Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11, 1891.

NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.

The Bad Boy Works the Phonograph With Startling Effect.

The phonograph is capable of wrecking young lives, when left lying around loose within reach of the small, bad boy.

William S. Lowe had been courting Miss Mamie Bontong nearly two years, and when Mamie's mother insinuated that it was about time Willie had screwed his courage up to the "popping" point, the daughter protested:

"But, ma, Willie is so awfully bashful, you know. I think he loves me, but he's afraid to propose."

"Well," responded the experienced mother, "this is leap year, and you should encourage him. A young woman's wit should come to her assistance at such a critical period."

Her mother's words set Mamie to pondering. It was not long before she hit upon a scheme. A newspaper description of the perfected phonograph suggested the idea. Mamie procured one of the wonderful instruments and took it to her room. Then she seated herself beside it and soliloquized thusly:

"I can't understand why Willie don't propose. I wish he wasn't so very bashful. He must know that I love him dearly. Perhaps if he knew that pa and ma would cheerfully give their consent he'd ask the vital question tonight."

The phonograph recorded each word she uttered in exact intonation and articulation. When Mr. Lowe called a few hours later he found the instrument on the parlor table. He examined it critically and asked Mamie if it was loaded. The engenuous girl replied, as the color in her cheeks became a deeper pink, that she had a little talk with it in the afternoon, but she wouldn't have him know what she said for worlds. Then she suddenly said, as if she had forgotten something: "Oh, excuse me, I'll return in a minute," and swept out of the room.

When William found himself alone, he resolved to do what any young man would have done under similar circumstances. He determined to reproduce Mamie's afternoon "talk."

Of course Mamie was not aware that her mischievous brother, Bob, aged fourteen years, had fooled with the phonograph after she had "set it" to capture Mr. Lowe. When Bob, by chance, saw the machine in the parlor, he said he was "bound to see how the old thing worked," and there being no one present to interfere he soon mastered its secret. Bob was a lover of the national game, and terribly addicted to slang. When he heard Mamie's words pronounced, he chuckled:

"Ah! I catch on to sis' little game. I've heard about this phonygraf arrangement. This taffy was intended for the ears of Bill Lowe. I don't like Bill. He won't talk base ball, and he never carries any cigarettes. He's been hanging around this palatial shanty long enough. He's got no sand, and I'll put him out on a foul. I'll give him a dose that'll fill him with the green-eyed lobster, you bet."

Then he put his mouth close to the phone and carried on an imaginary conversation between a couple of lovers, making a peculiar sound with his lips at brief intervals.

"There!" said the bad boy, as he stole silently out of the room, "I guess that'll settle him."

And it did!

In place of Mamie's sweet words the following gushing dialogue greeted William's astonished ears:

"Mamie, I can conceal my feelings no longer. I love you to distraction!" Smack!

"I love you, too, dear Charlie." Smack! Smack!

"Then you care nothing for that Lowe fellow who has been coming here so long?" Smack! Smack! Smack!

"No; I detest him. At one time I thought I liked him, but his visits now make me tired." Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

"You dear"—Smack!—"darling, precious"—Smack!—"Mamie, I don't deserve so"—Smack!—"much hap"—Smack!—"piness. My own,"—Smack!—"ownest Mamie, I could hold you in" Smack!—"these arms forever—"

William dropped the handle and cried in tones of anguish:

"This is agony! I can hear no more! Farewell, false one, forever!"

When Mamie returned to the parlor her sweet William was gone and she never saw him again.—*Sunshine.*

A BOX of hardware weighing 600 pounds fell overboard from a vessel at Vancouver, and an octopus, who thought he had struck a soft thing, drew it along the sandy bottom of the harbor for a distance of 400 feet before becoming discouraged. Among the "don'ts" to be observed is don't fool with an octopus.

MODERATION and temperance in all things, whether of work or pleasure, should be more cultivated. A little more time for meals and the social amenities of life, a little more method in all that we do, together with a self-repression of nervousness, a cultivation of open-air freedom and exercise and a better division of the hours of labor, would make stronger and steadier men and women, fuller purses and happier homes.

ASPIRE.

Never cease aspiring—
Long for something highe
Greater good aspiring.
Fill your heart, ye'er tiring
With a holy fire.

Cast off every fetter—
Keep each hope alive!
Make success your debtor!
Failure e'en is better
Than to never strive.

Though your great aim never
Here you may attain,
Constant be endeavor!
To aspire is ever
In its if a gain.

—[George Birdseye, in Detroit Free Press.

THE SMOKING CHIMNEY.

BY E. C. WEGENER.

In the top story of a pretentious dwelling in the Rue de la Caussee d' Antin, immediately under the roof, perched, like a sparrow on the top branch of a poplar, a young man by the name of Passeraud, of quiet, orderly habits, amiable temper, modest bearing and—whose clothes were patched.

