MUST STOP HUNTING.

THE OPEN SEASON IN VIRGINIA CLOSES TO-MORROW.

TO ENFORCE THE GAME LAWS.

Chief-Warden Stearns, of the League of American Sportsmen, Issues a Notice on the Subject to Dealers—Requisites for Membership.

The hunting season of 1899-1900, under the laws of the State, closes to-morrow, and all dealers and consumers of game may do well to observe the fact, for there is now in existence here a very live organization whose object is to surround native quadrupeds, birds, and fish with every possible protection, and, to that end, to secure primarily the enforcement of every game law now in the statutes of Virginia.

This young but influential organization is the Virginia Division of the League of American Sportsmen, a national association recently organized in New York city for the purpose of creating in every State, Territory, county, and city in the Union a well-organized standing army of game protectors, which shall secure the enactment of more stringent game laws wherever possible; which shall see that all violators of game laws are promptly punished; which shall discourage unsportsmanlike game slaughter, and which shall, so far as possible, protect all wild creatures that yet remain by suppression of the pot-hunter, "game hog," trapper, and the dealer who buys and sells in violation of the laws.

The Virginia division of this organization is headed by Mr. Franklin Stearns, of this city, whose official title is "Chief Warden for Virginia of the League of American Sportsmen." This enthusiastic sportsman is rapidly increasing the membership of the league in this State, and is appointing as fast as possible deputy game wardens in its counties and cities.

MR. FRANKLIN STEARNS,
(Chief Warden of Virginia.)

WHO MAY JOIN LEAGUE.

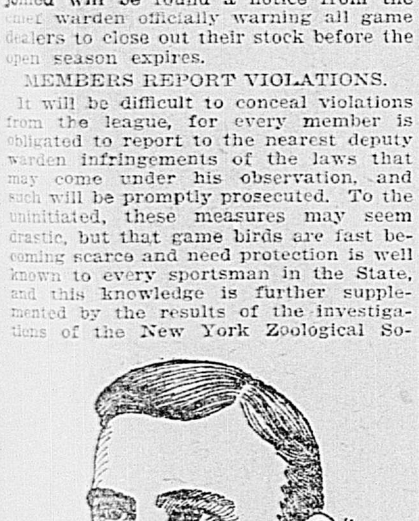
All sportsmen and sportswomen 15 years of age and over are eligible to membership, and are urged to ally themselves with the league, which is doing so much for their pleasure and for the protection of the game which they love so well.

Mr. Stearns's deputy warden in the city of Richmond is Mr. W. J. Lynham, a thorough sportsman. This gentleman is now warning commission- and market-men, hotels, and restaurants, of the consequences of violations of the game laws, which explicitly prohibit the possession of game, from whatever source received, in the closed season, which commences January 15th.

It is the intention of the Virginia Division of the League of American Sportsmen to prosecute to the fullest extent under the laws all infringements coming under its observation, but it desires to treat all in a spirit of fairness, and subjoined will be found a notice from the chief warden officially warning all game dealers to close out their stock before the open season expires.

MEMBERS REPORT VIOLATIONS.

It will be difficult to conceal violations from the league, for every member is obligated to report to the nearest deputy warden infringements of the laws that may come under his observation, and such will be promptly prosecuted. To the uninitiated, these measures may seem drastic, but that game birds are fast becoming scarce and need protection is well known to every sportsman in the State, and this knowledge is further supplemented by the results of the investigations of the New York Zoological Society, which has ascertained that in the past fifteen years the volume of edible bird life in the United States has been decreased by nearly 50 per cent. A few more years' delay would have resulted in the extinction of many of the finest species, hence the necessity for the present organization, which will do much to preserve and increase what is left.



MR. W. J. LYNHAM,
(Deputy Warden.)

Its shielding wings will spread over, not game birds alone, but the insectivorous and song birds as well, for even they are often seen displayed in market, and, plucked of their beautiful plumage, sold as game birds.

NOTICE TO GAME DEALERS.

The following notice has been promulgated by the chief game warden of the State:

Under the laws of Virginia, the open season for game birds closes January 15, 1900, hence, all persons selling, offering for sale, or having in their possession after that date any game protected by the statutes of Virginia, from whatever source it may have been received, whether from this State or another, will do so in violation of said laws, and, if detected, will be prosecuted by the League of American Sportsmen, represented in this State and its counties and cities by deputy wardens and the undersigned.

It is not the intention of the league to treat any person in an unfair manner, hence due time will be given dealers to work off their stocks on hand. This concession, however, applies only to the present year. The final day has been fixed at January 20, 1900, and all persons caught violating any game law after that date will be duly prosecuted.

FRANKLIN STEARNS,
Chief Warden for Virginia of the League of American Sportsmen.

President Williams Returns.

President John Skelton Williams, of the Seaboard Air-Line system, returned to the city yesterday, and was at work at his office until late last night. Mr. Williams is confident that the Seaboard will win in the injunction proceedings brought by Mr. Ryan, and that the consolidation plan will go through all right.

RAN INTO THE ENGINE.

Terrible Accident to a Young Man at the C. & O. Yards.

To escape the pommelling which he was getting in a fight with two other men, Mark Armstrong sought safety in flight which ended in his running squarely in front of a Chesapeake and Ohio shifting engine shortly before midnight last night. Armstrong was knocked down, and the wheels of the locomotive passed over his right arm and right leg, nearly severing them. The terrible accident happened near the Second-street yards of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway.

