Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26, 1890.

BAGGAGE SMASHERS.

Kate Thorn Gives Her Experience with That Class of People.

Almost everybody who travels complains of how dreadfully baggage is smashed up. A new trunk, they say, which costs twenty dollars, will be done to death in making a trip from Washington to Quebec, and home, by the way of the great lakes.

A friend of ours, who is a great traveler, and who is generally accompanied by a couple of Saratogas, tells us that she never enjoys the scenery anywhere, because she is worrying so about her trunks. In her experience she has had dozens of them broken open, and the contents scattered, and is always expecting such a catastrophe.

All travelers indulge in gloomy forebodings of this kind, to some extent. The only really independent traveler is the Boston drummer, and there are about twenty of him on every train, and he occupies two seats, and carries his luggage—three boxes and two bags—in his hand.

Of course, a great deal of blame is attached to the railway officials who handle the luggage. We have heard them called almost anything except decent men. Everybody feels at liberty to show them up, and then if they venture to say anything in return, they are reported to the company for insolence and disrespectful conduct.

Now a "baggage smasher" is a man with a man's feelings.

He isn't a Samson, or a California pack-horse, or a Virginia mule.

No matter how good his will may be, he cannot move a meeting house.

He cannot take a trunk which weighs two hundred and carry it in his arms as he would his first baby, even if it be filled with rare old china and geological specimens mixed up together. And when, after drawing in a full breath and setting back his cap and bracing himself, he manages to lift one of these trunks to a level with the truck, he cannot let it down easy, but has to let it go, and it goes down with a bang!

And unless he be a Hercules how is he going to help it?

Just consider the number of trunks and heavy packages a baggage master has to handle in the course of a day in a large city like New York or Chicago, and think what his muscles must be made of to do it! Think of his backbone!

We look at him sometimes and we fall to speculating on how he does it! On how he manages to keep on doing it? We should think that when he went home at night, if he ever does go home, he would be too tired to hug his wife and split the kindling wood.

What is the remedy?

We don't propose any. It would be useless if we did. Nobody would adopt it. A woman would rather have her trunk burst open on every trip than to go anywhere without the stereotyped quantity of lingerie, the morning and evening and dinner dresses, and the boots and shoes, and bonnets and parasols, and toilet fixings, and new novels deemed necessary for a week's stay anywhere. The fact of it is, the dear creatures must have the things, and they fill up big trunks, and the baggage smashers have got to grin and bear it or quit the business.

And if they turn the trunks end over end, and upset the liquid pearl over the morning slippers, and spill the liquid rouge over the hundred-dollar silk dress, who is to blame? The trunks have to be got into the baggage van somehow, and we defy any mortal man to get them there without turning them over a good many times.

The woman who has independence enough to travel with nothing by way of baggage but a handbag, and we know a few such women, is happy.

She is at liberty to enjoy the moving panorama which presents itself from the car window. She doesn't trouble herself about that trunk! She is not at the mercy of any official in blue uniform, with a gilt band on his hat.

And in closing, we extend our hearty sympathy to baggage smashers, all over the country, and when we get into Congress we will use our influence to limit the weight of one parcel of baggage to fifty pounds, even if we have to put our bonnets, and petticoats, and things up in a dozen parcels.—*New York Weekly.*

They Will Joke with the Queen.

H. R. H, Queen Victoria—I suppose. Mr. Stanley, you saw a good deal of ivory while on the Dark Continent?

Henry Stanley—Yes. I came across a considerable number of grinning blanks.

And Lord Salisbury put his finger to his lips as a warning to Stanley not to smile at his own joke.—*American Stationer.*

"Say, Larry," said the wife of a naval officer to her husband, "did you know that hereafter war ships of the first-rate only were to be named after States?"

"Yes, and they are going to name the next one after the State of Matrimony," he replied.

"I don't understand," she said, trying to get a glimpse of the situation.

"Oh, don't you?" he continued, sarcastically. "Well, it is because ships of that class cost the most."—*Washington Star.*

IT IS a very strong-minded man who can have a bad cold and not have the influenza.—*Syracuse Herald.*

THANKSGIVING.

Around the board we meet again,
O, loved ones true!
With words of greeting, not in vain,
We welcome you!

The laugh of children in the hall
Delights our ears;
While snowflakes falling on the wall
Call forth their cheers.

O'd Towser, sleeping on the mat,
The scene enjoys.
Though all unused to dancing girls
And noisy boys.

