ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

The teacher, a lesson he taught;
The preacher, a sermon he praught;
The stealer, he stole,
The heeler, he hole,
And the screecher, he awfully scraught.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office-seeker, he soke;
The runner, he ran,
The dunner, he dan,
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew;
The buyer, on credit he bew;
The doer, he did,
The suer, he sid,
And the liar (a fisherman), lew.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote;
The fighter (an editor), fote;
The swimmer, he swam,
The skimmer, he skam,
And the biter was hungry and bote.

THE BABY.

Oh, mother, dear mother, no wonder I cry!
More wonder by far that your baby don't die!
No matter what ails, no matter who's here,
No matter how hungry "the poor little dear;"
No matter if full, or if all out of breath,
She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death!

I love my dear nurse, but I dread her great knee;
I like all her talk; but, woe unto me!
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty;
All that's very well—I can bear soap and water,
But mother, she is an unmerciful trotter!

LOLA PULASKI;

—OR—

The Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

A Story of Nihilistic Plottings and Crimes.

BY LEON EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOLA IS ALARMED.

In Russia, as in all civilized countries, crippled soldiers are a privileged class.

They are free to enter even the palace of the Czar unchallenged, and whenever they pass a sentry, the sentry comes to a "salute," an honor paid only to superiors.

Ivan knew this when he assumed his disguise.

With the audacity that characterized all his recent actions, he was about to enter the hotel—which, it must be remembered, was not a public house—when Count Linwold came out to his waiting sleigh.

The Count held a letter in his hand, and looked about him as if to find a messenger.

Ivan sprang forward at once, and touching his hat, he asked:

"Excellency, can I be of service?"

"Ah, yes, my man," said the Count, eying him over.

"Do you know me?"

"You are Count Linwold," replied Ivan.

"Right. Do you know where I live?"

"As well as I know my own cot, excellency," and Ivan told him the place.

"Take this letter to my daughter, and when you bring the answer back to this place, to which I will return in an hour from the Winter Palace, I will reward you."

"My reward is sufficient if I can be of service to your excellency," said Ivan, taking the letter and darting away.

"Ah," muttered the Count, as he got into his sleigh, "there are true hearts still in the empire. That brave fellow gave an arm to his country, and now he gives her his heart."

As Ivan was ascending the steps of Count Linwold's palace he heard a footfall behind him, and turning he saw Colonel Orloff.

"What do you want here, my man?" asked Colonel Orloff, as he returned Ivan's salute.

"I want to see the Countess Elvira. I have a letter for her from her father," replied Ivan.

Colonel Orloff led him into the warm hall and gave him a chair, saying:

"I will take the letter to the Countess."

The Countess was expecting her lover, for she stood in the door of her own little parlor and met him with an ardor scarcely to be expected in one of her icy cast of character.

The letter stated that General Paul was not only out of danger but well enough to walk about his quarters.

Further, that the General refused to marry Elvira, arguing as his strong reasons that neither the lady nor himself were parties to the contract, and that she had no desire for such a union.

The letter urged Elvira to write at once, saying that she had always known of the early contract, and that she stood ready to fulfill it.

"This letter of yours," the Count wrote in conclusion, "I will show to the Czar, who already suspects General Paul's loyalty. The young man is insane, for he is treating old Pulaski and his daughter as if they were his guests. The game is in our hands, Elvira, if we play it well. Answer at once, and destroy this."

Elvira showed the letter to her lover, and at once wrote a reply in accordance with her father's wishes.

Count Orloff took the letter out to Ivan, who was sitting, hat in hand, in the hall, and said:

"Here is a ruble for you, my friend; and take this letter back to Count Linwold."

"Thanks, excellency," said Ivan, turning to the door,

"And I say, my man, if you are not otherwise employed, and you call tomorrow at this address, I think I can find you something to do."

Ivan thanked him, took the card, and, promising to call on the Colonel the next day, he vanished.

He hurried straight back to General Paul's hotel, and waited outside till Count Linwold's sleigh returned, when he handed him the letter.

The Count took the letter, and said: "Follow me, my man; I will pay you inside."