He had just graduated from the Ecole Centrale and shortly afterwards had been offered by the "Calcium Mines of the High Peloponesus, Limited," an appointment at five hundred francs per month, which, I am told, would have given him necessities. Unfortunately he had been thinking of inventing an "automatic brake" to keep locomotives running through each other when meeting on a single track, or at least to soften the shock of contact till they would only gently kiss each other's "pads."

Full of his idea he had declined the company's proposals in order to give himself entirely, day and night, to the confection of draughts for this wonderful invention destined to revolutionize the world. He expected from it both fame and fortune, and meanwhile confined himself in the intervals of his drawing to a daily loaf and a sou's worth of cheese and came precious near starving.

He did not, however, mind this, his brake being almost completed, and as automatic as the most fastidious locomotive could possibly desire.

One day on the staircase, or rather on the first floor landing, he came face to face with a beautiful young girl, a blonde, and so gracefuil of walk and carriage that a classic would at once have written her down a goddess. She came and she disappeared light and airy, leaving behind her only a subtle perfume of sweet verbena. and Passeraud, amazed by the sight of so many charms concentrated in a single girl, stood a good five minutes staring blankly into space awaiting a reappearance of this incomparable neighbor.

The next day, by the most astounding coincidence, which we must regard as singularly fortuitous, Passeraud chanced o find himself on that same landing at that same hour, and—more fortuitous still—the girl referred to passed him again. This time—at least it seemed so—she blushed as she passed.

Fearing to have offended her Passeraud vowed that nevermore would he descend those stairs at a similar hour; but on the morrow he suddenly became aware that urgent business compelled him to go out at the identical moment when he had decreed the day before that go out he would not.

He took his hat, and—it happened exactly as he had feared—a third encounter occurred and Passeraud was inconsolable, for the young girl had undoubtedly blushed deeper than before.

He was furious at himself; the unknown, scandalized by such a persecution, would certainly take instant measures to escape his gaze. And to make sure of his doom Passeraud daily took the stairway as nearly as possible at that same hour, and each day regularly stepped aside to make room for this desirable neighbor. Mindful, too, of his mother's training he bowed each time he met her, and soon observed that the nod in return was growing almost friendly.

She was becoming familiarized.

When he made that discovery he went to regard himself in the glass of a shop window—a similar article being unknown in his chamber—to ascertain if his outer man was such as would be pleasing in the eyes of a beautiful girl. Decidedly his coat was not of a fashionable cut, but his face was by no means repulsive—rather the contrary.

After which, with due precaution, he made inquiry as to the name of the pretty girl that lived on the first floor—why, he didn't exactly know, save that he desired to learn it and was more than charmed to find that it was "Mlle. Valentine."

Wanderings like these were not calculated to promote the perfections of the "automatic brake." The drawings were still unfinished. It had become necessary that his "flame" should be crowned with the briefest delay, for if our student was to continue to sigh in vain, he wanted to enter at once into the condition of desolate lover. The desolate lover in him would kill the inventor, and in consequence—the veriest trifle to a rejected state of mind—kill all the travelers whom otherwise it was the mission of his invention to save.

Such being the case, Passeraud, who was as reckless personally as he was devoted to his fellow beings, made a careful examination of his poor wardrobe, dressed himself in the best of the lot and descended to Valentine's father, no other, in fact, than M. Lamantin, proprietor of this pretentious dwelling and bluntly addressed to him—really I blush to transcribe it, it was so very innocent—the following request:

"I have the honor, monsieur, of asking you for mademoiselle, your daughter's hand!"

"Eh? What! My daughter's hand?" cried the old man, critically scanning Passeraud from head to foot; "for whom, if you please?"

"Myself, monsieur."

"For yourself—but are you not my locataire of the top floor; way up there under the eaves?"

"The same, monsieur."

"Then—what is amiss with your hand, young man? Know you not that my daughter has four million francs, a trifling detail that I'm good enough to limit part to you! Four millions, understand! And you—what have you?"

"Nothing," the inventor replied with the most ingenuous frankness; then added: "I am not rich now, but if you will give me the hand of Mlle. Valentine, believe me that my work will soon more than meet my modest requirements."

"Be off! Be off, I say!" roared the irate proprietor. "Is it to make me the laughing-stock of the town that you ask me for my daughter's hand? Quick, off with you!"

"But, see you, monsieur, if I'm not to return till my brake wins millions for me I run the risk of finding Mlle. Valentine married to another man! I will take no such chances, sir!"

"So much the worse for you, then! How can I help it? Your servant, with all my heart, monsieur my locataire!"

And Passeraud retired, positively so desolate that he forgot to be confused, while always behind him M. Lamantin was roaring:

"Not a sou! Nothing to do! And demanding my daughter's hand! It is just too funny for anything!"

* * * * * *

That visit, however, which had such disastrous results for our inventor, made but a passing impression upon the mind of M. Lamantin. That which made his face so anxious some twenty-four hours later was the fact that his drawing-room fire had suddenly began to smoke like a trooper.

