Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, 1890.

Chewing Gum.

A correspondent inquires whether the use of chewing-gum is really beneficial, as some persons have asserted.

The opinion has one plausible argument in its favor. The saliva is an important digestive fluid. On it depends the digestion of all starchy substances—bread, mush, potatoes and the like. It is for this reason that thorough mastication of such foods is necessary, in order that the saliva may be duly mixed with their particles. For the same reason it is better to eat dry bread than to moisten it, and dry bread is practically easier of digestion than mush, which is often swallowed without sufficient mastication.

Now, as the saliva is copiously secreted in gum-chewing, it might be thought that the stomach would thus be aided in degistion of starchy food; but just here comes in another physiological fact, namely: that saliva loses its digestive power very soon after entering the stomach, being neutralized by the action of the gastric juice.

But can gum-chewing be regarded as to any degree harmful?

1. The habit is unnatural. It meets no normal need, as does the chewing of the cud by the cow and some other animals. Whatever is abnormal is presumptively injurious, even though we may not be able to trace its effects. It took a long time to find out that tobacco chewing caused one of the most fatal diseases of the heart.

2. Every secretion of the body has its natual limitation. Artificial stimulation greatly beyond this point must be hurtful. This is a general law. Gum-chewing stimulates the salivary glands vastly beyond their normal limit, and the result may be injurious.

3. The constant swallowing of saliva in a sort of churned state carries into the stomach a large amount of air, which becomes a source of discomfort and often of positive injury. In must be remembered that air swallowed in this way becomes greatly expanded by internal heat.

4. Muscles are enlarged by use. Witness the blacksmith's arm as compared with that of the scholar. Witness also the enormous muscles of the athlete. Now the normal use of the masseter muscles tends only to keep them in proper working condition; but their overuse in gum-chewing must tend to their undue enlargement, and thus to the disfiguration of the face.—*Youth's Companion.*

Overreached.

John Davis was a famous turkey-hunter in South-western Ohio a few years ago. He caught hundreds of the birds every year, and was said to be possessed of quite a handsome property accumulated in this way. One of his favorite methods of capturing his game was by what he called a "spring trap." This was a small log house, with a big door which shut with a spring, managed by the hunter.

A trail of corn was laid from the door for a quarter of a mile into the bushes. The unsuspecting turkeys would follow this track of corn, and march inside, when presto! the door closed with a snap, and they were caught.

One day Mr. Davis was tending the door of this spring trap, when, to his delight, he saw twenty fine, large turkeys approaching. They came up to the entrance. The first one ventured in, then the second and the third, until nineteen were in the log-house. The twentieth bird lingered, and Mr. Davis waited, loath to close the door without him.

He was sure of nineteen; but the last one was a fine fellow, and he couldn't bear the thought of losing him.

While he waited, one of the turkeys inside stuck his head out of the door, and then hoped outside.

"He'll go back in a minute, an' the other one with him," thought the hunter; but instead of that a second one came out, and while the hunter waited for him to go inside another came through the door. It would certainly be too bad to spring the trap now, and so Davis waited—and every turkey but one came out!

"Wal, I'll make sure o' him!" said the hunter to himself, and he sprung the door.

"That's 'bout as silly a performance 'a I see ever guilty of—losin' them eighteen turkeys," said the old man in telling the story afterward. "That's the time I overreached myself."—*Youth's Companion.*

Where Coral Comes From.

The largest quantity and the handsomest corals come from the Algerian coast. These coral grounds have been worked since the middle of the sixteenth century. Other coral grounds are found on the coast of Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Spain, the Balearics and Provence. More than 500 Italian barks and over 4,200 persons are engaged in the coral fishery. Besides these French and Spanish barks are engaged in the same occupation. The Italian fishermen pay a high royalty to the French Government for their right of fishing for corals on the Algerian coast. There are more than 60 coral workshops in Italy, 100 in Germany, and one in the little town, Torre del Greco, at the foot of Vesuvius. These shops give employment to about 9,000 persons, mostly women and children.

THE Board of Health have control of the railways, because they do the heaviest carrion trade.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Be ye merry,
Be ye merry,
On this Christmas day
Do not borrow
Care or sorrow—
Drive them far away.