Ivan followed him, and the Count meeting at the door an officer, with whom he entered into earnest conversation as they walked on, he forgot about Ivan, who kept respectfully behind him.

It was only after they reached a hall on the upper floor that Count Linwold noticed the man, who had followed him from the street.

Then he handed him a small gold coin and said:

"Wait near by, my good fellow; I may need you again."

Ivan saluted, and the Count and his companion entered a room, before which stood a guard.

Addressing the guard, Ivan asked:

"Can you tell me what that place is behind you, comrade?"

"That," replied the sentry, "is General Paul's ante-room."

"How is the General?"

"He will be out in a few days, they say."

"And where is the Pulaskis' room? I'd like to see that old man, for I've heard my father say he fought under him," Ivan said, speaking in harmony with his rough soldier character.

The sentry said it was at the other end of the building, and as he knew Ivan had come with Count Linwold, he very naturally supposed him to be attached to that important person's service, and without hesitation directed him how to go.

Ivan started off, and when he reached the place he hesitated, for there were a number of doors in sight, looking as much alike as if they had been cast in the same mold.

He was wondering what he should do, when a door opened, and a woman came out, bearing a tray that contained the remnants of a supper.

He asked her where General Pulaski's room was, and, with a look of wonder at the crippled soldier, the woman pointed to the door through which she had just come.

Ivan tapped on the door, and the well-known voice of Lola, from within, bade him enter.

He obeyed, and closed the door behind him.

He found himself in a cozy parlor, of which Lola was the sole occupant.

Advancing to him, she said, in her kindly way:

"Friend, do you wish to see me?"

"I do," he replied; "I come from Ivan Berger."

"What of him?" she asked, eagerly.

"He is here."

"Here!" she repeated, with a look of mingled horror and surprise.

"Here!" echoed Ivan; and he revealed himself to her astonished gaze.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INTERRUPTED INTERVIEW.

Ever since leaving Ivan Berger in the cell of Neva prison, Lola Pulaski was so anxious and nervous about his fate that she could give but little thought to her own strangely changed condition.

From a long acquaintance with Ivan, she well knew his resources, and his wonderful skill at disguise, but she could not see how these talents could avail in the position in which she left him, inside the gloomy and impregnable Neva jail.

As he took off his hat and wig, and brought his expressive features to their natural shape, she was as much astounded as if she had seen the dead rising up before her.

"Ivan! Ivan!" she exclaimed. "What brings you here into this danger?"

"You do," he replied, as he replaced his wig, drew back his left arm, and again became the rough, crippled soldier.

She well knew that he loved her, and this fact had been to her a source of frequent sorrow and constant anxiety.

Now, she could not help feeling a thrill of admiration for the sublime audacity of this talented youth, who valued his life so little and her love so much.

"Sit down," she said. "I do not think we shall be disturbed. Sit down, and tell me all that has happened since we parted."

Ivan obeyed her, though he was still the old soldier, so that even if his own mother or sister had seen and heard him they would have been deceived as to his identity.

He told her of his wonderful escape from the prison, and how he had brought off Lance and Maux, whose recent troubles grew out of their anxiety to help himself.

"You are a brave, noble fellow, Ivan," she said. "But what are you to do now?"

"I can give no thought to myself," he replied. "If I could see my mother and Elizabeth it would lift a great load from my heart. As it is, I have sent them newspapers, so that they know I am in the city. But I have been unable to hear from them, and that has been a great torment."

"I heard from Elizabeth this evening," said Lola, and she rose and brought Ivan the note.

It was evidently written under great excitement, and was even franker in its expressions than if she had been writing to her brother.

Elizabeth wrote:

The house is still closely guarded, and the effect on myself and mother is so great that we cannot work; and if we do not work you know what the consequence will be; for in our present straits every kopeck is of importance.

Last night Dr. Mulek called.

He was bold, and rude to the verge of insolence, and had Ivan been home trouble to Mulek would have followed; but the fellow did not escape as it was.

He urged me to become his wife, and with an ardor that must have been born of wine he tried to embrace me.

I was on the point of calling for help when Count Orloff, who had entered by another door without being heard, sprang forward and punished the wretch to the extent of kicking him into the street.