In the middle of December, too, and just as he was preparing to celebrate his only daughter's nineteenth birthday.

Was ever a proprietor more sorely tried?

In hot haste he sent for his architect: in hot haste, puffing with importance and running, the architect came.

"Is that all?" cried he angrily when he found what was up. "You sent for me for that?"

"I find it enough, too," responded M. Lamantin, with equal acerbity. "Think you it's a pleasure to own a chimney that makes us cry all day long? One would suppose we'd a funeral in the house!"

"But your chimney, sir, was built by my plan," said the architect; "that is to say, it can not smoke!"

"All the same, sir, the chimney smokes."

"Because you burn coal in it. Burn wood, sir, and wood entirely. You'll get a good, clear fire."

"Wood it shall be, then."

But the substitution of wood for coal did not make the chimney draw a whiff the better. M. Lamantin, who was a man of prompt measures, went himself to the best architect in Paris and begged him to come and look into the matter.

The architect consented and the examination made, was exceedingly frank in the expression of his opinion.

"Who is the ass that built the thing, anyway?" said he.

"Mandelet, my architect."

"So I thought, the donkey of donkeys! Extend the smokestack fifty centimetres higher to increase the draught and it will go all right."

"How simple."

"When one knows what to do—yes."

The smokestack was raised, the chimney still smoked and the great architect's bill was higher than the stack.

Disgusted with architects, M. Lamantin then addressed himself to chimney doctors. The first one called in had just come down from Piedmont. No chimney had ever resisted him. A thing in sheet iron in the shape of a serpent, was attached in a jiffy to the top of the already tall stack.

The drawing room was now bluer than a country tap-room.

A second C. D. was called to attend it. He, too, was from Piedmont, and he instantly directed that his colleague's sheet iron serpent be replaced by a little thing of his own in the shape of a helmet.

At this juncture, happily for all concerned, the concierge interposed.

"Monsieur is wrong to be so discouraged," said he. "I was talking a while ago to one of the locataires—oh, none of the locataires that monsieur knows!—and he told me, this small rent payer, that he could fix monsieur's chimney in less than five minutes."

"Bring him here, then, immediately—immediately, I say—or I'll notice him to get out."

And quick as lightning Passeraud—for Passeraud it was—was down from his lofty height at M. Lamantin's bidding.

He found the proprietor stamping with rage and blowing his fingers in his freezing drawing-room.

"Oh, it's you, is it," said he, "that makes bold to cure in five minutes an incurable chimney? No matter. Go on: have a try. I want to see you do it."

"Five minutes is rather brief, I want an hour."

"Then an hour you shall have. He's a charlatan, that all the architects and doctors in town have given up as hopeless. If you can cure it, that is, make it send the smoke to the sky instead of into my apartments, I'll give you—well, whatever you choose.—I'm out of all patience—in no mood for haggling. Name your price!"

"Monsieur," answered Passeraud, with dignity, "you will give me the hand of Mlle. Valentine! That is my prize, to be paid only after success."

"For a chimney! You are crazy, man: crazy as a loon!"

"For a chimney, monsieur, no; for that chimney, yes. Call in Garnier, if you like, the builder of the Opera House; give him, to back him, a picked gang of architects, chimney doctors or academicians, and if the whole of them can do in three months' time what I am going to do in one hour, namely, keep this and all other chimneys in the condition of this one, from smoking, I consent that you call me knave and fool both."

"Yes, yes, I know; but the hand of my daughter is a pretty steep price. Anyhow, a secret such as you say you possess should be worth to you a pot of money."

"As you say, the secret is, sir, but I don't care to part with it. For that reason you will allow me to shut myself alone in the drawing room for the stipulated hour, and moreover give me your word of honor not to peep through the keyhole. I work only on that understanding."

"Agreed. But why haven't you got out a patent? It would spare you all such childish precautions."

"Lack of money for the annual fee."

"Borrow it and pay from the profits."

"I don't fancy loans."

"So be it; have your way. I'm off. Do your little machinations in peace and quiet."

"No peeps through the keyhole?"

"I swear it."

"And if I succeed I've your promise—Valentine's hand?"

"Come, come! my locataire, begin your work; no knife to my throat, please—all the same, I'm a man of justice."

But once alone Passeraud, instead of obeying and beginning his work, began losing his time in idle trifling highly inappropriate to the gravity of the situation. An attentive observer—but Passeraud, remember, had shut out all observers—would have heard him murmuring as he flitted about:

"It is here, and here, and also here, that my adored one breathes!"

And that same observer would have been greatly amazed to see him skip from one seat to another, now lying at length upon a velvet couch—as Valentine doubtless had once lain—then doubling himself into a low chair for precisely the same reason—that Valentine had certainly sat there—and then madly throwing kisses to the pictured face of a girl on the wall—oh! such a pretty face, too, and strangely like the face that we have seen on the stairs.