Let not trouble
Like a bubble
To the surface rise;
Love well founded,
Faith well grounded—
Look, then, towards the skies!

Joy is springing,
Hope is singing
In our home to-day;
Christmas cheering
Now is nearing—
Hail thee, happy day!

MISS MARIA'S SANTA CLAUS

"Well, I must say!" Mr. Joseph Bascom stood in the kitchen door and looked about him with much disgust. "Ironing, too. I thought it was regularly understood, Maria, that you were a boarder here?"

"Well, I am, brother," Miss Maria rejoined, in all good faith. "I pay my $6 every Saturday night of my life."

"Yes. I guess that's about what there is of it." Mr. Bascom hid a smile in his handkerchief. "Don't these Conways ever do any work, Maria? I suppose you took a hand in the washing Monday, didn't you?"

To his astonishment his sister began a voluble excuse:—

"It was the first time, Joseph; upon my word. Of course I've hung them out, ye know—mild weather, an' like that; just to get th' things out o' th' way. But, this week Miss Conway and company comin'—an' I'd just as lieve. There really weren't no reason—"

"Maria Bascom ain't overly smart," the neighbors used to say, in cruel, country bluntness; but that any human being could impose upon such docile trust and childlike innocence, had never entered her brother's brain to believe.

He stood staring at her in grieved surprise for a moment, and then, with the air of a man used to his own way and to much management, announced his decision:—

"I'll tell you this, Maria:—You go upstairs and pack your trunk, and to-night we go back to New York together. I guess our house is big enough to hold my sister, and you won't have to do any washing there." Go on!" He waved her to the door. "I'll settle with the Conways, and they'll learn a little wisdom before they're many days older, I reckon."

Poor Miss Maria used always to obedience to some stronger will, scarcely knew how it came about—this sudden transplanting from her old home and its dear associations to Joseph's awe-inspiring city house.

Probably Mrs. Bascom, who was somewhat her husband's superior, and the Misses Bascom, who went a little further up the social ladder, did not welcome this addition to the family with a great enthusiasm. But, being the best hearted folks in the world, they made Aunt Maria as comfortable as possible, gave her a pretty room, and, perhaps—as busy people, and only human, too—did not very much regret that she stayed a good deal in the room they gave her.

Indeed, the newcomer found herself sadly at a loss in an establishment where everything went by clockwork, where her own service was in no way needed, and where there were no children—the little Conways had been many. She was most at ease with the servants, and soon made great friends with Molly, the second girl, who was from what Miss Maria called "over our way," and whose acuteness had not been long in gauging the little old woman's capacity aright.

"Th' folks upstairs," she said to the cook, "act like they thought their aunt was same as them. What she wants is to be treated childish, and it only frustrates 'er, their makin' out she's grown up—anybody. Taint right; they ought to understand."

The cook assented to this.

"What d'ye s'pose she's frettin' about now?" Molly queried, flourishing a dishcloth. "She says t' me this mornin'—'Why,' says she, 'here 'tis th' middle o' November, an' I ain't heard a word o' Chris'muss yet! Don't they make much o' Chris'muss in New York, Molly?'"

"What did yer tell 'er?" asked the cook.

"O, I sez, th' Bascoms wa'nt in th' way o' doin' much; jus' plum puddin' for dinner, an' a turkey, an' a couple o' dollars a piece t' you an' me, 'n' th' rest. They don't make no presents, sez I; an' she looked all took back. I declare I was corry for th' old lady. Says she, 'Why, t' th' Conways there was always a great time; all them children atalkin' about Santa Claus, an' hangin' up their stockin's. We all hung up our stockin's t' th' Conways,' sez she, 'it was real pleasant, too. Things seem diff'rant some way, that come out o' a stockin' o' course'—an' then she drawed 'erself up and tried to look very dignified. 'Of course,' sez she, 'all such talk ez Santy Claus is foolish, an' I don't know ez children ought t' be encouraged in it, but it sounds kind o' good, too, t' have 'em goin' on about the reindeers. I like t' hear it.'"

"Poor ole soul!" mused the cook. "I got a soft spot in my heart for Miss Maria since she made that mustard plaster for me, as if I were her own flesh 'n' blood. She's worth all the rest of 'em put together."

