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LAST year was a peaceful one for Europe, and this year is likely to be the same. War preparations, however, go right on just the same, and the people's burdens are increasing.

A WICKED foreigner, visiting our shores some years ago, noted the fact that whenever the Indians are whipped it is a "glorious victory," and whenever the pale faces are defeated it is an "atrocious massacre."

IT must be discouraging to rich men who desire to leave their property to educational institutions to reflect that it has become almost impossible to do so without the estate having to stand a long and expensive lawsuit.

IT is all very nice to hear our country called the land of the free and the asylum for the oppressed, but when it comes to making it the world's poorhouse, or a stomach for receiving all of the non-assimilating refuse of creation, the poetry of the thing oozes out pretty fast.

IT takes only about $100 to buy a patent leg of the best kind, but it is worth much more than that for some men to risk their lives on one. Everything considered, the safest, most durable wooden leg is the old "stiff timber toe" of one straight piece. It has no weakness in its joints.

IT is a great pleasure to be able to speak of a man's good qualities. You very often hear men speak approvingly of another's mode of business or character, frequently alluding to his integrity, honesty, or probity as a business man. All this is very nice and makes a man feel that he is living a good life, trying to do something for himself as well as his fellow man.

IT is impossible to please everybody. If you amount to anything. If you stand firmly for the right, those in the wrong will hate you. If you be for a public measure, those opposed to it will oppose you; if you like and befriend your own friends, their enemies will dislike you. There is no way of pleasing everybody but to evaporate.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the success of Dr. Koch in dealing with the problem of tuberculosis will lead, if it has not already led, to a great advance along the line of bacteriological treatment. It will not be long before all contagious and poisonous diseases are met and combated by the same methods. Diptheria will be unquestionably one of the next in the list of experiments.

IT took over a thousand years to achieve our Anglo-Saxon civilization, and there is no method by which the Indians may be whirled through the same curriculum in a few generations. No more human, nor philanthropic suggestion has been made for the benefit of the Indians than the proposal to turn them over to the war department for semi-industrial military organization on the lines of their tribal relations.

IT is more than twenty years since Alaska was purchased of Russia, by Secretary Seward, acting for our government. The United States gained an immense but undeveloped territory, whose value was little known, by that purchase. It is certain now that that transfer was an advantage to this country, and it may be by this that Mr. Seward's services will be longest remembered. We are glad to see that a more full exploration of our purchase is soon to be made, congress having appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for this purpose.

IF Mr. Eiffel should visit the world's fair at Chicago in 1893 he would be compelled to admit that the famous tower which he designed and erected for the recent Paris exposition was a small and contemptible affair compared with the one which will there meet his astonished gaze. The Eiffel tower is to be completely outdone by enterprising Chicago capitalists. They intend to "see" Mr. Eiffel and go him 492 feet better. They will erect a tower which, instead of stopping at the height of Eiffel's—1,000 feet—will be pushed skyward to the altitude of 1,492 feet.

THE question whether special or mixed farming should be practiced will never be settled for all, as it depends upon differing conditions. In some cases special farming is most profitable, but in a majority of cases when the locality, soil and the capacity of the owner are considered, it is doubtless wisest to practice mixed farming. So long as this is the case, while a few different crops and one or two kinds of stock will generally be relied upon for the chief income from the farm, yet a little planning will allow the crowding in of a few by-crops without reducing the acreage of the main ones.

IT is now nearly one hundred years since that amiable clergyman, Mr. Malthus, made himself famous by speculating upon the increase of population. As he figured it this little earth of ours was in imminent danger of being fairly overrun by folks, and its resources exhausted in a vain attempt to keep the human family supplied with food and the other necessaries of life. As seen from the outlook of his study the world was a boat above the Niagara, steadily nearing the inevitable catastrophe and doomed, unless some unforeseen rope of rescue was thrown out to it, to go over the falls. But subsequent philosophising on the subject has dispelled that apprehension. Geometrical progression is one of the fixed factors in events of all kinds, but it has its limitations.

A QUEER RACE.