These frivolous doings having exhausted the allotted sixty minutes, Passeraud threw open the door and called them all in.

"The fire, monsieur, the fire; start it immediately!"

His command obeyed, parbleu! the chimney was found to draw with such force and energy that it very nearly drew up the logs themselves. A gentle heat pervaded the apartment, slowly, if I may phrase it so, unfreezing it—and no smoke!

The Parisian architects and Piedmont doctorhood were beaten clean out, of sight and mind. Above them Passeraud's genius shone like the sun. A blind man could have seen it.

"It is sublime!" cried M. Lamantin in an ecstacy of joy; "sublime, my little locataire! You are a born inventor, and you shall also be my son-in-law if Valentine says so."

"Oh! yes, papa!" said Valentine; "yes, yes; your son-in-law!"

One year after this marvelous event Passeraud was the father of a son as beautiful as the day. M. Lamantin was again ecstatic.

"Which reminds me, my son-in-law," said he, some hours after the event, "that there is one thing that I want you to explain to me a little more fully. For more than six mouths now all the railroad companies of the country have adopted your 'automatic brake;' barrels of money come to you from all quarters, and you sell privileges for the use of your invention in nearly every country of the world. You are rich not only through your wife, but on your own account. Doesn't this set you to thinking? It does me, at any rate. I am worrying about your other invention, which you leave entirely idle."

"My other invention, father-in-law?" cried Passeraud, bewildered; "what do you mean?"

"Decidedly you are too modest! You know very well what I mean. What could I mean but that secret of yours to keep chimneys from smoking? You can't tell me now that you are too poor to pay the annual fees!"

"Bah! it would bring in precious little!"

"Nevertheless, it would put a ring on your finger. One should never neglect a chance of making money."

"Father-in-law, please don't let us talk of that."

"Why not, pray? I know that I'm right."

"But you will make me tell things that I don't want to tell, things that I want to keep to myself."

"Go on, go on; tell, I say!"

"Well, then, know you that I never stopped your chimney from smoking—I only stopped making it smoke! A shade of difference, you see. I was living under the roof then, and had only to stretch up my arms and cover the vent pipe with anything handy, a plate, for instance. It was your fault entirely; like other fathers you obliged the lover to resort to strategy to win the girl. My success, however, was due to Valentine, since it was she that told the concierge to introduce me as the greatest C. D. in the neighborhood. Forgive us both and console yourself with the thought that it was one of Fortune's favorites. Success for lovers is really a law of nature.—[From the French.

HE "WASN'T IN IT."

Sanso—Have you been playing poker for money?

Rodd (disconsolately)—No: but the fellers I've been playing with have.

MARVELOUS POWER

A HALF-WITTED MISSOURIAN'S GIFT FOR MATHEMATICS.

Does the Work of Ten Bookkeepers in One-Tenth of the Time, and Uses No Paper or Pencil.

Rube Field is the kingpin of Missouri freaks. As long as he retains a residence in that town, Warrensburg will be entitled to a place on the map. In a general way Field is not burdened with intelligence, inherent or acquired. He is absolutely devoid of information and possesses fewer social graces than a Digger Indian.

Were it not for his peculiar faculty or "gift," as he terms it, he would be classed among idiots, and no more so. In arithmetic, however, he is a lightning striker. There is no problem so difficult that he cannot solve it the instant he comprehends the terms. If a series of numbers, no matter how great or small, are called to him, he gives the amount as soon as the last number is given by the experimenter. Physicians have consulted over him and the wise men of the neighborhood have caucused on his case in the past twenty-five years or more, but no conclusion has been reached in the premises.

Field first burst on Kansas City ten years ago. A large dry-goods store had changed hands and the purchaser desired to take possession at once, but with ordinary methods of invoicing, the stock could not have been valued in ten days' time. An envoy was sent to Warrensburg, and after much persuasion induced statistical Reuben to come to this city. The different clerks stood in their departments and called to Field the merchandise and prices in their respective stocks, and Field gave the amount to a rapid accountant, who had difficulty in keeping the pace set by the calculator. When all the items had been made, they were read off to Field as rapidly as the accountant could articulate, and the sum total given by the arithmetician without turning a rule. He had, with the aid of six or eight men, performed in three hours of a Sunday morning the task that the men who assisted him could not have accomplished in ten days.

The foregoing and subsequent statements touching Field's properties may seem to partake somewhat of the properties of the spectrum, but they are true nevertheless, and can be attested by thousands of citizens of Jackson County and Western Missouri.

The man can neither write his name nor recognize it after another has produced it. He cannot in figures express the number of his years, but readily handles with his mouth, for the Arabic numbers are meaningless to him as the inscriptions on the pyramids were to Spalding's string of baseball tourists.

"How do you do it?" was the natural inquiry.

"I jist does," was Field's brief remark. Upon being pressed for another and fuller explanation, he said: "Why alls begins at the wrong end to figger. I begins at the tail end what the answer is."

