Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1891.

A GLORIFIED DEATH.

How a Little Girl Made a Home for Her Homeless Cousin.

There are lights that shine in the midst of the darkest gloom, and, when they fall upon the couch of the dying, death becomes a glorified scene and a holy inspiration touches the hearts of the living. Not long ago a little girl in this city was taken sick with diphtheria, says the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*. She had lost her mother, and the father, having no home, found a place for his little daughter in a family which was in no way related by ties of blood. When the child was first taken sick the father was notified that he must take her away. But where could he take her? Who would consent to receive diphtheria into their homes?

The father had a brother living here who had an only daughter of about the same age as the sick child, and he went to see him. The two little girls were much attached to each other, and when the fathers were discussing the situation the sympathy of the well child went out to her little suffering and homeless cousin, and she looked up beseechingly into her father's face and pleadingly asked to let little Bessie be brought to their home and cared for. It was a startling proposition. The father loved his own and he had not thought of assenting to any act that would endanger his daughter's life, but there was something in the look and voice of the child neither he nor his wife could resist. They both requested that the little sufferer be brought to them, and she was. Under their care she recovered.

A few days elapsed and their own loved one, the little angel of their hearts, was stricken down. It was a malignant attack and from the very first seemed hopeless. Oh, the agony of the mother, the grief of the father! Their only child, their idol, brought to the portal of death through the consent they themselves had given to the child's request made in behalf of her little cousin. What remorse, what regrets forced their way with dark despair into the souls of each as they watched hour by hour over the couch of their darling and realized the steady and certain approach of the messenger of death.

At last the moment came when hope stole out and all was dark, so dark. The mother stood bending over the suffering form of her child; the hot, scalding tears from a heart that was breaking dropped like a rivulet of anguish upon the cheeks of despairing sorrow. The child was passing into a state of unconsciousness, from which it could only awake with a farewell to its tenement of clay, when a light shone down upon the dying face, and the eyes opened, and the lips moved. An expression of divinity crept over the traces of pain which the malady had drawn over every feature of youthful beauty in the childish countenance. The mother bent down to hear the message. It came in looks as well as words, and was this: "Dear mamma, don't cry for me. Remember, little Bessie will be with you. We have made a home for her. You know she had none, mamma. By-by, dear mamma, dear papa; my angel is waiting for me," and the little one forgot the world in a sleep that lasted till the angel took her.

What a message this was to the mother, the father, and the world. It was God speaking through a child, that all who heard it might understand that that life is the happiest or that death the most glorious which is illumined by an unselfish desire to help others and forget one-self.

Below Sea Level.

Salton is one of the lowest points in the United States, being 263 feet below sea level. It is a dreary spot situated at about the end of a huge valley. From time immortal Salton has been a desert, and for all time to come it will remain so. Except for a few scant sagebrush nothing grows on it nor can be made to grow. Here lie the huge salt beds which are now being worked by a San Francisco company, so what looks apparently a useless waste is really valuable land.

The beds cover an enormous area, and the salt is scraped from off the surface and is not, as some people imagine, mined in the same way as gold and silver. The beds are about six to eight feet in length, and often larger, for they are artificially made, and in them oozes the salt. The only tools which are employed to gather the salt are a shovel and a hoe. Then the crude salt is loaded upon flat cars and run down into the mills, where it is pounded up into salt for the table, for the dairy, and for such other purposes as needed. The amount of salt that can be produced is incalculably. Indeed, there is enough to supply the civilized world for all time to come, and if there were a failure of salt anywhere the Colorado desert would be able to supply the demand.

In broad day, when the beds are seen from the railroad cars, they look like an immense inland ocean, whose waters are of glaring white, upon whose broad bosom rise innumerable mirages from a great city blessed with churches and cathedrals, whose spires are as numerous as the masts on the River Thames of great ocean steamships and huge sailing vessels. In early morning, when the sun is rising, the scene is one of unsurpassed splendor, for as the rays strike the salty crystals they flash forth various colored lights.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Ah, maiden coy and debonair,
With visage like the sainted,
I fear you're not one half so fair
As I have seen you painted.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The number of cattle in the United States—on farms, ranches, and ranges—is 52,805,285, as against 52,801,907 at the corresponding period of last year.