A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

The office of Protector was made hereditary in Fane's own family; but on the strictest principle of primogeniture—in other words, the first-born child was to succeed whatever might be its sex. Sons and daughters were placed on a perfect equality. The Council of Nine had, however, a right of veto, and it was about the only right they possessed. In the event of two thirds of their number declaring that, in their opinion, the heir or heiress was physically or mentally unfit, or morally unworthy to rule, he or she would have to stand aside in favor of the next child in the line of succession.

Denzil Fane lived long enough to consolidate his authority, firmly establish his dynasty, and organize, according to his own ideas, the community of which he was the head. He ruled the Fair Island for nearly half a century, and died full of years and of honors. The islanders revered his memory as the children of Israel revered the memory of Moses, and even more religiously than the Americans of to-day revere the memory of George Washington. His recorded opinions were held in high honor, and the views and sayings ascribed to him by tradition had almost the force of law.

CHAPTER XIX.—WHY NOT QUEEN?

Although I spent half the night in poring over logbooks and other records, and conversing with Field—who, now that the ice was broken, threw aside his reserve, and treated me with all the cordiality I could desire—I rose next morning before the sun, and, accompanied by Bolsover and my host, and ten fishermen, went on board the "Diana" to prepare for the reception of Queen Mab.

On our way Editor Field explained how the present ruler came to her title. Two years previously Mabel Fane had succeeded her father, the fourth Protector; and as she strongly objected to the appellation as being unsuitable for a young woman, and the Council of Nine concurred in the objection, it became necessary to choose another. The choice was, however, attended with some difficulty. "Protectress," besides being questionable English, did not sound well. "Governess," beside sounding worse, was generally used in another sense. "Chief" and "President" have no feminine, and Miss Fane made it a condition sine qua non that the title selected should denote her sex.

The difficulty was solved by an ingenious member of the council. "Why not queen?" he said. "It is the feminine of king; and 'king,' in the original signification of the word, meant simply 'the man who can'—the strong man, in fact; he who is best qualified to be leader and chief. Hence 'queen' means the 'woman who can,' and no more implies divine right or royal descent than the title of 'Protector' chosen by the first Denzil."

Mabel liked the idea. She decided on the spot that she should be called "queen;" but strictly in the sense mentioned by the member of the council to whom the suggestion was due. As for the shortening of her Christian name to Mab, which was almost in the nature of things, she rather liked it. "Queen Mab" sounded so much better than "Queen Mabel," she said.

"What sort of a queen does she make?" I asked Field.

"A very queenly one, I should say," he answered, with a smile; "and as you have seen already, she is rather absolute. But she is both able and well instructed. Indeed, I think she is the ablest ruler we have had since the first Denzil."

"She is a woman who can?"

"Exactly. But between you and me"—dropping his voice—"I fear that she does not hold her great ancestor's maxims in quite so much respect as might be desired. She has done several things which do not quite square with his recorded opinions; and on one occasion, when I ventured to remonstrate with her, she said—this is strictly between ourselves, Mr. Erle—she actually said—I can hardly bring myself to repeat the words—'A fig for old Denzil! There!'"

"God bless me! I can hardly believe—"

"She did, though, I assure you. It is quite true that she remembered herself the next moment, and said she regretted having spoken so hastily. But the words were spoken, and I shall never forget them!"

"Yes," I replied, sympathetically; "they must have made you feel pretty bad. So the queen is hasty sometimes?"

"Rather; but then you must remember that she is young, and lacks experience; she is quick-tempered, too, and just as quick, I am bound to say, to acknowledge a fault or own to a mistake. Of a right noble nature is Queen Mab."

Once on board the "Diana," I set to work with two of the men to get up steam, while the others, under Bolsover's directions, occupied themselves in putting the ship to rights, swabbing the decks, and otherwise, as he expressed it, "making her fit to be seen."

I saw with great regret that disappointment about the treasure had made old Tom quite another man. It seemed to have changed his character. Instead of the simple-hearted, cheerful, chatty fellow he had once been, he was taciturn and morose. He did everything I wanted; but I found it impossible to draw him into conversation; he answered me only in monosyllables. Something had come between us; we were no longer the close friends we had been, and I felt sure, from his manner, that by a strange perversion of ideas he held me to blame for the shattering of his illusion; or, perhaps, considering the treasure rightly his, he thought I should have claimed it on his behalf.