O, blessed day of thankfulness
To Him above!
Who showers upon unworthy heads
His gifts of love.

Let not our happy ears be deaf
To other calls,
But let the poor ones feast this day
Within our walls.

—[Ione L. Jones.

The Miss Pilkinses' Pudding.

BY CORA STUART WHEELER.

"The Miss Pilkenses" was the name by which they were known all over Bucket Town, and if a few intimates whose hair had silvered in gentle company with theirs since they sat in school together sometimes ventured upon the more familiar names of Dolly and Drusilla they corrected themselves in the next breath. Not that there was anything forbidding about these mild-mannered women, but a certain sentiment of high courtesy made the townspeople careful to increase the outward tokens of respect in proportion as they were obliged to care for and support these helpless gentlewomen.

Colonel Pilkins, their father, had been the great man of their village. Blood of the bluest, and ancestors of the most immaculate and aristocratic, had stamped such lines upon the family faces that it did not need the slender, exquisite hands and feet to confirm Nature's patent of nobility. Every one loved them, and from the doors of the Hill House (so-called from its standing on high ground) the poor in spirit and purse always went away only fed but comforted by the lovely manners and her daughters. So when the Colonel died from a drenching received while directing others in saving the men from an overturned fishing-smack, and the frail little wife died of grief within a fortnight, there were friends enough and to spare to attend to the settlement of the estate and watch over the interests of the bewildered daughters. Lawyer Satterlee and Judge Grover sat late over their friend's papers the night after the funeral; and when they came out of the library, in the faint light at four o'clock in the morning and went down the steps together their kind faces wore a new gravity, and as they separated at the corner they said, with the air of sealing a compact, "They must never know."

So Dolly and Drusilla did not know anything, except that their income was much reduced and that the old house must be sold to give them over the pittance that was left. And the pang with which they caught a passing glimpse of the man who bought the old place, with his dull gray eyes and coarse red moustache, was never sharpened by any knowledge of *who* he was. Deep in their loyal hearts the two friends buried the secret of their dead companion, stipulating only, when this son of a mad, unacknowledged marriage came to claim "his own," as he put it, that he should ostensibly *buy*, with money of their furnishing, the Hill House, which purchase money could be put to the sisters' credit without question, and then that the heir should go quietly away. For there was literally nothing left, nor any provision made for the daughters; and those delicate-minded chivalrous old men could not leave them helpless, nor did they wish them to feel dependent upon any one's bounty. The very thoughts made the old friends groan, as they recalled the sisters' lavish generosity to the needy while they were the ladies of the Hill House. Even the provision thus made was so slender (for the friends were not rich men) that every economy had to be practiced to keep Betty Pratt's tiny cottage, which the sisters leased, comfortable and tidy.

Twice a week only, Dolly, who was the financier, allowed them meat for their simple dinner, unless some thoughtful neighbor who had "killed" left some dainty part of the "critter" for the Miss Pilkinses as he passed on his way to market. But the Miss Pilkinses seemed to thrive upon the housework which they were obliged to accomplish. And still a number of pensioners came to their door, while the bits which they could ill spare from their own scanty larder were given out as sweetly and ungrudgingly as when they were the almoners of their father's bounty on the Hill. Hearing of an unusual strait to which they had reduced themselves by their charities, Judge Grover undertook once to remonstrate with Drusilla, but he never ventured again to meet the mild reproach of her eyes as she said softly, "Is it not our own, though little? And the greatest, indeed, only, luxury which we permit ourselves is sharing with those less fortunate. Papa, *who always thought* of others, would wish it." Remembering how sadly unthoughtful Richard Pilkins had been of his dearest, the judge made an embarrassed exit.

When farmer friends going to town found it unusually convenient to stop and lighten their loads at the cottage, or a busy time among the bucket makers lessened the demands upon the Miss Pilkinses' slender resources, then, indeed, they sometimes allowed themselves a little feast—somewhat shamefacedly, as though apologizing for thinking so much of what they should eat. At such times a "drawing" would be taken by Dolly from the last of the fragrant tea which Uncle Maxwell had brought home years ago from China, measuring it carefully in a spoon to make it the important thing it was, for there was no danger of losing itself in the caddy. But finally the tea was going so fast that a little strategy was necessary to keep Drusilla, whose cough was growing troublesome, from knowing that Dolly was drinking quite another brew at these rare "high teas." This was all long ago, before Bucket Town had changed its quaint, common name for the more pretentious one which marks the modern seashore resort of to-day. Thanksgiving Day was then the day of days in New England, when families all gathered under a common roof-tree, and "anybody widout a family had a mighty po' time gibin' fanks," as Uncle Cicero (their man of all work) expressed it, adding cheerfully, "Now we all's got a family, Miss Drusilla."

