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TO DISTURB the last resting place of the dead violates a tender sentiment which is coextensive with civilization, and the wretch who does not respect the sacredness of the tomb is a creature to be set apart and placed under the ban of the law.

BROTHER JASPER, the distinguished colored clergyman at Richmond, Va., says that women should not be allowed to preach. The women will say that he is just as far wrong in this case as in his famous astronomical assertion, "the sun do move."

THE watercress is a plant which has resisted all efforts at improvement by cultivation. Under artificial treatment it loses the faint, piquant mustard flavor that is its special charm, and assumes much of the hot, pungent taste of the horse radish.

"THE Cost of Drunks" is the interesting theme to which Toronto newspapers are now devoting some space. It is figured out that the 5,441 drunken men arrested in the town last year represent a deficiency in wages lost, etc., of $191,682. No wonder a Toronto editor deplores the prevalence of drunkenness "in our midst."

THE status of female medical practitioners, about which there has been so much trouble and discussion, has now been definitely and legally as well as very sensibly settled by a decree just published in the official Gazette. Lady doctors may now practice freely in all parts of the empire, and will wear a certain decoration denoting their profession.

PEOPLE who d bble a little in statistics without an adequate understanding of the factors which enter into a problem, or with some preconceived theory for which they are in search of evidence, are likely to reach very misleading results. This has been the case with those writers who, for some reason not easily understood, have sought to show that education, so far from operating to diminish crime, actually increased it.

SECRETS are seldom imparted to persons who do not inspire confidence; they sell what they call secrets to dozens of persons, without knowing much about the persons, without forming any positive opinion of their discrimination or reticence, are not apt to have any secrets from the entire circle of their acquaintances. They are mere babblers, gossips, tattlers, who try to bestow some importance on their communications by declaring them to be secrets.

WE believe there is nothing more commendable, more worthy of a young man's attention and attendance, than a well-conducted technical school. It develops his mind as well as his muscle. It enables him to apply his ability in a way to accomplish more and do it easier. It gives him a better position in society and business. It makes a man of him, and above all it places him in a position to demand and receive what is due to every American citizen, an honest and comfortable livelihood.

GOOD manners are not put on and off like varying fashions; they are the essential, everyday clothing of the soul, and should be liable to no fluctuations of season, time or place. There are certain things that show ill-breeding, and always will, until the bugle call of Gabriel sounds the reveille of the resurrection. The girl or woman who talks and laughs noisily in public places, drops the terminal of words ending in "ing," substitutes an "r" for the final "w" in "fellow," and makes use of that dreadful word "mash," although she obeyed the standard book of etiquette to the letter, could never be mistaken for a lady.

JULIAN RALPH, in an article in Harper's Weekly, gives an interesting account of Father Lacombe, the apostle of the Blackfeet Indians, who, he says, is the most accomplished student of the Indian languages that Can da possesses. "He told me," he says, "that the whiteman's handling of Indian words in the nomenclature of our cities, provinces, and states is as brutal as anything charged against the savages. Saskatchewan, for instance, means nothing. Kissiskatchewan is the word that was intended. It means 'rapid current.' Manitoba is senseless, but 'Manitowapa' (the mysterious strait) would have been full of local import. However, there is no need to sadden ourselves with this expert knowledge. Rather let us be grateful for every Indian name with which we have stamped individuality upon the map of the world, be it rightly or wrongly set forth."

ONE thing we think may be pretty positively asserted and that is, without the interference o government in the affairs of the people, civilization at the close of the nineteenth century would be far behind what it is now. Had not the state of New York, in the first quarter of this century, constructed the Erie Canal how far advanced would h ve been western New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and the other great northwestern states that have produced food to sustain hundreds of millions in this and the old world? Without our free schools how could we within a century have built up one of the most free, prosperous and intelligent nations on the face of the globe? No; in a government of the people, for the people, by the people, while yet in its infancy at least, surrounded by older and more powerful nations, without some aid from government, progress would be very slow and survival improbable.

A QUEER RACE.

A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Of course; and the fact that nothing has been heard of her or any of her crew shows in my opinion, that the fate which the Admiralty think overtook the 'Hecate' overtook the 'Santa Anna'—she perished with all on board, perhaps in a cyclone; or she may have struck on a sunken rock or got burned. Your supposition, Bolsover, that every man-jack of her crew died of thirst, and that she is either afloat or aground with all her treasure on board is—excuse me for saying it—all bosh; and the sooner you get the idea out of your head, the better it will be for your peace of mind."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Erle," answered the boatswain, with the air of a man who, though shaken in his opinion, refuses to be convinced. "I am sorry to hear you say so. I cannot argufy like a man of 'ead and edycation, and facts is, may be, against me. Well, I don't care a hang for the facts; and I am as cock-sure as if I saw her this minute as the galleon is a ship yet, or leastways the hull of one, and as I shall set eyes on her afore I die, and carry off as much of that there treasure as will make me as rich as a Jew. If you won't go shares with me, so much the worse for you—that is all as I can say."