The city ambulance, in charge of Dr. Cunningham, responded to an urgent call, and the maimed and bleeding form was conveyed as quickly as possible to the City Hospital. The injured members were amputated. There was no hope whatever of saving them. The wheels of the engine had crushed flesh and bone, so that only shreds of muscle prevented the arm and leg from falling away when the body was picked up from the track. The surgical operation was performed by Drs. Trevilian, Goode, and Cunningham.

Armstrong is about 24 years old. His home is on Pine street. At 3:30 o'clock this morning the doctors could not foresee the end. The shock to the man's nervous system was very great, and he was weakened by the loss of a quantity of blood.

CONDITION OF THE SICK.

Mr. Harwood Desperately Ill—Others Are Doing Well.

Mr. S. W. Harwood, the veteran furniture dealer, continues desperately ill at his home, on south Third street. He is gradually losing strength, and there seems little or no hope of his recovery.

Mr. A. M. Brownell, who is sick with pneumonia, is getting along quite well.

Mr. Paul A. Heindl, who has been confined to his home, on west Main street, for the last seven weeks from the result of an accident which he met with, was operated on for the third time yesterday afternoon, and was resting well last night. Drs. Coleman, Johnston, and Miller performed the operation.

Mrs. Robert Gemmell continues to improve at the Old Dominion Hospital, and her physician hopes that she will soon be able to leave for her home.

Colonel W. F. Wickham, who has been ill for the past week at his home, in Powhatan, is improving, and it is expected will be at his office next week.

Mr. Fitzgerald, superintendent of mails at the post-office, who has been quite sick, is reported as improved.

Mr. Snodgrass, of 100 south Second street, who has been quite ill, continues to improve gradually.

Mr. O. E. Flanhart, who has been quite ill with pneumonia, is very much improved.

Mr. Ambrose Page, who has been ill with typhoid-fever, is able to move around in the house.

"WHAT IS THE USE."

Dr. Calisch Preaches Interestingly on This Theme.

Rev. Dr. E. N. Calisch preached at Beth Ahaba yesterday morning to a large congregation on the subject, "What Is the Use?" His sermon was based on Exodus xiv., 2. He said:

We find in our Scripture portion for this morning's reading the beginning of that portion of the history of our people when they were easily discouraged; when they did not care to make the fight for freedom, because of the difficulties, dangers, and discouragements which constantly offered. They, in truth, then preferred "enduring the ills they had than flying to others they knew not of."

When Moses first came among them they would hardly give him a hearing. We can almost hear them crying, "What's the use trying to do anything? You'll never succeed. You had better let things be, bad enough though they be."

And when finally he did get them started they gave up on the slightest provocation. In our text we have one of a long series of outbreaks and murmurings that lasted all through the life of Moses, and doubled the difficulty and the burden of the duty he had made his life's task to fulfil.

WEAKNESS OF ISRAEL.

We may perhaps palliate, though not excuse, the weakness of the people of Israel in the first years of their redemption. The impression and influence of their captivity were only too present with them. Its scars were in their hearts as well as on their arms and ankles. Centuries of humiliation, degradation, and thraldom do not make a spirited, courageous, and resistant people. And, though the omnipotent protection of their God was evidenced to them, yet with each new danger and difficulty they forgot the elation and the joy of their latest deliverance, and cried out, "What's the use? We had rather go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt and the misery of serfdom than carry on the struggle."

These foolish and fearful people have had many counterparts in all ages. There have been in every generation those whose whole life was vocalized in the minor key of doubt and fear. And even to-day there is the plaint rising from many a faint heart, "Oh, what's the use?" This brief question contains the essence of pessimism.

"What's the use struggling against disappointment, pain, poverty, or sorrow?" says the wearied wayfarer along life's rough road. "What's the use in being truthful, when everybody tells lies?"

"What's the use being pure?" the young man cries, "the current of passion runs strong."

"What's the use being honest?" cries the merchant, "everybody else is dishonest."

"What's the use being faithful?" the employee cries, "all the world is selfish and looks out for itself."

THERE IS GREAT USE.

Ah, friends, there is great use. Struggle is the law of life, and with each victory we are stronger for the coming contest. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards," said Eliphaz to Job (v., 7), and it is his God-given privilege to wrestle and to conquer. The patriarch Jacob wrestled with the opposing angel all through the night till the coming of the dawn—and with the dawn there came blessing to him. So wrestle we with all the opposing forces of temptation, passion, weakness, and selfishness, and when the night of our present ignorance shall give way to the endless dawn of the wider knowledge and clearer light, then shall the blessing come to us.

"What's the use struggling to be truthful and honest and pure?" Ah, my friend, do you not realize that you do not stand alone in life; that the nexus of human brotherhood is strong and inextricable; that your deeds and your life are a part of the life of humanity, and that humanity is bettered or made worse by you having been a part of it? You, and all of us, must remember that we are men and women worthy of the highest manhood and most beautiful womanhood that life can offer, and that he is a base coward who shirks his share of mankind's burdens and responsibilities. Purity and honor and truth are the everlasting and irrevocable conditions of the highest and noblest human life, and when they are forsaken, then shall chaos come again and confusion be crowned king, with his throne of darkness resting upon the pitiful ruins of our once proud civilization.

DESPAIRING CRY.

But most cowardly and base is that despairing cry that sums up all of existence itself as a hopeless burden, as a cloud-covered sky, without one gleam of the sunshine of hope, and that sounds the deep-toned note of absolute despair, with the awful question, "What's the use of continuing a useless and unequal struggle?"

And, unfortunately, it seems that our civilization permits an all too frequent negative answer, and too many voluntarily close the account of life and discount the draft of death before it due.

