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MARBLE HILL . . MISSOURI

AWAY down South a Georgia editor preaches a whole editorial sermon when he states in homely but forcible language: "The longer we run a newspaper and write about people and events the more we realize how impossible it is to scratch every man on the spot where he itches the most."

IN view of the fact that Columbia college has land in New York city worth $10,000,000 and that the endowments of Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and many other institutions of the kind mount up into the millions it does seem stupid of the Germans to ask what American institutions of learning are good for.

A PARIS dispatch announces a masculine fashion edict to abolish the custom of doffing the hat on meeting a lady acquaintance, and substitute an obeisance that consists of "placing the right hand impressively over the heart and bending the head slightly forward." Though a new one, this may be characterized as a bald-headed innovation.

OUR courts would do well to learn that a morphine, cocaine or morphine-cocaine fiend will steal, will lie and is utterly without sense of gratitude. One of the most dreadful effects of those drugs is that they destroy all moral sense in their slaves. The court or philanthropist who deals with "fiends," expecting them to respond to kindness or to appreciate confidence simply wastes time.

FROM occasional evidence that comes to the surface there is reason to believe that the army and the civil service of Russia are honeycombed with Nihilism. With so many elements of combustion in Russia, it would not be surprising if at an early day its despotic government should be swept away by a revolution more terrible than that which destroyed the French monarchy in 1789.

LORD ROTHSCHILD and Lord Randolph Churchill belong to a noble society which gives to 5,000 poor children every Christmas a magnificent banquet consisting of a Christmas card, a buttered roll, a currant bun, and a drink of coffee. It is hard to say how lordly munificence could go further unless the noble gentlemen added a lemon drop for each child and permitted each to kiss their aristocratic hands.

FRANCIS II. of Naples, that luckless Bourbon dunce, whose throne Garibaldi overthrew in 1860, and who is said to be one of Daudets "kings in exile," still lives in aimless comfortableness in Paris, where his sole activity is walking once a day from his apartment to the church of St. Philippe to say his prayers. He is rather small and insignificant in appearance, and looks like a pensioned bank clerk rather than a "monarch retired from business."

CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, of England, says that the work of the criminal courts of that country has decreased, and he believes the reason to be that the moral tone of the community is higher than it formerly was. Unfortunately this country has not yet seen any falling off in the number of its criminals, but perhaps a single fact will account both for the increase in crime here and the decrease elsewhere. Europe still continues to send a considerable portion of its criminals to this country. How much longer is the United States going to stand this?

THE claim is advanced that the human frame may be protected against the ravages of diphtheria by inoculation. Why not? What is possible as to small-pox is possible as to the other scourge. But the work goes on. Man is but using the intelligence given him by nature to look deep into nature's laws. Inquiry is patient but persistent. The rewards thus far have been great. The inception of Edison's laboratory was Franklin's kite. It has not been a great period from Watt's tea-kettle to the Corliss engine. Whatever his field the experimental philosopher has but to press forward.

A CHURCH society not far from Chicago has struck a method of raising the wind and its church debt that beats fairs, kirmesses and grab bags all hollow. They extended their large church debt for five years at 6 per cent. Then raising $2,000 cash among the members, they intrusted it to a sharp Chicago real estate dealer, and he went west. Near the limits of one of the booming western towns he purchased forty acres at $500 per acre. In other words, the church went speculating in dirt. It is confidently believed that in five years those forty acres will be so badly needed for building purposes that people wanting homes will pay the church $20 per foot, or $160,000.

BISMARCK, the builder of the German empire, represented the old, uncompromising and inflexible spirit which has made the united Germany of to-day the greatest military power on earth. He was a man of such directness in dealing with the German people that he was called "the Iron Chancellor," as Wellington was called "the Iron Duke;" yet he combined with the mailed glove of the despot a keen and shrewd diplomacy which won for Germany many peaceful victories, and which caused him to be feared by the ministers of every other power. He did not the grace of Talleyrand, but as soldier, statesman, diplomat and [illegible], he was entirely great. [illegible] William, [illegible] of Ger-

A QUEER RACE.

