Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10, 1890.

ODD, QUEER AND CURIOUS.

THE sun yields 8,000,000 times the light of the moon.

IN Bulgaria only seven and a half per cent. of the population can read and write.

THE word "ite" occurs only once in the whole of the Bible.

TWO WEALTHY Jews of Bagdad, now own all that remains of the ancient town of Babylon.

THE population of the earth doubles itself in 260 years.

THE total cost of railroads in the United States has been nine billion dollars.

MORE than 200,000 people are confirmed in the English Church every year.

SIXTY voyages around Cape Horn have been made by Capt. Holmes, of Mystic, Conn.

THREE female physicians are doing a thriving business in Adrian, Mich.

SIX THOUSAND different species of birds are known, and of these Europe possesses 503, and North America, 471.

IN 1836 only 109 patents were issued in the United States, in 1889, 23,600; the largest number ever known.

THE national debt of Germany, which is much smaller than that of any other great country in the world, is, in round figures, $192,000,000.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.

PITTSBURGH claims to have more millionaires in proportion to her population, than any other city in the world.

ALASKA cost only $7,000,000, and the revenue to the national treasury is expected to amount to $3,000,000 a year for the next twenty years.

URANIUM is now classed among the rare metals; on account of its electrical resistance it is likely to be used in electrical insulation.

A GEORGIA postmaster is in trouble. Through a hole in the roof of his office the rain poured in one night and stuck together two hundred dollars' worth of postage stamps.

THE mineral called turfa, or brazolina, recently discovered in Bahia, furnishes an oil akin to petroleum, a paraffin suitable for the manufacture of candles, and a good lubricating oil.

THE largest sheep ranch in the world is in the counties of Webb and Dinnet in Texas; it contains upward of 400,000 acres, and yearly pastures 800,000 sheep.

THE cuttlefish, which amongst other strange things always walks with its head downward, does not chew its food at all, but masticates with its gizzard.

THE Portuguese nation is one of the least instructed in Europe, the illiterate inhabitants being officially stated as 82 per cent. of the total population.

COLUMBIA is the wealthiest of American universities, and Harvard comes next, with property valued at $8,000,000, and a yearly income amounting to $363,121.

THE Czar, according to a recent statistician's calculation, is the largest private owner of land in the world; the total is about 50,000,000 acres, about the size of the whole of France.

THE most densely populated square mile in the world is in the city of New York; it is is inhabited by 270,000 people, the larger part of whom are Italians, who speak only their native language.

ACCORDING to recent figures, the people of this country are longer lived than those of Europe; in this country eighteen persons out of every thousand die each year, in England the average is twenty, and in Germany, twenty-six.

BARON LEIBIG, the great German chemist, says that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight pints of the best and most nutritious beer made.

A FLOWERING-PLANT has never been found within the Antarctic circle; but in the Arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers; their colors, however, are not so bright or varied as those of warmer regions.

Why Johnny Was Glad.

Little Johnny's father had been elected commander of a Grand Army Post, an honor of which he had good reason to be proud. Johnny could not conceal his exhultation when he heard the news.

"Oh, pa, I'm so glad you've got to be a commander!" he said.

"Thank you," said his father. "But can you tell me, my son, why you are so glad?"

"Cause you'll have soldiers at your funeral!" answered Johnny.—*Harper's Young Folks.*

FOUR years ago, Miss Lena Woodard, living on Thorn Creek, Wash., sowed the seed from one head of barley. She harvested the crop with a pair of shears and sowed the amount received the next year, again harvesting it with her shears. The third crop her father cut with a grass scythe, getting enough of barley to sow forty acres last spring, which averaged forty bushels to the acre when thrashed, making a total yield of 1,600 bushels from one head of barley in four years.

THE DEAD PAST.

Why cherish a dream that is ended?
Why look down to the vista of years,
But to suffer a long-buried sorrow
To open the wound with new tears?
It is over: forget it—as useless
(No matter how anxious we be),
To try to go back and recover
A pearl that is lost in the sea.
Why waste precious moments in thinking
Of scenes that were beautiful then?
Why linger o'er graves that hold treasures,
They ne'er will return us again?
Why wish for our youth and its gladness,
When from sorrow and care we were free?
When 'tis gone from our grasp, gone forever,
As a pearl that is lost in the sea!

A MEMORABLE RUN.

BY WILLIAM M. GRAYDON.

