like a piece of heaven dropped down, and said, "Here is that child." And I forgot all that I was preaching about, and lifted the child to my shoulder and said, "Here is the lost child, and the mother will come and get her right away, or I will take her home and add her to my own brood!" And some cried and some shouted, and amid all that crowd I instantly detected the mother. Everybody had to get out of her way or be walked over. Hats were nothing and shoulders were nothing and heads were nothing in her pathway, and I realized something of what must have been Mary's anxiety when she lost Jesus, and what her gladness when she found her boy in the temple of Jerusalem talking with those old ministers of religion, Shammai, Hillel and Beriah.

I hear down on you to-day with a mighty comfort. Mary and Joseph said: "Where is our Jesus?" and you say: "Where is John? or where is Henry? or where is George?" Well, I should not wonder if you found him after a while. Where? In the same place where Joseph and Mary found their boy—in the temple. What do I mean by that? I mean you do your duty toward God and toward your child and you will find him after a while in the kingdom of Christ. Will you say, "I do not have any way of influencing my child?" I answer you have the most tremendous line of influence open right before you. As you write a letter, and there are two or three routes by which it may go, but you want it to go the quickest route, and you put on it "via Southampton," or "via San Francisco," or "via Marseilles," put on your wishes about your child, "via the throne of God." How long will such a good wish take to get to its destination? Not quite as long as the millionth part of a second. I will prove it. The promise is: "Before they call I will answer." That means at your first motion toward such prayerful exercise the blessing will come, and if the prayer be made at 10 o'clock at night it will be answered five minutes before ten. "Before they call I will answer."

Well, sometimes I am discouraged about my son, and I am getting on in years, and I fear I will not live to see him converted. Perhaps not. Nevertheless I think you will find him in the temple, the heavenly temple. There has not been an hour in heaven the last one hundred years when parents in glory had not had announced to them the salvation of children whom they left in this world profligate. We often have to say "If forgot," but God has never yet once said "I forgot." It may be after the grass of thirty summers has greened the top of your grave that your son may be found in the earthly temple. It may be fifty years from now, when some morning the towers are chiming the welcome to the glorified in heaven that you shall find him in the higher temple which has "no need of candle or of sun, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof."

Cheer up, Christian father and mother! Where Joseph and Mary found their boy you will find yours in the temple. You see, God could not afford to do otherwise. One of the things He has positively promised in His Bible is that He will answer prayer, and that, if necessary, in order that He would wreck His own throne, and the foundation of His palace would give way, and the bank of heaven would suspend payment, and the dark word, "repudiation," would be written across the sky, and the eternal government would be disbanded and God Himself would become an exile. Keep on with your prayer, and you will yet find your child in the temple, either the temple here or the temple above.

Out on the western prairies was a happy but isolated home. Father, mother and child. By the sale of cattle quite a large sum of money was one night in that cabin, and the father was away. A robber who had heard of the money one night looked in at the window, and the wife and mother of that home saw him and she was helpless. Her child by her side, she knelt down and prayed among other things for all prodigals who were wandering up and down the world. The robber heard her prayer and was overwhelmed and entered the cabin and knelt beside her and began to pray. He had come to rob that house, but the mother and woman for prodigals reminded him of his mother and her prayers before he became a prodigal, and from that hour he began a new life. Years after that woman was talking in a great audience, and the orator who came on the platform and plead gloriously for righteousness and God was the man who many years before had looked into the cabin on the prairie as a robber. The speaker and the auditor immediately recognized each other. After so long a time a mother's prayers answered.

But we must hurry on, for the muleteers and baggage men have been ordered to pitch our tents for to-night at Bethel. It is already getting so dark that we MUST give up all idea of guiding the horses, and leave them to their own sagacity. We ride down amid pine cabins and into ravines, where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks, rocks under rocks. Whoa! Whoa! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible history, the two more prominent a theological seminary, where of old they made ministers, and for Jacob's dream. The students of this Bethel Theological Seminary were called "sons of the prophets." Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will everlastingly be grateful, and in the calendar of our hearts, which I read with special affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care.