All this both annoyed and grieved me, not only because I had a sincere respect for old Tom, but because I began to fear that we should not find it very easy to get away from Fair Island, and that unless we pulled together we might not get away at all.

After we had been on board some three hours, and everything was in readiness, Queen Mab arrived in a large boat, manned by half a dozen slaves, which was speedily followed by two other boats, bringing a brave company of men and women, principally composed, as I afterward learned, of members of the Fane family and their kindred.

When I had shown them round the decks, I took them into the engine-room, and explained, as well as I could, how the engine worked. Then the capstan was manned and the anchor weighed. Tom took the wheel, and I started the engine. I need not repeat the exclamations of surprise which this proceeding called forth, nor the thousand and one questions which I had to answer. To use a somewhat trite phrase, they may be more easily imagined than described.

The most curious of the company was Queen Mab. After going on deck to make sure that the ship really moved and see how it did move, she returned to the engine-room, plied me with questions, watched everything I did, and remained with me until we reached the mouth of the cove, where (the place being well sheltered) we had decided to let go the anchor.

It was still early in the day, and I thought the best thing we could now do was to overhaul a part of the cargo, so we opened the hold, rigged a derrick, and hoisted up a few of the cases. The first we opened was a case of Manchester prints; the next contained silks and mixed goods. Mab and all the women on board were in ecstasies. The island did not produce silk, and none of them had ever seen a piece of print in their lives before. The queen took one of the prettiest (by no means the gaudiest; she showed good taste), and drawing it round her like a robe, asked the others how it suited her.

"If you will come with me into the saloon," I said, "you shall see for yourself."

"I don't know what you mean; but go on—I will follow," was the answer.

So a few lengths of the print were cut off, and we went into the saloon, which happened to be rather prettily decorated with painted panels and long mirrors. The surprise and delight of Mab and her maidens were really comic, and amused me immensely. They had never seen themselves full length before. Looking-glasses were not manufactured in Fair Island, the only mirror the queen possessed being a relic from the "Santa Anna," about the size of her hand, and very much cracked, and a precious possession it was. She would not have exchanged it for its weight in diamonds. I thought they would never have done contemplating the reflection of their figures and faces, and the most mottled seemed to be quite as satisfied with their complexions as the comparatively fair.

But nothing lasts forever, and after awhile we returned on deck and resumed our inspection of the cargo. What pleased most, after the silks, prints, and looking-glasses, were some pins and needles, which we found in a case of haberdashery; for albeit these articles were made on the island, they were of a very rude and primitive sort.

Queen Mab was in a fever of delight, and when I asked her to do me the favor of accepting one of the long mirrors (which, I explained, could easily be taken out and put in a frame,) she took both my hands in hers and said she would never, never be able to repay my kindness, a demonstration which, judging by their looks, did not altogether please some of those about her.

"Oh, I have forgotten all about the books!" she exclaimed, shortly afterward; "and they were what I most wanted to see. But you have so many wonderful things that I am really quite bewildered. Show me the books, please, Mr. Erle."

I said they were rather scattered about, and would require getting together, but if she would come again to the saloon I would show her some of them. So we went below a second time, and I fetched a number of books from my own berth and from some of the other berths, and put them on the table. Among them were several bound volumes of the "Graphic" and the "Illustrated London News," and other illustrated works. This was another surprise. The only picture the queen had ever seen before was a daub by a native artist. Engravings she never had seen before. As she turned over the leaves she became almost wild with excitement.

"Oh, how I should like to see England!" she exclaimed, after looking at the illustration of some English scene. "Would it be possible to go thither, I wonder?"

On this, all who were in the saloon—and it was quite full—regarded her with pained astonishment, as if they could hardly believe their own ears.

"Yes," she repeated, defiantly, "I should like to see England, and so would you, only you are afraid to say so. How I hate these hypocrisies!"

Then she turned to the pictures again. There were many which she could not understand, and she was continually demanding explanations.

