VOICE OF THE PULPIT

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY TREATED AS A PRACTICAL POWER.

Things Which It Does for Men—Sermon by Rev. G. L. Perin, D. D., Pastor of Every-Day Church, Boston.

If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die.—I Cor., xv, 32.

This text by way of contrast. For my present purpose I have no interest in the evidence for immortality. I shall ask, not—is it true? But if it is true or if it is false, what is the belief in immortality good for? What is its practical value? Is it worth cherishing?

Of course, if it is true, we may assume that it is worth cherishing; but, waiving that for a moment, as a force in human life, how, if at all, does it help?

Without going into careful analysis, there seems to me to be three things which a belief in the future life does for men. It does more than these, but these three lie on the surface, open to all who shall reflect for a moment. It furnishes: First, an intellectual tonic; second, a moral tonic; third, peace for the aged.

First—Think, if you can, of a man in any field doing business for a day. Think of him doing business for a week, a month, or even a year, with nothing more in view. Even to enter college, a young man wants a perspective of three or four years in school and an opportunity for practical effort of some years beyond the day of graduation. Show him with certainty, or even on the testimony of good physicians that he must die in a year, and leave him without hope of another life, and he is a man of a million if he does not suffer practical mental paralysis. Men do not enter college for the last year of life.

So in business—what captain of commerce ever did business for a single day? What railroad was ever built with a view to its operation for one month? Men do business to-day for to-morrow. They do business this year for next year. A man going out of business is either indolent or reckless. Young men plant apple trees; old men seldom do. They might do so, there is nothing external to hinder them, but they want the mental stimulus; motive is lacking. Now, if we look at life in a large way, we shall see that the same law holds. To stimulate thought, to stir the energies, to furnish motive, men need more time; they must be able to look ahead, they must anticipate.

Men do not go bravely and cheerfully forward to walk off a fatal precipice, which they know yawns to receive them. Such knowledge, or even belief, would unnerve most men. There is mental tonic in the thought that we are living to-day for to-morrow, this year for next year, in this life for another life. This view gives tone and vigor to all one's actions. It removes paralysis, it inspires effort, stimulates thought. In short, it is an intellectual tonic. You would pity a splendid railroad engine, sidetracked and left standing without steam, and impotent for the want of motive power.

How much more should you pity a man with the power of thought, ability to plan, with the instinct to reach forward, to work, to act, bereft of this intellectual motive that comes with a belief that he is not planning for a day nor living for a day, but that every plan, and every thought, and every action is related, though distantly, yet intimately, to a continued life?

Second—A belief in immortality is also a moral tonic. We dare not say that it is the only moral stimulus, and I would be sorry even to hint that it is the only moral basis for right actions, but, looked at as a motive, it is a mightier moral influence than most people have ever dreamed.

Looked at apart from a continued and developing life, it is not easy to make a strong impression upon most men in behalf of morality and noble living. As a motive your appeal for nobility of living, for heroism, for self-sacrifice, will be strong in proportion as you are able to relate it to the individual life of the individual man. A great English preacher puts it this way:

"It is best, if man perishes in the grave, that during life's brief day, each man should gratify his own particular tastes, be they what they may, and pursue the course of conduct which he thinks will be most conducive to his own happiness; for life is not only short, but its duration is so uncertain that it is impossible to say whether any one may live to realize a distant good."

But when you have thoroughly convinced a man that there is continuity of life, that to-day is related to to-morrow, that this year is related to next year, and that this life is related to another life beyond the grave, you have taken the first steps to establish in his mind a continuity of consequences. He sees then the moral bearing of his own conduct. He may see himself defeated to-day, but he knows the possibilities of gaining a victory on another day. He may see his moral plans fail once, but the defeat is not final. He can try again. There is something to look forward to. There is something to build upon.

A man whose life is to be extinguished like the candle when it has burned itself down to the ground may well say: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." All moral perspective is gone; all hope of reward and fear of punishment are destroyed. He is living, in short, without moral motive. But thoroughly persuade him that the grave does not end his life, that there is something beyond for which even now he is living, and it becomes a divine influence in his life to give him dignity in his own eyes, and hope and courage in the hour of temporary defeat. Give a man this life motive and he need not "hitch his wagon to a star." It is already hitched to something greater than all the stars. It is hitched by faith to the God who made the stars, and he has for his motive the divine attraction impelling him forward through all temptation, through all difficulty, through all doubt. Be the evidence, therefore, for immortality strong or weak, no one can look for a moment upon the influence of such a belief without seeing its mighty moral motive.