When F. C. Farr lived in Warrensburg, previous to going to Jefferson City as Governor Crittenden's Secretary, he took a lively interest in Rube's mental and moral welfare, and frequently had the freak in his law office to attempt to instill a working knowledge of goddess into him, but without any result that is yet apparent. Mr. Farr spent months on the aggregate endeavoring to explain the principles of rotation and point out the blessings of celerity to the man, but the lessons were lost upon him. Rube could not grasp the idea of falling flakes prophesy of more cold weather, bread and greater privation, wringing hands and with tears rolling down his cheeks crying, "O, my God! it snows! it snows!" Out of the abundance of his heart the mouth of our homes may find in want and exposure.

Let now I propose, for your spiritual and temporal profit, if you will accept my guidance, to take you through some of these wonders of crystallization. And notice first God's mysteries. You may take alpenstock and climb the Mer de Glace, the sea of ice, and stand about Blanc, which rises into the skies like a pillar of the great white Throne. Or, if an arctic explorer second the mountains of the north pole, and see glaciers a thousand feet high grinding against glaciers a thousand feet high. But I will take you to a less pretentious journey and show you in the snowflake. There is room enough between its pillars for the great Jehovah to stand. In that one tiny frozen drop on the tip of your finger you may find the throne of the Almighty. I take up the snow in my hand and see the coursers of celestial creation pawing their crystal pavements. The telescope is grand, but I must confess I am quite as much interested in the microscope. The one reveals the universe to us. But the telescope overwhelms us with the immensity of the universe, and I want and I want especially is a God in it. If we were seraphic or archangelic natures we would want to study God at least; but such small, weak, short-lived beings as you and I are want to find God in the littles.

Let me see the Maker of the universe giving form to the architecture of a snowflake, making its shafts, its domes, its walls, its gorgeous towers so perfect I could fix will look after our insignificant affairs. And if we are of more value than a snowflake, most certainly we are of more value than an inanimate snowflake. So the littles chiefly impress us with God in us. It does not so much say, "Consider the lilies," but it says, "Consider the lilies." It does not say, "Behold the birds of the air, behold the fowls" and it supplants a sparrow and the widow's two mites, and the hairs of your head are all numbered. Therefore, that you are going to be lost in the crowd. Do not think that because you are yourself as only one of the few days January snow you will be forgotten. The birth of a snowflake is a cloud vapor at a temperature of 32, the Lord is the creator and sustainer of a planet. Nothing is too small nothing too great. Nature makes the honey industries of South Africa a source of livelihood and wealth. It is because God touches the ladybird in opening in the mind of the sleeper of the fruit. So God would be pleased to prepare the way for

the honey bee. He teaches the ant to bite each grain of corn that she puts in the ground for winter food, to make that it may not take root and ruin the little granary. He teaches the raven in dry weather to throw pebbles into a hollow tree, that the water far out of reach may come up within the reach of its thirsty lips. Let a company of the Russias in olden time was looking at a map that spread before him his vast dominions, and he could not find Great Britain on the map, and he called in his secretary and said: "Where is Great Britain, that I hear so much about?" "It is under your thumb," said the secretary; and the emperor raised his hand from the map and saw the country he was looking for.

And it is about this time that we find this mighty realm of God close by and under our own little finger. To drop you out of His memory would be to resign His omniscience. To refuse you His protection would be to abdicate His omnipotence. When you tell me that He is the God of Jupiter, and the God of Mercury, and the God of Saturn, you tell me something so vast that I cannot comprehend it. But if you tell me He is the God of the snowflake, you tell me something I can hold and measure and realize. Thus the smallest snowflake contains a jewel case of comfort.

Here is an opal, an amethyst, a diamond. Here is one of the treasures of snow. Take it for your present and everlasting comfort.

Behold, also, in the snow the treasure of accumulated power. During a snow storm let an apothecary, accustomed to weigh most delicate quantities, hold his weighing scales out of the window and let one flake fall on the surface of the scales, and it will not even make it tremble. When you want to express extreme triviality of weight you say, "Light as a feather," but a snowflake is much lighter. It is just twenty-four times lighter than water. And yet the accumulation of these flakes broke down, a few days ago, in sight of my house, six telegraph poles, made helpless police and fire departments and halted rail trains with two thundering locomotives.

We have already learned so much of the power of electricity that we have become careful how we touch the electric wire, and in many a case a touch has been death. But a few days ago the snow put its hand on most of these wires, and tore them down as though they were cobwebs. The snow said: "You seem afraid of the thunderbolt; I will catch it and hurl it to the ground. Your boasted electric lights adorning your cities with bubbles of fire, I will put out as easily as your ancestors snuffed out a tallow candle." The snow put its finger on the lip of our cities that were talking with each other and they went into silence, uttering not a word. The snow mightier than lightning.