Cicero Augustus Hamilton was the only legacy left to the Miss Pilkinses by their sad little mother, who, dying before their poverty was discovered, supposed it would be an easy task to "care for poor Cicero and his family." He had come with the pretty Southern girl to her Northern home, and despite his pitiful lapses from sobriety, was cared for kindly.

There was "no danger of intrusion today," said Dolly, as she opened her eyes this Thanksgiving morning and thought joyfully of the extra stock of wood, with which she meant to surprise Drusilla with a fire in the *best-room* fireplace, instead of the air-tight stove which so aggravated her cough. The air was very keen as she opened the hall door a bit; and a great drift across the path made her glad that no one was likely to come, for Cicero with a basket of wood and money for a small turkey and sweet potatoes had gone gayly away the night before to "Liza an' dose chillun"—not to come back till Friday morning. And there was a generous supply of wood left to cook the dinner, whose *menu* was already dancing gleefuly in the frames of that sprang up under Dolly's skillful fingers.

"You are to be my company to-day, Dootsie," returning caressingly to her childhood name for the little sister, "and I shall sing you some of the funny old songs you used to love while I stir the raisins—only think of *raisins*—into the rice pudding, which you like so well. Don't you remember, Dootsie, how

"The Bee went a courting
My Lady, the fly;
Said the Bee to my Lady,
'For you I would die.'

"Said sweet Lady Fly,
As she blushed 'neath her wing,
'I love your soft words,
But I hear that you sting.'"

The sweet, innocent voice rose and fell in the monotonous quavers of the foolish old ditty as Dolly's plump little figure trotted in and out—now nestling in the soft wool shawl a trifle closer about Drusilla's slender shoulders, now kissing the hectic spot upon the lovely old face, and then fluttering back to see if the chicken was browning properly. "It is really so *much* tenderer than turkey," she commented with emphasis, as she turned it deftly and dripped the basting over it most appetizingly. "What a mercy we thought in time to keep from spoiling our appetites by eating breakfast. Now (as a hungry spasm was felt below her diaphragm), this chicken will give us our dinner to-day and enough to warm over for breakfast to-morrow. I put the last bit of bread in the stuffing, but we shall not need bread with turnips, and potatoes, and—yes—onions; and after the chicken, rice pudding"—

"*With raisins*," added Drusilla's cheery voice, "Dolly, *don't* forget the raisins!"

The small table was drawn up close to the open fire, and by close calculation room was found for all the unwonted luxuries. And Dolly, with a quaint courtesy, had just announced that dinner was served when a shuffling noise at the side door made both sisters start with surprise. A knock, quite unfamiliar, followed; and, peeping through the little window, Dolly saw only a big, burly, unfamiliar back, and with unwonted timidity made no reply. A second and third summons only increased her nervous terror, and a final hoarse shout, "Open up, little uns, I'm a brother to ye!" completed the fright by sending Drusilla into a dead swoon. When she recovered under her sister's frantic exertions, the man had gone away. And once more Dolly started to bring in the dinner, which had to be warmed after the interruption. Then there came a heavy lurch without warning against the door, which burst from its slight fastening, precipitating the intruder almost against her. An instinctive cry was smothered, however, at thought of her sister, and swiftly she closed the door between the rooms, setting her back firmly against it as she faced—Cicero. "Oh! you rascal, you ungrateful! You,—you,—O to think you *could* have the heart to frighten us so!" she gasped. Then as Cicero maintained a dogged and miserable silence, Dolly caught a view of his shoulders and knew at once that this was not the man who had frightened them. Surprise at Cicero's abject humility and his unexplained presence at the moment when they supposed him to be eating turkey with the eight young Hamiltons and Mammy at the other end of the town, held her for a moment speechless.