I was in hopes that the matter would end here, but this morning I received an anonymous note, in which I am charged with being the mistress of Count Orloff, and the writer swears he will publish the fact to all St. Petersburg.

The writing is not Dr. Mulek's. I send it to you, hoping you may be able to tell whose it is.

Mother and I are in constant agony about Ivan.

Poor boy, he is hunted down like a mountain wolf, and if he turns and bites his pursuing hounds can we blame him?

I have just been talking to mother about leaving Russia, and going to that great, free Western land, America.

Russia is under a curse.

The pall of death is over the land, and from beneath it comes the rattle of chains and the groans of the crushed and enslaved.

Mother and I send you much love, and we pray that you and your noble father may have a happy deliverance out of all your trials and tribulations.

Write me when you can, and believe me with increasing affection, your friend,

ELIZABETH.

Ivan read the note through to the end, and then asked Lola for the letter which Elizabeth mentioned.

"There is no need to show you that," said Lola. "I know who wrote it."

"Who?"

"Peter the student."

"You are sure, Lola?"

"I am certain."

"Curse him!" hissed Ivan. "If he and Dr. Mulek think they can insult my sister with impunity, because I am a fugitive with a price set on my head, they are mistaken. All the troops of the Czar cannot save the dogs from my vengeance."

"Hush, Ivan, they are brother Nihilists, and we are sworn to uphold them and stand by them," said Lola, with a mocking little laugh.

"I am still a Nihilist, so far as it aims at the freedom of the country and the liberty of the enslaved masses; but the men who have joined its ranks are, as a rule, the unprincipled adventurers, who would be dissatisfied even if they were in the United States, and who could not be happy unless they were plotting against the Government or their fellow men."

Ivan was of that impulsive nature that distinguishes alike the successful orator and the fiery soldier.

He spoke from his heart; and Lola, who was in perfect sympathy with what he had said, took his hand, and whispered:

"Patience, patience, brave friend."

"No, Lola, patience is a vice when it is strained so far that it ceases to be a virtue. But I did not come to speak of myself. I wanted to learn of your status, and if there was anything I could do for you."

"My status is simply this," said Lola, quietly, "when General Paul thought he was dying, he sent for me that he might, in the presence of myself and his attendants, exonerate me from the charge of assaulting him."

"And he did that?"

"He did, Ivan; and I am satisfied the Czar and Count Linwold are disgusted at his conduct."

"But they do not believe you guilty?"

"They have no reason to; but they want me out of the way, and, like the wolf in the fable, they will not hesitate for an excuse."

"How did your father come to be freed?"

"He is not freed, Ivan; neither am I."

"You do not mean that you are a prisoner here?"

"But I am."

"I don't understand it."

"It is simply this: The General is responsible for us; he would be so if he were in the Neva jail. When it was thought he was dying, the soldiers in the city, whose idol he is, became wild with excitement, and did not hesitate to say that the General was the victim of a court conspiracy, and to hint that even their royal master had a hand in the work. The Czar and Count Linwold heard of this, and, anxious to appease the army, they have recently granted all the General's requests."

"And it is at his request that you are here?"

"Yes; but just as soon as it is known he is out of all danger, and that time has come, then in my opinion a strong effort will be made to degrade him with the army, after which his destruction will be easy."

"You look for that, Lola?"

"He looks for it himself."

"Then he is not the tyrant he has been represented," said Ivan, tugging at his false beard.

"He was never so represented by me," she replied.

After a pause, during which Ivan seemed very nervous, he asked:

"Do you think this man is your true friend?"

"I know he is."

"And that he had nothing to do with your father's arrest?"

"Only to carry out the orders of his superiors."

"Have you any suspicion who his assailant is?"

"All my suspicions vanished when you denied the act. Have you thought much about it?"

"A great deal, Lola."

"And what do you think?"

"I think I can lay my hand on the man," said Ivan, deliberately.

"Who is he?"

"I will not name him until I am certain."

"Do I know the person you suspect?"

"You do."

"Is he a Nihilist?"

"He belongs to the order."

"And to our circle?"

"Yes."