He who is to live for eternity, whose life reaches on and on into the years and the ages, who is to be a co-liver with God himself, simply cannot afford to waste his substance with riotous living. He is a builder of his own life in the passing days for the eternal years. He knows this. He feels this. He must, therefore, build well. God sees him to-day. God will see him one thousand years from to-day. He must live as in the sight of God.

Third—James Martineau speaks these startlingly significant words: "A few years of conscious gain, followed by a long process of unconscious loss, complete the story of our being here." Ah, yes, a few years of conscious gain. It is easy to be brave during these days. Men are generally brave in the morning. They grow doubtful at noonday, timid in the evening, and cowardly at night. In the hour of conscious gain and conscious strength, no man is timid, but when the gain is ended and his strength is ebbing away, then how shall we find his courage? Most men are safe enough from despair during the first forty years of life. How about the latter years when the sight grows dim, the hair whitens, the step grows feeble, when the tongue no longer speaks with eloquence, when the body no longer stands erect, when all the powers are rapidly waning—a man feels himself rapidly sinking into the decrepitude and helplessness of age. What, then, shall be the secret of his courage?

There may, indeed, be a few men who have fought so bravely and so well in the years that are gone that they may live in peace upon the victories of other days, but there are few men who wear the laurels so thick about their brows that they may rest satisfied in old age with these symbols of their victories. What the old man needs is nothing less than what the young man needs. He needs hope. He needs the perspective of future years. He needs to be able to look ahead. He needs to relate his life not merely to the things of the past, but to the possibilities of the future. Having done this he may not, indeed, be able in the years of infirmity to wrestle again with the problems of life, but he will have, by the inspiration of his hope, patience during the hours of his waiting. As the sick man, with hope of recovery, may patiently bear his pain and his weakness as he looks forward to the weeks or the months when once more he shall stand on his feet and take part in the battle of life, so the old man, suffering in body and mind temporarily eclipsed, looks forward with courage, not to an hour of greater eclipse, indeed, but to the hour of deliverance, when he finds himself made young once more.

I can conceive of a stoicism so stolid as to carry an old man through the infirmities of age to the open grave, with apparent indifference, but I cannot conceive that such stoicism could ever produce a sweet and beautiful old age. Stoicism is not necessarily peace. The real foundation of peace is faith and trust.

But yet again. If the thought of immortality is needed for the peace and comfort of old age, it is also the foundation for reverence of old age. There are, no doubt, other reasons more or less temporary for reverencing the aged, but the real, fundamental, permanent reason must be found in our estimate of the dignity and value of the human soul. If there is something of fundamental value, something to be trusted, something to be loved, something to be reverenced in the soul itself, this will be ample motive for treating the aged mother or father with tenderest care. But if not, why not follow with logical courage the coarser utilitarianism and ruthlessly kill the old man when he ceases longer to be a useful factor in the affairs of the community; why keep him as a burden for others to bear; why permit him to interfere with the exacting duties of a busy world? Nay, why not go further? Why not bravely slay the impotent, the cripples, the deaf and blind? It may be done quickly and painlessly. It may be done without suffering, without agony. And yet there is not a nation in the world so undercivilized as to seek this cruel relief from the burdens of age and infirmity, nor has there been for a thousand years.

What motive is there at work in human life to-day operating to make us tender and careful of the happiness of those who are aged or infirm? We may not be able to describe the motive nor even to define it consciously to ourselves, but is it not at bottom of our reverence for human life? And this reverence, whence does it spring, if not from the consciousness that it is related to God's life, that it is sacred?

If it were only the life of the body, with its short period of conscious gain, and its longer period of unconscious loss, sinking at last, in common with all the animals, into the grave, into night, into the silence and unconsciousness of eternal death, then the death of the man would be little if any more to us than of any perishing bird or beast.

We come back at last, then, to the thought with which we started. Man needs his faith in immortality as a present practical power. He needs it for the sake of mental tonic, for moral stimulus. He needs it for the sake of peace in old age. He needs it as a safeguard for all weakness, all infirmity. Without it he will be more an animal and less a man. With it he will be more a man and less an animal. Without it life will be purposeless and without plan, chaotic, and more or less useless; with it life shall have plan, purpose, inspiration, power. This it is which relates the world of matter to the world of spirit.