A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"So my fate depends on Queen Mab. Suppose, now, that after awhile—I am in no particular hurry—suppose I desire to leave the island, how shall I carry my purpose into effect—how get away? Assuming, of course, that the queen makes no objection."

"In that big ship of yours. How else?"

"If our chance of returning to England depends on Bolsover and me getting the 'Diana' past the Painted Rocks and through the mist, to say nothing of navigating her across the Atlantic, I am afraid we shall have to stay here for the term of our natural lives," I said, gloomily.

"And would you regard that as a misfortune? Where can you find a pleasanter country than this, or one where you could enjoy a greater measure of prosperity and contentment? The queen and the Council of Nine would be only too glad to give you land and slaves, and build you a house, and with your fair skin and red hair and beard you would be sure to have eligible offers of marriage—"

"My hair is not red: it is chestnut," I interposed, impatiently.

"Call it what you like; I only mean that it is very beautiful hair. Everybody admires it. The girls cannot keep their eyes off you. And I am sure you will not find finer women in the world than the Fanes (my mother was a Fane), and if their complexions cannot be described as exactly European, they have a beauty all their own. It is merely a matter of taste."

In this opinion I was able cordially to concur, although I did not say (as I thought) that piebald complexions were not to my taste. As to Mr. Field's proposal that I should settle on the island for good, I observed that, tempting as it was, I did not see my way to accept it; that I did not take kindly to the idea of never seeing England and my friends there again, and that if my mother did not receive news of me before long, she would be broken-hearted. To this he made no answer, and after some further conversation I repeated an inquiry I had already made more than once as to the position of the island; and producing a chart, I asked him to give me at least an approximate idea of its whereabouts.

"Not at present," he said, with a quiet smile. "You have only been here two or three days; why are you so eager to know everything? Have patience, my friend."

So I returned the chart to my pocket, and resolved, on the first opportunity, to put the same question to Miss Mab. To tell the truth, I felt rather disappointed that she had not invited me to spend the evening at the Queen's House (formerly Protector's House), as I found her dwelling was called.

Before we separated for the night, Field informed me that, as the shark-killing expedition would set out at sunrise, we should have to breakfast by candle-light, and that I was to be one of the queen's guests on board her own yacht.

I am always punctual, and at five the next morning I entered my host's dining-room, arrayed in my flannels, and we reached the jetty at the very moment that the sun emerged from the sea and chased the shadows from the mountain top.

We had not long to wait. The day was hardly born when the island queen, followed by a gay company of male and female Fanes and their kindred (who alone were admitted to her intimacy), came trooping down the hill. She greeted me very graciously, and invited me to join her party, an invitation which, I need scarcely say, was "accepted with thanks."

Rather to my surprise, her yacht, the "Sunflower," was a schooner of some seventy tons burden, solidly built, and well fitted and found. So soon as we were on board, the order was given to weigh anchor and make sail, and, followed by several other yachts and a crowd of similar boats, we moved slowly—the wind being light—down the creek.

"There they come!" cried Mab, pointing to a large boat, with a lug-sail, for which all the other boats respectfully made way.

It was the shark-hunters' boat, and contained eight men, six of whom were rowing, while one steered, and the other seemed to be attending to the sail. The coxswain, and apparently the captain, was Amyas Fane. In the bottom of the boat were two or three dark objects that looked like bundles of rags. As she passed us the crew gave a cheer, which was cordially returned by the people on the yacht.

"The shark-fighters, I suppose?" I said to the queen.

"Yes. What do you think of them?"

"I never saw a set of finer young fellows in my life."

And I never had. All were over six feet three, brawny and broad-shouldered, deep of chest and long of limb, and as lithe and active as so many cats. They were nearly naked, wearing only short drawers, but each man had on a belt, from which hung a sword, and their black hair was confined in a sort of fillet.

Their boat went ahead, and when she was well into the bay, about three miles from the furthest headland, the lug-sail was lowered, and one of the dark objects (which turned out to be goats) fastened to a line and thrown into the sea. Then the oars were unshipped, and Amyas Fane, standing up, saluted the queen, and said, half laughing—

"*Morituri te salutant.*"

After this a few minutes' silence, during which the other boats came up and formed a wide circle round the hunters' boat.