In March, 1888, the snow stopped America. It said to Brooklyn, "Stay home!" to New York, "Stay at home!" to Philadelphia, "Stay home!" to Washington, "Stay home!" to Richmond, "Stay home!" It put into a white sepulcher most of this nation. Commerce, wherever it was, was never stopped before, stopped then. What was the matter? Power of accumulated snowflakes. On the top of the Apennines one flake falls, and others fall, and they pile up, and they make a mountain of fleece on the top of a mountain of rock, until one day a gust of wind, or even the voice of a mountaineer, sets the frozen vapors in motion, and by awful descent they sweep everything in their course—trees, rocks, villages—as when 1827 the town of Bergen in Valais, was buried, and in 1624, in Switzerland, three hundred soldiers were entombed. These avalanches were made up of single snowflakes.

What tragedies of the snow have been witnessed by the monks of St. Bernard, who for ages have with the dogs been busy in extricating bewildered and overwhelmed travelers in Alpine storms, the dogs with blankets fastened to their backs and flasks of spirits fastened to their necks to resuscitate helpless travelers, one of these dogs decorated with a medal for having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, the brave beast himself slain of the snow on that day when accompanying a bewildered courier on the way to his anxious household down the mountain, the wife and children of the Piedmontese courier coming up the mountain in search of him, an avalanche covered all under pyramids higher than those under which the Egyptian monarchs sleep their sleep of the ages!

What an illustration of the tragedies of the snow is found in that scene between Glencoe and Glenaveran one February in Scotland, where Ronald Cameron comes forth to bring to his father's house his cousin Flora McDonald for the celebration of a birthday, and the snowflakes turn into a hurricane of white fury that leaves Ronald and Flora as dead, to be resuscitated by the shepherds! What an exciting struggle had Bayard Taylor among the wintry Apennines!

In the winter of 1812, by a similar force, the destiny of Europe was decided. The French army marched up toward Moscow five hundred thousand men. What can resist them? Not bayonets, but the dumb elements overwhelm that host. Napoleon retreats from Moscow with about two hundred thousand men, a mighty nucleus for another campaign after he gets back to Paris. The snowflakes of October 19. When they start for home, is bright and beautiful. The air is tonic, and although this Russian campaign has been a failure Napoleon will try again in some other direction with his host of brave surviving Frenchmen.

But a cloud comes on the sky and the air gets chill, and one of the soldiers feels on his cheek a snowflake, and then there is a multiplication of these wintry visitants, and the plumes of the officers are decked with another style of plume, and then all the skies let loose upon the war-worn a hurricane of snow, and then march becomes difficult, and the horses find it hard to pull the supply train, and the men begin to fall under the fatigue, and many not able to take another step lie down in the drifts never to rise, and the cavalry horses stumble and fall, and one thousand of the army fall, and ten thousand perish, and twenty thousand go down, and fifty thousand, and a hundred thousand, and a hundred and twenty thousand and a hundred and thirty-two thousand die, and the victor of Jena and Friedland, of Lodi and Eylau and Austerlitz, where three great armies, commanded by three emperors, surrendered to him; now himself surrenders to the snowflakes.

Historians do not seem to recognize that the tide in that man's life turned from Dec. 16, 1809, when he banished by hideous divorce his wife Josephine from the palace, and so challenged the almighty, and the Lord charged upon him from the fortress of the sky with ammunition of crystal. Snowed under! Billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions of flakes did the work. And what a suggestion of accumulative power, and what a rebuke to all of us who get discouraged because we cannot do much, and therefore do nothing!

"Oh," says some one, "I would like to stop the forces of sin and crime that are marching for the conquest of the nations, but I am nobody. I have neither wealth nor intellect, nor social power. What can I do? My brother, how much do you weigh? As much as a snowflake? "Oh, yes." Then do your share. It is an aggregation of small influences that will yet put this lost world back into the bosom of a pardoning God. Alas that there are so many men and women who will not vote, and will not give a penny because they cannot give a dollar, and will not speak as well as they can because they are not eloquent, and will not be a snowflake, because they cannot be an avalanche! In earthly wars the generals get about all the credit, but in the war for God and righteousness and heaven all the private soldiers will get crowns of victory unfailing.

When we reach heaven—by the grace of God may we all arrive there—I do not think we will be able to begin the new song right away because of the surprise we shall feel at the comparative rewards given. As we are being conducted along the street to our celestial residence we will begin to ask where live some of those who were mighty on earth. We must ask, "Is So-and-so here?" And the answer will be: "Yes. I think he is in the city, but we don't hear much of him; he was good and he got in, but he took most of his pay in earthly applause; he had enough grace to get through the gate, but just where he lives I know not. He squeezed through somehow, although I think the gates took the skirts of his garments. I think he lives in one of those back streets in one of the palmier residences."

Then we shall see a palace, the doorsteps of gold, and the windows of agate, and the tower like the sun for brilliance, and charioteers before the door, and people who look like princes and princesses going up and down the steps, and we shall say, "What one of the hierarchs lives here?" And that must be the residence of a Paul or a Milton, or some one whose name resounds through all the planet from which we have just ascended." "No, no," says our celestial drageman; "that is the residence of a soul whom you never heard of.