"O course she is." Molly thought there were no two opinions as to that. "Do ye mind how she dusted th' parlors that time I had the run around? I say, she'd ought to have a Chris'muss treat, she 'tends one, an' it's my opinion Santy Claus is ez much t' her ez ever he was t' them Conway children."

But Miss Maria came up from breakfast a few mornings later with a very troubled face. She found the chambermaid making her bed, and, sitting down by the open fire, began dolefully enough:—

"Why, Molly," and there was a suspicion of tears in her voice, "do you know Joseph's folks ain't plottin' t' do a single thing for Chris'mus—not a thing! Why, I tell 'em t' th' Conways, weust t' give half our winter clo'es, that way; tippets an' rubbers an' all. Last year him 'n' me put together 'n' got her a blanket shawl—a reel nice one. Of course"—with a foolish smile—"I at couldn't go in no stocking t' ever was made; we jus' put it on th' hearth, underneath. We often put things on th' hearth. It seemed just as nice."

"An' what'd they say to that, Miss Maria?" asked Molly, in a fashion she had of recalling the simple soul from her long, rambling reminiscences.

"Oh, the girls they didn't say nothin' nor yet Celia. Joseph he jis' laughed, and sez he, 'We got all out o' th' way o' makin' presents t' this house; there don't seem no cause fer it,' sez he. 'Wife 'n' th' girls an' you all has your allowances, an' can buy jus' wot ye want, ez ye wa' it. I don't b'lieve in a man keepin' all his money to himself 'n' makin' a great show in th' fam'ly at Chris'muss time,' sez he. It sounds kind o' reasonable, too, don't it?"

She looked wistfully at Molly, shaking up the pillows.

"I don' know." The second girl thought for a minute, "ev'rybody has a chance t' be his own Santy Claus, then, of they all git their due, I suppose he means. Yes, that does sound good. Ef we was meant to be independent o' each other, that is."

Miss Maria heard only part of this speech, and that part haunted her long after she was left alone.

Everybody his own Santa Claus, Molly had said. It would not go out of her mind. Born of the despair which had seized upon her weak spirit when she found they were to know, here, no Christmas, and no good fairy—a despair which in turn was a part of the great wave of homesickness creeping up to her heart—she began to build up a crazy plan, and formed it on the servant's careless speech.

"What did you buy, Aunt Maria?" asked Sarah, the pretty daughter, with an attempt at small talk, one afternoon when the two elder women had paused in the parlor to rest before going upstairs with the wraps. "Your lap is piled with bundles. Are you going to have a new dress?"

Miss Maria looked disconcerted.

"Mebbe," she replied briefly, gathering her parcels together, "I got some stun colored cashmere, 'n'—'n' some little things. She rose to her feet hugging up her load. One twist of paper fell to the ground. Mary, the plain daughter with the nice eyes, ran to pick it up.

"It feels like gloves," she said for want of a happier thought, handing it to her aunt.

Miss Maria seized the parcel almost rudely. "I don't remember." Color rose to her cheeks; her eyes fell. "I got a lot of little things. Mebbe I didn't buy no gloves. I—I ain't sure."

The door closed upon her suddenly in what seemed very like guilty flight.

"Why, mother!" cried all the girls together, "what has gone wrong? Aunt Maria is always as voluble as a child over every paper of pins!"

"I do believe," added Bella, "that goin' down street and doin' a little tradin' is all that reconciles her to New York."

Meanwhile upstairs Miss Maria was hurriedly thrusting her purchases into a deep drawer she had emptied for the purpose.

"I don't believe," she thought with a prick from her tender conscience. "I don't remember of I bought them gloves or not. They was other things I was lookin' at, too—I ain't sure." She paused a moment to consider something else. "Anyway," her face cleared and blamed. "I don't skursely know how that apron looked. I think 'twas crossbar, but I wouldn't be sure for nothin'. An' them mufflers: Celia, she chase for me, an' I didn't look t' see of she got th' red one or that dark blue. I hope," she gazed down into the drawer—"I hope 'twas the red one, but I won't know till Chris'muss."

Day after day Miss Maria added to the contents of the drawer.

"Whether or no," as she phrased it, she meant to give some little present to each member of the family, from Joseph down to the errand boy.