Though I saw that it was useless to continue the discussion, I wanted to put one more question.

"Did your father say anything to the Admiralty about the chaplain's statement?" I asked.

"No, he didn't," answered Tom, almost savagely; "he wasn't such a darned fool! He had too much white in his eye, my father had, to put the Admiralty on the track of that there treasure-ship; and as it was nigh on a hundred years after she disappeared, it would have done no manner of good to anybody."

The subject then dropped, and it was not resumed until several rather strange things had come to pass, and Bolsover was in a more placable mood.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FEVER SHIP.

We were now on the verge of the tropics. The weather was perfect, the wind fair, and the sea—covered with small, white-crested waves, chasing each other in wild revelry—superb. The days were delightful; the nights, lighted up by a great round moon; gloriously serene.

The mere fact of living became a pleasure; the noonday's heat was tempered by a balmy breeze, and basking in the sun, and living continually in the open air (I slept on deck), health tingled to my fingers' ends.

It was a pleasure to feel the brave ship surging through the sea, and to watch her great sails as they bellied to the breeze. For days together no sailor had need to go aloft, and one day was so like another that time seemed to stand still. Yet in this very monotony there was an inexplicable charm; it acted as a spiritual anodyne, banishing care, and lulling the mind to sleep. I ceased to think about my future, and Liverpool and business were so remote that they might never have been. Even Amy receded into the far distance, and it was hard to realize that I had once dreamed of marriage and suffered from the pangs of disappointed love.

Why, I often asked myself, had I not been brought up as a soldier or sailor instead of an underwriter? And I wondered how people could dislike the sea. True, there were sometimes storms, and the weather was not always serene; but, after all, storms were few and far between, and I felt sure that the hardships and perils of a seaman's life were grossly exaggerated. Only just before I left Liverpool, I met a man who had crossed the Atlantic half a dozen times without so much as encountering a gale of wind; and it was a notorious fact that A1 hard-wood ships, well commanded and manned, and not too deep in the water, seldom came to grief.

I one day talked in this strain to Captain Peyton. I said that I doubted whether a man was in greater danger on board a good ship than inside a good house, and that life on the ocean wave was far pleasanter than life ashore.

"I don't mean, of course, on board a warship in time of war," I added, remembering the experience of poor Mr. Hare.

"You think so because we have had such a pleasant voyage and made such good weather, so far," returned the skipper, with a smile, "and I am bound to say that sailing in these latitudes is pleasant. You would think differently, though, if you had ever faced a stiff gale in the North Atlantic, or tried to double Cape Horn in a snow-storm. And I don't agree with you about there being no more danger at sea than ashore. A landsman may live a long life without being once exposed to serious peril. A seaman can hardly make one long voyage without running serious risks. Not to speak of storms and cyclones, sunken rocks and unlighted shores, never a night passes that does not bring the possibility of a collision. The unexpected plays a far more important part at sea than ashore; so much so, that a prosperous, pleasant voyage always makes me a bit uneasy—"

"Like this, for instance?"

"Exactly. Like this. I cannot help thinking it is too good to last, and that Fortune is preparing us some scurvy trick. Who can tell? We may be run down in the night, or have foul weather before morning. All the same, I like my calling. Its very uncertainty is an attractio..; a true seaman likes it none the less for its element of danger; and I don't know that I dislike an occasional storm. There is real pleasure in commanding a stout, well-found, well-manned ship in a gale of wind."

"I can well believe it—for a born sailor like you. You are of an adventurous disposition, I think, Captain Peyton."

"I was once. But I am too old now to seek adventures; they must seek me."

"Well, I begin to think I should like a few adventures. My life has been desperately tame so far."

"Has not somebody said that adventures are to the adventurous? You will, may be, have a bellyful before you get back to Liverpool. Who knows?"

"Ay, who knows? I hope t.. will be agreeable, though."

"I don't think I could undertake to guarantee that," said the skipper, with a laugh. "Adventures are like babies—you must take them as they come. Step into my cabin and let us have a game of chess and a glass of grog. Everything is going on smoothly, and it is the first officer's watch."

I have already mentioned how we amused ourselves, and that as there was always something going on we never suffered from *ennui*. We had excitement, too, of a very mild sort, though often rather intense while it lasted; nothing more than exchanging numbers with passing ships, and so ascertaining their names—when they came near enough, which was not always. In point of fact, we had only exchanged numbers with four ships since we sailed; we had, however, passed a good many in the early part of our voyage, and when a vessel was sighted, it was always a matter of speculation and discussion whether she would come within signaling distance or not. The further we got, however, the rarer these meetings became, and for several days past we had not seen a single sail.