Can we say that our civilization is a moral triumph when we appear to live so rapidly that life has nothing more to offer; that we become base and sated, and enervated by the luxuries that we have created, so much so that we deem the game no longer worth the candle—and we blow out the lamp of life before the oil is done? Heaven defend the human race from such calamity! If this be the fruits of our civilization, then we needs must begin over again; and, going back to the impregnable basis of the Sinaitic revelation, build again anew and better upon its time-defying foundations. In the unapproachable simplicity of the seventh commandment to the son of Amram laid down forever the recognition of the supreme sacredness of human life.

LIFE IS A DUTY.

Life is a duty and a responsibility. It is a trust and an obligation which every human being who draws its breath is bound to fulfil. The master of the shop gives the workman a precious jewel and bids him cut it and polish it, and make it beautiful, and restore it to him when he calls for it. And dare the workman throw the jewel in the ash-heap and go home at noon because the work is tedious and the progress slow? Will not the master ask for the jewel when the day is done, and expect to receive it?

Life is to all of us a jewel, given by the Master above, and our duty it is, as workmen in the great, busy workshop of the world, to shape and polish and beautify this jewel, so that when, in His wisdom, the Master asks it of us again, we may give it to Him, brilliant with the beauty of holiness, cut into many facets of noble deeds and generous acts of truth and gentleness and love.

There is no happier moment that that in which, after long and arduous struggles with opposing obstacles, we find our work standing out before us in the pure light of its accomplishment. And even if it be not all we hoped to do, if it be the best we could do, we can have the sweet consciousness that says: "I have fought the good fight; I have been an earnest soldier in the ranks of duty." Next to the joy of victory is the solemn consciousness of noble, even though unsuccessful, endeavor, and he who has never felt the uplifting power of splendid resistance against wrong and evil has missed one of the best of life's privileges.

Because God placed us here to struggle for honor and purity and truth against selfishness, passion, and falsehood, the cognizance of that divine gift should lend every effort of our life to meet it, to answer and secure it.

With Bishop Bramble.

(Life.)

The fact that Bishop Bramble is a fictitious personage gives him an advantage at once apparent. However much his actions may be characterized by the same motives, ambitions and tempations that come to every real bishop, a sense of professional honor does not compel him to be silent with questions upon which he is competent to speak, and, as his utterances are relieved from all responsibility, there is no incentive for him to confess anything but the truth. His is indeed an engaging personality, for in the midst of so much that is mere pretense, to meet one so well-fitted for his position to speak of his calling, and so frank to do so, is extremely rare.

The bishop smokes and upon occasion indulges in sherry and bitters, and thus accompanied his library, with the bishop in it, is not the most uncongenial place on earth.

"My dear bishop," I was moved to say recently as we sat together, "I am impressed by the fact that you are a bad man."

The bishop with his eyes followed my own, as they wandered from the cloud of fragrant smoke to the bottle then slowly around the plain but well-appointed room with its serried rows of books and its general air of cosy comfort.

"You doubtless mean," said the bishop, intuitively, "something dissonant between me and my surroundings. Pray explain yourself."

"Perhaps I should qualify that expression," I replied. "When I see you in the pulpit inveighing against the obvious wrongs of this world, beseeching sinners to repentance, I am impressed by your strength. Again when I see you praticing deceptions which to me are so evident I believe you weak, and lastly, when I perceive your apparent indifference to some of your own inconsistencies, I think you are bad."

"My friend," said the bishop, thoughtfully, "you have touched upon a subject which is painful to me."

"I am sorry for that."

"You need not be. I should not have referred to it myself. Now that you have mentioned it, we may pursue it to some purpose. I confess that I have often regarded myself, in the same light as you. Yet this view of myself would not have been forced upon me had I not come into contact with my brother clergymen. It has been by contemplating them that I have been touched by my own defects, for you know we are all pretty much alike."

"Yes," I assented, "I have observed that."

"Let me ask you then," said the bishop, "to be more explicit. I remember no one who has ever dared to be so frank with me as you have. It is interesting to know just what charges you have formulated against me."

"Nay bishop,' ' I expostulated, my curiosity has not taken such a violent turn. If I despised you to the extent of thinking you utterly bad, I could not be such good friends with you, but we have many things in common. Your wide and general culture, the invariable refinement of your utterances, always characterized by good taste, the felicity of your expressions, your charity towards others and your apparent honesty, all attract me. My criticism of you can be very briefly stated. You do not believe which you preach from the pulpit."

The bishop started.

"You astonish me by your perception," he exclaimed. Nevertheless you are quite right. Years ago, when I was ordained, I was indeed sincere. But at that time I did not realize the inevitable development which has taken place in my mind, and I did not appreciate that what I had accepted was immovable and that I must stand by it. Do not misundertand me. There is latitude, of course, but not enough. I have oftimes implied what I was afraid to express. These thoughtless implications on my part have enabled you to perceive the whole of my secret. Yet doubtless you give me credit for more settled convictions, in direct opposition to my published belief, than I really have. The hard, cold, unsympathetic facts of science have thrust themselves upon me, and the so-called higher criticism has taken away some of my props, yet I can not say that any other firm belief has taken the place of that which I still profess. My position is yet one of doubt. There are times when I am not sure, after all but the old belief is right, when the full influence of my whole environment is upon me; for instance when I am exhorting or consoling. But alone, I know that it cannot be. Thus I lead a double life. Often I feel that I must speak out, that I must say that I do not believe what I preach—yet that is impossible."

"You mean disagreeable," I suggested.