It is estimated that in American cities the people have only about one-fifth as much free playground as have the people in the cities of the effete monarchies of Europe.

The business of wolfing a State out of money has been reduced to a science in Minnesota. It having cost the State last year $25,000 for wolf bounties, an investigation disclosed the fact that in the northern part of the State wolf farms existed, where wolves were bred for the bounty of $5 a head on each. It paid better than raising wheat.

Of the 4,539 books that were published in this country in 1890, nearly 1,000 were novels. Never before in one year were so many new novels sprung upon an enduring public. The returns to the writers varied. The man who netted $2,100 did exceedingly well, those who got $300 were congratulated by all their friends, and those who had the money and could not make the venture in any other way paid a few hundreds down for the privilege of seeing their works published with the imprint of those publishers who do business that way.

The other day Professor Charles A. Young, the eminent Princeton astronomer, was chatting about astronomy in the court of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, when some one asked him, "What is to you, Professor, the most wonderful and startling fact in astronomy?" "Well," said the Professor, "I should say the fact that your great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 of stars, and that every one of them is a sun, theoretically and by analogy giving light and heat to his planets. You know the Lick telescope reveals stars so small that it would require 30,000 of them to be visible to the naked eye.

"Delaware farmers and fruit-growers," says the Philadelphia Record, "who have been in the city within the last few days say that there are prospects for 7,000,000 baskets of peaches this year. In all the orchards the trees are loaded with buds, in a good healthy condition, and not too far advanced to be injured by an ordinary frost. The buds cling closely to the branches, and it takes considerable energy to knock them off. A peach-grower, who was Governor Biggs, the Cummins, John P. R. Polk and Colonel Wilbur H. Burnite, look for one of the largest crops, from present appearances, that there has been on the peninsula for years."

Large quantities of gold are every year used for ornamental purposes in the manufacture of plate and jewelry. The wealthier a country grows the greater the demand for these articles of adornment, and until more gold is imported the less there remains for monetary purposes as bullion or coin. Some years ago, says The Gentlemen's Magazine, Mr. Giffen estimated that, in England alone, £700,000,000 worth of gold existed in the shape of plate, jewelry and ornaments, and about one-half of the total production of silver is said to be used in arts and manufactures. The amount of gold in England for monetary purposes the same high authority estimated at £60,000,000.

More than half a million enthusiastic women are united in philanthropic, intellectual, and co-operative work for the advancement of the interests and privileges of womanhood in the great national associations incorporated under the names of the National Woman's Christian Association, National Suffrage Association, National Centenary Association of the Universalist Church, the Winodaughsis, the King's Daughters, and the Association of Working Girls' Societies. The interests to which these different organizations devote most patient and continuous endeavor ramify in interesting lines of work through every possible phase of woman's need.

A. N. Lockwood, President of an accident Association in New York, says that since the accident companies offered an indemnity of $2,500 for the loss of a hand or foot there has been a great increase in the number of accidents to the left hand; so many, indeed, that it was found that people were maiming themselves to get the insurance. Finally the companies were forced to offer a less sum for the left hand than for the right, since which time there has been a decrease of 80 per cent. in this variety of accidents. Now the companies contemplate eliminating the leg and arm indemnity clause from their policies for self-protection. Mr. Lockwood says there are more insurance cripples in the country to-day than war cripples.

Tens of thousands of Chinamen leave China every year and settle in other countries, especially South America, the islands of the Pacific, and the West Indies; but it is a startling thing for Chinese women to leave the land of their birth. There are probably less than one hundred of them in the United States, and there are hardly any in Brazil or the Sandwich Islands. It appears by the Cuban census that has just been taken that there are now nearly 50,000 Chinese men in Cuba and only eighty-four Chinese women. The customs of the Chinese people are adverse to female emigration, which, moreover, is under official restriction. Few of the Chinamen who go abroad are married; nearly all of them are quite young. They leave China in the hope that they will make money and return there to get married.