"O law, honey," burst out Cicero, "Miss Dolly, don' you go fur to be so kine to ole Cicero—he no count nigger suah dis time, an' not de good Lawd hisself eber can forgib such ole debbil—Yes, I is! Done at all turkey hisself, a did. Left all dem lil chillun what de Lawd gib him out no bekiuz, no dinsy, no fah no suffin. Didn' go for to do it nohow, but this mis'ubl brock rascal let that drefful gone-no-ness in the stomuck get de better, an' all 'em wood, all 'em turkey, an' taters in here," striking his waist band. "Ian dem hungry chilluns cryin' an' ole coman's clatter here," clutching his gray wool dramatically.

This incoherent explanation was clear as day to poor Dolly in the light of previous less serious experiences, and full of contempt for the black brute who had dared to squander on his appetite for liquor the money she had saved from her own scanty meals to give his children a treat, her tender heart was wrung—as he knew it would be—by the thought of the hungry and fireless wife and children this bitter day. Thinking only of them, she swiftly calculated that by using the stove they could spare wood to warm them. But she hardened her heart at thought of food, for this day Drusilla must have no deprivation; and well she knew that to-morrow's breakfast must be the fragments of the feast. And was not her own healthy stomach clamoring for food? At first she decided to divide the dinner and pretend that, being ill, she had put it away for to-morrow; but taking up her knife to cut the chicken she thought, "this won't be a mouthful to those children, but there *are* the pipkins; I'll get them and send the whole peck." With a sigh of relief she started down the steps into a tiny milk-room, where the precious basket of apples was stored. Hearing the door close sharply as she stepped back, she gave one hurried look at the empty dishes and sprang to the door to call back the supposed thief, who was making good speed out of the gate to appease Mammy. A gentle touch upon her arm detained the impetuous Dolly.

"I gave him the dinner," said Drusilla. "There was nothing else to do, was there?" seeing Dolly's disturbed face. "Anything will do for us, and it's so hard for children to be hungry!"

"But we *haven't 'anything*,'" replied her sister, "except," with a grimace, "apples—and the puddin'."

"With raisins," added Drusilla again, smiling, "you always forget the raisins."

And the tears were still in Dolly's eyes as she joined in a helpless peal of laughter over this absurd bill of fare. They were just finishing the pudding with the tea, which was still in its dainty old pot, and deciding how they should prepare their apples for breakfast, when that dreadful unfamiliar knock once more made them spring from their chairs. But the early winter twilight had demanded candles and the light betrayed them, so a friendly voice pronouncing respectfully, "Miss Pilkins," brought Dolly promptly to admit Lawyer Satterlee, Judge Grover and—yes it *was* the unknown man with the terrifying shoulders, as Dolly decided; something familiar about him holding Drusilla's eyes in puzzled attention.

"There ain't no call to be frightened little one—that is, I mean to say, Miss Pilkins," said the burly man, without waiting to be introduced. "When I fust come to Bucket Town, I'll be dog-gonied—a—I beg yer parding, Miss Pilkins, it was my ole man tu an' no disrespect intended—" At this point the piteous bewilderment in the faces before him seemed to penetrate the mind of the speaker, who made no remonstrance when Judge Grover interrupted him somewhat abruptly.

"Let me explain, Starkweather, and you can correct my mistakes afterward—it is a painful subject, dear ladies, and one which we hoped never to open with you; but since Mr. Starkweather, from the most sincere and manly motive, insists upon taking his rightful place as your protector—" (Here the animement deepened as the sisters exchanged looks of alarm, and Dolly furtively pinched herself.)

"Well to be brief, your father, when seventeen years old, ran away from college with his janitor's daughter, whom he married. Mutual discontent separated them without publicity, and the mother disappeared with her son, this gentleman, thus preventing your father's educating him as he desired. During her last illness Mrs. Starkweather opened communication with your father, who, finding his son's tastes were for farming, gave him opportunity to follow them, stipulating only that your mother, whom he had meantime married, should never know of this son's existence. In compliance of which Mr. Starkweather has refrained from using the name which is rightfully his."

"Now let me talk awhile, Jedge," interrupted the burly man restlessly; "I never knowed but what the Guvnor'd purvided fur you gals handsome, cos he'd al'ays been squar' with me (not to say he wan't with you); but t'other day as I was in Boston, I hurd some men 'at knew the Colonel, sayin' as how 'twas meaner'n dirt for Pilkins' son to leave his half brother to starve.

"Oh, no!" interjected the sisters mendaciously.