"Gentlemen, I sent for you to-night for a special purpose. We have in the office a chest of money consigned to Gunnison. It is to pay off men at several of the mines, I believe, and instead of sending it with the regular express messenger I propose to put it on board the freight which leaves here at midnight. I have special reasons for doing this—in fact I am afraid to trust it on the regular train—and I wish you would take charge of the money. You will say nothing about the matter, of course, but quietly report for duty at eleven o'clock to-night."

In these words the superintendent of the express company at Montrose, Colorado, assigned to Fred Harlan and myself a run that was destined to be one of the most memorable events of our lives.

We did not think so at the time. Indeed there was nothing very remarkable about the circumstance, for there was always a risk in sending large sums of money over that road, and it was very natural for the superintendent to attempt a little ruse of this kind to thwart any possible scheme of robbery that might be under way.

The midnight freight was made up at Montrose, and when Fred and I reached the yards the money chest was already stowed away in an empty car which for obvious reasons was securely fastened up and marked "perishable."

I shudder now to think how near that car and all its contents came to perishing, too.

At the last moment Fred discovered that his dog Ponto had followed him unperceived. It would be dangerous to abandon the animal there with all the shifting that was going on, and as there was no time to take him back, Fred hastily thrust him into the car, and slipping in after him we closed the door and fastened it on the inside. None of the employes had seen us enter, and I don't suppose any of them knew what valuable freight that car held—with the exception of the engineer and conductor.

In a few moments the train started. Fred rigged up a couch against the end of the car with a plank that was lying on the floor, and I sat on the chest beside him. Then we lit our pipes and smoked and chatted for an hour or more, while the train rushed on and on through the night, whistling shrilly at intervals.

Fred had dropped off into a sort of a doze and I was just wondering whether it was my duty to wake him or not, when Ponto lifted his head and uttered a short, peculiar bark.

A moment later the cars began to rattle and bump violently and soon the train came to an abrupt halt. We were both on our feet instantly. I seized my rifle which was standing close by. There was no reason that we could think of for the stoppage of the train, but before we could make up our minds what to do it had started again.

It went only a few yards, however, and then moved slowly back toward Montrose going faster and faster each moment.

"My gracious!" cried Fred suddenly, "our car is detached."

My companion was right. The car with the money had been near the center of the train when we started—now it was speeding away by itself—where we had not the slightest idea. Our sense of hearing sharpened by long service at railroading, told us all this.

Our first impulse was to make certain that the fastenings of the door were secure, and by that time our speed had perceptibly diminished. A moment later we came to a full stop.

"We've been run off on a siding," exclaimed Fred in an excited whisper, but before I could reply Ponto barked gruffly and we heard voices just outside the car. Then a heavy blow was dealt against one of the doors—with an axe probably.

All doubt was gone now. We were in the hands of some desperate band of robbers, and the chance of saving either our lives or the money was very slim. We resolved to make a fight for it though, and carefully inspected our weapons. Mine was the only rifle, but Fred had a revolver that he knew well how to use.

Half a dozen more blows followed in quick succession, and then Fred placed his mouth to a crack in the door and shouted:

"The first one that breaks into this car is a dead man."

The blows ceased for a moment or two. The desperadoes were evidently surprised to learn that any person was in the car. Then a gruff voice called loudly:

"Open that door, young feller, and you shan't be harmed."

We made no reply to this modest request, and after a few low muttered imprecations, the blows were repeated faster and harder than ever.

"We *must* hold out, Ned," said Fred sturdily. "The trainmen will come to our assistance before long." The robbers expected to get the car open in a hurry and make off with the chest. Any delay will be fatal to their plans.

Fred was plainly right on this point, for an attack was begun almost immediately on the opposite door, and the blows were so loud and numerous that we could not hear ourselves speak.

Ponto meanwhile kept up an incessant and furious barking. At last one of the heavy oaken beams went to splinters, and through the crevice we caught a glimpse of torches burning outside. Another blow made a hole as large as a dinner plate, and quick as flash Fred blazed away with his revolver, four times in succession.

The discharge was greeted with hoarse yells of rage, and more than one cry of pain, for the robbers had been grouped thickly around the door.

"Down, Ned, quick," shouted Fred and as we both dropped into a corner of the car, a perfect fusillade of rifle and revolver shots were fired.

The bullets spattered thickly over our heads, but neither of us sustained the slightest injury.

Then we crept past the broken door to the further end of the car. The light outside showed of course where the hole had been broken in, and we trained our weapons on the spot, ready for the first man that would make his appearance.