In the first of the steamship articles in Scribner, John H. Gould says: "From the records, kept in the Barge Office in New York City, it appears that ocean travel varies according to the business situation in this country. Following is an exhibit of the number of cabin passengers that arrived at this port during the years between 1881 and 1890, inclusive: 1881, 71,239; 1882, 57,947; 1883, 58,590; 1884, 58,303; 1885, 45,160; 1886, 66,742; 1887, 78,702; 1888, 66,802; 1889, 65,686; 1890, 99,860. From one point of view, at least, these figures are very striking. In 1880 there was a great show in Paris that attracted world-wide attention and interest. In the spring of that year every steamship agent announced to prospective passengers that all vessels would be crowded, and that the volume of passenger traffic between the continents would swamp the capacity of every line. But the figures speak for themselves. Viewing the increase of oceanic travel it appears that the financial depression of 1884 kept many people at home who otherwise might have crossed the ocean. After that distressing season had passed, travel resumed its normal condition, and an increase may be noted with each year."

It Was Open to Stay.

"My dear sir," said the man who had come aboard at the last station to the individual who sat in the seat in front of him, "don't you know that by keeping that window open this cold day you not only endanger your own health, but the health of everybody in this car?"

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the man beside the open window.

"And don't you know," continued the man in the seat behind, "that even though you are willing to risk your own health, it is selfish and wrong of you to risk the health of other people?"

"Yes, I guess you're about right," replied the man by the window.

"Well, then," continued the man behind, "considering all these things and that you are, probably, an ordinarily decent man, why don't you close that window?"

"Stranger," replied the man beside the window, as he turned around in his seat and gazed full upon his interrogator, "if you want that window shut, why shut it."

"By gum! I will!" the man in the seat behind exclaimed. And he evidently meant what he said, for he leaned over and began tugging at the window with an energy born of intense agitation at the conduct of the man in front. The window clung, somehow. It wouldn't come. Despite the irate man's continued tugging, it still clung. The man in the seat by the window still appeared to obtain an intense pleasure from the other man's efforts, and when the tugger finally ceased his vain tugging, and after uttering a gentle expletive resumed his seat in sullen silence, the man by the still open window remarked: "You're feeling just about the way I've felt all the afternoon. I've been working off and on at that window for the last two hours, but I guess the blamed thing's open to stay."—*New York Tribune.*

A Gospel Car.

Boston W. Smith, an eccentric missionary worker in the West, is now visiting New York. He is familiarly known as "Uncle Boston." He is an expert blackboard artist, and his proficiency as a player of the national game is such that, before entering upon mission work, he is said to have had some notion of becoming a professional player. "Uncle Boston," a short time ago, conceived the idea of building a car, which, while affording sleeping and living accommodation for himself and an assistant, could be used as a chapel. He communicated with John D. Rockefeller, Colgate Hoyt, Charles Colby and other prominent men, and soon secured the money required. An order was given for a car which will be sixty feet long and made to accommodate a congregation of one hundred people, to be seated on camp stools. Permission has already been received from the Northern Pacific and other railroads to have the chapel car conveyed free of expense from point to point on the different roads. Mr. Smith will go to Springfield, Mass., to choose from the Missionary Training School there an assistant in his work.—Boston Transcript.

How a Car Got Away.

Engineers Jack West, Bill Gordon and Jack Spaeng were talking about old times and the experience they had on different roads, when Jack told the following:

"It is not necessary to give the name of the road on which I was running, but let me say it was for several miles as crooked a piece of track as I ever traveled over. One day we started off with forty-seven freight cars, and when we reached our destination we had only forty-six. No car had been switched, and the affair was a mystery. The conductor and his crew were fired, and for two days no one knew where the missing car was. On the second day the superintendent received a letter from the agent near the worst curve in the road, stating he had found the missing car lying in the ditch. We were going over the line at a pretty good rate of speed, and the train broke in two, the missing car jumped the track, the rear section overtook the first section, bumping into it with just force enough to jar the coupling pin, which had remained up when the train broke, into place, and we pulled into the station as we thought with a full train."—Leadville (Col.) Herald and Democrat.