"Why, then, drop the key that tunes discordant worlds to harmony?"

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STEREOPTICON AS A TEACHER.

Its Use as an Assistant in the Local Schools.

During the present school year a course of lessons in English history was given in school No. 8, of this city. Miss Alexander, the principal of the school, arranged the lessons on a plan which would give the pupils a more thorough knowledge of the scenes of famous events than they could possibly derive from the ordinary school lesson. To fit the requirements of the school course of study much interesting matter was sacrificed, but the results in the large and liberal knowledge gained by the pupils, in the intelligent interest they displayed when historical scenes were mentioned, which were formerly unmeaning names to them, and in the kindly feelings which these lessons have fostered between them and their teachers, abundantly justify the time and labor she expended on the work.

The first lesson described places noted in early English history. The Druidic Temple of Stonehenge illustrated the nature worship of the early Britons. Dover and its chalk cliffs, which attracted the attention of Julius Caesar and led to his invasion of the island, gave opportunity for a description of Roman remains in England. Iona, the "Holy Isle" of the Picts and Scots, whence Christianity was diffused through northern Britain, was pictured to the hearers, as well as Glastonbury, immortalized by Tennyson in his Arthurian epic. Whitley, the scene of the labors of Caedmon, the father of English poetry, was then shown. The transition from Saxon to Norman times was strikingly illustrated in the architecture introduced by the invaders, and perfected during the following centuries when the nation was slowly ripening to greatness. When Caernarvon Castle was displayed on the canvas it seemed a fit type of its founder, the greatest of English sovereigns, and the pupils were reminded that the year 1895 was the centenary of the summoning of the first English Parliament by Edward.

Mr. Dewhurst, of Plymouth Church, gave the children a very instructive lecture on "Gothic Architecture." This was followed by a school lesson on the great cathedrals built during the splendid outburst of creative energy which followed the conquest. Beautiful interior and exterior views were given of Canterbury, perhaps, historically, the most renowned of the great ecclesiastical structures of England; York, with its Roman, Saxon and Norman associations; Winchester, largest among mediaeval churches; Ely, looming up among the low fenlands like the hulk of some mighty vessel, and Durham, subduing the beholder by the spell of its awful beauty, as it sits enthroned on a lofty hill looking down on the river Wear.

Eton, Oxford and Cambridge were described in another lesson. Life in Oxford, the foundations of the colleges and their subsequent changes, their mode of governing the student, the university libraries—in short, the scholastic influences which mold the character of the student in those great centers of thought, were vividly impressed on the minds of the listeners, and gave them a conception of life in the great public schools and universities of England.

A very interesting lesson followed on the Tower of London, with the historical associations which make it so interesting to those who wish to trace the footprints of the past. In the "England of Shakspeare" a beautiful picture was presented of the scenes among which the great dramatist moved. The children saw Kenilworth Castle as it appeared when Leicester welcomed Elizabeth within its walls. They beheld the crumbling walls and broken archways of to-day, where nature strives to cover with her mantle of ivy "the scarred disgrace of ruin."

The Scotland of Burns was described by Dr. Knox, of the Seventh Presbyterian Church. This was succeeded by a lesson on the "Lands of Scott," which dealt with the picturesque and historic aspects of the northern country. In the three lessons which closed the series descriptions and illustrations were given of (1) the government of England, showing Whitehall, the Home and Foreign offices, the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, Windsor, the official residence of the Queen and portraits of Gladstone and Disraeli; (2) commercial England, illustrated by London with its mighty avenues of trade, its bridges, railways and tunnels, and Liverpool, with its miles of docks, the great steamship Cephalonia, its custom house and exchange; (3) artistic England, represented by reproductions of the most famous art treasures in the great British art galleries and museums.

ROMANCE OF A VIOLIN

TRUE STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE BY NOVELIST EDGAR SALTUS.

Prof. Jean Bott Had Three Ambitions, Achieved Them All, and Yet Died with a Broken Heart.

Edgar Saltus in New York Journal.

Chapter I.

OVER THE SEA IN THE LONG AGO.