I thank God that from these theological seminaries there is now coming forth a magnificent crop of young ministers, who are taking the pulpits in all parts of the land. I hail their coming, and tell these young brethren to shake off the somnolence of centuries, and get out from under the dusty shelves of theological discussions which have no practical bearing on this age, which needs to get rid of its sins and has to be saved and comforted. Many of our pulpits are dying of humdrum. People do not go to church because they cannot endure the technicalities and profound explanations of nothing, and sermons about the "generation of God the son," and the difference between sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism, and as to who Melchisedec wasn't. There ought to be as much difference between the modes of presenting truth now and in olden time as between a lightning express rail train and a canal boat.

Years ago I went up to the door of a factory in New England. On the outside door I saw the words, "No admittance." I went in and came to another door over which were the words, "No admittance." Of course I went in, and came to the third door inscribed with the words, "No admittance." Having entered this, I found the people inside making pins, beautiful pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins. So over the outside door of many of the churches has been practically written the words, "No admittance." Many have entered and have come to the inside door and found the words, "No admittance." But, persisting, they have come inside and found something not our little sphere of belief pointing out our little differences of theological sentiment—making pins!

But most distinguished was Bethel for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anything else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face, and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The plural was used in the Bible story, and you find it was not a pillow of stone, but of stones. I suppose, so that if one proved to be of uneven surface he would turn over in the night and take another stone, for with such a hard bolster he would often change in the night. Well, that night God built in Jacob's dream a long, splendid ladder, the feet of it on either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow, and the top of it mortised in the sky. And bright immortals came out from the castles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

I suppose they had wings, for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings, but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us who have no wings to climb, and encouraging us to believe that if we will use what we have God will provide a way, and if we will employ the hand and foot He will furnish the ladder. Young man, do not wait for wings. Those angels folded theirs to show you wings are not necessary. Let all the people who have hard pillows—hard for sickness, or hard for poverty, or hard for persistence—know that a hard pillow is the landing place for angels. They seldom descend to pillows of eiderdown. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

The greatest dream of all time was that of St. John, with his head on the rocks of Patmos, and in that vision he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of heaven in procession cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the celestial city, and so many entering it he cried out in his dream, "I wish my wife and children!" The next most wonderful dream was that Washington sleeping on the ground at Valley Forge, his head on a white pillowcase of snow, where he saw the vision of a nation emancipated. Columbus slept on a weary pillow, but rose on the ladder let down until he could see a new hemisphere. Damos theas slept on a cutter's pillow, but on the ladder let down arose to see the mighty assemblages that were to be swayed by his oratory. Arkwright slept on a barber's pillow, but went up the ladder till he could see all England make with the factories he set going. Alonside slept on a butcher's pillow, and took the ladder up till he saw other generations helped by his scholarship.

John Ashworth slept on a poor man's pillow, but took the ladder up until he could see his prayers and exertions bringing thousands of the destitute in England to salvation and heaven. Nearly all those who are to stand great in merchandise, in statesmanship, in law, in medicine, in art, in literature, were once at the foot of the ladder, and in their boyhood had a pillow hard as Jacob's. They who are here at the top of the ladder are not to spend their lives in coming down, while those who are at the foot, and their head on a bowlder, if they have the right kind of dream, are almost sure to rise.

I notice that those angels, either in coming down or going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom nor jump to the top. So you are to rise. Faith added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung by rung. Gradual going up from a block of granite to a pillar of throne.

That night at Bethel I stood in front of my tent and looked up, and the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely, God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not." But tonight God is in this place and I know it.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

[From the Ram's Horn.]

The most beautiful glass eye ever made cannot see anything.

The first question of the sepulcher was, "Why weepest thou?"

The sweetest bread ever tasted, is that cut from the loaf of toil.

God clothed man. Man stripped Christ, and gambled for his raiment.

Make your long prayers in private and your short ones in public.

Every time we try to deceive God, our chances of being lost increase.

Real wealth is that which cannot be taken from you by man or devil.

The happiest people are those who willingly suffer most for others.

It is not an easy matter for God to get His arms around a man who already has his arms around a bag of money.