Rheumatics a Winner.

Moses Graham, a Richmond negro, bet that his rheumatics would tell him of the approach of a storm twenty-four hours before the Signal-Service prediction, and he won with two hours to spare. Every soldier with an old wound is a pretty good weather feeler.—Detroit Free Press.

HYPNOTISM.

WHAT A LONDON DOCTOR SAYS ON THE SUBJECT.

He Says Every Human Being Can Use This Influence—Curing Diseases With Its Aid—What Hypnotism Is.

Dr. Vores, a London physician, has been devoting himself for a year past to the study of hypnotism. To a Pall Mall Gazette reporter who asked him what hypnotism is, he said:

"Hypnotism is a science. But we are now only at the threshold of it, and it requires many years of patie t, persevering study before it can possibly be fathomed. Every human being possesses a certain amount of electricity and magnetism. Some persons have more, some less, but no person is quite without them, and by using them in a certain way it is possible to exert a decided influence on the mental and physical condition of other human beings."

"Does that mean that anybody who is so minded can become a hypnotizer?"

"Yes. I firmly believe that it is possible for every human being to use this influence on others, but those are naturally more successful who have most electricity or magnetism in their system."

"Is hypnotism nothing but the lethargic sleep which sometimes naturally falls upon people?"

"Let me explain. There are three different stages of hypnotic sleep. The first of these is the lethargic sleep. The following is the most common form of inducing it: We place the patient in a chair, and from the ceiling, just in front of her, a little gilt globe is suspended by a cord, just like those you see on Christmas trees. The ball is kept rapidly twirling, and the patient is told to keep her eyes steadily on it. She does this for several minutes, until the accommodation muscles of the eyes get very tired. Some patients begin to squint dreadfully. Then we close her eyes, pass the hand down in front of her face, and she is asleep. Sometimes instead of the ball they use at the Charite at Paris, where I have studied and practiced, under Dr. Luys for over a year, a small mirror, shaped like a cocked hat, such as the French use for catching larks. It is curious that the patient finds pleasant dreams when the ball is gilded or when a yellow light is reflected in the mirror, and bad and evil dreams when the ball or the light are blue."

"Pardon the interruption, but why do you always speak of your patient as 'she'? Are women better subjects for hypnotizers than men?"

"No; sex makes little or no difference. It is only a matter of habit. Dr. Wertheim of Nantes holds that hypnotism is ineffective on children and old people; but I cannot agree with him there, for I have had cases of children which have been very successful indeed, and I believe that between the ages of 7 and 12 they are very susceptible. Take, for instance, a case of infantile paralysis I have recently had here in London. The boy was 13 years old, and his left arm had been paralyzed since infancy. He was also mentally very backward, and had only reached the second standard at the Board School. Well, after I had him under my care for a month, he could use his arm and hold a cup in his hand, which he had never in his life been able to do. The parents told me that mentally he was also much brighter, and in the teacher's opinion was enormously improved. I do not profess that the cure is perfect, for I have not been able to lengthen the arm, which, like all other paralyzed limbs, was shrivelled up. But the lad has the use of his hand and arm, and can now earn a living when he gets older. I could give you numbers of such cases, all of which are well authenticated, and of which you can have the names and addresses."

"But now, Dr. Vores, to return to the various forms of hypnotic sleep. What is the object of putting a patient into this lethargic state?"

"You can perform operations on the patient—draw teeth, &c., without administering an anaesthetic and without causing pain. You know that it is dangerous to give chloroform or gas to people with a weak or a diseased heart. This danger is avoided by hynoptizing a person.