It is related that the good people of Koenigsberg divinded that something extraordinary had occurred, simply because a fellow-townsman, the famous philosopher, Kant, happened to walk one day in a different direction to that which he usually took. As a matter of fact, he had just learned of the French revolution. The inhabitants of Hanover are not, perhaps, so susceptible, yet, a dozen years ago, there were those among them almost equally surprised at seeing a fellow-citizen, less famous, indeed, than Kant, but just as regular in his habits, issue at high noon from his dwelling and hurry across the Theater Platz. The person who excited this attention was one whose face indicated neither youth nor age; nothing, in fact, save the constant absorption of ideas. Had you seen him you would have said he was a poet, and you would not have been far wrong. He was a weaver of songs without words—a virtuoso, and his name was Jean Bott.

Born in the adjoining palatinate of Hesse-Cassel, his boyhood had been remarkable, if at all, only for the avidity with which he read the Bible, his indifference to romps and games and the almost sensual delight which he took in the possession of a little red fiddle.

In Cassel, at that time, Spohr was leader of the orchestra, and Spohr, you remember, was outranked only by Weber on the lyric stage. A man of sweet, if nervous disposition, he was well acquainted with the lad's family, and now and again the boy was permitted to hear him play in private. Now if in the realm of music there be one thing more inspiring than another, it is to watch the fingers of a master's hand, and see them make a stretch of strings blaze with florid chords. So, at least, thought Jean Bott. As he looked, he learned. The red fiddle seemed very poor, his knowledge very scant. Pleased and flattered, too, it may be, by the lad's attention, Sphor took him in charge, and presently he had him in the chorus at the opera, then beneath the stage with the machinists, later as a supernumerary among the musicians, instilling the while the principles of harmony through their effects, urging him to compare the differentiate between voices and instruments, encouraging him with the wonderful promise of a future place beneath his baton.

On Jean's eighteenth birthday that promise was fulfilled, but it was not at all beneath a mere baton that he sat, it was beneath a magic wand, and that night, when at last he slept, you may be sure he wandered through a land where dreams come true.

And such dreams! Over the way there lived a girl with a drouping mouth, uplifted eyes and the shy, sweet grace of a fawn. She was just sixteen, a human flower in the flower of life. It was of her he dreamed.

Working and dreaming the years fell by. The Stradivarius was still a vision, but the lived a girl with a drooping mouth, uplifted eyes was real. She had become his wife, and from the neighboring town of Hanover there had come to Spohr's pupil an invitation to lead the opera there. If he hesitated no one knew it; and when, baton in hand, he made his initial bow, the officers in the stalls and the nobles in the boxes greeted him with gracious rounds of applause.

If you have ever pitched your tent in a German residency you will know in a manner which description is impotent to convey the interest which is taken in your affairs. In the Kaffee-Klatch at the cake shop, where women knit and gossip of an afternoon; in the beer halls, where they join their husbands at night, there are opportunities for interchange of reflections such as we, in our more formal and nervous lives, know nothing of. In these symposia the new Herr Kappell-Meister and the Frau Kappell-Meisterin were, you may be sure, well discussed. In no time at all Hanover was thoroughly well acquainted with Jean Bott and his wife; with their hours and habits, their hopes and aims. Of the shy young girl who had developed into a sweet-faced matron, there was only praise to be heard. A devoted wife, a devoted mother, she won good will at once. Her husband, too, albeit at times a trifle abstracted, had ways so kind and courtesy so perfect that he was not alone applauded; he was beloved. Besides, he was an institution, salaried by the State; not over largely to our ideas, but well paid as rates go over there. And so it fell about that when he started of an afternoon for his daily constitutional the Hanoverians said, "It is 4 o'clock." And when he entered the Theater Platz they said, "It is sixteen minutes to 7." They knew not alone his hours, but his dishes, and they knew, too, that the unfulfilled ambition of his life was to be the owner of a Stradivarius.

For that dream had never gone. It not alone persisted; it increased in insistence; it had become a hobby, a haunting hope, one which by degrees he had instilled into his wife, who now caressed it with him, if not as eagerly, as least as amorously, for sheer love of him. Besides, after a fashion, the vision intercepted years before had materialized. A Cremona gem, one that had belonged to a prince of the blood, had passed into the possession of a musician, who had brought it with him to Hanover. Both had seen it, touched it, heard the wonder of its voice, the marvel of its volume. He had felt the power in its inaudible vibrations, the delicacy with which the slightest touch of the bow was answered, the charm with which it charged the air. But, though it transported, it saddened, too. To have seen it, heard it, and yet not to own it—it were better, indeed, not to have seen it at all. For the price was impossible—12,000 florins, the ransom of a count's daughter, and where was such a sum to be obtained?