But with these weightier matters her own preparations went on. "The girls" could not understand why their aunt wore those shabby shoes when Sarah had helped her to buy a new pair, or why she made such a mystery of even a couple of hat pins which their mother carelessly bestowed on her one day, and which disappeared and were no more seen, though her bonnet hung awry upon the good gray head as usual.

Poor Miss Maria! She found it hard work, but she never relaxed her ardor, now that this idea was hers. Her winter plenishing was bought in an offhand, careless manner which puzzled Mrs. Joseph, used already to the country woman's love of detail and a trifling excitement.

So Christmas eve came 'round.

After the six o'clock dinners, through whose courses she hurried her way, Miss Maria shut herself in her own room and began at once her work for the night. Her withered cheeks were a dull red with excitement; her faded eyes glowed like youth again. All the family presents had to be, re-sorted and tied up, with lavish expenditure of paper and twine. "It's such fun openin' 'em!" she thought.

Then came the only private pleasure. Back and forth tripped Miss Maria, back and forth between bureau and chimney, till the long, dangling, gray stocking was stuffed, rigid and the floor beneath piled up with packages. It was only eight o'clock, but she was used to early hours. "I'll be up before th' light," she thought, with her simplest look, as she went to bed straightaway and very soon to sleep.

Now it happened that the Conways had not only been generally remembered by their late boarder at this holiday time, but, strange to say, they had remembered her. Every one, from "him" down to next to the baby, had helped to fill a good sized box, with which the expressman came banging on the door about nine o'clock. The Bascoms were genuinely pleased and a little ashamed when they took in this token of good will. Bella said, after a little talk:—

"Can't I run up to Aunt Maria's room with it right away? She'll be as happy as a child, and it seems too good to keep till morning."

The rest approved and Bella tugged bravely at her load to the door, where only a glimmer of fire-light met her eyes as she groped her way in. Aunt Maria was unconscious of her knock and of her entrance. But some one on the hearth rug started guiltily and turned to meet the young girl's face with a very shamefaced air.

"Molly!" cried Miss Bella.

Molly had a long, plump stocking in her hand. Mistress and maid stood together before each other.

The maid was first to speak.

"See," she said huskily, "what that poor soul's done for 'erself an' gone t' sleep, like th' baby she is. Been her own Santy C'aus, she has, an' me 'n' cook makin' up this," shading the strange thing she held, with a superior smile, "so as she shouldn't quite miss a Christmas."

The ready tears sprang to her mistress' eyes.

"Oh, I never dreamed it was like that to her," she gasped. "You make me so—so shamed, Molly. We must do something, too."

She bustled about the room depositing the Conway box at one side of the grate and helping Molly suspend her own tribute.

"This shall be the sweetest surprise the dear thing ever knew," whispered Miss Bella, with a catch in her whisper. "I hope it isn't too late to make her very happy yet."

And the others were much astonished at sight a little later of the youngest Miss Bascom, in furs and dainty toque, equipped for a walk. Not less astonished when, as in response to their inquiries, she burst into tears, and turning to her mother caught her around the waist in a gale of kisses.

"Suppose it had been you," she said, "stranded among a set of heathen, who never expected you to do anything but live upon pictures and drink, you darling!"

"Bella, are you daft?" asked Sarah, in some scorn.

"No, but Aunt Maria is, and we didn't care, and let her fill her own Christmas stocking."

They were sympathetic enough now, and Bella told the whole story. Everybody offered, in much good humored contrition, to accompany this last Santa Claus on her tour, till Mrs. Bascom settled the matter, in her comfortable way, by announcing:

"Well! all go out and make an occasion of it, and perhaps papa 'll take us into Caramel's for soda water."

Of course Mr. Joseph did.

It was the gayest time imaginable, running along over the brilliantly lighted pavements, jostling busy people, heavily laden, in and out of the Christmas spirits.

They spread out their buying over as much space as the late hour would allow, for the very joy of it. They tried to remember every fancy Miss Marth had expressed and to anticipate ever want. The girls giggled and so did their mother. Mr. Joseph was preternaturally solemn as a man is wont to do in a new position.