"Thet set me tu thinkin' an' inquirin' about sum, an' I've made up my mind that the ole man—I beg your parding, Miss Pilkins, your father and mine—jest left it for Abijah Stark weather Pilkins to do what seemed to him fa'r and squar.' Now, thet's the hull nut meat. An' if you'll come along o' me, Betsey an' me'll make you as comforable as comfortable can be, an' take pleasure in doin' uv it, an' you shan't lift a finger, cos I know you's brung up that a way. Or ef you'd rather stay long o' folks you know No just put your sheer in bank (it's yours by rights), an' you can do as you please with it."

When the full generosity of the proposal dawned upon the sisters, the homely face of the farmer seemed glorified by its honest friendliness and almost by its motive. After careful discussion and thought, somewhat to the relief of parties, the sisters decided to keep the cottage, which, with wood enough for two fires and full larder, with one and to spare for others, seemed generous home to their simple tastes. When Mr. Starkweather rose to go timidly ventured upon the kindly familiarity (decided in the next room) of kissing his first cousin when they bade brother good bye. The tremulous "good-bye, Brother Abijah," seemed to reach his great honest heart; and for the first time in their lives, a robust, manly kiss was planted squarely upon the lips of Miss Pilkinses. And so with very rosy cheeks he left them.

"Oh, my!" said Dolly at last, "it was like—rice pudding"—hesitating with a simile—

"And raisins, Dolly; you always get the best part." And then the Drusilla's turn to blush, and we laughed light-heartedly over the unexpected ending of their Thanksgiving.—[The Housewife.

An Enormous Aerolite.

In May, 1888, the National museum of Brazil came into the final possession of one of the largest aerolites that has ever been known to fall upon either of the American continents. The noble specimen weighs 11,800 pounds, and originally laid embedded in the ground near Bom Jesus creek in one of the most inaccessible portions of Brazil. The cost of transporting it from the place where it first struck American soil was defrayed by Baron Greaby. The survey of the route and preliminary arrangements occupied three months; its journey to the capital commenced November 25, 1889, and it was nearly five months later before it was finally landed at the little railroad depot in the wilderness, from whence it was transported to Rio Janeiro. During the four months in which it was being pulled, pushed and rolled by man and mule power through the trackless forests, over steep mountains and sandy wastes, it crossed over 100 streams of all sizes, was taken over one mountain chain 8,700 feet in height, besides many smaller elevations. All of this in a region where the best roads are only mule paths. A better idea of the difficulties these scientists encountered in securing their prize may be had from a knowledge of the fact that a total of 172 days were consumed in moving it from Rendego creek to the railway station, a distance of only 7½ miles. The pluck and energy exhibited by these gentlemen in moving this gigantic aerolite to their national museum is a curious commentary on the scientific ideas of the early part of the century, which denied the existence of such bodies as aerolites.—[Commercial Advertiser.

The Sea-cow Nearly Extinct.

The manatee or sea-cow, two specimens of which have been on exhibition here, is now almost an extinct species, says the Washington Post. The cow seen in Washington were captured in the Indian river, Florida, last July. The larger of the two weighed about eight hundred pounds and was nine feet long. The other was a foot shorter and weighed about seven hundred and fifty pounds.

The two in Washington were said to be the only specimens that ever lived more than a week after capture, and they were apparently in good health.

Captain Zeller says he hunted several weeks for these specimens, following them for a number of days after he first discovered them. They usually are found in herds, which combine for mutual protection when attacked, placing their young in the centre. They are great cowards, always trembling in fear of danger. Nature has failed to provide them with any weapon of defense except the power to outswim the sharks and whales.

The disappearance of the sea-cow is accounted for by the fact that the hide is valuable and the flesh held in high esteem for food. These specimens were driven into nets and pulled aboard with a rope, which the captain looped about their tails. He says that he will make an effort to catch a couple for the National Zoological Park. Specimens of manatee have been harpooned which weighed four tons and were twenty feet long.

Fruitful Farming.

Suffield, Conn., affords a pleasing instance of thrift and contentment on a twenty-acre small-fruit and poultry farm. E. N. Spaulding, respected as a man and neighbor, at home with sensible wife and healthy, beautiful children, is a model farmer, happy with his lot, yet eager to learn; earnest in applying new knowledge and noted as enterprising and progressive. He does not believe there is anywhere a more promising opening for young men than in agricultural pursuits. He usually clears twenty per cent. on his own time. He can do far better in this way, selling $40 to $50 worth of truck weekly, than by working for $3 a day at his carpenter's trade. He has all the good things of farm life, the satisfaction of knowing that wife and children are well off; can spend much time with the family, beside putting by money—something many city men with larger income cannot do. "Good fruit," says Mr. S., "is the best thing in the world for health; he who places it before mankind does a worthy work; and there seems to be no end to the demand for it."—[New York Tribune.