"When she gave her charity her left hand knew not what her right hand did. She was mighty in secret prayer, and no one but God and her own soul knew it. She had more trouble than anybody in all the land where she lived, and without complaining she bore it, and though her talents were never great, what she had was all consecrated to God and helping others, and the Lord is making up for her earthly privation by especial raptures here, and the King of this country had that place built especially for her. The walls began to go up when her troubles and privations and consecrations began on earth, and it so happened—what a heavenly coincidence!—that the last stroke of the trowel of amethyst on those walls was given the hour she entered heaven.

"You know nothing of her. In earth her name was only once in the newspapers, and that among the column of the dead, but she is mighty up here. There she comes now out of her palace grounds in her chariot behind those two white horses for a ride on the banks or the river that flows from under the throne of God. Let me see. Did you not have in your world below an old classic which says something about those are they who come out of great tribulation, and they shall reign for ever and ever?"

As we pass up the street I find a good many on foot, and I say to the dragoman: "Who are these?" And when their name is announced I recognize that some of them were great poets, and great orators, and great statesmen, and great reformers, and when I express my surprise about their going afoot the dragoman says: "In this country honors are not rewarded not according to the number of their earthly talents, but according to the use they made of what they had."

And then I thought to myself: "Why, that theory would make a snowflake that falls cheerfully and in the right place, and does all the work assigned it, as honorable as a whole Mont Blanc of snowflakes."

"Yes, Yes," says the celestial dragoman, "many of these pearls that you find on the foreheads of the righteous, and many of the gems in the jewel case of prince and princess, are only the petrified snowflakes of earthly tempest, for God does not forget the promise made in regard to them, 'They shall be Mine, said the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up My jewels.'" Accumulated power! All the prayers and charities and kindnesses and talents of all the ages condensed and compacted will be the world's regeneration. This thought of the aggregation of the many small into that one mighty is another treasure of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion of the usefulness of sorrow. Absence of snow last winter made all nations sick. That snowless winter has not yet ended its disastrous work. Within a few weeks it put tens of thousands into the grave, and left others in homes and hospitals gradually to go down. Called by a trivial name, the Russian grippe, it was an international plague. Plenty of snow means public health. There is no medicine that so soon cures the world's malarias as these white pellets that the clouds administer—pellets small enough to be homeopathic, but in such large doses as to be allopathic, and melting soon enough to be hydropathic. Like a sponge, every flake absorbs unhealthy gases. This tables of mortality in New York and Brooklyn immediately lessened when the snows of last December began to fall. The snow is one of the grandest and best of the world's doctors.

Yes, it is the snow that gives the land's productiveness. Great snows in winter are generally followed by great harvests next summer. Scientific analysis has shown that snow contains a larger percentage of ammonia than the rain, and hence its greater power of enrichment. And besides that, it is a white blanket to keep the earth warm. An examination of snow in Siberia showed that it was a hundred degrees warmer under the snow than above the snow. Alpine plants perished in the mild winter of England for lack of covering in snow to keep them warm. Snow strikes back the rich gases which otherwise would escape in the air and be lost. That God for the snows, and may those of Februar be as plentiful as those of December and January have been, high and deep and wide and enriching; then the harvests next July will embroider with gold this entire American continent.

What mellowed and glorified Wilberforce's Christian character? A financial misfortune that led him to write, "I know not why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." What gave John Milton such keen spiritual eyesight that he could see the battle of the angels? Extinguishment of physical eyesight. What is the highest observatory for studying the stars of hope and faith and spiritual promise? The believer's sick bed. What proclaims the richest and most golden harvests that wave on all the hills of heavenly rapture? The snows, the deep snows, the awful snows of earthly calamity. And that comforting thought is one of the treasures of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion that this mantle covering the earth is like the soul after it is forgiven. "Wash me," said the Psalmist, "and I shall be whiter than snow." My dear friend Gasherie De Witt went over to Geneva, Switzerland, for the recovery of his health, but the Lord had something better for him than earthly recovery. Little did I think when I bade his good-by one lovely afternoon on the other side of the sea to return to America that we would not meet again till we meet in heaven. As he lay one Sabbath morning on his dying pillow in Switzerland, the window open, he was looking out upon Mont Blanc. The air was clear. That great mountain stood in its robe of snow, glittering in the morning light, and my friend said to his wife: "Jessie, do you know what that snow on Mount Blanc makes me think of? It makes me think that the righteousness of Christ and his perfect of God cover all the sins and imperfections of my life, as that snow covers up that mountain, for the promise is that though our sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." Was not that glorious? I do not care who you are, or where you are, you need as much as I do that cleansing which made Gasherie De Witt good while he lived and glorious when he died. Do not take it as the tenet of one sect or theology that our nature is corrupt. We must be changed. We must be made over again. I sincerely thought that snow water had especial power to wash out deep stains. All other water might fail, but melted snow would make them clean. Well, Job had great admiration for snow, but he declares that if he should wash his soul in melted snow he would still be covered with mud, like a man down in a ditch (Job ix., 30). "If I wash myself in snow water, and make my hands ever so clean, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch and mine own clothes shall abhor me." We must be washed in the fountain of God's mercy before we can be whiter than snow. "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Oh, for the cleansing power!