So, when, on the morning after my talk with Captain Peyton, one of the mates (a man with wonderfully good eyes), sweeping the horizon with his glass, announced that he could just see the topmast of some ship away to windward, there was quite a flutter of excitement. We passengers had our binoculars out in a moment, though, as our eyes were not quite so keen as those of the second mate, it was some time before we could make out, in the far distance, a couple of sticks that seemed to be emerging from the water, which Bucklow (the mate), a few minutes later, declared to be the masts of a brig.

We went on staring our hardest, and in the end were rewarded by seeing the hull of a large ship rise slowly from "the bosom of the deep."

"A brig under bare poles!" exclaimed Captain Peyton, who was one of the gazers. "No; she has her fore-course and fore-topmast-staysail set. But what on earth is she doing, and where steering?"

I had been asking myself the same questions, for the brig's movements were most eccentric; she wobbled about in every direction, as if she could not make up her mind toward which point of the compass she wanted to sail.

"Are the people aboard of her all asleep, I wonder?" asked the captain. "Run up our number, Mr. Chance" (the third mate). "We shall may be pass near enough to exchange signals."

"Halloo!" shouted Bucklow, the sharp-eyed. "There is something wrong yonder."

"What is it?" asked everybody else, pointing his glass in the same direction as that of the mate.

"The Union Jack upside down."

"A signal of distress! And she does not give her number," said the skipper. "Something very wrong, I should say. Alter the ship's course a point, Mr. Bucklow. We will run under her bows and hail her."

When we were near enough, the captain took his speaking-trumpet and hailed. But there came no answer. We could see nobody on deck; there was not even a man at the wheel.

"Queer!" said Captain Peyton, after he had hailed a second and third time. "I must go aboard and see what is up. Clear away the lee-quarter boat. Mr. Chance. Will you go with me, Mr. Erle?" turning to me. "Who knows that this is not the beginning of an adventure?"

"It is an adventure," I answered. "Thanks for the offer. I will go with you gladly."

So the sails were backed, the ship brought to, and the boat being lowered, we slipped into her and were quickly alongside the brig. As another hail produced no effect, one of the four seamen who were with us climbed up the fore-chains and threw us a rope, up which Peyton, myself, and two of the seamen swarmed, one after the other, hand over hand.

"Anybody on board, Bill?" asked the captain, as he put his foot on the deck.

"Not as far as I can see," said the seaman who had thrown us the rope. "But there's some very queer smells knocking about."

"Let us take a turn round the deck, and then we will go below. It looks as if the crew had deserted her. Why, I wonder? She seems all right and tight; and if her rigging is all sixes and sevens, that's easily accounted— Halloo! What's that in the lee-scuppers, abaft the mainmast, there?"

"It looks like a bundle of old clothes," said Bill.

"It is a man's body. Turn it around, Bill."

Bill lifted the body up and propped it in a sitting posture against the bulwarks.

All gave back an exclamation of dismay. It was the most revolting sight I had ever set eyes upon. The face was putrid, swollen, and almost black. One eye was wide open; the other, together with a part of the cheek, had been eaten away. One of the poor wretch's arms having been stretched out as he fell, had stiffened as he died, and now pointed its yellow and almost fleshless fingers at Captain Peyton.

"God bless me!" he exclaimed, in an awe-struck voice. "I do believe it's a fever ship!"

"You surely don't mean that all the crew have died of fever?"

"I am afraid so; but we will soon see?"

There were two houses on deck, one of them being evidently the master's quarters. Peyton opened the door and peered in fearfully. I looked over his shoulder. In the bunk lay a blackened corpse, a troop of hideous rats gnawing at the face. On the floor was another corpse and more rats.

The captain drew back with a shudder, and closed the door.

"Yes," he said, "they are all dead, sure enough. I wonder where she hails from and what her cargo is? If I could only get a look at the manifest, or the log-book! I dare say they are in the poor skipper's cabin, and I am not going there again. We will just have a peep at the hold, though. No harm in that."

As he spoke he slipped down the hatchway, and in five minutes came back with the news that she was timber laden.

"Does anybody know her name?" he asked.

"Yes," says Bill; "it is on the binnacle and the wheel—'Lady Jane.'"

"I know her," I said, drawing on my recollection of "Lloyd's Register." "She belongs to Hart & Coverdale, of Liverpool—master, Williamson; built at Nova Scotia about ten years ago, if I remember rightly. I think we once insured her for a voyage to Honduras and back."

"That's it; I thought so. She hails from Belize—that is where they got the fever, no doubt—and her cargo consists of mahogany and logwood. A valuable cargo that, Mr. Erle. What do you think she is worth, now—ship, cargo, and everything; lock, stock, barrel, and clinker?"

"Speaking roughly, I should say from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds."

"And she's a derelict. Nearly all that money would go to the owners, with a thumping share to the officers and crew; and I am part owner."