HEAVY ENOUGH.

"I'm going fishing, wife; give me some doughnuts."

"Going to use them for bait?"

"No, for sinkers."—[Ashland Press.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

BY REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Among the Holy Hills."

TEXT: "*He came to Nazareth, where He was brought up.*"—Luke iv., 16.

What a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of us were kindly treated as though we had been as kindly treated as though we had been as Pope and his college of Cardinals passed that way! Last evening the genial sixty-year-old superior of the convent ordered a hundred school of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I came out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historic Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or feel fathers and mothers in plain Christendom if they be still alive or the hillocks under which they sleep the long sleep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

But alas! that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth was treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as cruel. On every street of every city the crucifixion goes on. Every year shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels, in what mills, for what awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving from the country. They are worth saving.

They are now only the preface of what they will be if, instead of sacrificing, you help them. Boys as grand as the one who with his elder brother climbed into a church tower, and not knowing their danger went outside on some timbers, when one of those timbers broke and the boys fell, and the older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older. The older could not come up with the younger hanging to his feet, so the younger said: "John, I am going to let go; you can climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me holding fast; I am going to let go." And he did for me, and tell her not to feel badly; good-by!" And he let go and was so hard dashed upon the ground he was not recognizable. Plenty of such brave boys coming up from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it treats them! A gentleman long ago entered a school in Germany and he bowed very low before the boys, and the teacher said to him, "Why do you bow to them?" the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them."

At that instant the eyes of one of the boys rested on the visitor, who was Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him: "Why don't you go to school?" "I am lame," and "can't walk to school." "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pupil orator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Jerusalem a crown instead of a cross.

On this December morning in Palestine on my way from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting His widowed mother after He was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammering and saw and plane and auger and vise and measuring rule and chisel and drill and adze and wrench and bit, and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth shoving a plane, He who cleft the mountains by earthquake pounding a chisel; He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth turning an auger; He who wields the thunderbolt striking with a hammer; He who scooped out the bed for the ocean following a lade; He who flashes the morning on the earth and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A skeptic said to an old clergyman: "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Well," said the clergyman, "you will not believe anything you have not seen." "Have you a backbone?" "Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Godhood and humanity interjoined I cannot understand and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine, where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative, having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ, and He to relieve the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited many guests than the pantry warranted, became the butler of the occasion, and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant, or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet in New York, two years ago, left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes, the difference between the wine at the wedding in Cana and the wine at the banquet in New York being, that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other. We got off our horses and examined some of these water jars at Cana said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nine-teen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine.

Among the arts and inventions of the future I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of fermentation, that is will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent journey—I traveled through Italy and Greece and Egypt and Palestine and Syria and Turkey, and how many intoxicated people do you think I saw in all those five great realms? Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

Oh, I am glad that Jesus was present at that wedding, and last December, standing at Cana, that wedding came back! Had had fallen on the village and its surroundings. The bridegroom had put on his best and brightest robes, and a profusion of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and camphor, an odor which the oriental especially likes. Accompanied by grandmothers, and presence of a nuptial procession with flutes and drums, and horns, and by torches in full blaze, they marched to the bride's house. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and bridesmaids flashing answering flashes. The bride is in white robe and her veil not only covers her face but falls down her back. Her ornaments as elaborate as the resources of her father's house permit. Her attendants are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal charms make the jewels, for those oriental women eclipse in attractiveness all others except those of our own land. The damson rose is in their cheek, and the diamond in the lustre of their eyes, and the blackness of the night in their long locks, and in their step is the gracefulness of the morning. At the first sight of the torches of the bridegroom and his attendants coming over the hill the cry rings through the home of the bride: "They are in sight! Get ready! Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!" As the two processions approach each other the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and then the two processions become one and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession which is made up of the friends of both bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house and the dance begins and the door is shut. And all this Christ uses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet Him when He comes garlanded with clouds and robed in the morning and trumpeted by the thunders of the last day. Look! There He comes down off the hills of heaven, the Bridegroom! And let us start out to hail Him, for I hear the voices of the judgment day sounding: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!" And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the gospel wedding is presented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it slam. Too late. The door is shut!