Meanwhile the other door was being slowly battered in, and soon a gaping hole was chopped through. We instantly fired at the spot, and not without effect, to judge from the fierce yells that responded.

The situation was becoming more critical, for two or three rifle barrels were thrust in from both sides of the car and the bullets whistled uncomfortably close to our heads. The rascals dared not expose themselves sufficiently to take aim and our return fire did them no damage.

Then a long arm reached in and attempted to snatch the bar which offered the main obstacle to the breaking down of the door. Before either Fred or I could fire, Ponto sprang forward and seized the ruffian's hand in his sharp white teeth.

We heard a quick report, a yell of pain, and then poor Ponto dropped back on the floor to all appearances lifeless.

Enraged at the death of the dog, Fred emptied his revolver at the hole, to what purpose we could not tell.

After that hostilities ceased for a little while, though the axes still tore away at the door and the gaping holes grew larger and larger.

"I smell smoke," said Fred suddenly. "Do you?"

"Yes," I replied. "I detect it plainly," and as we looked at each other in sudden alarm, we heard a sharp crackling under foot, and red flashes of light were visible through the flooring.

The miscreants had set fire to the end of the car, with the intention of driving us forward within range of their murderous weapons.

We lost hope then and there. We could take our choice—death by fire or by bullet. There was no other alternative.

The flames enveloped the end of the car with amazing rapidity, until red tongues were licking the inside timbers and the boards were hot to the touch.

Our skin seemed to be blistering, and the smoke poured round us in suffocating whirls, but we still held our ground, knowing that to advance meant certain and speedy death.

Outside the axes were still going rapidly, and through the smoke we saw one of the doors tumble with a crash into the car. A moment later the second one dropped.

The robbers could almost place their hands upon the chest now, but still they hesitated to enter.

Then a burst of flame came hissing from the bottom of the car, and with a loud cry Fred fell over.

Hardly conscious of what I was doing, I grasped him by the shoulders and dragged him foot by foot toward the open door, yet expecting every moment to be riddled with bullets.

I heard a wild yell from outside, and then a rattling fusillade of rifle shots. I thought I was shot and wondered vaguely why I did not fall, and the next thing I saw was a familiar face surmounted by a blue railroad cap peering into the open doors.

"The money is safe," said the man to some one behind him, "but I don't see either of the poor fellows. I'm afraid they're done for."

I tried to cry out but the sound choked in my throat, and then I must have fainted dead away.

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I came back to life in the caboose of the freight train. Fred was a few feet away, and we were both soon able to listen to the strange story of the stolen car.

The train had been stopped at both ends by a gang of masked desperadoes, three of whom took possession of the engine and gave orders to suit themselves.

The train was broken in two, and the forward part, with our car attached, was run a few yards beyond the switch that operated a two-mile siding which ran back into a lonely spot among the mountains.

Then the train was backed with sufficient speed to send our car—which had meanwhile been uncoupled—far out on the siding. The train was then joined together and the engineer ordered to go ahead at full speed.

This command he obeyed to the letter until he reached a small wayside station where plenty of volunteers were found to come back to the rescue—and their arrival was well timed indeed.

Two of the robbers were dead, and from one who was wounded information was received that led to the capture of many of the gang.

How they ever discovered that the money was in the freight car was never ascertained, though it was probably through the treachery of some railroad employees, for the robbers did not hesitate in picking out the car that contained the booty.

Fred and I were all right in a day or two, and a week later we received a substantial recognition of our bravery, as the superintendent was pleased to call it, that went far to make amends for our terrible experience.

Ponto, I almost forgot to say, was rescued from the burning car. The bullet had glanced from his skull, only stunning him, and he was as lively as ever the next day.—[The Argosy.

An Immense Steel Structure.

The great steel bridge across the Columbia river at Vancouver, British Columbia, will be a mammoth concern. It will be 6,000 feet from the Washington to the Oregon shore. It will be a double tracked, with a roadway on top for teams, and will be erected upon automatic piers. The pivoted pier, which will support a draw which will give an opening of 200 feet each way, either side for vessels to pass, the span immediately south of the draw will be 375 feet. The whole structure is to be of steel, built ten feet above the high water of 1876 and forty feet above low water.

On account of the sandy foundation it will be necessary to go down eight feet below low water to get a firm foundation. There it rests on a foundation of coarse gravel similar to that upon which the great bridges across the Mississippi river are built. This gigantic structure will cost over $1,000,000 and employ hundreds of men in its erection. It will be January 1, 1892, before the cars can pass over it. The company is pushing its bridge and also its road as fast as money and its present perfected system will permit. They have now between there and Kalama over two thousand men and one thousand five hundred teams at work.—[The Columbian.