"If you take her into port—"

"And that is what I mean to do. One way and another, it would bring me a few thousands—anyhow, enough, with what I have, to make me independent for life, and be a nice provision for the wife and children when I die. Yes; I will take the 'Lady Jane' into port—if I can."

"But, surely, Captain Peyton, you will not put any of your crew on board? Why, she is a regular pest-house; and the sooner I am off her the better I shall be pleased."

"Only a couple of volunteers to take the wheel, turn and turn about. But once here they must stay here. There will be no communication whatever between the two ships, no more than if they were a hundred miles apart. The two men who volunteer shall bring their own water and provisions, so that the risk they run will be of the very slightest."

"Do you think anybody will volunteer?"

"You will see when we get back. Yes, I shall take the 'Lady Jane' in tow, and if the weather holds good, I will have her at Nassau in ten days or less."

"And if the weather does not hold good?"

"Then we shall have to cast her off."

"And you really do not think that in all this there is any risk?"

"For the two men who come aboard there may be some slight risk of infection; but for us, none whatever. The fever cannot fly over the water or creep along the hawsers. Besides, I never knew one ship take yellow fever from another. It is a land disorder, and ships bring it with them from places where it is epidemic. They never get it at sea."

"You think it is yellow fever, then?"

"Of course; what else can it be? I saw it at once when Bill turned that poor devil over. He must have died on deck and rolled into the scupper. And now, if you please, we will return to the 'Diana.'"

I said no more, yet I could not help feeling that Captain Peyton was making a mistake which might cost us dear. He was letting greed obscure his usually clear judgment. The moment he had ascertained the "Lady Jane's" character, he should have got out of her way as quickly as possible. The idea of having a pest-ship trailing after us for ten days—more likely fourteen—was to me simply horrible. I did not forget that I was supposed to be proof against yellow fever; yet the fact, if fact it were, gave me no comfort, and I returned to the "Diana" full of uneasy thoughts and gloomy forebodings.

The unexpected was happening with a vengeance!

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FIRST VICTIM.

As soon as we were on board the "Diana" the captain gave every man who had been with him a glass of grog, and after taking one himself, sprinkled us all with carbolic acid and water, and ordered Bill Bailey (the quarter-master, who had handled the corpse) to change his clothes, and disinfect those he had worn by dampening them with a similar mixture, and hanging them up in the sun until they were dry.

This done, Peyton called the crew together and made them a little speech. He said that the "Lady Jane" carried a very valuable cargo, and that if we towed her into port the salvage would produce something very handsome, of which every seaman on board would be entitled to a share. With proper precautions he did not think there was any risk worth mentioning, and he reckoned that they could easily reach Nassau in ten days. There was, however, one difficulty. If the "Lady Jane" was taken in tow, somebody would have to go on board to steer her. Two hands would be enough. They could take the wheel turn and turn about. There was no denying that they would run a certain amount of risk; but if they took their own water and provisions, and slept on deck, he felt sure they would be quite safe. There was no antidote for infection like sea air. At the same time he would use neither compulsion nor persuasion. If anybody chose to volunteer, that would be another matter; and the two men who did so should receive, over and above their share of the salvage, fifty pounds apiece. Were any of them disposed to volunteer on these conditions?"

The question was answered by a shout, and at least two-thirds of the crew volunteered on the spot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Temperance Lesson.

I heard an instructive conversation yesterday between two old topers, in a certain chophouse in this city. A dray went by laden with barrels filled with some kind of liquor. The old topers were struck with the size of the barrels, and one said to the other:

"Tom, those hogsheads hold more than even you ever drunk in your life, and that's saying a good deal."

"Yes," replied his companion, "more than I ever drunk, but not half what you've drunk, Jim."

"What are you talking about?"

"About just what I mean. I'll bet you a quart of champagne, and leave it to the proprietor, that I can prove by your own mouth that you have drunk twice as much liquor in your life as those hogsheads could hold.

"Done."

The proprietor was called; the bet was stated to him, and the proof was begun. Said Tom:

"Jim, how old are you?" "Fifty-six." "When did you begin drinking?" "When I was about 21." "And you have drunk steadily every since?" "Yes." "How many drinks do you average a day?" This was a delicate question. But after some discussion, Jim owned up to six drinks a day. Tom was magnanimous. Said he: "I won't be as hard on you as that. I will assume that you have only drunk a gill of whisky a day for thirty-five years, which you must admit is a very light estimate. Now, a gill a day is about twelve gallons a year, thirty-five times twelve is 420 gallons. Those were 40-gallon barrels on the dray. So you have drunk what would more than fill ten of them. There were only five on the dray."