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to-night till I see from a mountain top Lake Galilee, on whose banks next Sabbath we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the blessedness—blessed this and blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in mobbills and a surface fleet gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps." On and up over mountain sides, where in the later season hyacinths and dasies and phloxes and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems be the beatitudes themselves arched into skies and rounded into valleys and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Lookout Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail hills of Galilee! Hail Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed the Andrew in the sermon preached here, saying: "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this Mount of Beatitudes enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Ay, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity.

The valley of Hattin, between here and Lake Galilee, is an amphitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down and hear Christ preach a sermon in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To those who heard Him on this very spot His word must have seemed the contradiction of everything that they had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been: Blessed are the arrogant; blessed are the supercilious; blessed are the fearless; blessed are they that have everything their own way; blessed are the war eagles; blessed are the persecutors; blessed are the popular; blessed are the Herods and the Caesars and the Ahabs. "No! no! no!" says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline lake on one side, and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe in one way, and across Asia in the other way, and around the earth both ways, till the globe shall yet be girdled with the nine beatitudes: Blessed are the poor; blessed are the mournful; blessed are the meek; blessed are the hungry; blessed are the merciful; blessed are the pure; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are the persecuted; blessed are the falsely reviled.

A Voyage in a Small Craft.

A good deal of excitement was exhibited along the Thames by the arrival at Millwall of Capt. Sundsvall, a Norwegian sailor, who had succeeded in crossing the North Sea in a small boat. The little craft, which is called the Vigten, is only fifteen feet from stem to stern, with four feet breadth of beam. It is covered in with a kind of decking to prevent swamping by heavy seas, and it carries but one small sail.

Capt. Sundsvall commenced his adventurous voyage nearly three weeks before, starting from Christiana with the intention of proceeding to Edinburgh. All went well for a time, but being driven somewhat out of his course by contrary winds, he decided to attempt the journey to London, although such a voyage in so small a craft was attended by considerable danger, particularly as the Captain had no one to assist him in the management of the boat. He made fair progress, however, until he was for some days again disturbed by unfavorable weather, and was driven very much out of his course. Capt. Sundsvall also began to run short of provisions, and began to suffer from fatigue, having to keep a sharp lookout at night, and getting only occasional snatches of sleep during the day. He fell in with the steamship Assen, bound for Rotterdam, the crew of which endeavored to dissuade him from his hazardous enterprise, and invited him to come on board. The adventurous seaman, however, expressed his intention to continue the journey, and having obtained a supply of provisions, proceeded to London, safely reaching the Thames.

THE "best dressed" men in Europe are having their trousers made two inches longer than the leg and then turning them up at the bottom. The rural lad who succeeds to his father's unmentionables and feels sensitive in regard to the woful misfit can now console himself with the gratifying thought that he is a leader of fashion.—[Lynn Mass.

"BIG BEN."

A Sportsman's Story of Alligator Hunting.

Years ago near a place called Enterprise, on a point jutting into Lake Monroe, during all bright days, remained an alligator used to lie basking in the sun. He was well known to the whole neighborhood. The entire coterie of sportsmen at the only hotel used to call him "Big Ben," and proud hunters would talk, and even dream, of the time when a well-aimed rifle-shot would end his long career. But Big Ben was as cunning as a serpent, and whenever anyone, afoot or afloat, came unpleasantly near he would slide off into the water—which meant "good-bye" for the rest of the day.

One morning one of these sportsmen, paddling up the lake, luckily with his rifle in his canoe, came upon Big Ben so sound asleep that he stole up within range and put a bullet through the alligator's brain. What to do next was a problem. He could not tow the monster all the way to Enterprise with his small canoe. A bright idea struck him. He put his business card in the beast's mouth and paddled swiftly back. A number of hunters were at the wharf, and the slayer of Big Ben hastened to inform them with apparent sincerity that while out paddling he had come within easy range of the "gator," who was, no doubt, still lying motionless on the point. A flotilla of boats and canoes, manned by an army with rifles, instantly started for the point. To avoid confusion it was unanimously agreed that all should go down together, and that the entire party, if they were lucky enough to find Big Ben still there, should fire a volley at the word of command. As they approached the point, the hearts of all beat quickly, and when, with straining eyes, they saw Big Ben apparently sleep and motionless upon the bank, even the coolest could scarcely control his feelings. The boats were silently drawn up within easy shot, and the word was given. Bang, bang! went a score of rifles, and Big Ben, riddled with bullets, lay motionless upon the point! With a cheer of triumph the excited sportsmen leaped ashore, and fastening a rope around the alligator speedily towed him to Enterprise. There the original slayer awaited them upon the wharf. When Big Ben was laid upon the shore, opening the animal's mighty jaws he discloses his visiting card, and thanked them most politely for their kindness in bringing his 'gator home for him.—[St. Nicholas.