"Do you see that?" said Mab, in an intense whisper.

"That" was the dorsal fin of a shark, and the next moment the huge fish rolled over, and opening his great jaws, bit the goat in two. Then another floated up from unseen depths and tried to tear the precious morsel from his companion's mouth, while a third, darting suddenly forward, snapped up the remaining portion.

"Now!" shouted the captain; and six of the hunters, drawing their long, sharp swords, slipped quietly overboard.

The sharks, having by this time finished with the goat, gave their attention to the new-comers. But while they were chasing one, the hunters dived under their bellies and stabbed them repeatedly with their swords, drawing blood at every stroke. Then, when the wounded monsters turned round to meet their enemy, the pursued would become pursuer, and help the comrade who had just helped him. The sharks, bewildered and infuriated, dashed hither and thither in wild confusion, lashing the water with their tails and dyeing it with their blood.

This went on for a quarter of an hour. It was horrible, yet fascinating. The very intensity of the excitement kept the spectators silent. Nobody spoke except the captain, who gave his orders from the boat like a commander during an action. Over and over again I thought one or other of the hunters would surely be killed or mutilated; but at the very moment when destruction seemed imminent, the almost victim would either evade the snap by an agile turn or dive out of sight, or a comrade distract the shark's attention by a sudden stab. One hunter thrust his sword into a shark's jaws, and leaving it there, swam to the boat for another.

[illegible]

In the meantime the surviving sharks had fastened on the body of the slain, and others, scenting blood afar, were hurrying up to the feast.

"Have at them again! All!" cried the captain; and himself setting the example, plunged into the water sword in hand, leaving the boat to take care of itself.

This time the sharks, occupied with their meal, were rather taken at a disadvantage; but the creatures being so close together, the only way to get at them was to dive under their bellies, and much address was required to avoid blows from their tails, which were quite capable of breaking a limb. As, moreover, other sharks kept coming up and might take them unawares two of the hunters were told off to keep watch and ward, give notice of their approach, and afford help where help was most required.

In ten minutes after the opening of the second attack two more sharks were numbered with the slain, and almost before the breath was out of their bodies the others began to rend their dead companions, an occupation which they occasionally varied by a free fight among themselves.

"That makes a fourth," said Queen Mab, as another shark turned over on his back. "They have done very well. I think it is almost time to cry, 'Hold! enough!' What say you?"

"I am quite of your opinion," I answered. "Better stop before anybody is hurt."

"Good! I will order the yellow flag to be run up. That is the signal for the combat to cease."

The words were hardly spoken, when one of the hunters anticipated the signal by emerging from the throng and swimming, slowly and painfully, toward the boat. Climbing over the gunwale with some difficulty, he lay down in the stern.

"That is Bertram Hare," said Mab, anxiously. "I wonder what is the matter? Are you hurt, Bertram?"

"Nothing to speak of," answered the young fellow, smiling. "That last beggar we killed gave me a crack on the leg just as he was turning over; I rather think it is broken."

"I am very sorry. I was in hopes the day would end without any mishap. However, Doctor Sergeant will soon set you to rights. You will have to keep the house two or three weeks, though."

"That is the worst of it. But we have had a splendid day's sport, so I must not complain. The fortune of war, you know; and it might have been worse. The last bout we had, poor Tom Ferrers got bitten in two just as I gave the shark that did it the death-stroke."

"What Spartans those fellows are!" I said. "But a broken leg cannot surely be cured in two or three weeks?"

"Not quite; but he will be able to hobble about in two or three weeks, and be quite well in five or six."

"In England broken legs take double that time to get well."

"Yes; but in England you eat beef and drink beer and spirits."

"And don't you eat beef and drink beer and spirits?"

"As we have no cattle we can have no beef; and in the way of animal food we confine ourselves to fish, fowl, and venison, and eat very little even of that—don't care for it, in fact. While as for beer and spirits, one of my ancestor's first proceedings when he decided to settle in the island was to cast all the rum in the spirit-room of the 'Santa Anna' into the sea. When he became protector, he prohibited the production of strong drink in any shape, and the prohibition has been maintained by his ancestors."