An Ancient Mine.

An old copper mine, which was worked by the Dutch colonists about two centuries ago, was rediscovered at Bloomfield, N. Y., a few days ago. The mine is divided into three parts or caves, the largest of which is 100 feet long and thirty feet wide. An old shovel, a number of wedges, drills, hammers and other tools used by miners were found in the caves. A quaint pick which probably belonged to one of the early miners, was picked up. There were also found drinking horns and a number of bones. It is not known whether the bones are those of man or beast.

A vein of copper was uncovered, and a mining expert pronounces it a valuable find. The ore has been assayed and according to the report of the assayer it contains $7.50 worth of gold, $8.10 worth of silver and sixty-two per cent. of copper, worth $120 a ton. The vein has not been traced for any great distance, but an expert who has examined it says that it will develop richly.

It is also said that the Dutch while working the mines were required by the English to pay a royalty of forty cents on the dollar, which was so exorbitant that the work had to be abandoned. The property was owned 200 years ago by the Cadmus family. It afterward passed into the possession of the Weild family, who held it through several generations until seven years ago, when the Gibbs Ridge Quarry Company bought it.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Timber for Railroad Purposes.

According to the New York Shipping List a government report on the consumption of forest supplies by railroads states that about 73,000,000 ties are annually needed for new construction and renewals by the roads of the United States, which is equivalent to about 363,000,000 cubic feet of raw material. The various woods are estimated to be used in the following proportions: Oak, 45,000,000; chestnut, 3,500,000; pine, 12,500,000; red, white and California cedars, 5,000,000; hemlock and tamarack, 2,500,000; cypress, 1,500,000; redwood, 2,500,000; other kinds, 500,000. Thus oak furnishes about 60 per cent. of the supply, and not only from short trees mainly, but from the young growth which may make one tie to the cut. For bridge and trestle work 60,000,000 cubic feet of sawed may be added to the requirement, so that a total of 500,000,000 cubic feet of wood in the shape of round timber for railroad purposes seems to be a reasonable estimate of the annual consumption. This requires the cutting of the best timber from probably more than 1,000,000 acres of natural forest lands, and to furnish this amount continually it is calculated that not less than from 10,000,000, to 15,000,000 acres of well-managed forest would be required, or with the present absence of management the area to be reserved for the purpose would have to exceed 50,000,000 acres, or more than ten per cent. of the present forest area of the country.

Babylon and Its Walls.

The city of Babylon was built in the form of a square; it was surrounded by a wall fifty-five miles long, and this wall was throughout its entire extent 350 feet in height, or two-thirds as high as the Washington monument, and 87 feet thick. It was constructed of burnt bricks, and half a dozen four-horse chariots could be driven abreast along its top the entire circuit of the city. Outside of this mighty wall was an encircling ditch of corresponding width and depth, the clay dug from which was used in building the wall. Also there was an inner wall, not so thick as the outer one, but still so strong that it will withstand the wear of many miles though in itself an impassable barrier against any foe. Through the midst of the town the river Euphrates flowed between banks on either side strengthened against floods or the invasion of hostile troops by similar gigantic walls of brick. On the west bank of the stream was the palace of the king, the terrace on which it stood measuring eight miles in circumference. The palace of the old kings of Babylon was on the opposite side of the river, its own terrace only four miles round about, and the two were connected by a superb ornamental bridge.—[Washington Star.

The ancient city of Babylon was famed throughout the world for its splendor, and its temples were the most magnificent ever reared by the hand of man. Herodotus, who visited Babylon 500 years before the birth of Christ, says that the temple of Jupiter Belus was a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, and was surmounted by eight towers, one upon the other, the highest of which was a quarter of a mile in height. In the temple was a statue of Jupiter Belus, 12 feet in height, and by its side was a golden table 40 feet in length and 12 feet in breadth, upon which was a golden image of the god, 12 feet in height, and a golden scepter of the weight of 800 talents. Near the temple was a golden altar, upon which was a golden image of a man 12 feet in height, and a golden table of the same dimensions as that in the temple. The temple was also adorned with many other statues of gold, and there was a golden vine, the work of Phenicians, which had been fashioned by a king who had conquered Babylon. The temple was also the depository of the treasures of the city, and contained a vast amount of gold and silver, besides the offerings of the worshipers. This little man, whose name was changed to Paul, was a Saul. So many of the mightiest works of all ages are condensed into small compass of stature. The Frenchman was sometimes called by his friends "Old Hundred Thousand," was often, because he exhibited personal presence, styled "Le Nap." Lord Nelson, with insignificant stature to start with and one eye put out and his right arm taken off at Tenerife, proves himself at Trafalgar the mightiest of the English navy. The greatest American theologians, Archibald Alexander, could stand under the elbow of many of his contemporaries. Look out for little men when they start out for some especial work of good or evil. The thunderbolt is but a condensation of electricity.