"This," she said, smiling, "reminds me of Hamlet and Polonius. It is very like a whale."

"It is a whale," I said; "those men in the boat are harpooning him."

"You call it whale-hunting, I suppose?"

"'Whale-hunting' is not bad; but it is generally called whale-fishing."

"Did you ever see shark-hunting?"

"I have seen sharks hunt a man, if that is what you mean," I said, with a shudder, thinking of the terrible death of poor Peyton.

"I don't mean that; I mean men hunting sharks—'fighting' would perhaps be a better way of putting it."

"Never, and I don't—"

"You shall, then. It is splendid sport. We will have a hunt to-morrow. Which will you be, a hunter or a spectator?"

"Well, until I have seen something of the sport I think I would rather be a spectator," I answered, cautiously.

"You are wise," said the queen, dryly; "for unless you are a strong swimmer and very expert in the water— However, you will see. I suppose we may take some of these books and a few of these cases ashore with us?"

To this question there could, of course, be but one answer; and I was about to give orders accordingly, when somebody shouted from the top of the companion that Bolsover, who was still at the wheel, wanted me on deck.

The ship was still under way, for at Mab's request we had steamed slowly round the bay, and were now within a couple of miles from the place we had selected for an anchorage.

Tom was talking to Amyas Fane, with whom he seemed to have struck up a friendship, and who, knowing the coast thoroughly, was acting as pilot.

"Mr. Fane thinks as we had better run a bit further on than the place you thought of," said the boatswain. "He knows of a little inlet where we can moor her, stem and stern, and where she'll be almost as safe as if she was in dock. That'll be better than anchoring."

"But is there water enough?"

"Enough and to spare. Fourteen feet at low tide alongside the rocks."

"All right. Nothing could be better; and it will be so much handier for landing the cargo. If you and Mr. Fane will remain at the wheel and do what is necessary, I'll stand by the engine."

"Ay, ay, sir! I'll pass the word when you are to stop. I think you had better go slower a bit now. We shall have to send one of them boats ashore with a rope."

Half an hour later the ship was safely berthed, and moored stem and stern in such a way that she could rise and fall with the tide without touching the rocks, which rose sheer out of the water on either side of her.

This done, the cases selected by the queen, and the books, were lowered into the largest boat, and we all returned to Fairhaven. I was in the same boat with Mab and Field; old Tom went with Amyas Fane, and as we walked up from the jetty he informed me, rather curtly, that he should not go with me to Mr. Field's, but that he was going to stay with Mr. Fane.

"As you like, Bolsover," I replied, coldly, for his manner was not only unfriendly, but almost discourteous.

CHAPTER XX.—THE SHARK FIGHTERS.

"What relation is Amyas Fane to the queen?" I asked Field, as we sat smoking our pipes in the veranda of his house, and watching the crescent moon as it rose out of the mist beyond the Painted Rocks.

"He is the eldest son of her father's younger brother, and the next in the line of succession."

"You mean that if she were to die, he would become king?"

"Not king; protector."

"I mean protector. I have no certain information on the subject, but I take it for granted that she is not married?"

"No," laughed Field. "Mab is not married. I wish she were."

"Not likely to be?"

"Not that I am aware of; nor do I think she favors anybody."

"Does anybody favor her?"

"Oh, dear, yes! Most of our eligible young men would be glad to become Mab's husband. But I suppose she will choose for herself in good time."

Do your Fair Island ladies propose, then?"

"As often as not. Denzil was a strong advocate for the equality of the sexes; he said that when a young woman takes a fancy to any particular young man, there is no harm in her telling him so."

"And is that principle acted on at present?"

"As often as not. It is sometimes one way, sometimes the other."

I then asked my host how it was that the queen's expression of a desire to visit England should have caused so much surprise, not to say horror, among those who heard her.