"We must save," said his wife. And that sweet woman did, and not on him, either, but on herself. He still had the dishes he liked, and she, without his knowledge, for never would he have permitted it, contented herself with humbler fare. When he went abroad of an afternoon or to the theater platz at sixteen minutes to 7, he was clothed as became his position, but she, with the guile some women have, found means to make the same dress look fresh and modish, year after year. For ten years they saved; for ten years every pfennig capable of being put aside was stored away.

One morning news reached him that the musician was dead, and that the violin could be had for 16,000 marks—the savings of those years! He left the house, the money in his pocket, crossed the theater platz to the Marion strasse, where the dead musician had lived. When he returned his pockets were empty, but under his arm was the Cremona gem.

It was not until that night that Hanover understood how, at high noon, it could be sixteen minutes to 7.

Chapter II.

WHAT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK.

As there are stones which are alleged to bring misfortune to their possessors, so perhaps are there instruments which are fateful also. Be that as it may, the hour on which Bott purchased the violin marked the apogee of his prosperity. There were new schools and theories, demanding not only attention, but new masters and exponents. Where Mozart had pleased, he wearied. And as for Spohr and Weber, what were their twopenny melodies beside the harmonies which Wagner had evoked. Bott may have felt himself behindhand; it may be, too, it was felt that he was. In any event, without demanding the pension to which, as a servant of the State, he was entitled, he let everything go by the board, and came with his wife to New York, with that violin, too, you may be sure; that violin which, as Mrs. Bott was afterward to testify, constituted the family.

If one is to begin life anew it seems logical to begin it in a new country. But nowadays there is little new about New York, except its name. It is far older in its ways than many old cities, Hanover is quite fresh and primitive by comparison. This the wanderers soon discovered. There was no one to watch their incomings and outgoings, few to take the slightest interest in what they did. The prices, too, were appalling. For rooms which they secured at No. 355 West Thirty-first street they paid more than they would have paid for an entire house in the best residential part of the city which they had left. At all this Bott laughed at first, and his wife laughed, too. Besides, had they not that gem of a violin?

Presently they had more need of its ministrations than before. Times were hard in New York just then. Pupils fell off. Those that remained did not always pay. More than once Mrs. Bott saw the old professor look at that violin in a curious, shamefaced way. And each time she divined his thought, and each time she shook her head.

One day, when the wolf was not alone at the door, but growling to get in the room, Bott went out. It was a bright March morning, the streets were deluged with sunshine. But Bott was poor, and poverty makes one cold. In Union Square he loitered a moment before a window in which there were violins. He noted the number—28, the name on the door—Victor Flechter, and seeing a fire in the grate beyond, walked in and warmed his hands. In a place such as that he felt at home. But from Flechter, who presently stepped forward, he got an added chill. The man was unwholesome to look at; he had shifting eyes, an alcoholic laugh, and the general appearance of one who has either stolen something or lacked the opportunity. But where and when are beggars suffered to choose? Bott told himself as much, and to Flechter the nature of his errand, to-wit—that he had a Stradivarius which he might be tempted to sell. Flechter advised him to fetch it. Bott, however, merely gave his address, and went back to those rooms where the wolf was, and played again on the Cremona gem. When he put it again in the bureau, and locked it, there were tears in his eyes. He looked at his wife; there were tears in hers.

In a day or two there were visitors for the professor. Mr. Flechter, very smart and oleaginous of speech, and with him that old Almaviva, Nicolini, the worst singer and best actor that ever strutted on the lyric stage. They had come to see that violin, if you please, and the professor unlocked the bureau, took it out, opened the case and displayed the gem.

At sight of it Nicolini's mouth champagned. Grand seigneur on the stage, he could afford to be lordly in private life, the more readily in that Patti, the diva delle dive, at the time being singing the last of her last farewells, paid all his bills. There was no haggling therefore. The professor named his price—$5,000—and the husband of the Boadicea of the upper register accepted it. But as nobody but a bookmaker—or a journalist—ever goes about with such an amount of money in his waistcoat pocket, Almaviva, with every form and ceremony, invited the professor to bring the violin on the morrow to the Windsor Hotel, but to bring it on the morrow, as early the day after he was to sail.