"If I name him, will you tell me if I am right?"

"No."

"Is the man a student?"

"No."

"Is he a soldier?"

"I will not say. But I am sure I can find the man who tried to assassinate General Paul."

"Find him, comrade, and ten thousand rubles in gold shall be yours," broke in a strong, manly voice from an inner door.

Lola suppressed a shriek, and Ivan leaped to his feet and instinctively adjusted his rig and beard.

The intruder was General Paul.

In contrast with his former self, he looked thin and pale, but handsome and more intellectual, if that were possible.

At sight of the young commander, Ivan lost his head, and was about to rush through the door by which he had entered, but the General called to him:

"Wait, comrade; whoever you are, have no fear of me."

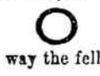
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Picture's Title Was Obscure.

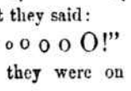
Mr. J. Foxcroft Bagler (soliloquizing)—"When shall we three meet again?" Weally, I cawn't see the point to that.—*Life.*

The Story of a Lemon Pie.

This is the lemon pie:



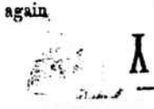
This is the way the fellows bent after they ate it:



This is what they said:

"oooooO!"

In a week they were on their feet again.



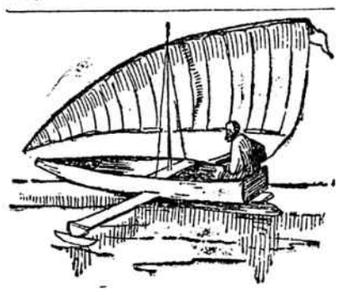
—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

WINTER SPORTS.

ICE BOATS THAT SAIL FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

How Ice Boats are Made—Snow Sailers to Carry the Mails in the Far West—Kites as a Motive Power for Skaters.

The ice yacht, says David Wechsler in the Brooklyn *Citizen*, is a device which has become almost a national institution, and one that other countries do not seem to understand, unless they are shown one in the act of sailing. The design of an ice boat, known as the 1886 model, was deemed the very height of perfection, and when its speed was found to reach fifty miles an hour, under extraordinarily favorable circumstances, it seemed as if the utmost possible excellence had been reached at a single stride. This was not so, however, such high speed could only be obtained in very strong winds, and as the amount of resistance required a corresponding amount of heaviness in structure, which tended to make these record



ICE YACHTING.

breaking boats very slow in an ordinary breeze, the brains of our builders and inventors were devoted to the task of getting the highest rate of speed out of a ten-knot breeze rather than breaking the record obtained in a favorable gale.

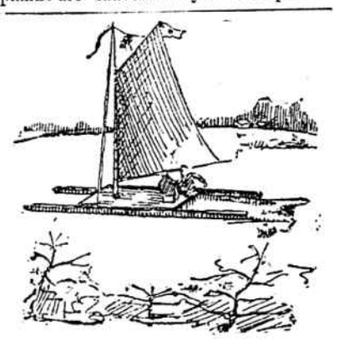
The difference between these is like the record of a skater on a circular track and one with the wind behind him. The latter breaks the record, but the former wins the race, and that is the aim of the ice yachtsman.

Several ideas have been tried with more or less success, the skate blades have been ground on different patterns from the old straight-edged blade, and instead of the under surface which runs on the ice being perfectly flat it has been "hollow ground," that is to say, the centre of the blade has been more or less cut away, leaving the outer edges sharper and harder, so as to diminish the leeway in reaching, which, of course, increases the speed by just so much.

Hitherto the sloop rig has been the popular style, and it is yet believed by experts to be the fastest and most satisfactory rig known. This year a new rig will be tried, which will be productive of considerable interest in ice yacht circles. It is a modification of the latteen rig of the Mediterranean feluccas, and the great advantages claimed for it are that it gives a great spread of unbroken canvas, is easier manipulated than the three or four sails of the sloop, and, better still, brings the bulk of the sail area and consequent resistance to the wind right down to the very point which modern sailing science proves to be most productive of high speed.