"She said that, did she?" exclaimed Field, horrified in his turn. "What will she be saying next, I wonder? I don't think she was in earnest, though. She often says outrageous things, just to startle people; and 'pon my word, she succeeds. I can easily tell you why they were surprised. Her great-great-grandfather was one of the wisest men that ever lived. We have to thank him for all our happiness and prosperity; and there was nothing he more insisted upon than the necessity of preserving our independence; and so long as we maintain our isolation and keep the existence, or, at any rate, the whereabouts of Fair Island secret, we shall be safe from molestation. In his time he would let nobody leave the island, except, perhaps, for a sail round the coast, on any pretext whatever; and the rule has been enforced ever since. I ought rather to say that nobody has ever so much as expressed a desire to break it. (Mr. Fane was wise in his generation. The visit of a British man-of-war might have been rather awkward for him and some of his companions). You may judge, then, what a sensation Mab's declaration of a wish to visit England—which she could not well do without quitting the island—must needs create."

"I think I understand the great Denzil's motives for laying down such a rule," I said. "But how about strangers who come here by accident, like Bolsover and myself, for instance? Are they not allowed to leave?"

"The contingency does not seem to have been contemplated. All that Denzil said—you will find it in his valedictory address written a few months before his decease—all that he said was, 'Resist hostile strangers to the death, but friendly strangers welcome, and give them of your best.'"

"Nothing about letting them go?"

"Nothing; from which I infer that he did not desire to lay down any general rule on the subject, but rather that his successors should deal with any case that might arise strictly on its merits."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHY LITTLE HENRY CRIED.

'Twas Hard for Him to Find a Reason, but He Succeeded.

A little mite of a chap, hardly big enough to have got out of the skirts of his baby estate, but who had on a pair of ridiculous little trousers that made him look like a Dutch doll, trotted at his mother's side in Sixth avenue yesterday just where the throng was greatest and the sun was hottest, says the N. Y. *Evening Sun*. He was very hot and very moist and very tired and very cross, and, since, as we have said before, he was very tiny—not big enough to swear, you know—nothing else occurred to him but to cry. And cry he did, in the heartiest, most uncontained and uproarious manner until the tears furrowed big, white streaks down his smudgy face and turned all that had been ridiculous in the little figure into pure pathos. For there is only one sight in the world more pathetic than a crying child, and that is a smudgy-faced child crying. The dirt seems somehow to intensify the pitifulness of it, though one could scarcely tell why. But it does. And so half a dozen persons stopped to eye this woeful little figure, and to ask his broad-faced mother what calamity could have happened to the child. In vain the stout matron begged him to tell what the matter was. He only shook his head and roared the louder. "Hen'y, bist du sick?" she asked, anxiously. No, Hen'y wasn't sick.

"Den vy you so cry?" But Hen'y didn't say. He was only hot and tired and cross, and just why that should make him want to cry he didn't know, so he didn't try to tell. But he trusted to his bellowings to speak his defence. Then the soul of his mother was stirred to its placid German depths. She bent over and shook the little figure vigorously. "Now, Hen'y," she insisted, "you tell me vy you cry, order ven you get home I vip you und you know vy you cry," and she struck her hands together with resounding blows that nothing might be left to the imagination of the miserable entity at her side. Hen'y perceived, even in the oblivion of his grief, that a decisive moment had come. How should he meet it?

His fat little fists were working themselves deeper and deeper into his eyes. "I'm c'yin'," he sobbed out.

What was he crying for, anyway?

"I'm c'yin'," he started again. His mother gave him an admonitory shake.

"I'm c'yin'." In its wanderings his pudgy hand struck his nondescript little nose. It was pure inspiration. "I'm c'yin'," he bawled out, confidently; "I'm c'yin' 'cause my nose sticks out!"

And bigger persons than Hen'y do that very thing, too, sometimes, don't they?

Removal of Dandruff.

Dandruff is probably the most prevalent affection of the scalp, as well as a source of annoyance. It should be borne in mind that dandruff pertains to the scalp and not to the hair, except as it becomes mingled with it. The most natural method of removing it is with the comb and brush, but the comb should be carefully used. Part the hair, and an operator will soon acquire the faculty of lifting the scales without scattering them through the hair. When this has been done the brush will remove the stray particles. It is better, however, to prevent the accumulation than to submit to the necessity of scraping it from the skin, and fortunately there are simple remedies which, in the majority of cases, are effective.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Concerning the Hand.