It makes no difference what we are. The most important of all things to us is what we will permit Christ to be.

All the preaching that ever has or ever will be done may be boiled down into three little words—"God is love."

We know how much trouble the devil caused Job, but God alone knows how much trouble Job caused the devil.

When we get to the end of life, we shall find that the only things we have really lost are those we tried to keep.

Don't be in too great a hurry for results. You can't raise an oak tree and get a crop of acorns in a few minutes.

The devil is always ready to walk arm in arm with the man who says, "I don't have to join church to be a Christian."

Wearing his hat on the back of his head is one of the ways in which a young man can tell everybody he doesn't know much.

If the women who went to the sepulcher had waited to find somebody to roll the stone away, they would not have started.

The man who goes to heaven on flowery beds of ease will find himself in a mansion of not more than one room when he gets there.

The fact that God used the ravens to feed Elijah should teach us that we can derive spiritual help from the most common-place resources.

Christ didn't say, "Stand still, and I will give you rest," but "Come unto me." There must be a change of front and a forward movement.

If moderate drinking is allowable and respectable, what's the reason moderate stealing or any other kind of qualified meanness is not commendable?

The only way you can persuade some people to join church is to convince them that it pays. Do this and you couldn't keep them out with a shotgun.

Did you ever notice how carefully people pick their way over a muddy street crossing? Christians ought to be just as careful as to how and where they walk.

God's way of blessing is to give everybody all they can carry, and charge nothing for it, as Joseph did to his brethren, when they came to him after corn in Egypt.

Singular, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hair pins or a gum ring for the baby, it looks about nine times as big as it does when he plunks it down on the counter in exchange for a little bitters for the stomach's sake.

He Thought So.

A middle-aged woman called at a Grand River avenue drug store the other evening and asked for morphine, and the clerk replied to her request with:

"Is it for your husband?"

"Oh, no, sir; I haven't got any."

"You don't think of suicide?"

"Far from it."

"What do you take it for?"

"Must I tell, sir?"

"You must."

"Well, then, don't you think that a woman 40 years old, who has had her first offer of marriage less than an hour ago, naturally wants something to quiet her nerves and give her a good night's sleep?"

The druggist thought so, and she got her nerve-soother. — *Detroit Free Press.*

Not Necessarily Fatal.

Quizzel—What's the matter with young Downie? He looks sad.

Knowitte—Oh, the popular disease—heart failure.

Q.—Heart failure! Why, I thought that killed folks.

K.—Oh, not always. Miss Inswimmer threw him over for old Goldbee last week, and said she feared her heart didn't beat in unison with his.

THE toes of some people point outward, some inward and some straight for the saloon door.

WHAT CURES?

Editorial Difference of Opinion on an Important Subject.

What is the force that cures disease; and which is the most convenient apparatus for applying it? How far is the regular physician useful to us because we believe in him, and how far are his pills and potions tonics only the material representatives of his personal influence on our health?

The regular doctors cure; the homœopathic doctors cure; the Hahnemannites cure; and so do the faith cures and the mind cures, and the so-called Christian scientists, and the four-dollar-and-a-half advertising itinerants, and the patent medicine men. They all hit, and they all miss, and the great difference—one great difference—in the result is that when the regular doctors lose a patient no one grumbles, and when the irregular doctors lose one the community stands on end and howls.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

Nature cures, but Nature can be aided, hindered or defeated in the curative process. And the *Commercial's* contention is that it is the part of rational beings to seek and trust the advice of men of good character who have studied the human system and learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how far they can aid nature and how they can best avoid obstructing her.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

It is not our purpose to consider the evils that result from employing the unscrupulous, the ignorant, charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed about the structure and the conditions of the human system. Of course "he does not know it all."—*Rochester Morning Herald.*

I have used Warner's Safe Cure and but for its timely use would have been, I verily believe, in my grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Disease.—D. F. Shriner, senior Editor *Scioto Gazette*, Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.

THE flagman at the railroad crossing never travels himself, but he gives the signals that enable others to go and come in safety.

Guaranteed five year eight per cent. First Mortgages on Kansas City property, interest payable every six months