When they at last turned homeward Sarah called from behind their two parents:—

"Doesn't candy come in Christmas stockings? I've a faint memory of it, and surely these things should be sweetened, father!"

"Oh, let's do the whole thing!" cried the good man desperately, and ran into Fountain's.

As they waited by the gayly trimmed windows:—

"I wonder." Mary reflected—she wrote poetry sometimes and had been in print—"if it's because it is such a sweet, wholesome thing to be as little children that the world clings so to Christmas Day? Perhaps that is one sight of the kingdom of heaven into which we cannot enter unless we are like to them."

"If 'the kingdom of heaven is within,'" quoted Bella, softly, "perhaps it is."

Before the Bascom household rested that night two pendant stockings flanked Miss Maria's own at the mantelpiece, upon the right and upon the left, and with a remembrance of Mis Conway's blanket shawl last year, a little trail of bundles began at the hearth rug and drifted far out into the room.

So, in the dim light of the fire they hung before those closed eyes and waited for the day.

And thus it was because she was not discouraged, but kept up a good heart, Santa Claus came to Miss Maria.—Drake's Magazine.

RUFFLED MAJESTY.

Lord Salisbury—Your Majesty seems, if I may be permitted to say so, to be ruffled this morning.

Queen Victoria—I am, my lord. A little incident occurred this morning that has had quite a nervous effect upon me.

Lord Salisbury—Did you lose your collar button?

BARNUM AN ACROBAT.

Some Facts About the Show Told for the First Time.

It is not generally known that Barnum has all his life long been an athlete, that in his younger days he was a powerful performer on the trapeze as some of the professional acrobats in his employ. When he first went into the show business Barnum satisfied himself that in order to make a success of it he would have to be familiar with every department and all matters pertaining to it. He accordingly went into training, and within a week was able to turn a hand-spring and walk the tight rope with the best of them. On several occasions when his principal performers were taken ill Barnum disguised himself and did their "turns." Of course the audience was not aware of this, and Barnum always disliked to be known as a performer.

But when he had begun to grow old and feeble and it was no longer necessary for him to act, Barnum stopped performing in public, though he continued practicing in private. When he built the wonderful Persian palace, Mizpah, at Bridgeport, he had a large room apart as a gymnasium, where he exercised one or two hours every day. It was fitted up with all the appliances and improvements of a gymnasium, there Barnum used to swing Indian clubs, practice jumping, tumbling and all the other acrobatic tricks of body and limb. In all these exercises he was of course attired in tights.

His athletic costume consisted of a white shirt, blue silk trunks, yellow tights and cream slippers, with black pumps. Sometimes he varied his appearance by wearing green satin trunks or a bright colored shirt. He still has these garments preserved in a trunk, which is never open to general inspection. When Mizpah was destroyed by fire Barnum built Waldemere, and there, too, he had a private gymnasium fitted up like the first, with all the improvements. There he continued his acrobatic capers in private and so built up the splendid constitution which has just carried him through almost a fatal illness.

Waldemere gave place in time to the present residence, Marina, which faces the Sound, and, although age has settled upon him, Barnum when in health keeps up his old habits of exercise, though, of course, in a modified degree. He has a gymnasium connected with his house and there he still swings clubs occasionally or works the trapeze bells. He still can turn handsprings any more. He walks the tight rope. He has as well carded his athletic costume, but he exercises sufficiently to retain his vigor and cheerfulness. There are no trees in his grounds, so he is deprived of his boyhood's favorite pursuit of wood chopping.

The acrobatic side of Barnum's nature has never before been written up, for it is because his innate modesty made him hesitate about telling of it to more than a few friends, who were pledged to secrecy, but like everything else it had to come out and now is a secret no longer.—New York Press.

The Empress of Japan

At excessive heights above all Japanese women, the invisible Empress, within recent years, was enthroned by a goddess. But she, the sovereign, descended little by little from her pyrean; she shows herself at present, receives, she speaks, and she even lunches—with the tips of her lips, it is true. She has abandoned her magnificent coiffure strewn with strange blossoms, for a headdress that looked like an idol's, and her enormous fans; she sends, alas, to Paris or London for her corsets, dresses, and her bonnets.