One of the most common signs of want of good breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to elegant repose, or if they spontaneously move it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burned his hand off before the eyes of his captors he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude, and it was natural that amid the ferocious bravery of feudal times a bloody hand in the center of an escutcheon should become the badge of a baronet of England.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT THE EMBLEM OF PURITY.

The Wonders and Mysteries Contained in a Snowflake.—God Revealed in a Frozen Rain-drop.—How the Sinner May Become "Whiter Than Snow."

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1891.—Dr. Talmage's sermon this evening, which he also preached in the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the morning, was from Job 38, 22, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

Grossly maligned is the season of winter. The spring and summer and autumn have had many admirers, but winter, hoary-headed and white-bearded winter, hath had more enemies than friends. Yet without winter the human race would be inane and effortless. You might speak of the winter as the mother of tempests; I take it as the father of a whole family of physical, mental and spiritual energies. The most people that I know are strong in proportion to the number of snow banks they had to climb over, or push through, in childhood, while their fathers drove the sled loaded with logs through the crunching drifts high as the fences. At this season of the year when we are so familiar with the snow, those frozen vapors, those falling blossoms of the sky, those white angels of the atmosphere, those poems of the storm, those Iliads and Odysseys of the wintry tempest, I turn over the leaves of my Bible and—though most of it was written in a clime where snow seldom or never fell—I find many of these beautiful congelations. Though the writers may seldom or never have felt the cold touch of the snowflake on their cheek, they had in sight two mountains, the tops of which were suggestive. Other kings sometimes take off their crowns, but Lebanon and Mount Hermon all the year round and through the ages never lift the coronets of crystal from their foreheads. The first time we find a deep fall of snow in the Bible is where Samuel describes a fight between Benaiah and a lion in a pit; and though the snow may have crimsoned under the wounds of both man and brute, the shaggy monster rolled over dead and the giant was victor. But the snow is not fully recognized in the Bible until God interrogates Job, the scientist, concerning its wonders, saying: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

I rather think that Job may have examined the snow-flake with a microscope; for, although it is supposed that the microscope was invented long after Job's time, there had been wonders of glass long before the microscope and telescope of later day were thought of. So long ago as when the Coliseum was in its full splendor, Nero sat in the emperor's box of that grand theatre, which held a hundred thousand people, and looked at the combatants through a gem in his finger-ring which brought everything close up to his eye. Four hundred years before Christ, in the stores at Athens, were sold powerful glasses called "burning spheres," and Layard, the explorer, found a magnifying-glass amid the ruins of Ninevah, and in the palace of Nimrod. Whether through magnifying instrument or with unaided eye, I cannot say, but I am sure that Job somehow went through the galleries of the snowflake and counted its pillars and found wonders, raptures, mysteries, theologies, majesties, infinities walking up and down its corridors, as a result of the question which the Lord had asked him, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

And now I propose for your spiritual and everlasting profit, if you will accept my guidance, to take you through some of these wonders of crystillization. And notice first, God in the Littles. You may take Alpenstock and cross the Mer de Glace, the Sea of Ice, and ascend Mont Blanc which rises into the clouds like a pillar of the Great White Throne, or with Arctic explorer ascend the mountains around the North Pole and see glaciers a thousand feet high grinding against glaciers three thousand feet high. But I will take you on a less pretentious journey and show you God in the snowflake. There is room enough between its pillars for the great Jehovah to stand. In that one frozen drop on the tip of your finger you may find the throne-room of the Almighty. I rake up the snow in my hand see the coursers of celestial dominion pawing these crystal pavements. The telescope is grand, but I must confess that I am quite as much interested in the microscope. The one reveals the universe above us; the other, just as great a universe beneath us. But the telescope overwhelms me, while the microscope comforts me. What you want and I want especially is a God in littles. If we were seraphic or arch-angelic in our natures, we would want to study God in the great; but such small, weak, short-lived beings as you and I are, want to find God in the littles.