Jim was dumfounded at Tom's arithmetic. Tom chuckled and called for the bottle of wine. Just as it was brought, Jim roused himself from some probably as serious thoughts as he had had for a long time. "Tom," said he, laying his hand on his friend's arm and speaking very earnestly, "for heaven's sake don't tell my wife of this little calculation of yours. I believe its true, and if she were to hear of it, it would drive her crazy. Don't tell your wife, either, for she would tell mine. Tom gave the required promise, and the two "old boys" drank the wine in silence. Tom's mathematic's seemed to have a solemn effect on them both.—*N. Y. Star.*

Bret Harte in London.

Bret Harte is now living in a quiet cottage, in Grove End Road, near St. John's Wood, writes Eli Perkins. He is getting old, and his hair is white; but the novelist retains all his old fire. His books sell immensely in England—more than those of any other American writer. Mr. Harte's family is not with him, and the general impression in London is that he is a widower. Mr. Joseph Hatton, a warm friend and neighbor of Mr. Harte, informs me that he is now in the Consular service. No American is invited into the best English society more than Bret Harte. His American stories warm the English heart. They never tire about the novelist's story about the first jury trial in California, and this is the way he told it the other night.

"It was over in the Mariposa Gulch in '50. They had never had a jury trial there. If a man stole a horse they lynched him, and that settled it. But the people, many of whom came from Massachusetts, began to tire of lynch law, and sigh for the good old jury trial of the East. So one day, when Bill Stevens had jumped a poor man's claim, the Massachusetts fellows resolved to give him a good old-fashioned jury trial. They took him into the back end of a board post office, selected a jury, and the trial commenced. Dozens of witnesses were called, and finally the jury retired to agree upon a verdict. When they had about concluded that Jim was innocent, the boys outside came banging at the door.

"What do you fellows want?" asked the foreman through the key-hole.

"We want to know if you hain't almost agreed on the verdict. If you hain't, you'll have to get out. We want this room to lay out the corpse in!"

The First Sewing-Machine.

It is strange how badly we get important matters of history mixed. Ask any well-informed person who invented the sewing-machine and the reply will be Elias Howe, which is far from the truth in the case. The first sewing-machine was patented in England by Thos. Saint in 1760, sixty years before Howe was born. One of Saint's old machines is now on exhibition in the Royal Agricultural hall, Islington, England.—*St. Louis Republic.*

A tea trust has been formed in Tokio, in Japan, to restore the declining tea trade in that country.

THE LAKE GALILEE.

DR. TALMAGE'S SAIL OVER THE FAMOUS BIBLICAL LAKE.

"A Section of the Sea of Glass, Described by St. John, Let Down From Heaven on Silver Pulleys."—Jesus, the Sympatizer, the Emancipator, the Pardon-Granter, the Merciful, the Comforter.—Heaven for All.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1890.—Dr. Talmage preached today the tenth of his series of sermons on his Palestine tour, describing his experiences on the lake whose waters were once stilled at the command of Christ. The text was: "He entered into a ship and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land."—Mark 4, 1.

It is Monday morning in our Palestine experiences, and the sky is a blue Galilee above, as in the boat we sail the blue Galilee beneath. It is thirteen miles long and six miles wide, but the atmosphere is so clear it seems as if I could cast a stone from beach to beach. The lake looks as though it had been let down silver pulleys from the heavens and were a section of the sea of glass that St. John describes as a part of the celestial landscape. Lake Galilee is a depression of six hundred feet in which the river Jordan widens and tarries a little, for the river Jordan comes in at its north side and departs from its south side, so this lake has its cradle and its grave. Its white satin cradle is among the snows of Mount Hermon where the Jordan starts, and its sepulchre is the Dead Sea into which the Jordan empties. Lake Como of Italy, Lake Geneva of Switzerland, Lake Lomond of Scotland, Lake Winnipesaukee of America, are larger, but Lake Galilee is the greatest diamond that ever dropped from the finger of the clouds, and whether encamped on its banks as we were yesterday and worshipping at its crystal altars, or wading into its waves which make an ordinary bath solemn as a baptism, or now putting out upon its sparkling surface in a boat, it is something to talk about, and pray about, and sing about, until the lips with which we now describe it can neither talk, nor pray, nor sing.

Of the two hundred and thirty war ships Josephus manoeuvred on these waters—for Josephus was a warrior as well as a historian—there remains not one piece of a hulk, or one patch of a canvas, or one splinter of an oar. But return to America we never will until we have had a sail upon this inland sea. Not from a wharf but from a beach covered with black and white pebbles we go on board a boat of about ten or twelve tons, to be propelled partly by sail and partly by water. The mast leans so far forward that it seems about to fall, but we find it was purposely so built, and the rope through a pulley manages to hoist and let down the sail. It is a rough boat and as far as possible removed from a Venetian gondola or a sportsman's yacht. With a common saw and hammer and axe many of you could make a better one. Four barefooted Arabs, instead of sitting down to their oars, stand as they always do in rowing, and pull away from shore. I insist on helping, for there is nothing more exhilarating to me than rowing, but I soon had enough of the clumsy oars, and the awkward attempt at wielding them while instanding posture.