Five years have passed over the chant anthemums since on one of these rare solemnities, where a few privileged ones are admitted to her presence, I had the honor of seeing her in the garden. She was ideally charming, passing by a fairy among her parterres, flowers in profusion with the sad flowers of autumn; then coming to sit beneath the canopy of violet crepon the imperial color in the hieratic stiffness of her robes, tinted like the wings of a humming-bird. All the deliciously quaint pageantry with which she then surrounded herself gave her the charm of an idyl or a fairy tale.

Upon her painted lips she offered a ceremonial smile, disdainful and vague. Beneath the powder her exquisite face preserved an impenetrable expression, and notwithstanding the profusion of her greetings one felt her offended by our presence, which according to her prescriptions, which are forced to take new customs she was forced to tolerate—she, the holy Empress, invisible and like a religious myth.—Harper's Magazine.

Bats in Cold Weather.

At the beginning of cold weather bats begin to huddle together in great bunches, in hollow trees, dark caves, in deserted houses, or in cave in the rocks. They gradually lose all sensibility and continue in a drowsy state till the return of genuine warm weather. The little hooks at the end of the wings of each wing of a bat are what the bat hangs itself up by when it goes to sleep. When the bats are clustering for the winter's sleep, one of the number hangs itself in this way, head downward, and the others cling to it. It is said that sixty bats have been found in one cluster, the entire weight of the lot being sustained by the one bat which is hanging by the hooks of its wings, the others clinging to whatever he fastened to at the start. Bats that have obtained the outside position in bunches soon find out that their wings could be broken by brittle candy, yet on putting them in a warm place they soon "charge" out and come to life as if nothing had happened to them.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

[Subject: "The Wars of Moroni."

TEXT: "And when all these kings were gathered together, they came and pitched beside Shiloh, in the land of Moroni, that they might fight against Israel." Mosiah, xix. 5.

We are encamped to-night in Palestine in the waters of Merom. After a long and fierce civilization, a variety of food that could not compromise a first class American appetite, for the most of our caravans starts at sunrise and a half earlier in the morning. We dined only two mules, carrying much of our baggage as we might accidentally meet and a tent for the boundary of the malarias around this Lake Merom are so poisonous that at any other season of the year encampment here is perilous, but this winter night the air is tonic and delightful. In this neighborhood Joshua fought his last great battle. The nations had banded themselves together to crush this Joshua, but along the banks of these waters Joshua felt that the hour has come, and we now minutely examine this Joshua whom we have in these discourses caught only a momentary glimpse, although he passed and re-passed Palestine, and next to Moses was the most stirring and mighty character whose foot ever touched the Holy Land. Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him, and that the soul of the dying lawgiver was taken out of his mouth with the kiss. Joshua was a magnificent fighter, but he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the time: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." And fulfilled this promise, although Joshua had a battle was with the spring freshet, and he met with a stone wall, and the next day falling on a regiment of whipped cowards, and the next battle against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last against the king of terrors, with five great victories.

This first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the earthrow of the Bastile. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The sons of Israel had been kept back from melting, and they poured down in the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on the bank, and they look across to see if Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say, "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us a time—until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." Of after a little they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among these troops, for they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the River Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

Behold, there go two priests carrying a gilt-edged box four feet long and four wide, it is the ark of the convenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water which is fed from on by an Almighty fiat Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without stopping their feet wet over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells crunches under their feet to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up the battlement of the river high, and having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to wash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Not yonder they have stopped, thirty miles in distance they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea.

But as the land of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—Behold, some quarter half a mile—as the Almighty hand is taken away those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Canaites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stood parted? Because perhaps we may want to go back. O Lord, we are engaged in a very hard business. Those Canaanites may eat up us. How if we want to go back? Would we not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us pass through and kept them parted to let us back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gentleman says that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let us pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate.

But this is no time for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is Ai, it is a city of arbors, a city with towers seeming to reach to the heaven, to touch the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass of Beth-horon. The city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Greek, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but in this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering rams. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of a ram was sometimes taken, and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his mouth and he would run his fingers over this musical instrument and make a great flood of sweet harmony for the people. That is the only kind of weapon. Seven priests are to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the end of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns Joshua scene was to be a shout at which these great walls should tumble from capital to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a crack in a place! broke loose from the wall; not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. Joshua say: "Why, you are unbelieving Israelites, don't tell you so? Why, those ministers of God are the most musical instruments, and expect to destroy it!" Joshua has been spoken; no matter because hosts are overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not the church of God? You see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall. It isn't philosophy." And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forehead of the left hand arguing it all out and showing that it was not possible that such a cause could produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many votes.