If there be in all this audience one man or woman whose thoughts have always been right, and whose actions are always right, let such a man rise, or if already standing, lift the right hand. Not one! All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Unclean! unclean! And yet we may be made whiter than snow whiter than that which, on a cold winter's morning, after a night of storm, clothes the tree from bottom of trunk to top of highest branch, whiter than that which this hour makes the Adirondacks, and the Sierra Nevada and Mount Washington heights of pomp and splendor fit to enthrone an archangel.

In the time of Graham, the essayist, in one mountain district of Scotland an average of ten shepherds perished every winter in the snow drifts, and so he proposed that at the distance of every mile a pole fifteen feet high and with two cross pieces be erected, showing the points of the compass, and a bell hung at the top, so that every breeze would ring it, and so the lost one on the mountains would hear the sound and take the direction given by this pole with the cross pieces and get safely home. Whether that proposed plan was adopted or not I do not know, but I declare to all you who are in the heavy and blinding drifts of sin and sorrow that there is a crossing by that can direct you to home and peace and God; and hear you not the ringing of the gospel bell hanging to that cross, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it?"

MOUNTAINS OF OYSTER SHELLS

What Becomes of the Bivalves' Rough Covering.

It has been estimated that 23,000,000 bushels of oysters are opened annually in the United States, and that this represents an accumulation of shells amounting to not less than 243,200,000 cubic feet, which if spread out would cover a space of more than 450,000 yards square to a depth of three feet.

No doubt the majority of persons who have assisted in eating the oysters contained in this enormous amount of shells seldom give a thought as to what becomes of these rough, mouth coverings. A few, perhaps, if questioned on the subject, would be likely to reply that the only way in which they had seen them utilized was in filling up and making roads, embankments, and wharves. Nevertheless, this is but one of their many uses, as they are extensively employed in making "stools" for new oyster beds, by spreading them on the bottom of the bays and other localities of water in which oysters are propagated, thus forming a bed upon which the spawn settles and grows into maturity. They are also converted into lime, serve as ballast for vessels, and made into fertilizers. In addition to this they play an important part in the poultry-yard, where in a powdered form, they are much sought after by those engaged in raising fowls of every kind.

The early colonists used nothing but oyster-shell lime, and in many parts of New England there still exists mills and kilns devoted entirely to the industry of converting the shells into that material. They have been used in making a hydraulic cement, when mixed with clay magnesia, and gave perfect satisfaction, not only in laying drains, coating cisterns and the like, but also in making garden vases, fountains, and other ornamental objects exposed to the elements.

That these shells have been used for fertilizing purposes for hundreds of years is evidenced by the fact that even now, in some portions of Canada, what is called "mussel-mud" is dug out of the remains of extinct oyster-beds by huge machines adapted to the purpose, and spread in thick layers over the land. This is merely a survival of an old custom, as we are told that in early times they were laboriously dredged out and used for the same purpose.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, a noted authority on the history of this favorite bivalve, states that "along Pamlico Sound, in North Carolina, when the weather becomes warm and there is no employment for their boats, the fishermen rake up boat loads of rough 'bunch' or 'coon oysters' and carry them to the farmers to be sold and used as a fertilizer, for which from three to five cents a bushel is paid." These "coon" oysters are seldom eaten, but are found in immense quantities in Southern waters, every stake, bit of sunken log, or the branches of fallen trees being loaded down with them.

In the Northern and Eastern States the immense mounds of oyster, clam, and mussel shells found in various localities along the coast prove ingratiating names for agriculturists, who use them as a top-dressing for their farms. In the neighborhood of Damariscotta, Me., there are mounds which are estimated to contain not less than 8,000,000 cubic feet of shells—a lasting monument to the red man's partiality for crustacious food. Prior to being used the shell must be burned, which is done in rude, home-made kilns. A very amusing story is told by Mr. Ingersoll relative to the discovery of an old kiln which was thought by its scientific finders to be an aboriginal house until they found the half of a well-baked brick at the bottom of the structure.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The Treasure of Winter."

TEXT: "*That thou entered into the treasures of the snow?*"—Job xxxviii., 22.

Grandly unfigured, is the season of winter. Springing out of summer and autumn have many admirers, but winter, hoary headed and white bearded winter, hath had some enemies than friends. Yet without him the human race would be insane and shipwrecked. You might speak of the winter as the mother of tempests. I take it as the prime of a whole family of physical, mental and spiritual energies. The most people that