We put our overcoats and shawls on a small deck in the stern of the boat, the very kind of a deck where Christ lay on fisherman's coat, when of old a tempest bounced upon the fishing smack of the affrighted disciples. Ospreys and wild duck and kingfishers fly overhead or dip their wings into the lake, mistaking it for a fragment of fallen sky. Can it be that those Bible stories about sudden storms on this lake are true? Is it possible that a sea of such seeming placidity of temper could ever rise and rage at the heavens? It does not seem as if this happy family of elements could have ever had a falling out and the water strike at the clouds and the clouds strike at the water.

Infidelity scoffs at the idea that those swine should have run into the lake. But it was quite natural that under the heat and burning of that demoniac possession, they would start for the water to get cooled off. Would that all the swine thus possessed had plunged to the same drowning for to this day the descendants of some of those porcine creatures retain the demons, and as the devils were cast out of man into them, they now afflict the human race with the devils of scrofula that comes from eating the unclean meat. The healthiest people on earth are the Israelites because they follow the bill of fare which God in the book of Leviticus gave to the human race, and our splendid French Doctor Pasteur, and our glorious German, Doctor Koch, may go on with their good work of killing parasites in the human system; but until the world corrects its diet and goes back to the Divine regulation at the beginning, the human race will continue to be possessed of the devils of microbe and parasite. But I did not mean to cross over to the eastern side of Lake Galilee even in discussion.

Here at Capernaum, the Arabs having in their arms carried us ashore to the only place where Our Lord ever had a pastorate, and we stepped amid the ruins of the church where He preached again and again, and again, whose rich sculpturing lay the synagogue, there, not as when others see it in spring time covered with weeds, and loathsome with reptiles, but in that December weather completely uncovered to our agitated and intense gaze. On one stone of that synagogue is the sculpturing of a pot of manna, an artistic commemoration of the time when the Israelites were fed by manna in the wilderness, and to which sculpturing no doubt Christ pointed upward while He was preaching that sermon, on this very spot, in which He said: "Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead; He that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Wonderful Capernaum. Scene of more miracles than any place in all the earth! Blind eyes kindling with the morning. Withered arms made to pulsate. Lepers blooming into health. The dead girl reanimated.

These Arab tents, which on this December day I find in Palestine, disappear and I see Capernaum as it was when Jesus was pastor of the church here. Look at that wealthy home, the architecture, the marble front, the upholstery, the slaves in uniform at the doorway. It is the residence of a courtier of Herod, probably Chuza by name, his wife, Joanna, a christian disciple. But something is the matter. The slaves are in great excitement, and the courtier living there runs down the front steps and takes a horse and puts him at full run across the country. The boy of of that nobleman is dying of typhoid fever. All the doctors have failed to give relief. But about five miles up the country, at Cana, there is a Divine Doctor, Jesus by name, and the agonized father has gone for Him, and with what earnestness those can understand who have had a dying child in the house. This courtier cries to Christ: "Come down ere my child die!"

While the father is absent, and at one o'clock in the afternoon, the people watching the dying boy see a change in the countenance, and Joanna, the mother, on one side of his couch, says, "Why, this darling is getting well; the fever has broken; see the perspiration on his forehead; did any of you give him any new kind of medicine?" "No," is the answer. The boy turns on his pillow, his delirium gone, and asks for something to eat and says: "Where's father?" Oh, he has gone up to Cana to get a young doctor of about thirty-one years of age. But no doctor is needed now in this house at Capernaum. The people look at the sun-dial to find what time of the day it is, and see it is just past noon, and one o'clock. Then they start out and meet the returning father and as soon as they come within speaking distance they shout at the top of their voices, "Your boy is getting well again." "Is it possible?" says the father, "when did the change for the better take place?" "One o'clock," is the answer. "Why," says the courtier, "that is just the hour that Jesus said to me 'Thy son liveth.' One o'clock."

As they gather at the evening meal what gladness in all the countenances in that home in Capernaum! The mother, Joanna, has not had sleep for many nights and she now falls off into delightful slumber. The father, Chuza, the Herodian courtier, worn out with anxiety as well as by the rapid journey to and from Cana is soon in restful unconsciousness. Joanna was a Christian before, but I warrant she was more of a Christian afterward. Did the father Chuza accept the Christ who had cured his boy? Is there in all the earth a parent so ungrateful for the convalescence or restoration of an imperilled child as not to go into a room and kneel down and make surrender to the almighty love that came to the rescue.