The latteen rig consists of a stout mast stepped in the ordinary way, and the sail is spread upon a huge gaff, or boom, which extends in an arc from the bow of the yacht up to the top of the mast and beyond, the sail covering the whole space from stem to stern. This rig is one of the fastest known modern rigs as applied to ordinary sailing craft, the feluccas of the south of Europe being proverbial for speed, and considerable interest is felt as to the result when the good properties of this rig are fully demonstrated.

The ice boat is not a difficult thing to make, and a modification of one that will sail well may be made by anyone who knows anything of the carpenter's art. The rest is easy, as any blacksmith will give estimates for a set of three blades, and, in a city, the hardware store will obtain quotations and goods from the makers. Take a dry goods box, about five feet long and four feet wide, and cut down to a depth of two feet. Clamp the bottom and the sides of the box with pieces of iron, so as to make it sufficiently strong to bear the strain that will be put upon it. To the sides of the box forward attach two planks, which meet at the points, to form a bow. These planks are shaved away so as to present



SNOW YACHTING.

an upward slant at the apex. Underneath the box, crosswise, attach a plank twenty feet long with equal projections from the box on each side. This plank should be nine inches wide and two inches in thickness. Lengthwise of the box, at a point midway between its sides and at right angles to the long plank, fasten another so that it extends underneath the box backward, to form a keel and projects from the box rearward eight inches. In this projection cut a hole in which to insert the sternpost; at the base of this sternpost is fixed one of the three skates, while the other two are fastened at each end of the long plank. The skates are the bases of support upon which the craft rests. The sternpost is so adjusted that when rudder handle is turned to port or starboard the skate turns also and directs the course of the boat, in the same way as would be done by a rudder. The mast is stepped into a solid foot, which rests upon a long plank running crosswise underneath the box, and this mast is strengthened and steadied by passing through a second piece of planking placed crosswise on top of the box. The sail is simply the sail of a catboat, only made smaller and lighter to suit the boat. Anyone with any knowledge of the carpenter's art and of the ordinary requirements of a boat can make an ice yacht for comparatively few dollars outside of the first cost of the skates.

One of the most interesting sail inventions of the past year is that of the snow yacht, which is stated to be the product of the brain of a Kansas man. The ice yacht is designed to skim over the frozen surface of the lakes and rivers, but the snow has hitherto proven an impassable expanse, with the exception of the sleigh and the snowshoes. By the application of this new idea, however, the snow becomes equally under the subjection of the sportsman in any district where there is enough of it and where the country is open enough for it to be undisturbed. The principle is almost the same as the ice yacht, but applied to the toboggan. A large toboggan is made, and the runner-planks are set ten feet apart and are thirty-two feet long by two feet wide. These rest, of course, under the toboggan, which is about twenty feet long by ten feet broad, and is only different from the ordinary toboggan in the matter of lee-boards about six inches in height, which run along each side. The mast is stepped into a wooden "foot," or square block of wood, and is about twenty feet in height; to such a boat the dimensions of the boom would be about twenty-two feet and gaff twelve feet. The boat is a peculiar one in appearance, but sails well as soon as a crust forms upon the snow. The one I saw last year was fitted at the masthead with a peculiar bent piece of stout, flat iron wire, placed to catch the telegraph wires as a cow-catcher catches an obstruction, and to lift them up and slide them over the mast as the boat passes underneath them. The great reason for this is that the snow being several feet in depth, it, of course, decreases the distance between the wires and the ground, and so something is necessary to lift them up. The steering gear of the snow yacht is simply a pole about ten feet in length, fitted with a broad end, which can be turned at the will of the pilot, so as to dig into the snow and so obtain a good purchase, or when running before the wind, it can be left to trail behind. These boats sail very fast in a good wind, and are fairly easy to manage, the only difficulty being found by inexperienced mariners in putting them about. I brought up too suddenly, she will not get quite round, and will jamb right in the wind, and unless the occupants have snowshoes on board, and so can get out and boost her round, they are likely to have a hard time. Without snowshoes the weight of the boat will push the men into the snow, instead of their efforts moving the boat. It will be readily seen that this boat is simply an adaptation of the idea of the Fijian in his double canoe, which is applied to the snow surface instead of water. It is expected that by means of the snow yacht the mails on the Western prairies will this year be delivered during several months of the year when previously it has been practically impossible.