When I see the Maker of the universe giving himself to the architecture of a snowflake and making its shafts, its domes, its curves, its walls, its irradiations so perfect, I conclude he will look after our insignificant affairs. And if we are of more value than a sparrow most certainly we are of more value than an inanimate snowflake. So the Bible would chiefly impress us with God in the littles. It does not say, "Consider the clouds," but it says "Consider the lilies." It does not say, "Behold the tempests!" but, "Behold the fowls!" and it applauds a cup of cold water, and the widow's two mites, and says the hairs of your head are all numbered. Do not fear, therefore, that you are going to be lost in the crowd. Do not think that because you estimate yourself as only one snowflake among a three-days' January snowstorm that you will be forgotten. The birth and death of a drop of chilled vapor is as certainly regarded by the Lord as the creation and demolition of a planet. Nothing is big to God and nothing is small. What makes the honey industries of South Carolinia such a source of livelihood and wealth? It is because God teaches the lady-bug to make an opening in the rind of the apricot for the bee who cannot otherwise get at the juices of the fruit. So God sends the lady-bug ahead to prepare the way for the honey-bee. He teaches the ant to bite each grain of corn that she puts in the ground for winter food in order that it may not take root and so ruin the little granary. He teaches the raven in dry weather to throw pebbles into a hollow tree that the water far down and out of reach may come up within reach of the bird's beak. What a comfort that he is a God in the littles.

"Oh," says some one, "I would like to stop the forces of sin and crime that are marching for the conquest of the nations; but I am nobody. I have neither wealth nor eloquence nor social power. What can I do?" My brother, how much do you weigh? As much as a snowflake? "Oh yes." Then do your share. It is an aggregation of small influences that will yet put this lost world back into the bosom of a pardoning God. Alas that there are so many men and women who will not use the one talent because they have not ten, and will not give a penny because they cannot give a dollar, and will not speak as well as they can because they are not eloquent, and will not be a snowflake because they cannot be an avalanche. In earthly wars the generals get about all the credit, but in the war for God and righteousness and heaven all the private soldiers will get crowns of victory unfailing. When we reach heaven—by the grace of God may we all arrive there!—I do not think we will be able to begin the new song right away, because of the surprise we shall feel at the comparative rewards given. As we are being conducted along the street to our celestial residence, we will begin to ask where live some of those who were mighty on earth. We will ask, "Is so-and-so here?" and the answer will be, "Yes, I think he is in the city, but we don't hear much of him; he was good and he got in, but he took most of his pay in earthly applause; he had enough grace to get through the gate, but just where he lives I know not. He squeezed through somehow, although I think the gates took the skirts of his garments. I think he lives in one of those back streets in one of the plainer residences."

Then we see a palace, the door-steps of gold and the windows of agate, and the tower like the sun for brilliance, and chariots before the door, and people who look like princes and princesses going up and down the steps, and we shall say, "What one of the hierarchs lives here? That must be the residence of a Paul or a Milton, or some one whose name resounds throughout all the planet from which we have just ascended." "No, no," says our celestial dragoman, "that is the residence of a soul whom you never heard of. When she gave a charity her left hand knew not what her right hand did. There she comes now, out of her palace grounds, in her chariot behind those two white horses, for a ride on the banks of the river that flows from under the throne of God. Let me see. Did you not have in your world below an old classic which says something about 'These are they who came out of great tribulation, and they shall reign forever and ever?'"

As we pass up the street I find a good many on foot, and I say to the dragoman, "Who are these?" And when their name is pronounced I recognize that some of them were on earth great poets and great orators and great merchants and great warriors, and when I express my surprise about their going afoot, the dragoman says, "In this country people are rewarded not according to the number of their earthly talents, but according to the use they made of what they had." And then I thought to myself, "Why, that theory would make a snowflake that falls cheerfully and in the right place, and does all the work assigned it, as honorable as a whole Mont Blanc of snowflakes." "Yes, yes," says the celestial dragoman, "Many of these pearls that you find on the foreheads of the righteous, and many of the gems in the jewel case of prince and princess, are only the petrified snowflakes of earthly tempest, for God does not forget the promise made in regard to them: 'They shall be mine, said the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up my jewels.'" Accumulated power! All the prayers and charities and kindnesses and talents of all the good concentered and compacted will be the world's evangelization. This thought of the aggregation of the many smalls into that one mighty is another treasure of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion of the usefulness of sorrow. Absence of snow last winter made all nations sick. Within a few weeks it put tens of thousands into the grave. Called by a trivial name, the Russian grippe, it was an international plague. The snow is one of the grandest and best of the world's doctors.