Do not mix up this case with the angry discussions about Christian science, but accept the doctrine, as old as the Bible, that God does answer prayer for the sick. That Capernaum boy was not the only illustration of the fact that prayer is mightier than a typhoid fever. And there is not a doctor of large practice but has come into the sick room of some hopeless case and, in a cheerful manner, if he were a Christian, or with a bewildered manner if he were a skeptic, said, "Well, what have you been doing with this patient? What have you been giving him? The pulse is better. The crisis is past. After all, I think he will get well." Prayer will yet be acknowledged in the world's materia medica and the cry is just as appropriate now as when Chuza, the courtier from Capernaum uttered in Christ's hearing: "Come down ere my child die!" If the prayer be not answered in the way we wish, it is because God has something better for the child than earthly recovery, and there are thousands of men and women now alive in answer to fathers' and mothers' prayers, myself one of the multitude. For I have heard my parents tell how when at three years of age scarlet fever seemed to have done its full work on me and the physicians had said there was no more use of their coming and they had left a few simple directions to make the remaining hours peaceful, and according to the custom in those times in country places, the neighbors had already come in and made the shroud, the forlorn case suddenly brightened and the prayer "Come down ere my child die!" was answered in a recovery that has not been followed by a moment's sickness from that time to this.

But someone may say that Christ in Capernaum healed that courtier's child, yet he would not have done it for one in humble life. Why, in that very Capernaum he did the same thing for a dying slave, belonging to the man who had made a present to the town of the church of which Jesus was pastor, the synagogue among whose ruins I today leap from fragment to fragment. This was the cure of a Roman soldier's slave, whose only acknowledged rights were the wishes of his owner. And none are now so enslaved or so humble or so sick or so sinful, but the all-sympathetic Christ is ready to help them, ready to cure them, ready to emancipate them. Hear it! Pardon for all. Mercy for all. Help for all. Comfort for all. Heaven for all. Oh, this Lake Galilee! What a refreshment for Christ it must have been after sympathizing with the sick, and raising the dead, and preaching to the multitudes all day long to come down on these banks in the night-time and feel the cool air of the sea on his hot face, and look up to the stars, the lighted lamps around the heavenly palace from which he had descended.

All heaven and earth were still; from the high post
Of stars to the hilled lake and mountain coast,
All heaven and earth were still—though not in sleep,
But breathless as we grow when feeling most.

"But," says some one, "why was it that Christ coming to save the world should spend so much of his time on and around so solitary a place as Lake Galilee? There is only one city of any size on its beach, and both the Western and Eastern shores are a solitude, broken only by the sounds coming from the mud hovels of the degraded. Why did not Christ begin at Babylon the mighty, at Athens the learned, at Cairo the historic, at Thebes the hundred-gated, at Rome the triumphant? If Christ was going to save the world, why not go where the world's people dwell? Would a man, wishing to revolutionize for good the American continent, pass his time amid the fishing huts of the shores of Newfoundland? My friends, Galilee was the hub of the wheel of civilization and art, and the center of a population that staggers realization. On the shores of the lake we sail today stood nine great cities—Scythopolis, Tarichæ, Hippos, Gamala, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, Tiberias—and many villages, the smallest of which had 15,000 inhabitants, according to Josephus, and reaching from the beach back into the country in all directions. Palaces, temples, coliseums, gymnasiums, amphitheatres, towers, gardens terraced on the hillsides, fountains bewildering with sunlight, baths upon whose mosaic floors kings trod; while this lake from where the Jordan enters it to where the Jordan leaves it, was beautiful with all styles of Shallop, or dreadful with all builds of war galleon. Four thousand ships, history says, were at one time upon these waters. Battles were fought there which shocked all nations with their consequences.

Here mingling blood with pure and sparkling foam,
In her last throes Judæa fought with Rome.

Upon those sea-fights looked Vespasian, and Titus and Trojan, and whole empires. From one of these naval encounters so many of the dead floated to the beach, they could not soon enough be entombed, and a plague was threatened. Twelve hundred soldiers escaping from these vessels of war were one day massacred in the ampitheatre at Tiberias. For three hundred years that almost continuous city encircling Lake Galilee was the metropolis of our planet. It was to the very heart of the world that Jesus came to soothe its sorrows, and pardon its sins, and heal its sick, and emancipate its enslaved and reanimate its dead.

Thank God that I have seen this lake of Christly memories, and I can say with Robert McCheyne, the ascended minister o Scotland, who, seated on the banks of this lake, wrote in his last sick days and just before he crossed not the Jordan that empties into Galilee but the Jordan that empties into the "Sea of glass mingled with fire;" these sweet words fit to be played by human fingers on strung strings of earthly lute, or by angelic fingers on seraphic harps:

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
O Savior! gone to God's right hand
Yet the same Savior still
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

"I am accused of possessing talent," said a conceited man. "If you are ever tried you'll be acquitted," replied one who knew him.

SENATOR JONES'S GRUB STAKE.