"More than that," said the bishop. "My course is not so cowardly as you infer. Think of the consternation such a radical action on my part would create in others who are even as I am. I have also my family to consider."

I nodded sympathetically.

"Yet, bishop," I continued, "admitting that there are reasons for what I might term your attitude of acquiescence, I have a still more pressing criticism to prefer. Even in your own chosen field you are not consistent; you fail here from precisely the same cause that you fail in the other respect—your cowardice. Stripped of all theological verbiage, your fundamental professed belief is extremely simple. It is to follow the one Great Precedent—to sacrifice yourself for others. Yet because there are other precedents nearer they have risen between and established your attitude. You are exclusive. The fashionable folk near you are no doubt soothed by the refined and cheering sentiments that fall from your lips, but vulgarity and poverty pass you by. They would not necessarily be unwelcome if they came, and no doubt be surprised at your sympathy; but your manner of life is fordidding to them. Knowledge need not debar you from associating with meaner clay, but luxury does. Suppose I should get up in church next Sunday, and pointing to you, I should say: 'This man is a humbug. He does not believe what he preaches, but dares not be honest and say so because he shrinks, from criticism because he is too selfish, and because he has a family to support. Not only this but his whole manner of life is utterly opposed to the bald Christian creed, which bids a man forsake all and live in poverty. He is a liar and a hypocrite.' What do you suppose would happen?"

"My friend," said the bishop, "you have lost sight of one thing. It may be irrelevant, but it is important."

"And what may that be?" I inquired.

The bishop smiled. "Simply this," he replied. "You have utterly forgotten that I am purely a fictitious personage."

STEPHEN JUDSON'S PRICE.

(Chicago Tribune.)

To Miss Martha Bascom church going was as much a matter of habit as the weekly mending, and neither to be more neglected than her daily meals. But Jennie was not so othodox, and many a solemn word of warning did her aunt deliver in the little dressmaking shop where they served alone. I say "alone" because being only a dress model I am not taken into account. Though made of wood and supposed to be inanimate, little escapes my observation, and I marked a sudden change in Jennie's religious observances. It came with the advent of the new preacher. "Goin' to meetin' to-night, Janey?" her aunt invariably esked, and she went occasionally—latterly always. Once I heard a visitor whisper to Miss Martha: "Is it the man or the preacher she goes to see, eh, Miss Bascom?" But the other shook her head. "No matter, praise the Lard, she goes," and everybody went. The new evangelist drew crowds of town and country folk and customers in the shop talked of little else. He had his detractors, to be sure; those whe called him crank, fanatic, and said his exciting methods, his furious invectives against sin, and magnificent pictures of rewards to the godly smaked of the blasphemy of Islam. But to most of the pious folk he was a saint, a prophet out of whose mouth was ordained praise.

As for Jennie, she rarely mentioned his name, but I had my private theory as to the state of affairs between them. It was one day unexpectedly confirmed. The two women were sewing in the shop when the door was dashed open, and a neighbor's lad entered carring a parcel. This he set carefully upon the floor, then shrank to the elder woman's side, his frail body trembling, his face ashen. "Leave it there! Don't touch it—!" "Good gracious! Dynamite?" But the laughter on Jennie's lips died when the lad faltered: "It's the head of John the Baptist! Don't you remember the preacher said: The diciples took up the body and buried it?" He didn't tell what became of the head, but I found it in our house. There it is." He pointed to the bundle, his lips apart in a grin of frenzy. Miss Martha was horrified into helpless silence. Jennie glanced out of the window. "There is the preacher now," and she rushed to the door and called, "Brother Judson! Stephen!" He came hurriedly in and Jennie explained. "This little creature has always been half witted and he seems entirely daft now," and she told him all. Miss Martha added sternly, "You have turned the poor child's wits inside out, See if you can turn them back." At the preacher's command, the boy gasping, livid, untied the parcel. Papers, typewritten documents fell to the floor. "There, child, see! are you not ashamed to blaspheme with such unholy theories?" and he carried the sobbing boy to the lounge and soothed him with low and gracious words. Pity for the witless sufferer made Miss Martha severe with her favorite. "Your talk has robbed the poor thing of the little sense he had! The child has listened to you oll summer, and I must say, brother Judson, the result ain't to your credit." And she left the room abruptly. Jennie tip-toed to the preacher's side and resting her hand upon his shoulder looked down at him with worshiping affection. But he arose, pushing her away, almost roughly, a set stern expression clouding his dark Puritan features. "What is it Stephen? What have I done?" "Nothing, child, nothing, the sin is mine. I thought to follow him who cast out devils, and see, this stricken lad, possessed of them, through me, through me. The Lord is worth with his servant, and why? Ah! Jane the answer is not far to seek! Because I have dared to hunger and thirst for a woman's love, rather than for the sake of righteousness. 'The flesh worrieth against the spirit.' " Without another word he left her. That evening Jennie remained at home alone. About 9 o'clock she stopped to arrange a chest of drawers just back of me. While she was thus engaged Miss Martha entered and after her the preacher.