Joshua's stock was down. The second day the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries to his host, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry, "Down, Jericho! down, Jericho!" And the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver, and to move, and to rock. Stand from under! Save thyself! Crash! go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces, the air blackened with the dust! The huzza of the triumphant Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the debris of the wall hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chiefest of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw that red cord they knew it was the divine indication they should not disturb the premises, making us think of the divine cord of a Saviour's deliverance, the red cord of a Saviour's kindness, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of a Saviour's Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God, and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment, day, and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones and ribs of nature shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai, it must be taken. How shall it be taken? "Scouting party, come look and see. Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job, you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment to the front of the city of Ai. They look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer. The Northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look out, the church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people. "Fall back, O church of God! Bornes will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many of the people say: "Fall back, O church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say: "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of the church have never had any right to fall back.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says: "Oh, Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan. For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore lieest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you with a mortified look, but his old courage comes back. The fact was that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone out to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says, "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends comparatively small regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of these scattered, or seeming to scattered regiments, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear towards the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down, and the flying regiments of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory. And while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites, and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They sent word, "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march at more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two dog times of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say, "That is Joshua. That is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat the antipathies of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the rolling and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps defeat us." Joshua, you are a great coward. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out! when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted.

Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and truth and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is 110 years old. Washington went down the Potomac, and at Mount Vernon rounded his life, and he died, full of years, fully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After a hundred and ten years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the grave yards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the King of Terrors. But if this is Joshua's battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather or a great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight and show how the old battles were won, so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept his promises all the way through.

As he lies there he tells the story one, two or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose you whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them forever at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua it shall not be. We will not part, we cannot part. "Jehovah Jireh, we take thee at thy promise. "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Hand's him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry-shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I think myself now. I image that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

All a Joke.

Watson Haney, a negro ferryman classically known as Sharon, was arraigned before the court.

"Watson," said the judge, "you are charged with a grave offense."

"What's dat, judge?"

"You know very well what it is—committing an assault upon Harvey Peters."

"W'y, jedge, dat wuz all er joke. Me an' dat man is allus progicin' wid each udder. All er joke, sah."

"You met him in the road and broke one of his arms with a club. Do you call that a joke?"

"W'y, o' co'se, I does, jedge. Me an' dat man is allus er progicin' wid each udder. He broke dis heah laig wunst an' I didn't think nothin' o' it 'cause I knowed dat it wuz only a joke."

"Yes, but after you had broken his arm you stuck a knife into him."

"Yes, sah, but dat wuz all er joke. W'y, he hit me wid er ax wunst. I tells yer, jedge, dat me an' dat man is allus er progicin' wid each udder."

"Then you dragged him down a bank and tried to throw him into the river."

"Oh, shar, jedge, see dat yer ain't er pusson wut un'erstan's er joke. Take me erway frum heah. I doan want ter progic wid er man wut doan know wut fun is."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Is Obedient Even When Asleep.

A little boy in Hartwell, Ga., aged 12 years, walks in his sleep frequently. In the front yard of his father's house is a large rosebush, and whenever he walks in his sleep, he gets up, takes a pillow and quilt or coverlet off the bed and carries them to the rosebush and spreads them down underneath that. A few nights ago the little boy was lying on his bed asleep, but the family had not retired. While they were conversing the boy got up and pulled a coverlet and pillow off the bed. He walked out of the door and straight to the rosebush, where he deposited the pillow and coverlet. His mother called to him and told him to bring them back in the house. He obeyed, and lay down on the bed without ever awaking. He has done this many times.

SOME people are so delicately strung that they perceive a sneer in the most common-place remark.

PAPER MONEY.

WHAT UNCLE SAM GAINED BY FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

Much of it Is Burned or Destroyed by Other Accidents—Identifying Pieces.

"The parlor