A NOVEL IDEA.

Another novel idea that should find favor with boys this year is the adaptation of kite flying to the ice. We all know that many days, when one goes out for a skate, the wind blows too strong for any comfort, and we are obliged to just skim up and down some shady spot so as to escape the buffeting and hard work of beating back against the wind. On such a day, if the wind is blowing moderately across the river, a lot of fun may be had with the kite laid away since the summer; or, better still, by one specially made for the purpose. The square or six-sided kite is the best shape, and if specially made it should be made with extra stout ribs and back, or if an old one is used it should be recovered and strengthened.

The cord should be very much stouter and longer than usual, for the more resistance that is applied the higher it will be necessary to let the kite go. Having everything in readiness, get a friend to hold the kite, and start it in the usual way, skating a short distance against the wind to get it "up." Then turn, and let the kite draw you. It is well known how very little it takes to keep a person on skates moving, after once being set in motion, and it will be readily understood what the motive power of a fairly large kite will be. The greatest fun, however, does not consist in simply holding on to the kite, and being drawn in a straight line along the ice: to get the maximum of pleasure, learn to coast with it. Have the cord wound upon a good thick stick, long enough to give a good purchase to both hands and stout enough to bear the pressure without breaking in the middle. Hold this with bent arms in front of your chest, and turn your feet slightly to the right. How far to turn them cannot be explained in words, your own judgment to the pull of the kite must guide you. If it is not very strong it will be possible to go nearly in a straight line across the ice, and turning, come back nearly as straight. But if it is blowing hard, and the pull is strong, a more slanting direction will be necessary.

It will be found necessary when the pull comes to incline the body from the kite, as if one were doing the "outside edge," so as to get more resistance, and then it is necessary so watch the wind carefully and be on the look out for sudden puffs, which, if not anticipated, may result in an unexpected fall at the sudden let up of the pull. Properly managed, the kite will take the flyer skimming along, coasting here and there across the ice, or running straight ahead before the wind, describing zig-zags, or any other figure he pleases. This is a very popular sport among the boys in Eastern and Middle Europe, and the boy here who first introduces it to his section will have an enviable time. I have also seen boys make a light frame work of lumber like a raft and put it upon runners made of a pair of discarded wagon shafts cut to an edge and securely fastened to the raft, and then, getting their kites well up, run down in the rude sleigh with half a dozen of them sitting on it, their kites drawing them along, the steering being done by a boy's leg dragging out behind, in the same way that a toboggan is guided.

It is said that during 1889 there were not seventy consecutive hours in the neighborhood of Boston without rain.

George Francis Train.

Mr. George Francis Train, or, as he calls himself, Citizen Train, has long been called the greatest crank in America. Indeed he so calls himself.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

The picture given above is an excellent likeness of the "psychological enigma" of Madison Square Park, New York city, who was once famous as a lecturer and debater. He is by many dubbed "a crank," because he became a recluse and voluntarily dumb. He had not, up to a year ago, it is alleged, conversed with, or even spoken to adults for many years. In mild and pleasant weather he spent his days in Madison Square Park, which he gave as his address. He never went to his open air residence without putting a huge bouquet of cheap flowers on the left lapel of his coat. It is said that he talked to children, of whom he is very fond, and bought them playthings like roller skates, balls, carts and hoops. Before sunset Train meandered out of the park to his civilized home at a neighboring hotel. He is always jotting down "points" for some great literary bomb shell, and he floods the papers with his enigmatical and rambling compositions.

George Francis Train was born in Boston, March 24th, 1829. In 1833 his father, mother and three sisters died of yellow fever in New Orleans. In 1842 he was in college in Cambridge, Mass., and in 1844 established the Liverpool Packet firm of Train & Co. He was married October 5th, 1851. In 1853 he established the house of George Francis Train & Co., shippers, in Melbourne, Australia, and during the same year declined the presidency of the Australian Republic. In 1860-61 he devoted himself to the introduction of street railways in London, but not succeeding in this, returned to America in 1862 and became noted as a public speaker on the issues of the day.