"The next stage of hypnotic sleep," continued Dr. Vores, "is the cataleptic state. A patient is put into it, if, after putting her into the lethargic sleep, the hypnotizer opens her eyes. She does not awake, but the light that fails into her eyes brings about the cataleptic state, during which the body becomes perfectly stiff. You can then make the patient pose just as you like. If you make him stand up, put his arms and feet and body in any position you like, fix his eyes on any point in the ceiling or room, he will remain for hours just as you place him, never moving, and not once blinking or turning his eyes from the point on which you told him to fix them."

"This is perfectly horrible. What is the good of it?"

"There is, as yet, no direct benefit to be obtained to sufferers from this state, and it is chiefly useful as bringing about the next or somnambulistic state. I touch a certain point above the patient's left temple and to all appearance he awakes, and is himself again. With this difference—he has absolutely no will power and my will runs him entirely. If the sun is shining brilliantly and I say, 'How it pours with rain,' he will turn to the window and say in a perfectly natural tone, 'Yes, it does rain,' and so forth. It is in this somnambulistic state that crimes are committed and deeds done which are utterly opposed to the patient's own inclinations when in his natural state. In the lethargic state you can make people do small things by your will power over them, but if you should suggest anything naturally repulsive or opposed to their own inclinations they would wake up and refuse to do it."

"But I must ask again, what is the use of all this?"

"The cataleptic and somnambulistic states are so far of little practical use, but you can easily see that they are important for the future development of the new science. The lethargic state, however, is directly useful in the art of healing. At the Charite we have a number of mediums or transfers. These are persons of either sex who come to us every morning at the hospital, and whom we know to be easily put into hypnotic sleep. A patient is put into a chair, and opposite him the transfer sits down, holding the patient's right hand with his right hand, and the left with the left, so as to form the figure eight. Both are put to sleep in the usual way, and then the disease of the patient passes into the body of the transfer by the hypnotizer pushing his hand over them."

The cure is not completed in a day, but the patient begins to improve at once and keeps on improving till he is cured. We had a Greek gentleman at the Charite. He had been paralyzed twenty-three years, and his body was all drawn up. In four months' time he could walk and go about his business, and he had tried everything before. The transfer assumed the exact attitude of the poor trembling Greek when I had put them both to sleep, and passed my hands over them both, but when he awoke he recovered at once."

"Does this apply to organic diseases as well?"

"To some extent. The best cures we have had are of paralysis arising from lesion of the brain, paralysis agitans, chorea, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy, and kindred diseases. Dipsomaniacs and persons addicted to morphia habits have also been cured, although I have often noticed that if I allow my thoughts for one moment to wander from the patient—especially if he is a patient against his own will—he will turn round on me and tell me that he is not going to do anything I suggest to him."

"Then the will power plays a great part in hypnotism?"

"It does, and when patients first come to us it is often difficult to manage them. But after putting them to sleep for two or three times the communication between hypnotizer and patient becomes much easier, and when I want one of the transfers I need only lift up my hand, without even looking in his or her direction, and the right person comes to me at once."

Greenland Ice as a Highway.

For more than 150 years, writes Lieutenant R. E. Peary, United States Navy, the inland ice of Greenland has been a source of increasing interest and speculation to travellers and scientists, and especially to students of the physical history of the earth. For how much longer it has been an object of superstitious horror to the sea-faring Eskimos who inhabit the narrow strip of barren mountains intervening between it and the Arctic seas, there is not even a legend to say. The results of the various attempts to explore it leave little or no room to doubt that the interior of Greenland is entirely submerged beneath the accumulated frozen precipitation of ages. This great congealed reservoir has an area of some 600,000 square miles, equal to about three times the area of France or the German Empire, and twelve times the area of New York State. Its frozen surface in the centre is 9,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level. Mont Blanc buried in it would lose two-thirds its height, and two Mount Mareys piled one upon the other, would scarcely break its surface. From every point along its circumference, where gaps in the Titanian of mountains that holds it in check permit, issue resistless glacier streams, some of which are larger than the entire glacier system of the Alps. This unique phenomenon is extremely interesting both per se and in its relations to the glacial epoch in this country and in Europe; and further efforts for its exploration and study will continue to be made, and will yield valuable results; but to me its great charm is that to the proper party, properly equipped, it is an imperial highway, the like of which exists nowhere else under the sun.—[Geographical Magazine.