Saul, that galloping group of horsemen on the road to Damascus were hatched quicker than a bombshell or cavalry charge ever half a regiment. The Syrian morning, by reason of the charity of the atmosphere, is lightest of all noon-days, and the noonday in Syria is positively terrific for silence. But suddenly that noon threw down from the heavens a light which made the sun seem tame as a star in comparison. It was the face of the slain and saved Christ looking from the heavens, and he dashed that overpowering light all across dropped with their riders. Human and horses came together in the dust. Then two claps of thunder followed, the utterance of the two words, the one word like the first: "Saul! Saul!" For three days that fallen equestrian was totally blind, for excessive light will extinguish the eyesight. And tortoise-shell and crystalline lens could endure a brightness greater than the noonday sun? I had read it a hundred times, but I never so impressed me before, and I will never so impress me again, as that Bible from the saddle bags and read it aloud to our comrades in travel. "As I journeyed he came near Damascus, and there shine round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, 'Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou Me?' and he said, 'Who art Thou, Lord?' And the Lord said, 'I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.' " We cannot stop longer on this road, we shall see this unhorsed equestrian in Damascus, toward which his horses were turned, and at which we must arrive before night. The evening is at hand, and as we leave snowy Hermon behind us and approach the shadow of the walls of two hundred mosques we behold the circumference of many miles within which embower the city. So great are these gardens, so opulent the boughs of fruits, so glittering the foliage, so rich with bowers and shade that Mohammedan's heaven was but a copy of this, and the poets have drawn their inspiration from Damascus at their best. Here in Damascus at right seasons are cherries and mulberries and apricots and almonds and pistachios and pomegranates and pears and peaches and citrons and all the varieties of Western world's pomology. No wonder the Arabs called this city "the eye of the East" and that the poets of Syria have called it "the luster on the neck of doves." Mohammed said, "It is the golden clasp which unites the two sides of the world together."

Travelers express disappointment with Damascus, but the trouble is they have carried in their minds from beyond the book which dazzles so many young people, "The Arabian Nights," and they expect Damascus looking for Aladdin's lamp and Aladdin's ring and the genii which appear by rubbing them. But as I have never read "The Arabian Nights," such stuff not being allowed around our house in my boyhood, and nothing together at the very idea of reading than "Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest" and Dr. Dubigny's "History of the Reformation," Damascus appeared to me as sacred and secular historians have presented it, and so the city was not a disappointment, but with few exceptions a surprise.

Under my window to night in the hotel at Damascus I hear the perpetual ripple and rush of the river Abana. Ah, the secret is out! Now I know why all this flora and fruit, and why everything is so green, and the plain one green emerald. The river Abana! And not far off the river Pharpar, which our horses waded through to-day. Thank the rivers, or rather the God who made the rivers! Deserts to the north, deserts to the south, deserts the east, deserts to the west, but here a paradise. And as the rivers Gihon and Pison and Hiddekel and Euphrates made the other paradise, Abana and Pharpar make this Damascus a paradise. That is what made Gen. Naaman of this city of Damascus so mad when he was told for the cure of his leprosy to go and wash in the river Jordan. The river Jordan is much of the year a muddy stream and it is never so clear as this river Abana that I here rumbling under my window to-night nor as the river Pharpar that we crossed to-day. They are as clear as though they had been sieved through some great sieve of the mountains. General Naaman had great and patriotic pride in these two rivers of his own country, and when Elisha the prophet told him that if he wanted to get rid of his leprosy he must go and wash in the Jordan, he felt as we who live on the magnificent Hudson would feel if told that we must go and wash in the muddy Thames, or as if those who live on the transparent Rhine were told that they must go and wash in the muddy Tiber.