Many of his speeches have been published, and he has also written various works, among others "An American Merchant in Europe, Asia and Australia," "Young America in Wall street," "Spread Eagleism," etc., etc. In 1862 Train was assaulted in Boston, Dayton and elsewhere, on account of his utterances, and an attempt was also made to assassinate him at Alton, Ill. He obtained the original capital, about $2,000,000, to construct the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1864 he organized the Credit Mobilier with a capital of $10,000,000, and obtained donations of land grants for the company at Omaha. In 1869 he began an active canvass for the presidency of the United States, as candidate for the Greenback party. In 1872 he went to Europe and delivered many public speeches, and on his return published some alleged obscene literature and Anthony Comstock put him in the Tombs. Train was also adjudged a lunatic, but after a year's confinement was released. In 1874 he became the champion of the working men; quit eating animal food, butter and condiments. He refused the Greenback Presidential nomination in 1876, also refusing invitations to lecture. In 1877 he began "psychological conversations" in Madison Square. It was in this year that he became disgusted, evidently, with the world and everybody in it (except children), and stopped talking with adults. Train is said to be very rich, and owns much real estate in Omaha and other parts of the West.—*Yankee Blade.*

A Japanese Juliet.

On a platform or upper veranda of the Hall of Silvery Waves, or Fragrant Pavilion of Vistas, stands Miss Swaying Bamboo, who has not yet come to the writing of her name with the figure 21. Mr. Foot of the Mountain's second son beholds the vision of girlish loveliness. He loves his pipe-case, but the vision more. He would behold again. Now

A JAPANESE JULIET.

he cannot, that is certain. She is under parental or guardian eye, and a chat with a man stranger or a callow youth is out of order.

However, under her modest mien and bashful eye their lurks encouragement. Her sleeve waves and the swaying of a sleeve is a sign of willingness. It is enough. Romeo, in lieu of a rose, tosses her his smoker's chatelaine, with ivory netsuke, says a writer in the *Century* on people in Japan. If she flings it back or drops it his hopes are blighted. If it finds safe hiding in her girdle then there will be a meeting and perhaps love and marriage.

"Going Back on a Friend."

—*Life.*

A wire rope weighing 40,000 pounds and two and a half miles long was shipped from the Hazzard Rope Works, Wilkesbarre, Penn., to Seattle, Washington.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JANUARY 26.

Lesson Text: "Joy Over the Child Jesus," Luke ii., 8-20—Golden Text: Luke ii., 14—Commentary.

8. "And there was in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." God, who doeth according to His will in the army of Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, led, through the decree of the Roman Emperor, caused Joseph and Mary to come to Bethlehem. It was trying to the flesh to take such a journey at such a time, but it was all of God. Movements of Empires are overruled to fulfill His word, and all things are ordered for the good of those who love Him. Mary's home was in Nazareth, about seventy miles north of Jerusalem. God had said by His servant Micah that Israel's ruler should be born in Bethlehem (some six miles south of Jerusalem), and now that the time had come, the Roman Emperor is unconsciously made God's instrument to fulfill His word. Frederick Whitfield says: "So God's hand moves silently and surely. The Roman Emperor exercised his almost boundless sway over the whole world, and issued his decrees with sovereign authority. A rushing tide went forth each to his place to obey his commands. No thought disturbs the mighty throng from on high. And yet in the obscure village of Bethlehem, at the back of an inn, and lying in a manger, there lies a helpless babe, the son of an humble carpenter's wife; and in His helplessness lies enfolded that which is to turn the tide of all things in this world and in that which is to come, and before which the mightiest events of imperial Rome were to dwindle into insignificance." These shepherds watching their flocks in the night watches remind us of other shepherds to whom God came as they watched their flocks, such as Moses, David and Amos. They also remind us of many other shepherds, watching over the souls under their care in this night of the world's history, and daily expecting a call from the skies to summon them to the marriage of Him who was once the babe in Bethlehem.