Congressional Perquisites.

"The average person," said a well-posted Washington gentleman, "places a congressman's pay at $5,000 a year. It is nominally, but there are certain perquisites that swell the amount considerably. For instance, there is the private secretary for Senators, for whom the law allows $1,200 a year. This money usually goes to some member of the family, increasing the revenue to $6,200. Then the mileage allowance of twenty cents a mile is quite a consideration. The California representatives draw mileage of 3,000 miles each way, that's $1,200 more. Most of them travel on passes or get cheap transportation, so that this is a great source of profit.

The Crop of Nobles.

During the last one-and-twenty years no less than ninty-seven peerages have been created in England, and fifty-six have become extinct. One hundred and forty-four gentlemen have received the handle "Sir" to their names in the form of baronetcies, and as many as eighty-two have become extinct, whilst the so-called honor of Knighthood has been conferred upon 1106 persons. The study of "Debrett" the "British Staff-Book," shows that it has been diversently [illegible] no [illegible] uninteresting.—[Philadelphia Record.

SUNDAY

...ON OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Come, See the Place Where the Lord Lay."

TEXT: "Come see the place where the Lord lay."—Matthew xxviii., 6.

Visiting any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, under an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case it is a matter of public interest, in the other it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulcher, I have to tell you—in this sepulcher there was buried a king, a conqueror, an emancipator, a friend, a brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate, and I suppose there were broad branched trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clinged over the wall, and all around these were the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pomological!

I walk a little further on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess, and I walk down the marble stairs and come to a portico over the doorway—an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico, and on either side there are rooms, two or four or six rooms of rock in the walls niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was beautiful and charming not. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that shaped manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and had only reserved the second standard at the Board School. Well, after I had him under my care for a month, he could use his arm and hold a cup in his hand, which he had never in his life been able to do. The parents told me that mentally he was also much brighter, and in the teacher's opinion was enormously improved. I do not profess that the cure is perfect, for I have not been able to lengthen the arm, which, like all other paralyzed limbs, was shrivelled up. But the lad has the use of his hand and arm, and can now earn a living when he gets older. I could give you numbers of such cases, all of which are well authenticated, and of which you can have the names and addresses."

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[illegible] Lord by [illegible] ...t is not necessary. [illegible] ...ly, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pall bearers scarfed and gloved are not necessary.

Christ looks out from heaven at a brilliant funeral, where there are six in attendance, and relatives there are two more than He had at His obsequies. Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out to the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That wretched crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of small means can hardly afford to die in one of our great cities! Funeral pageantry is not necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put into the grave than Christ, but there were only four in the procession.

Again, standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of the Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up to my most. Came out and came up He did. Preflgurative. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certain as you and I go down into the grave, just as certain we will come up again. Though you pile up on the top of us all the boulders of the mountains you cannot keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest caverns of the Atlantic Ocean we will rise to the surface.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of resurrection breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise must strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, springing toward the tomb crying: "Make way! Oh, grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in virginal purity; surrender it now in incorruption. Thousands of spirits rushed from the field of Sedan, and from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the graves of the Mamelukes. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb! Over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies.

From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits congregate. To the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude. That is where the Central America sank. And those spirits are those that were lost when the President went down. Found at last! That is where the City of Boston sank. And yonder the President went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie. That is where a traveler perished in the snow. The whole spirit flying south, spirits flying north, spirits flying south, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey as all its dead kings and orators and poets get up.

And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the places where the mission was lost. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated 300 limbs, throwing them out of the window, until the pile reached up to the window sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing, not one limb out of the portico, not one ear dulled, not one tongue dumb, not one ear deaf.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all those immortalities in your hand. I understand this day, it means peace toward heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers. Bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the deserts until it shall blossom like the rose, braid them into the manes of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections.

Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international good will. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and just and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your songs and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Both Hands at Once.

Owing to the popularity of typewriters, penmanship is becoming a lost accomplishment among business men, but one gentleman of this city writes letters with both hands at once, says the New York *World*. He is E. C. Cookey of the Western Union Building, and he consented to show a reporter how to make a manifold machine of himself.

"After endless practice," he said, "I at last found that I was capable of writing with both hands at once, and in this way I have done considerable writing of a business nature. Of late years, however, all my writing has been done by dictation to a stenographer."

Mr. Cookey drew a pad from a drawer in his desk, and, taking a lead pencil in each hand, he wrote the reporter's name toward the left with the left hand and toward the right with the right hand.

"This is one way of writing it," said Mr. Cookey, "but perhaps you would like to see it written this way," and he wrote the name upside down with both hands. Finally he wrote a long sentence simultaneously with both hands.

A MISSIONARY EPISODE.

How the Work in Hilo Was Interrupted by the Queen's Hog.

Shortly after the arrival of the first missionaries at the Hawaiian Islands a small party of them landed from a schooner at Hilo on their way to visit the volcano of Kilauea. At that time no missionary had been stationed at Hilo, and consequently but few of the people of the place had ever had the opportunity of hearing preaching.

As the party were detained in the village over Sunday they appointed morning and afternoon services. It so happened that the only building large enough for the proposed meetings was a canoe house situated on the beach. Thither the congregation assembled at the appointed time in the forenoon, filling the house to its utmost capacity. There were old, scarred, and white-headed warriors, who had fought in the wars of Kamehameha, sitting in their kapa kiheis, through whose quiet dignity of manner there shone a certain expression of expectation; there were dried-up old crones, to whom the emancipation from the kapa had come almost too late, and there were younger people and children and babies, more or less dressed, according to the convenience or whim or wealth of each individual. The posts which supported the roof of the house were appropriated by some of the more agile boys to elevate themselves above the crowd, where, clinging on like monkeys, they awaited proceedings with countenances expressive of the greatest triumph and delight. Others, with equal ingenuity and greater comfort, climbed on to the outside of the roof, and by stealthily enlarging small holes, which they found through the thatch, or making new ones, had an unobstructed view of the inside, and the enormous size of their eyes, visible from below, showed how they appreciated it. Under these favorable circumstances the meeting commenced; the preaching was listened to with great attention by the audience, and the missionaries felt that they were making an impression.

Suddenly when the meeting was about half through, there ensued a scene of the wildest confusion, men and women rushed out of the building through the uncovered sides, or wherever there was an aperture large enough, rolling over each other in the attempt and screaming most unaccountably. Babies screached as they were tossed around in the panic, little boys dropped from the posts and rolled from the roof. In less than a minute the house was empty, excepting the missionaries and an immense hog, which quietly made its bed on the straw on the middle of the floor.

At the beginning of the disturbance the missionaries supposed that it was a sudden attack from a hostile tribe or an uprising against themselves; but they soon ascertained that the black hog which lay grunting in comfort on the straw, a puaa anana (a six-foot hog), as the natives call those of that size, belonged to Queen Kaahumanu, and was held sacred by the natives; that the canoe house was its accustomed resort in the heat of the day, and its abrupt entrance among the crowd, swinging its sharp tusks from side to side with perfect contempt of the common people, was sufficient to cause the exodus described.

There is no reliable authority that the missionaries made any satisfactory progress at Hilo till Kaahumanu's pig died.

The Weight of Eggs.

The specific gravity of a new-laid egg varies from 1.080 to 1.090; an egg, therefore, is heavier than seawater, the specific gravity of which is 1.030. When kept, eggs rapidly lose weight and become specifically lighter than water—this is owing to the diminution in bulk of the contents of the egg, the consequence of which is that a portion of the inside of the egg comes to be filled with air.