So General Naaman cried out with a voice as loud as ever he had used in commanding his troops, uttering those memorable words which every minister of the Gospel sooner or later takes for his text: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Thank God, we live in a land with plenty of rivers, and that they bless all our Atlantic coast and all our Pacific coast, and reticulate all the continent between the coasts. Only those who have traveled in the deserts of Syria, or Egypt, or have in the oriental cities heard the tinkling of the bell of those who sell water can realize what it is to have this divine beverage in abundance. Water rumbling over the rocks, turning the mill wheel, saturating the roots of the corn, dripping from the buckets, filling the pitchers of the household, rolling through the fonts or baptistries of holy ordinance, filling the reservoirs of cities, inviting the cattle to come down and slake their thirst and the birds of heaven to their evening, ascending in robe of mist and falling again in benediction of shower—water, living water, God given water!

We are awakened in the morning in Damascus by the tone of those who have different styles of God to sell. It is not a street cry as in London or New York, but a weird and long drawn out solo, compared with which a buzz saw is musical. It makes you importunately waken, and will not let you sleep again. But to those who understand the exact meaning of the song it becomes quite tolerable, for they sing: "God is first." "Come, buy my bread!" "God is the nourisher, buy my milk;" "God is the nourisher, buy my fruit." As you look out of the window you see the Mohammedans, who are in large majority in the city, at prayer. And if it were put to vote who should be king of all the earth, fifteen thousand in that city would say Christ, but one hundred and thirty thousand would say Mohammed. Looking from the window, you see on the housetops and on the streets Mohammedans at worship. The muezzin, or the officers of religion who announce the time of worship, appear high up on the different minarets or tall towers, and walk around the minaret inclosed by a railing and cry in a sad and mumbling way: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers! Come to salvation! God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." Five times a day must the Mohammedan engage in worship. As he begins he turns his face toward the city of Mecca, and unrolls upon the ground a rug which he almost always carries. With his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears, and holding his face between his hands, he cries: "God is great." Then folding his hands across his girdle, he looks down and says: "Holiness to Thee, O God, and praise be to Thee. Great is Thy name. Great is Thy greatness. There is no deity but Thee." Then the worshiper sits upon his heels, then he touches his nose to the rug, and then his forehead, these genuflections accompanied with the cry, "Holiness to Thee." Then the forefinger of his right hand toward heaven, he says: "I testify there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is the servant of God, and the messenger of God." The prayers close by the worshiper holding his hands opened upward as if to take the divine blessing, and then he hands are rubbed over the face as if to convey the blessing to his entire body.

There are two or three commendable things about Mohammedanism. One is that its disciples wash before they offer prayer. This is over five times a day, and there is a gospel in cleanliness. Another commendable thing is they don't care who is looking and nothing can stop them in their prayer. Another thing is that by the order of Mohammed, and an order obeyed for thirteen hundred years, no Mohammedan touches strong drink. But the polygamy, the many wifehood of Mohammedanism, has made that religion the unutterable and everlasting curse of woman, and when woman sinks the race sinks. The proposition recently made in high ecclesiastical places for the reformation of Mohammedanism instead of its obliteration is like an attempt to improve a plague or educate a leprosy. There is only one thing that will ever reform Mohammedanism, and that is its extirpation from the face of the earth by the power of the Gospel of the Son of God, which makes not only man, but woman, free for this life and free for the life to come.

The spirit of the horrible religion which prevades the city of Damascus, along whose streets we walk and out of whose bazaars we make purchases, and in whose mosques we study the wood carvings and bedizements, were demonstrated as late as 1860, when in this city it put to death 5000 Christians in forty-eight hours and put to the torch 3000 Christian homes, and those streets we walk were red with the carriage, and the shrieks and groans of the dying and disconsolate men and women made this place a hell on earth. This went on until a Mohammedan, better than his religion, Abd-el-Kader, by name, a great soldier, who in one war had with 3500 soldiers broken 60,000 of the enemy, now intervened against this massacre and gathered the Christians of Damascus into his castle and private houses and filled his own home with the affrighted sufferers. After a while the mob came to his door and demanded the "Christian dogs" whom he was sheltering. And Abd-el-Kader mounted a horse and drew his sword, and with a few of his old soldiers around him charged on the mob and cried out: "Wretches! Is this the way you honor the prophet? May his curse be upon you! Shame on you! Shame! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you pleased with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men the order to fire."