Chinese Sports.

The Chinese do not take kindly to the Melican man's ideas of sport. They have their own notions of amusement, and they manage to get a good deal of fun in Mott street now and then out of birds and insects which the American would consider beneath his notice as a means of diverting an idle hour.

Now and then the Chinaman's desire for excitement is satisfied by watching a fight between trained sparrows armed with needle-like gaffs, and rare sport does such a battle afford to the heathen. The fight usually ends in the death of both birds, which makes it at least more merciful than a similar combat between gamecocks.

But notwithstanding the professed faith of many of the heathen in Christianity, very few of them will miss a chance to witness a fight between cockroaches. Such an encounter is always a cause of unlimited betting and keen interest. Several of the insects are carefully trained, and on the evening of the exhibition placed in large bowls two at a time. The weight of the insects is carefully looked after as if the affair was a genuine pugilistic encounter.

Before the fighting begins the insects are irritated with a straw until they rush at each other and fight until one is killed. The fury exhibited by the insects is wonderful considering their size. Legs and antennæ are bitten off, to the extreme delight of the spectators, who crowd around the bowl and watch the contest with feverish eagerness. The victor is not released when he has killed his adversary, but is kept in the bowl to fight another battle. A fresh cockroach takes the place of the vanquished, and so the sport is kept up until the supply of fighters is exhausted. Bets on the individual encounters are numerous and frequently quite heavy. As in bookmaking, the "house" has the inside track on winnings, but no matter who wins, the trainer of the successful insects receives 10 per cent. of the gross receipts.—[New York Journal.

A Prehistoric Metropolis.

The southeastern corner of Missouri, comprising the counties of Stoddard, Scott; Mississippi, New Madrid, Pemiscot and Dunkin, must at one time have had an immense population. No quarter of Missouri is so rich in burial mounds covering the remains of previous races. Tumili and funeral relics, comprising jars, bottles, vases and other objects of earthenware are to be found everywhere, even in the midst of the swamps. The colored people do a good business in digging up these relics and selling them, but what they find is but a tiche of what they leave undisturbed. In one ridge, about ten miles from New Madrid, there are over two hundred mounds, from ten to twenty feet in diameter, each probably containing remains and relics. They are not the remains of the present race of Indians, but of their predecessors, the mound builders, and are interesting to the antiquarian for no other reason than that he knows nothing about them and is free to speculate concerning their original history.—[Globe Democrat.

There are one hundred George Smiths in

The Music of the Chinese.

"Have the Chinese ever exerted any influence on the progress of music?" asks the Boston *Musical Herald*. At first sight it would seem to be impossible for a nation delighting in a series of what seems to us to be dissonances, to have had any connection with an art so harmonious as our own. But this is a rather seeming difference than a real one. If music be the art of exciting the emotions of combinations of sounds, then the Chinese discords must also be ranked as music, for they certainly do arouse the deepest emotions in the Celestials. The ancient Chinese knew far more of the principles of music than the civilized Greek or Romans even, but as usual with the discoveries of this self-isolated race, the founding of a system of musical laws did not benefit the world any more than themselves. Thus it was with printing, with the compass and many other of the ancient Chinese inventions and discoveries. Yet it is probable that the Chinese were the first nation to adopt and formulate a system of notation.

Written music probably first began in China. The principles of acoustics also were first in existence in the Celestial Empire. The full scale of chromatic semitones was evolved by one of their emperors 4,000 years ago, yet the Chinese, actuated by that strange obliquity which is characteristic of the nation, received only five of the twelve tones into their scale, holding the other seven to be "female tones," and therefore useless. The principle and theory of the monochord was probably known to them, and in some of their instruments one can see the organ foreshadowed. Of harmony, or part writing, however, the Chinese know nothing, and it is a good inferential proof of the non-existence of part music among the ancient nations that the Chinese, in their ancient music books, speak only of melody, and seem to have disdained tone combinations such as would suggest the simplest chords.

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