On the morrow, which was Good Friday, together to the Windsor they went. On the way he was strangely silent. When they were ushered into the fine, large rooms which Nicolini and the diva occupied, he had little more than a formal bow to give. Speech, or the power of it, seemed to have deserted him, and in an awkward, provincial fashion he held tight to the violin.

But Nicolini, always the actor before his wife, carried it off beautifully. And Patti, smiling with her doll-like, painted lips, nodded cunningly, admiringly, when in lordly fashion he produced her check. It was certified—a detail which he affected merely to mention—and as with one hand he offered it to the professor he stretched the other for the violin.

But the old man shook his head. It was not a slip of paper of which he knew nothing that he had expected; it was bank notes or gold. And he did not need Nicolini to tell him either that it was Good Friday and that banks were closed, nor yet that the diva and her husband were to sail before they opened again. He had become very loquacious all at once, for some obscure reason very much pleased with himself, too; and, hugging the violin tighter than before, he smiled with his old gentleness as he and his wife withdrew. That night he played to her and to himself, but longly, lovingly, as he had not played since first he set eyes on Flechter's face.

In the following week, on the Saturday after Easter, March 31, 1894, the two went to sup with compatriots across the river. Shortly after they had gone a man stopped at the house, asked for the professor, and, on learning that he was out, said he would wait. As he was well spoken, well dressed, he was permitted to do so. Half an hour later he left the house, entered a carriage and drove away. When the professor and his wife returned that night he went to the bureau. It was unlocked and the violin was gone.

He called to his wife. She was in an adjoining room. When she reached him he was lying, face downward, unconscious on the floor.

Chapter III.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE GEM.

There are men who arise from misfortune refreshed. There are others on whom it battens until they succumb, until, as in certain forms of leprosy, the man disappears, and only horror remains. In reviewing the documents of the case it is evident that Professor Bott never more than partially and transiently recovered from the shock which the theft of the violin induced. He wilted under it, the more readily perhaps because of his temperament, because of his helplessness, because he was a stranger in a strange land, unused to the ruffianism which is the endearing characteristic of our own.

The case was reported promptly at the Central office. As in the Burden robbery, Mulberry street "put men on it." The men were Vallely and Evanhoe. Their inefficiency was such that a complaint, drawn by the assistant district attorney, was lodged against them. What was done with that complaint you may imagine, yet never know. In reply to the daily and pathetic inquiries which the poor old professor made there was at first but that one reply, "There are men on it." Presently there was no reply at all, a deaf ear merely; for Bott, if pathetic to you and to me, was a nuisance to the police. Besides, there was nothing in the case of anybody. A damned old fiddle, that was all.

One day as he sat, very gray, very white, very silent, in his chair, his wife spoke of Flechter, who had called that morning, as he had called many a time before. The professor shook his head and frowned. On the morrow he put his arms about her. "I forgive all my enemies," said that poor old man, who had never harmed a soul. By nightfall he was dead.

Meanwhile, if to the police there was nothing in it, there happened to be an assistant district attorney to whom there was a good deal, an amount of injustice, for instance, inhumanity and inefficiency that stirred the heart which was in the right place, and his head, which was full of brains. This man was Osborne. With a coadjutor, Colonel Allen, and a friend of the latter, Mr. Durdan, a fine, dashing fellow, whom you would take as a millionaire on sight, he took the case in hand.

This first step was to have Mr. Durdan drop into Flechter's shop and express a wish for a Stradivarius. The second step was to cause Mrs. Bott to write to Flechter. After the professor's death the man had come to her, voluble of condolence, and, as in previous instances, reiterant of regret concerning the lost violin. For this Mrs. Bott was instructed to thank him, and to add that she had lost all expectation of seeing the violin again. On the morrow Flechter wrote in reply that he hoped she would surely recover it, and by the same post he advised Mr. Dedan that he was on trail of a "Strad." Step number three consisted in having Mrs. Bott write to Flechter that she had purchased a ticket for Germany and was about to sail. The fourth step taken was in having Mr. Durdan drop in again on Flechter and say that if a genuine Stradivarius could be had he was willing to pay for it any price in reason. In step the fifth an acquaintance common to Mrs. Butt and to Flechter told the latter in the course of chat that the widow had sailed.

These steps taken there came the shuffle. With the professor dead and buried, and the widow far away, Flechter a day or so later brought a violin to the chambers which Mr. Durdan occupied at No. 23 Gramercy Park.