Then by the might of one great soul under God the wave of assassination rolled back. Buzza for Abd-el-Kader! Although now we Americans and foreigners pass through the streets of Damascus unhindered, there is in many parts of the city the subdued hissing of a hatred for Christianity that if it dared would put to death every man, woman and child in Damascus who does not declare allegiance to Mohammed. But I am glad to say that a wide, hard, splendid turnpike road has within a few years been constructed from Beyrout, on the shore of the Mediterranean, to this city of Damascus, and if ever again the wholesale assassination is attempted French troops and English troops would, with jingling bits and lightning hoofs, dash up the hills and down this Damascus plain and leave the Mohammedan murderers dead on the floor of their mosques and seraglios. It is too late in the history of the world for governments to allow such things as the modern massacre at Damascus. We smile at modern attacks on Christian missionaries and Christian disciples the Gospel is not so appropriate as bullets or sabers sharp and heavy enough to cut through with one stroke from crown of head to saddle.

But I must say that this city of Damascus as I see it now is not as absorbing as the Damascus of olden times. I turn my back upon the bazars, with rugs fascinating the merchants from Bagdad, and the Indian textile fabric of incomparable make, and the manufactured saddles and bridles gay enough for princes of the orient to ride and pull, and baths where ablution becomes inspiration, and the homes of those bargain makers of to-day, marbled and divaned and fountained and upholstered and mosaiced and arabesqued and colonaded until nothing can be added, and the splendid remains of the great mosque of John, originally built with gates so heavy that it required five men to turn them, and columns of porphyry and kneeling places framed in diamond and seventy-four stained glass windows and six hundred lamps of pure gold, a single prayer offered in this mosque said to be worth fifty thousand prayers offered in any other place. I turn my back on all these and see Damascus as it was when this narrow street, which the Bible calls Straight, was a great wide street, a New York Broadway or a Parisian Champs Elysees, a great thoroughfare crossing the city from gate to gate, along which tramped and rolled the pomp of all nations.

There goes Abraham, the father of all the faithful. He has in this city been purchasing a celebrated slave. There goes Ben Hadad of Bible times, leading thirty-two conquered monarchs. There goes David, King, warrior and sacred poet. There goes Tamerlane, the conqueror. There goes Haroun al Raschid, once the commander of an army of ninety-five thousand Persians and Arabs. There comes a warrior on his way to the barracks, carrying that kind of sword which the world has forgotten how to make, a Damascus blade, which the interlacings of color changing at every new turn of the light, cutting coming and going and interjoining, the blade so keen it could cut in twain an object without making the lower part of the object tremble, with an elasticity that could not be broken, though you brought the point of the sword clear back to the hilt, and having a watered appearance which made the blade seem as though just dipped in a clear fountain, a triumph of cutlery which a thousand modern foundrymen and chemists have attempted in vain to imitate. On the side of this street damasks, named after this city, figures of animals and fruits and landscapes here being first wrought into silk—damasks. And specimens of damaskeening by which in this city steel and gold are first graved, and then the grooves filled with wire of gold—damaskeening. But stand back or be run over. For here are at the gates of the city laden caravans from Aleppo in one direction, and from Jerusalem in another direction, and caravans of all nations paying toll to the supremacy. Great is Damascus!

But what most stirs my soul is neither chariot nor caravan nor bazar nor palace, but a blind man passing along the street, small of stature and insignificant in personal appearance. Oh, yes; we have seen him before. He was one of that cavalcade coming from Jerusalem to Damascus to kill Christians, and we saw him and his horse tumble up there on the road some distance out of the city, and he got up blind. Yes, it is Saul of Tarsus now going along this street called Straight. He is led by his friends, for he cannot see his hand before his face, unto the house of Judas; not Judas the bad, but Judas the good. In another part of this city one Ananias, not Ananias the liar, but Ananias the Christian, is told by the Lord to go to this house of Judas on Straight street and put his hands on the blind eyes of Saul that his sight might return. "Oh," said Ananias, "I dare not go; that Saul is a terrible fellow. He kills Christians and he will kill me." "Go," said the Lord, and Ananias went. There sits in blindness that tremendous persecutor. He was a great nature crushed. He had started for the city of Damascus for the one purpose of assassinating Christ's followers, but since that fall from his horse he has entirely changed. Ananias steps up to the sightless man, puts his right thumb on one eye and the left thumb on the other eye, and in an outburst of sympathy and love and faith and trust in Saul! Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, has sent me that thou mayst receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Instantly something like scales fell from the blind man's eyes, and he arose from that seat the mightiest evangel of all the ages, a Sir William Hamilton for metaphysical analysis, a John Milton for sublimity of thought, a Whitefield for popular eloquence, a John Howard for widespread philanthropy, but more than all of them put together inspired, thunderbolted, multipotent, apostolic. Did Judas, the kind host of this blind man, or Ananias, the visitor, see scales drop from the sightless eyes? I think not. But Paul knew they had fallen, and that is all that happens to any of us when we are converted. The blinding scales drop from our eyes and we see things differently.