"I invited you in, Brother Judson," and the little woman's voice and behavior were as icy as her natural warmth would alow, "to ask you to explain yourself. I heard part of your remarks to my niece this afternoon, and I must say they surprised me. I ain't used to seein' Jennie fretted by the men folks. As a rule, they do the worryin'." Stephen's manner had lost some of the ministerial, and he answered low: "There is nothing to explain, madam, except that your niece has told me that she—she loves me, and—" "Well! s'pose she does!" the lady interrupted sharply, "do you love her, Brother Judson?" "So much; so much that I was beginning to forget my God, and he warned me; he threatened me today in that poor idiot's crazy imaginings. It is a disgrace, a horror, that my words should have so perverted an effect, and the iron enters deep into my guilty soul with the sense that the Lord repudiates my work and words." Sweat bathed his brow and his tongue was thick." 'Guilty soul,' brother?" Guilty in allowing my thoughts—until now devoted to the master's work—to dwell upon a woman; guilty because her image fills my mind—her face obscures my Bible." There was an agony of repressed love and longing in his voice which broke at the last words, and he dropped to his knees and buried his face in his hands. Jennie slipped from her place of hiding and sank into the chair beside him, while her tears fell on his bowed head. He raised his mournful eyes. "Now you konw the sin of which I hold myself guilty, and this child, innocent as a lamb of sacrifice. But she will forget me, and I—I can live without her as without all else, if the spirit return to dwell within me. It is written, 'I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love.' "

Poor Miss Martha was dismayed at the man's distress, and beyond all the suffering she saw for her Janey foreshadowed in the heart-broken glance riverted upon her lover. She ventured timidly, "Brother, if you and Janey love each other, why not do the Lord's work together?" "Nay, sister. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand,' and my feeble powers are wholly consecrated to the work of salvation. Remember the words, "They have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle.' " There was a fanatical light of renunciation in his eyes. Miss Martha's own were full of tears as she stroked the girl's brown hair with all of a mother's fondness. "I little thought to see the day when I'd argue to get rid of my little girl, but it seems for her happiness, and I believe it would be for yours. I—I have a little bank account which will all be Janey's when she marries. Now, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to guide her in the use of it? Together you might be of great help to—to missions or something," the good soul concluded lamely. Sternly the man replied:

"I hear you with shame, Sister Bascom. 'Every man has his price,' perhaps, but think not thus to tempt one who may have lost much, but has yet to leave his God for mammon." Then Miss Martha folded her arms as she always did when she lost her temper. "You twist all the sense out of my words, but in one thing you hit my meanin' exactly. That about 'every man's price.' It's true, and it doesn't always mean a low price, either. Whatever yours is, I only hope it will be offered before it's too late." Here Jennie interposed. "He is right, Aunt Martha, and I glory in his strength." Her voice broke and she turned away sobbing. Then, for a moment, the man shook off the trammels of the priest, and holding her close he kissed her brow and lips. "Help me to bear it; pray for me," he murmured, then went out with never a backward look.

Another week passed and neither woman went to meeting. But one night the girl begged, "Go to-night, Auntie, and if you see him tell him I did pray and am going to help him in the only way I know how."

As Miss Martha passed me on her way out, I heard her mutter, "I'll bring him home with me, or—" the threat was lost in the bang of the door. By this time I knew that Miss Martha was wroth with the preacher—"the crank who has turned everybody's head"—she said once, but her listener, a pious soul, rolled up her eyes. "He's of the stuff of the blessed martyrs," she said devoutly. This night her aunt had no sooner gone than Jennie took her Bible and went up-stairs. In an hour she returned, carrying a small bottle and glass

These she placed upon a table in front of me. I watched her as she crept softly to Miss Martha's own low chair and rested her cheek against its cushioned arm. Then she knelt and prayed aloud: " 'Two in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left'—yes, the other left, to do thy work; to do it alone to thine honor and glory. Amen." She rose and came steadily to the table. I heard the clink of the tiny dark bottle against the glass. She placed the vial again on the table. I saw the glass raised to her lips, and then—the crash evidently aroused the neighbors, for there was excited talk in the street. Then the sound of a key in the lock and Brother Judson's voice outside. "Wait a moment, friends. We will find out what has happened." Prone where I had fallen, I could see nothing, but heard Miss Martha's voice in lamentation. "My little girl—my Janey," and the preacher's commands. "Place the cushions lower, so. Now bring me some water. There! she is reviving now. She has only fainted." "What could have happened? she was well when I left." Then Miss Martha lifted me to an upright position, and as she did so shrieked and pointed a shaking finger at the atoms of shivered glass and the tiny brown pool on the floor. Then she burst into hysterical weeping. "I see it all! and she would have—O! you blessed old model! To think you fell in the nick of time! My dearie—my lamb, how could you?" and she crouched by the side of the now conscious girl. The man's head was bowed and his lips moved in prayer. Then he rose, the light of joy transfiguring his face. "I have been blind, blind! Do you remember what you said, sister, about 'every man having his price?' This precious life saved is mine." Jennie opened her eyes and met the triumphant gleam of his. "The Lord gives you to me, beloved. As in the days of Abraham, he rejects the sacrifice. Will you forgive, as he does?"

And to this day he and Jennie believe that the cause of my sudden tumble was a direct and heavenly interposition; Miss Martha says it was only a strong draft, while I—but nobody cares what I think.

PLANETS AND STARS.

How to Tell Them Apart—Simple Test for Naked-Eye Observers.

(H. Jacoby in Evening Post.)

We do not know what man first discovered planets in the sky. It may have been some shepherd, tending his flocks, perhaps upon the plains of Chaldea, surely in the far-away, misty early beginnings of mankind upon the earth. And yet to this day the test by which the unaided eye can most easily distinguish a planet from a star remains the same as that which must have revealed the first planet to the earliest of astronomical observers. The very name planet tells the history of an epoch-making discovery just as surely as though a written record of its making had been handed down to us through successive generations of men. "Planet," signifies "wanderer." It cames from an ancient Greek word of that meaning. And the truth to an unlearned, unlettered shepherd of to-day the planets must appear just as they did to his long-past forerunner of Chaldea, aimless, lawless wandering stars within the serried array of heaven's night.