It was the evening of June 26, 1895, and fair and warm, as our June evenings are. By the park railing two men stood discussing the thermometer. In Mr. Durdan's chambers the windows that gaze on the park were open. In that room stood Mr. Durdan, in an adjoining room were Mrs. Bott and Colonel Allen, in another was Mr. Osborne.

Presently Flechter was announced, and on entering produced a violin which he displayed, and on which he was coaxed to play. The voice of a Stradivarius is like that of the well-beloved; there is a tone in it you never forget. Through the door, which Flechter previously had closed, it filtered to Mrs. Bott, and in her heart was the answer to it. But for the purposes of the shuffle such identification was incomplete. It was necessary that Mrs. Bott should not alone hear it, but see it. Mr. Durdan, an accomplished musician himself, asked leave to play on it, and Flechter, having no reason to refuse, handed it to him. At that moment Mr. Osborne entered, and Mr. Durdan, with the hospitable announcement that he would order some refreshments, passed with the violin into the adjoining room.

"Das ist unsere Geige," the widow cried. And quickly, deftly, coherently, she pointed out to Colonel Allen and to Mr. Durdan marks, points and peculiarities which she had previously described to them, and which absolutely identified the violin.

Mr. Durdan returned with the instrument to Flechter. "If you don't mind," he said, "I will postpone the purchase until to-morrow." And raising the window he waved his hand.

When Flechter reached the street the two men who had been discussing the thermometer took him by the arm to police headquarters, and on the morrow to Jefferson Market, where a fortnight later, in spite of the testimony adduced, in spite of the complete identification of the violin, he was discharged. There was nothing in the case even there. Nothing, indeed, except the gravestone of the old professor, and that violin which, by order of the court, was returned to Flechter on the afternoon of Sunday, July 13, at 2:30 o'clock.

Chapter IV.

END IN THE COURT OF SESSIONS.

There are paradoxes which would startle a ragpicker and injustices that would be shameful even in Spain. The episode in Jefferson Market was one of them. Flabbergasted, but not outwitted, Mr. Osborne drew breath. You may fancy that Flechter did also. Both were bewildered, but who was the more so would be hard to say.

The process of taking breath, however, was not confined to the district attorney and the discharged prisoner.

There were others in town and out of it who also expressed surprise. Among them were some who had been witnesses with Flechter, and the expression of their astonishment was so loud and so curiously couched that they not only reached the district attorney, but incited him to lay facts, old and new, before the grand jury. As a result, forty days later, on the 23d of August, Flechter was arrested again, and the farce was gone through of taking a violin from him. What violin, do you ask? Why, any old thing that happened to be kicking about the shop, of course. The first baked French fiddle that came to his hand was, in his mind, and in yours, too, perhaps by this time, as good as another to the police. Besides, to quote Mulberry street, what was there in it, anyway? Less, then, indeed, to the widow, a far less, than ever before. Mere weariness and vexation to a heart overburdened and well night wearied out.

A little less than a month ago, on the 14th of April, in Part I. of the Court of General Sessions, the trial was begun, and dragged there until May 1, during which time Mr. Osborne succeeded in showing that if the violin impounded subsequent to the discharge of the prisoner from Jefferson Market was not the original Cremona gem, nonetheless it was the instrugent which had been taken from him on the evening of June 26, 1895, and afterward returned to him by order of the court, the identical violin from the loss of which Professor Bott had died of a broken heart.

Against this, counsel for the prisoner fought tooth and nail. But the prosecuting attorney was one too many for them. The violin which Flechter had thought good enough for the police was not good enough for him. He arraigned that felon on his own evidence.

Whereat, charged by Recorder Goff, the jury found the prisoner guilty of having stolen goods in his possession, and the same day this week will be sentenced to Sing Sing and to stripes.

Sing Sing, indeed! It is the rack he should have and the hot side of the fagot.

THE BATTLE OF THE CELLS.

Red and White Corpuscles in the Blood and Their Meaning.

Mr. Andrew Wilson, in Harper's Magazine.