9. "And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid" (R. V.). Even though these shepherds were, like Simeon and Anna, "waiting for the consolation of Israel" and "looking for redemption in Jerusalem," this unusual sight and strange visitor was enough to make them afraid. Put yourself in their place. Fancy a heavenly visitor suddenly appearing to you and something of heaven's glory shining about you. Would you be perfectly quiet in such a presence, or is there a possibility that you might be somewhat afraid? We need to remember that now, as then, angels are ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation (Heb. i., 14, R. V.), and although invisible they are ever with us, serving unseen and unthanked.

10. "Fear not; for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." This is the third "fear not" which we hear from angels to mortals in this Gospel; and what good tidings there are in just those two words. Fear and forebodings are the constant companions of so many Christians, instead of the peace and joy which should characterize those who have become children of God by faith in Jesus Christ, and who, if they believed God, would be sure that He who spared not His own Son would with Him freely give all things, and make all things work for good (Rom. viii., 28, 32; Ps. lxxxiv., 11; Jer. xxix., 11).

11. "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Truly has one said that, "Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born, if He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn." This day is also the time when He will enter thy soul if you have not yet let Him in, and are willing now.

12. "Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." How great the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that led Him to become so poor for us that we through His poverty might be rich (II Cor. viii., 9.) His cradle a manger, His home one of the poorest in Nazareth; in His ministry He uses a borrowed boat, rides on a borrowed ass, keeps the passover in a borrowed room; when He dies He sleeps in a borrowed tomb; He is Lord of all and yet lives here as having nothing of this world's possessions. When shall we learn that this world's goods are only of value as we can use them for Him, and that anything should satisfy us here while we wait for the coming of the Kingdom?

13. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God." Jacob on his way home from Laban is met by the angels of God, and he said: "This is God's host." When Joshua is about to take Jericho he is met by one who says: "As captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." When Elisha's servant was afraid because of the Syrian army, Elisha prayed and the Lord opened the young man's eyes, and he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha (Gen. xxxii., 1, 2; Jos. v., 14; II Ki. vi., 17). Thus the heavenly hosts delight to do God's will, praising Him in song and in service, as they minister unto His servants.

14. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased" (R. V.). The aim of all angelic service is to bring Glory to God—the command to us is: "Glorify God in your body."

15. "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." The shepherds had heard and seen that which they could never forget; their ears must have been somewhat dulled to earth's music and their eyes dimmed to earth's glories after these sounds and sights. So it must have been with Paul after he was caught up into Paradise. Oh, for such a sight by faith of Jesus and His glory as would forever wean us from all the sinful sights and sounds of this present evil world!

16. "They came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe, lying in a manger." They found the angel's message true, found the Saviour of Israel and of the world, a helpless babe lying in a manger; and as they looked they believed that this was indeed He of whom the prophets had spoken, the Son of David, Son of Abraham.

17. "When they had seen they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child." Joy filled their own hearts, and joyfully they spread the tidings, and tell simply what they have seen and heard.

18. "And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds." If that was all the effect the tidings had upon them, they might wonder to all eternity and be none the better for it; it is not wonder, but faith, that brings the blessing.

19. "But Mary kept all these tidings and pondered them in her heart." Like Daniel, who though he could not understand yet kept the matter in his heart (Dan. vii., 28).

20. "The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." You could not shut them up any more than you could stop a volcano. It was in them, and like Jeremiah they could not keep still about it (Jer. xx., 9). They had caught the spirit of the angels and praise God they must; and their testimony was all about Jesus. Let us in our ordinary vocations serve the Lord with gladness, and even though tried let us be cheerful, knowing that a loving Father appoints it, and thus we shall glorify God and spread peace among those in whom He is well pleased.—*Lesson Helper.*

The newly tested textile plant known as kanaff, brought from the shores of the Caspian, has been further experimented with, and is found to be soft, elastic, tough and silky, and can be bleached chemically without losing these properties, its resistance being also far greater than that of hemp, while its specific weight is much less.

JOEL BARLOW, the author and patriot, who died in 1812 while on his way to meet Napoleon in France to get the latter's signature for a treaty of commerce with this country, is buried in Poland. The Historical Society of Connecticut, his native State, has decided to memorialize Congress to remove his remains to Putnam, Conn., and give them a resting-place in the State park that is being laid out.