It is ever the characteristic of genius to disentangle the simple basio phenomena of nature from the complex results exhibited to the naked eye of a casual observer. So we shall not err in ascribing genius to the man who first noted the planets peculiarity of travelling among the other stars, in designating his discovery an epoch-making one. The whole sky is thickly studded with the so-called fixed stars. So far as the naked-eye observes can tell, they all retain precisely the same relative positions with respect to one another from year to year and from generation to generation. If you select a certain triangle or quadrangle of stars as they rise in the east, you will see them slowly climb the sky and again descend and set in the west, always forming precisely the same geometrical figure. Nor is this all. If the ancient records of naked eye observations were searched with care, just the same triangle or quadrangle of sars would be found described as having always been seen to rise and set, then as now, so long as men have watched the sky.

But suppose there were a planet within the centre of our triangle of stars. As we watched night after night, we should see the triangIt. By imperceptible degrees, but with a continuous and cumulative motion, the planet would approach one of the triangle's sides, and at length woud pass far beyond and away. It is thus that the first planet must have been differentiated from the stars, and thus again the naked-eye astronomer of today can best proceed to elementary planetary study. Note carefully the heavenly bodies you suspect of being planets. Fix in your mind, or on a diagram, their positions with respect to neighboring stars, and you will speedily come into possession of evidence as to the planetary nature of the body under observation. One planet detected in this way will afford more satisfaction and encouraging instruction to the beginner in astronomy than much study by the aid of books or teachers.

It is true that other characteristics of the planets will help in their identification by the unaided eye. In the first place, the planets are usually very bright, though not often surpassing the most lucid of the fixed stars. Again, the planets are said not to twinkle. Many observers would not consider this strictly accurate, though it is certainly a fact that the twinkling of the plantes is less than that of a majority of the stars. But, in the absence of a telescope, the only sure test is the presence of such motion among the stars as we have described. Into the causes of this motion it is not our intention to enter. Suffice it to say that it is due to the planets' revolutions in their annual orbits about the sun. This makes them change their positions in space, and so we see them projected on different parts of the distant vault of the sky at different dates of observation.

We have just received from Germany a pamphlet issued by the observatory at Potsdam, near Berlin, describing ceremonies connected with the official installation of a new and large telescope. It appears that the Kaiser himself has become sufficiently interested in astronomy to have ordered the immediate construction of such an instrument, after it had been repeatedly asked by the astronomers, and refused by successive imperial ministers from motives of economy. The Kaiser even attended personally the dedication ceremonies at Potsdam, and seems to have listened to the speeches made upon that occasion. These were, as is only right and proper, complimentary to the observatory and the noble patron who honored it by his presence. Perhaps they might even be said to savor somewhat of praise-majeste, but this does not appear to be a crime in Germany.

But setting aside the rather humorous aspect which those official foreign ceremonial occasions generally exhibit to an American, we cannot too seriously emphasize the importance to astronomical progress of this genuine interest on the Emperor's part. Germany deservedly stands very high among the nations as a cultivator of astronomy. But there is one class of researches that it has been quite impossible to undertake there. These require observations with a telescope of great size and light-gathering power; and such a telescope Germany has never had. Our own country has always led in this respect. It was in the Clark workshop at Cambridgeport, Mass., that the first modern great telescope was made, and ever since the successive largest telescopes have been supplied with lenses from that same workshop. The United States Naval Observatory, the Lick Observatory in California, and the new Yerkes Observatory near Chicago have each in turn possessed the world's greatest telescope, and foreign astronomers have always been compelled to content themselves with lesser instruments. But they have not been far behind us, with the single exception of the Germans. The Yerkes telescope at Chicago has a diameter of forty inches, and the Lick has thirty-six. Great Britain has one of twenty-eight inches, Russia one of thirty, and now the new German telescope enters the competition with a diameter of thirty-two inches. The United States still leads, therefore, with the two largest instruments, but all the telescopes mentioned are of sufficient size to attempt work requiring great light-gathering power.

But so much depends on the sensitiveness of the astronomer's eye, and upon his skill in observing, that we are not necessarily sure of doing more with our great instruments than can be accomplished with the slightly smaller European ones. To make an astronomical observation, three things have to be brought in the same straight line, the star, the telescope, and the human eye. The man behind the telescope counts heavily in the final result.

The Potsdam observatory, though only about twenty-five years old, was the first one devoted exclusively to the comparatively new science of astrophysics. Instead of the older investigations of the stars' motions and positions, the astrophysicist studies with the spectroscope the chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies and such characteristics as can be determined with that instrument. A particular specialty has been made at Potsdam of photographing spectra, for the measurement of stellar velocities of motion in space. It is not too much to say that the perfection of he methods now used for this purpose is due very largely to Potsdam. But it is precisely this extremely interesting and important kind of observation that requires a telescope of large size. So, while Vogel and Scheiner at Potsdam have been able to devise and perfect new methods of observation, they have been limited to using these methods upon the very brightest stars. Now, through the intelligent interest of the Emporer, they are enabled to extend the work. Statistical information about the velocities of a large number of stars is essential to the solution of problems relating to the constrution of the universe. This we are now in a fair way to obtain, since the special skill of the Potsdam observatory in this department of research will at last be exercised with adtquate instrumental facilities.