A Thousand Dollars He Loaned a Miner Brought Him Millions.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, is one of your self-made men. He commenced life poor. But a year old when his parents came from Herefordshire England, he has made his way to the top by dint of hard work and the exercise of considerable shrewdness. Like Senator Sanders, of Montana, who made his first ten-strike out of a claim he staked out in a graveyard, Senator Jones' first streak of luck was purely accidental, as nearly all streaks of luck are.

The story goes that when Jones was in California he stumbled across his pile in the following remarkable manner: He lived in a certain county that Bret Harte made famous—Tuolumne, the veracious chroniclers assert—and during the gold excitement kept a small grocery store. He did a thriving trade: prices were high in those days in California, and after a few years Jones had amassed a few thousand dollars. Up the mountain a piece lived a solitary miner. He was poor, had the reputation of being shiftless, but despite the report was always busy.

One day he called on Jones.

"Say, Jones I think I've got a bonanza in that claim of mine," said the poor miner.

Jones smiled. He had heard these stories before. He knew how great expectations were frequently never realized. Time, labor and money were usually wasted on what looked like something rich but that developed into snares, so Jones merely smiled.

"It's a big thing," persisted his visitor, and he proceeded to explain what the claim was and his reasons for being so sanguine. After several hours' talk the miner asked for an advance of $1,000 with which to buy tools and food. Jones demurred. A thousand dollars was a big enough sum, saved, as it had been, with much trouble and labor. But after all $1,000 cut no figure in comparison with the profits of a good mine. Jones finally told the miner he would see what could be done.

After nightfall and the Chinamen employed in the neighborhood had taken their departure Mr. Jones allowed the embers of his fire to die out. When satisfied no one was about he scraped away the ashes, raised the stone on which the fire was built and weighed out the necessary gold dust to make the $1,000. These little precautions were always taken in that region, where even robbers were more plentiful than fortunes.

The tools were bought, Jones lending the money and the miner promising him one-third of the profits of the mine. For months the solitary miner labored, but he did not strike the lead. He grew wan and hollow-eyed, and occasionally dropped in to see Jones. The latter had by this time abandoned all hope of ever seeing his money again.

"There's no gold up there," he would inform the exhausted miner.

"Yes, there is, insisted the latter, "if I could only strike it."

Affairs were now becoming desperate with the hopeful but penniless man. One day he called on Jones and after coughing apologetically, asked for some meal and bacon. He knew he would be successful eventually with his search, but provisions were out. Jones smiled again.

"It's like throwing it in a rat hole," he cheerfully observed as he dug out a side of bacon and gathered up a sack of corn-meal for his luckless partner. For four months nothing was heard of the old fellow, and Jones presumed he had either gone away or had died at his post up the gulch. Both suppositions were erroneous. The miner dashed into the store one day irradiated with joy. He had really struck his bonanza. The mine was sold for $3,000,000, and, faithful to his promise, the honest miner gave Jones one-third of it. Senator Jones's prosperity dated from that time.—*Pittsburg Post.*

He Told the Whole Truth.

The robust and healthful independence which should always be suggested by the name "American" has not been wholly monopolized by the girls, much of it as they now possess. A man of very genuine and inspiring independence was a witness in a western Pennsylvania court not long ago. A lawyer who had the cross-examining of this witness tells the story. Everything went well until a certain question had been asked and as much of it answered as fulfilled the lawyer's desires.

"Stop there! Don't tell any more about that."

"But there is more to tell. I haven't fully answered the question."

The muzzle was held firmly in place, but the witness was not subdued. Even when the court had rebuked him he was still respectfully insubordinate.

"I have been brought here by authority," he argued. "I have been required to take a solemn oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Now, you must allow me to keep the oath you made me swear. Neither court nor counsel has a right to force me into perjury because the counsel don't want just quite the whole truth. I insist on my right to give the remainder of my answer."

"And, if you'll believe me," said the disgusted lawyer, "that hayseed court sustained him, and I lost my case."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Bread From the Forests.

Ingenious people have long enough been engaged in breaking the seventa commandment by mixing a large variety of mineral and vegetable compounds with the flour from which our bread is made, but hitherto none of them have ventured to suggest the substitution of any such like substance for flour entirely. A German chemist, however, proposes to settle the question of failing grain crops and import duties on corn by converting the forests into loaves.

The fiber of wood consists essentially of cellulose, and this, by a chemical process known to himself, he intends to convert into starch. The researches of Hellrigel, he explains, show that certain plants transform nitrogen into albumen, and this process of nature, he asserts, can be improved by science. The production of starch from cellulose, together with the enforced increase of albumen in plants, would, it is argued, make us indifferent to rust or blight in wheat and indifferent of foreign countries for our food supplies. But what is to happen when we have eaten up our forests is not stated.

The form of real estate deeds has been reduced from three pages to one in New York and the cost of recording from $1.75 to 50 cents and $1 each.