THE probable value of all the diamonds in the world, according to a recent estimate, is about $1,000,000,000. The world's diamond trade is carried on by about 8,000 dealers, with a total stock of not far from $350,000,000. The stones are prepared for market by perhaps 4,500 cutters and polishers, principally in Amsterdam, Antwerp, Paris and the Jura.

SOME dudes, who were annoying a Chinaman at Sedalia, Mo., were astonished when he suddenly mounted one of their bicycles and rode away, his queue streaming straight out behind him, as if Old Nick were after him.

Not Generally Known.

Standing by a friend, the other day, I expressed a wish to know which was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch. "All watches," he said, "are compasses." Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure twelve on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is four o'clock. Point the hand indicating four to the sun and two on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is eight o'clock; point the hand indicating eight to the sun, and the figure ten on the watch is due south. My friend was quite surprised that I did not know this, but I feel sure that many share my ignorance.

FOR a disordered liver try BEECHAM'S PILLS.

The trouble about room-mates is that each mate wishes to be captain.

A front stoop—Bowing to your partner.

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Tartan shoes are among the most striking novelties yet evolved.

"Woman, her diseases and their treatment" A valuable illustrated book of seventy-two pages free, on receipt of 10c. for cost of mailing, etc. Address, P. O. Box 1056, Phila., Pa.

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Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent. the next few years under our plan. $25 cash and $5 per month without interest controls a desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The survival of the fittest is the doctrine that always wins in a dog fight.

A Pleasing Sense

of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c. and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

The collection of spoons is a recognized taste of the day.

A Remarkable Offer.

For several years a well known Boston business house has made persons keeping poultry, few or many remarkable offers of premiums payable in gold, some as high as fifty dollars to the first and not less than five dollars to any winner of a premium. The best thing about those offers was that the premiums have always been promptly paid as agreed in gold coin. Fifty dollar premiums do not "grow on every bush" as the old saying is, and we have no doubt to many who competed for them, the amount received came in handy to help pay the necessary bills of a hard winter, or if not, buy some luxury that the family absolutely needed, but other she could not afford. The same firm, Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House st., Boston, Mass., authorize us to state that they have prepared an offer of similar premiums this year, with one very important improvement, and that is, so that the first winner starts even chance with others of getting one hundred and fifty dollars in gold premiums. Why! that is as good as fifty dollars per month for the three winter months. It's worth trying for anyway. Johnson & Co., will send full particulars free to any person sending their address on a postal card. These premium offers are made in connection with the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay.

Floods have caused a damage of 500,000 florins in Carlsbad.

New York and Berkshire Marble Company

It is an undeniable fact that large fortunes have been made out of the stone and marble quarries of this country, and what to-day appears to be a very promising opportunity for investment is offered by the company above named. The capital of the corporation is only $300,000, the present issue being limited to 7500 shares at $7.50 per share, the par value being $10, and the shares full paid and non-assessable. The terms of subscription, as will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, are $3.50 per share on application, and the balance on delivery of the certificates. The company is composed of men whose probity and business sagacity is far above question, a fact which in itself bespeaks its success.

It is a habit of saints and pugilists to be strong in the right.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Jeweled fringe are used to ornament sashes

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In close application to business nothing gets much ahead of a mustard plaster.

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Velvet sleeves will undoubtedly remain in vogue during the winter.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, bought and sold. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

No news bad news—to editors.

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"Articles sent to editors should be sent flat." Many of them are.

Why rub, and *tug*, and *wear* out yourself and your clothes on washday, when, ever since 1864, Dobbins's Electric Soap has been offered on purpose to lighten your labor, and save your clothes. *Now try it.* Your grocer has it.

We'll write it down till everybody sees it
Till everybody knows it
Till everybody knows it without seeing it—
that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst—cases of chronic catarrh in the head, catarrhal headache, and "cold in the head."

In perfect faith, its makers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., offers to pay $500 to any one suffering from chronic catarrh in the head whom they cannot cure.

Now if the conditions were reversed—if they asked you to pay $500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of honorable dealing; thousands of dollars and a great name back of them and they say—"We can cure you because we've cured thousands like you—if we can't we'll pay you $500 for the knowledge that there's one whom we can't cure."

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