The following astronomical predictions are for January 15, 1900, at about nine P. M. They will be found approximately correct at about the same hour all through the month:

The most conspicuous constellation is Orion, easily recognizable in the sky a little east of south, and half way up from the horizon to the zenith. No one looking for this constellation can possibly miss it. The three stars in the mighty hunter's belt seem to stand out on a clear winter's night like fiery gems set upon dark blue enamel. They are quite close together as seen with the naked eye, and a line drawn through them to the left will lead directly to Sirius, the brightest of all the fixed stars. Sirius is in the southeast, and is up about one-fifth of the distance from the horizon to the zenith. Taurus and Auriga are just overhead, the former south of the zenith, the latter north. Gemini hangs in the eastern sky. Facing about to the north, the observer will see the Great Bear east of the pole, with two of its conspicuous stars pointing straight at the pole star. Cassiopeia is opposite the Bear and west of the pole.

Of the planets only Venus and Jupiter are visible. Venus is a brilliant evening star, appearing just after sunset in the south-southwest, one-third of the way from horizon to zenith. Jupiter is morning star, and just before sunrise will be found in tha south-southeast, distant from the horizon one-quarter of the way up to the zenith.

The Growling of the Cities.

(New York Press.)

Aesop's wolf on mutton bent, that accused a lamb lower down the stream of mudding the water so that he could not drink, would not have been illogical if Aesop's stream had had tides in it. While St. Louis is accusing Chicago of spoiling the Mississippi by sending her drainage into it, and Philadelphia is swearing un-Quaker like oaths at little Norris town for polluting the Schuylkill—possibly with a view to swallowing Norristown as the wolf did the lamb—an astonishing series of facts is coming to light upon the tides. It is declared that the tides run up the Mississippi and make it salty sometimes as far as St. Louis. That city, now that it is on Chicago's main sewer, can fairly be said to be between the devil and the deep sea, for when it is not drinking sewage it may be drinking sea water. Moreover, while the sewage of Chicago comes down at times, the sewage of New Orleans and Memphis comes up at other times. No wonder St. Louis is mad and wishes that Mrs. O'Leary's cow had had some lamp-kicking calves for the stables of modern Chicago.

But with this object lesson about tides running up a river several hundred miles before her every time she looks at the map of the United States Philadelphia is seriously considereing the question of leaving the Schuylkill to its odorous fate and of getting water from the Delaware at Torresdale, which is a station between Philadelphia and Trenton. Now as the Delaware's tides run all the way up to Trenton, this proposition would simply substitute Philadelphia's own sewage for that of Norristown and the other little towns on the Schuylkill. Just after the new water-works got started and the typhoid death rate began to mount up Philadelphia would awake to this.

The coming century will wonder at the stupid folly of nineteenth century cities that drank either their own sewage or that of other cities. There will be public forest parks for the increase of rainfall and the protection of sources of water supply and perhaps it is not too much to expect that another century may evolve a pratical method of scientific treatment of sewage, so that, instead of being an offensive menace to health, it may be rendered harmless, if not converted into available fertilizing material. As a comparatively new country we have hardly as yet learned the alphabet of the prevention of waste or are just beginning to be wise as the pious old monk who thanked the Lord that in His providence He had thoughtfully placed large rivers near large towns.

State Female Education.

(Fredericksburg Free Lance.)

The effort to pass a bill by the present Legislature to aid and encourage female education will be generally approved by the tax-payers of the State. It is strange that to the present day nearly all the aid the State has given in the way of preparing teachers for our schools has been for males, when more than two-thirds of the teachers of the public schools are females. It is true the Farmville Normal School has been fitted up for females and conducted by the State, and State pupils get their tuition free, but they have to pay all other expenses, and not many are able to bear that expense. The measure to be brought before the Legislature by Mr. Todd, of Augusta, provides an annual appropriation of $5,000 to be expended in educating 100 females at the Farmville Normal School, the cost for one session to be $100 of which the State will pay half for three years. This will be sufficient time for any girl with ordinary intelligence to graduate and be prepared for her work. No pupil will be admitted under 15 years of age, and every applicant under this provision will be required to sign a contract to teach in the public schools of the State for six years.

ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Even Bright's Disease is No Longer Regarded as Hopeless.

If you are suffering from kidney, bladder, or uric acid trouble, and have despaired of getting help, you should try Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. Every reader of the Dispatch may obtain a sample bottle free by mail, so you may test it for yourself and fully realize the truth of what your friends and fellow-citizens say as regards its marvellous efficacy and worth.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root has been tried and tested by thousands, who stand high in this community. It is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney, bladder, or uric acid trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It brings back the rosy flush of health and strength; it is a purifier and rebuilder, and is a boon to the weak and ailing.

To be confronted suddenly with the knowledge that Bright's disease had hold of one was, at one time, equivalent to hearing a death warrant read; but to-day, thanks to the discoveries of science, and the researches of Dr. Kilmer, no case is entirely hopeless. Even those in advanced stages have been rescued and life prolonged by Swamp-Root.

This great remedy is purely vegetable, and contains nothing that could harm the most delicate child. It is pleasant to take, and the regular 50-cent and $1 sizes are sold by all druggists.

Send your name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and a sample bottle, and a book telling all about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures will be sent to you free.

Going the Pace.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

Man toils away week in, week out,
And saves and plans and frets
And tells the world his salary
Is three times what he gets.

His wife, to prove her love for him
Before all here below,
Puts on the style she might afford
If what he claims were so.

FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

THE STRANGE, NEVER-DYING FIRES OF THE ZOROASTRIANS.

SIMPLY SUPPLIED FROM NATURAL OIL.

Dr. George D. Matthews Describes the Result of His Examination of the Sacred Altars—Pipes Cunningly Concealed from View.