Under a fairly high power of the microscope blood is seen to present itself as a fluid clear as water (the lymph or serum of physiologists), and to derive its color from the presence of an enormous number of microscopic bodies which float in the liquid. These bodies are the red corpuscles. Seen en masse, they give to blood its well-known hue. Under the microscope, and spread out in a thin layer, their color is seen to be of a yellowish tint. As regards size, the red corpuscles measure, on an average, about one-three-thousandth of an inch in diameter. Each is a biconcave disk, so that when we look at a corpuscle sidewaysways, it presents something of a dumbbell shape, and this description applies to the blood of man and of other mammals at large, except the camel tribe, which, curiously enough, have red corpuscles not circular in shape, as in other quadrupeds, but oval in contour. Fishes, frogs, reptiles and birds possess red corpuscles of oval or elliptical shape, and each possesses a nucleus or central particle which is wanting in mammals.

In addition to the red blood corpuscles we find in the blood certain very small colorless ones, called "blood platelets." Of these we need take no further notice here; but, existing in the proportion of about two or three to every thousand red ones, we find the white corpuscles of the blood. These corpuscles are colorless, and stand out in contrast to their red neighbors, which are colored with a substance called haemoglobin, whereof iron is a prominent constituent. But more important is it to note that in its constitution each white corpuscle is a very different body from its red neighbor. It is really a microscopic mass of living protoplasm. It has a nucleus in its interior, and in every respect we may regard it as a living cell. Moreover, it behaves itself as an independent cell, just as the researches of early days informed us. Watched on a specially prepared microscopic slide, we see the white corpuscle flow from one shape to another. In this respect it mirrors by alterations of its protoplasmic substance, just as does the animalcule we know as the amoeba, a denizen of stagnant waters everywhere. This likeness of motion to that of the animalcule of the pool has procured for the changes of the white corpuscles the term "amoeboid" movements.

Wonderful as it is to think that our blood teems with myriads of these independent living blood cells, it is yet more extraordinary to find that they resemble the animalcule in another respect. The amoeba eats by engulfing its food-particles with its soft protoplasm body. In like manner will a white blood corpuscle feed itself. It will engulf and ingest solid particles which fall in its way, and will reject indigestible matters. That work which we see the white corpuscle doing on the microscopic slide it effects within the animal tissues. We know now, as Dr. Waller knew in 1846, that, in virtue of its independent life, it can push its way through the soft, delicate walls of capillary blood vessels and pass into the tissues. In place of regarding these locomotive powers as ways and works of unusual character, we now see that they form part and parcel of the complex living mechanism. While it is the duty of the red corpuscles to carry the oxygen breathed into the blood to all parts of the body, and conversely to convey the waste carbonic-acid gas to the lungs, there to be exhaled, the function of the white corpuscles is of far more complicated character. They perform a duty which not only lies very close to the maintenance of the organism at large in a natural sense, but which also bears an important relation to its preservation from agencies that perpetually threaten it with disease and death.

In June.

The rose leaves fast are going,
A little wind is blowing,
It seems almost like snowing
Under the white rose tree;
And, oh, we all are sighing
For June to be a-flying!
We're anxious to be trying
Vacation days so free.

They tell us learning's better
Than fun, but 't is a fetter—
I'm such a sad forgetter—
To have to pore o'er books;
So, June, now do please hurry,
And make the school days scurry,
Bring on commencement's flurry,
Then—ho! for fields and brooks!

—Annie Isabel Willis, in June St. Nicholas.

Helping Them to Decide.

Chicago Record.

Because the conductor of the rear trailer rang the bell before two of the young women had climbed into the open car the man on the smokers' seat felt called upon to say a few sharp words about undue haste and criminal carelessness. The nickel collector listened with patience and then said:

"Why, bless you, I only rang the bell to make them girls make up their minds. I kept my hand on the bell cord and if I had seen that they were likely to get hurt I would have rung to stop. You see, a woman does not seem to know when her mind's made up. Now, those three girls started to get aboard. The first one climbed on all right and the second one started to follow her. The third one took the next space. But the second girl changed her mind while her foot was on the running board, and she stepped back to try another opening. That rattled the third girl and she followed suit. Then they both got mixed on their dates and concluded to try a new deal and one started one way and one another. Then I rang the bell and they both jumped aboard as quick as a flash. If I had let them alone they would be dodging around yet. I've seen a woman try five seats in an open car before she settled down and if we were to let every woman who wants a ride loaf around while she made up her mind which end of the car to take we would not make three trips a day."

An Inverted Fish Story.

Puck.

Jonah's Whale—The other day I caught the biggest man I ever saw—regular giant—ten foot high, at least, and weighed about half a ton. Had him inside of me for three days, but he got away at last.

Chorus of Little Fishes—Oh! Oh! That's a regular Man story.

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