Prout kept an egg two years and found that it lost weight daily at an average rate of 0.74 grains. The original weight was 907.5 grains, and after two years' exposure to the atmosphere it weighed only 363.2 grains. The total loss amounted to 544.3 grains, or considerably more than half the original weight. The loss in summer was somewhat greater than in winter, owing, no doubt, to the difference of temperature. When an egg is therefore employed as a test of strength of brine, the newer it is the stronger is the brine that floats it.

When an egg is boiled in water it loses weight, particularly if it be removed from the water when boiling and be permitted to cool in the open air. The water will be found to contain a portion of the saline constituents of the egg. The loss of weight from boiling is not constant, varying from twenty to thirty grains, supposing the original weight to have been 1,000 grains.—[Farm and Fireside.

A Woman's Remarkable Career.

The London Echo has found a young woman whose school career, it thinks, outshines that of the more famous Miss Fawcett. Miss Ada Naomi Thompson began winning prizes in 1881, when at the age of twelve she won a scholarship in the Islington High School. In 1883 she passed the Oxford junior examination with honors. In 1885 she took honors in the Cambridge senior examinations and in the following year Miss Thompson gained a prize at Bedford College, the Lady Stanley botany prize and the Somerville prize for science at the London University. In 1887 she passed the intermediate science examination in the same institution. In 1889 she crowned her career by passing with distinction the teachers' examination at Cambridge. Miss Thompson, like many other intellectual young women, has become a school teacher.

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He who waits
for an inactive liver to do its work, exposes himself to all the diseases that come from tainted blood. Don't wait! Languor and loss of appetite warn you that graver ills are close behind. You can keep them from coming; you can cure them if they've come—with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's the only blood and liver medicine that's *guaranteed*, in every case, to benefit or cure. Your money back if it doesn't. Thus, you only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more? It cleanses the system and cures pimples, blotches, eruptions and all skin and scalp diseases. Scrofulous affections, as fever-sores, hip-joint disease, swellings and tumors yield to its superior alterative properties.

A worn-out Stomach.

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

"August Flower"

From Father to Son.

Scrofula is a blood poison which descends from parent to child. It is a taint which must be eradicated from the system before a cure can be made. Swift's Specific, S. S. S., drives out the virus through the pores of the skin and thus relieves the blood of the poison.

AFFLICTED FROM CHILDHOOD.

Mrs. N. Ritchey, of Mackey, Ind., says: "Justice compels me to say that S. S. S. has worked little short of a miracle in my case, in curing me of aggravated Scrofula, which afflicted me from childhood. It attacked my throat and nose, and threatened my lungs. My throat was so sore that I was compelled to subsist on liquid food. When I began S. S. S. I was in a wretched condition but commenced to improve at once, and am now entirely well."

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Without Medicine.

The Russian Czar owns a house in Holland, and is having it thoroughly overhauled and made sound.

THE LADIES DELIGHTED.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, and under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver, and bowels.

A Chicago (Ill.) cable car is lighted by gas.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

St. Louis, Mo., was incorporated as a city on December 9, 1822.

Don't Let Them Die.

Many children die annually with croup that might be saved if Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure was promptly administered. Remember it. Sold by druggists or mailed on receipt of 50 cts. Address A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

Texas has $772,836 in its State Treasury over and above all liabilities.

BEECHAM'S Pills act like magic on a Weak Stomach.

Returned With Thanks.

It is a great mistake for the literary aspirant to imagine that his returned manuscript has committed any offense, or that his music, if he has strided Pegasus, cannot soar. What he must do is to sail forth with it again and again until it reaches a favored port, which it will surely do if it has the requisite merit, somewhere and at some date. President Lincoln used to say, when he was trying faithfully and with great diligence to place the various abolitionists who were pressed to him for the civil service and for the army, that it was a very difficult matter to get the square pegs in the round holes and the round pegs in the square ones. And it is just this difficulty which confronts the writer for periodicals and magazines. No matter how experienced he may be he will often fail before he brings his commodity to the market which waits for it.

But editors do not wish to be cruel or hardhearted