One by one the superstitious beliefs of the ancients have been exposed, but one, at least, has baffled the efforts of scientists to expose, although it was palpably a fraud. This was the mystery of the perpetual fires of the ancient fire-worshippers of Surachany, near Baku, on the curving shores of the Caspian. The chief cause for no explanation being forthcoming of the mystery of these perpetual fires was the barring of scientists to the sacred enclosure. The writer of this article, Dr. George D. Matthews, succeeded in overcoming this opposition, and penetrated to the sacred enclosure, speedily divesting the ever-burning fires of all mystery. He was invited to write the result, especially for these columns, and responded with the following.

(By George D. Matthews, M. D., for the Dispatch.)

CAIRO, December 12.—Foreigners are scarce in the country of the fire-worshippers. Until lately they were not allowed to travel on the railroad at all, but this prohibition has been modified a little, and I took advantage of the favor to make my way to Baku, the historical town on the Caspian, which is now used as a magazine for military stores, and to which the caravans of camels, donkeys, and oxen bring rice, raisins, hides, cotton, etc., from Persia, which are purchased here, either for the Moscow districts, or for those of Batoum and Odessa. About seven or eight miles from Baku is the little collection of huts and offices, called Balachany, the country between the two places being a sandy, uncultivated plain. From Balachany I drove over a sunburnt plain of rocks, and comminuted shells to Surachany, a word meaning "fires," from time immemorial, the home and shrine of the early Zoroastrians, the fire worshipping ancestry of the modern Parsees.

It is well to explain here that Zöroaster is supposed to have lived about 600 or 700 years before Christ, his teachings furnishing several interesting parallelisms with those of the Christian Scriptures. According to Zoroaster, there is in the universe a principle of good, represented by Ormuzd, and a principle of evil, represented by Ahriman, principles and beings that have existed from eternity, and been ever in active opposition to each other. Men having been made by Ormuzd belonged to him, but having been left free they have yielded to the evil and fallen into a sinful condition, so that since that sad occurrence the soul of man is the prize for which these antagonistic powers have mainly contended. As man is responsible for his actions, his future state will be fixed irrevocably by his life on earth; but as he is now feeble and ignorant, Ormuzd, in his desire to save him from being lost, sent Zoroaster, not as a law-giver, but simply as a prophet, a teacher of men, that these might come to know and be encouraged to do the will of Ormuzd more perfectly. A couple of miles from Urumi, in Western Persia, there are immense masses of ashes, said locally to be the remains of the birthplace of Zoroaster.

About forty years ago the first oil refinery in the district was established here, and surrounded with very high walls to keep out the marauding Tartars. These works are now going to wreck, but just outside their gate is the sacred enclosure of the fire-worshippers, situated on a slightly rising ground, and about half a mile away from the blue Caspian. The existing buildings are, of course, recent, but the site is historical. The inclosing wall is some 20 feet in height, having battlements along its edge. Inside this wall, and attached to it, are twenty-three cells, that vary in size, but that run between 12 and 20 feet square. Each cell has a number of recesses in its walls, that served for tables and shelves, while a built elevation at one end served as a divan or resting-place at night. Over the door of each cell is a stone tablet taken from some older structure, and bearing an inscription in Persian, Armenian, or Syriac.

In the centre of the enclosure is the shrine, a domed building, resting on four piers, out of the summit of each of which the sacred fire still flames unceasingly, year in and year out. Under the dome is a small open space, covered with a grating, up which also the fire frequently comes, and on which, some years ago, the body of a resident was cremated. On the northern side of the enclosure is the main entrance, a large gateway of handsome Persian work in marble, above which is a watch tower overlooking the whole district. At each corner of this watch tower the everlasting fire still burns, night and day, the mystery of its nature and source being speedily solved by me, through the discovery of a series of iron pipes, that were built in the walls, and cunningly concealed from view, so that we call natural gas, resulting from the presence of the naphtha, was ever ascending, and formed the sacred fire of the fire-worshippers. So abundant, indeed, is this natural gas, that it is dangerous to strike a match or to attempt to smoke. I watched some lime-burners breaking off pieces of the shelly rock, when they threw down on the mass a lighted match. In a moment there was a loud explosion, and the gas blazed up—a blaze that took many shovelfuls of earth thrown on it before it was extinguished.

This inclosure, now unoccupied, but protected by the government, was once the home of a considerable number of priests and monks. About twenty or thirty years ago, however, one of the monks was killed by a Tartar. The monastery sought the punishment of the murderer, when its inmates were told by the Russian Government that, as they were hated by the Tartars, they had all better leave as soon as possible, or they also might be killed. The poor monks, therefore, the last European survivors of a pre-Christian religious community, went to Bombay.

The entire country swarms with naphtha wells.

No one knows where the naphtha comes from, or where it goes to, but in Balachany it rises to the surface like the water of a spring. It is not so much an underground river as a fountain or geyser, whose stream spreads itself through the soil—here in a heavy rush, there in a petty streamlet. Here the flow is steady, there it is intermittent, at times even ceasing for hours. A number of these geysers are very irregular in their periods of discharge. Sometimes the pumps must be worked slow, and at others as quickly as possible; sometimes the stream gives out altogther for several days, and then resumes without any premonitions.

The presence of all this oil made the mystery of the fire-worshippers' sacred never-dying blaze a very easy one to solve, as soon as the pipes were discovered.

A Miss Penny recently married a Mr. Nickel. She got a Nickel for assent.

Some people never succeed in finding out which side of their bread is buttered until they drop it.

The selfish individual who lives for himself alone is usually the only person in the world to mourn his demise.