Yes; it is necessary for the land's productiveness. Great snows in winter are generally followed by great harvests next summer. Scientific analysis has shown that snow contains a larger percentage of ammonia than rain, and hence its greater power of enrichment. Thank God for the snows, and may those of February be plentiful—high and deep and wide and enriching. But who with any analogical faculty can notice that out of such chill as the snow comes the wheat, without realizing that chilling sorrows produce harvests of grace! The strongest Christians, without any exception, are those who were by bereavements, or sickness, or poverty, or persecution, or all of them together, snowed under, and again snowed under. These snow-storms of trouble! They kill the malarias of the soul. They drive us out of worldly dependence to God. Call the roll of all the eminently pious of all the ages and you will find them the sons and daughters of sorrow. What proclaims the richest and most golden harvests that wave on all hills of heavenly rapture? The snows, the deep snows, the awful snows of earth by calamity. And the comforting thought is one of the treasures of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion that this mantle covering the earth is like the soul after it is forgiven. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow," said the Psalmist. I do not care who you are or where you are, you need as much as I do that cleansing. Do not take it as the tenet of an obsolete theology that our nature is corrupt. We must be changed. We must be made over again. We must be washed in the fountain of God's mercy before we can be whiter than snow. "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Oh, for the cleansing power!

If there be in all this audience one man or woman whose thoughts have always been right, and whose words always right, and whose actions always right, let such a one rise, or if already standing, lift the right hand. Not one! All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Unclean! Unclean! And yet we may be made whiter than snow; whiter than that which, on a cold winter's morning, after a night of storm, clothes the tree from bottom of trunk to top of highest branch; whiter than that which, this hour, makes the Adirondacks and the Sierra Nevada and Mount Washington heights of pomp and splendor fit to enthrone an archangel.

I declare to all you who are in the heavy and blinding drifts of sin and sorrow that there is a cross near by that can direct you to home, and peace, and God; and hear you not the ringing of the gospel bell hanging to that cross, saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it?" No wonder that the sacred poet put the Psalmist's thought into rhythm with that ringing chorus we have so often sung:

Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul.
Break down every idol, cast down every foe!
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!
Whiter than snow! yes, whiter than snow!
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!

First Bank Director—"I think we'd better let Collins go." Second B. D.—"Why? He's been our cashier for twenty-five years!" First B. D.—"I know, but he's too infernally honest. We don't get a chance to do any financiering."—*Life.*

"The public schools are a great benefit to public interests," said the thoughtful man to his neighbor, who is always kicking. "Yes," was the reply, "they are. I don't know what the school-book publishers would do without them."—*Washington Post.*

"Hypnotism is a great thing. I can hypnotize any one, and what I desire the subject to do he does." "See here, professor," said the little tailor, "I'll give you 10 per cent on all the collections you can hypnotize out of my customers."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Principal of Girls' Boarding School (to her butcher) — "From tomorrow you can send me three pounds of meat less than the usual quantity." "Have you lost some of your boarders?" "No; but four of the girls have fallen in love."—*Basler Nachrichten.*

Merchant—"I wish to insert an advertisement in the *Morning Bugle*." Clerk—"Yes, sir." "Commence it in this way: Pay Cash, and put those words in large letters." "Yes, sir." "And I wish you'd trust me for the amount for a month or so."—*Yankee Blade.*

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers, entire.

To the Editor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:

SIR: On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often fail to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared on the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I had at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths that occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity) but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterous power which removed them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy, or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B HENION, M. D.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

The Emperor of China wants to travel and see other countries; wants railroads; wants pavements; wants English clothes; wants modern tools for mechanics and farmers to work with, and has so much enterprise about him that he is considered light in the head.