"You are all teetotalers, then?"

"Teetotalers? What is a teetotaler?"

"Don't you know? Ah, I was forgetting. It is a word of the present century. Teetotalers are people who religiously abstain from strong waters."

"In that case we are teetotalers, for we drink only nature's own water."

"And athletes," I added. "Your ancestor was a wise man, Queen Mab. I dare say you are all the better without beef and beer. At any rate you look wonderfully strong and healthy, and Mr. Field tells me you are very long-lived. But you must remember that you have an exceptionally fine climate, and spend much of your time in the open air; that counts for a great deal."

"Yes," she said, significantly; "there are worse places to live in than the Fair Island; and though I should certainly like to see England—"

Here she paused, and I seized the opportunity to drop a hint that I should like to see England at no distant date, and to inquire whether I might reckon on her consent to my departure and her assistance in getting away. But she pretended not to hear (though her ears were as sharp as her cousin's), and instead of answering, asked me to dine with her at the Queen's House.

"We are going to have some cock-fighting," she said, "and afterward a dance. Our dances are, of course, very old-fashioned; but you will perhaps oblige me by teaching us some of the steps that are now the mode in England."

"I bowed, and answered that I should be only too delighted to oblige her in that or any other way; but I was much put about by her refusal to grant my request (for that was what it amounted to). I saw that for some reason or other she was resolved not to let me go; and for the first time I began to consider seriously whether it would not be possible to find a way of leaving the island without her knowledge, and in spite of her evident desire to detain me. Though as ignorant as ever of our exact whereabouts, I had gathered from the records that we were "in the west," and I felt sure that we were no very great distance from some part of the American continent.

When I entered my room at Mr. Field's house, some three hours later, I found lying on my table a three-cornered note, on very rough paper, addressed in a sprawling, school-boy hand to "Mr. Erle." It contained these words—

SIR:—The Fair Island is not good for your Health, and your Presence is not desired. You may take ten Days to make your Arrangements for Departure; but if after the Expiration of that Time you are still here, you are as certain as you are living to meet with a serious if not a fatal Accident.

"A PRESENT FRIEND, BUT A POTENTIAL FOE."

"Pleasant!" I thought, after reading this precious missive over a second and third time. "The queen refuses to let me go; and if I stay I am to be murdered!"

CHAPTER XXI.—A DANCING LESSON.

I hate anonymous letters. You can never tell what to make of them—whether they are jest or earnest, whether the writer really means what he says, or is merely amusing himself at your expense. The letter I had just received looked like a grim joke; for who could suppose that it was possible for me to get away in ten days, even though the queen and the Council of Nine were as willing to let me go, as they were notoriously unwilling? It was hardly conceivable that I had made an enemy already, and I could think of nobody who had an interest in hastening my departure.

Yes, it must be a joke; and yet—I felt that there might be something in it, after all. But if the recently writer of the letter thought to frighten me, he was mistaken. His threat should not force me to leave the island a day sooner than suited my convenience, even though I were at full liberty to leave, and the means of leaving upon my disposal.

But I merely consulted my inclinations, and have also to inform my mother of my engagement and safety, I should have been quite sufficient to make a long stay in the island. Queen Mab and her subjects interested me much, and I wanted to see more of them. But the "danse" was long past due at Montevideo; unless she was soon heard of, the owners and underwriters must needs conclude that she was lost, with all on board, and my mother, who had only me, would be well-nigh heart-broken. It was, moreover, my duty to inform poor Mrs. Peyton, and the other friends of those who had perished, so soon as might be, of the fate that had befallen them; and I could not forget that the longer I was absent from Liverpool the more difficult I should find it to obtain a situation when I got back. Out of sight is out of mind; and if people began to think me dead, they would forget me altogether.

Yet what could I do? It seemed that without the queen's help I could do nothing. For aught I knew, the nearest port where it would be possible to obtain a passage for Europe or the West Indies might be hundreds of miles away. Another voyage in the "Diana" was out of the question; but if Mab could be persuaded to give me an idea of the latitude and longitude of the island, and lend me the "Sunflower" and her crew, the thing might be done. It would be asking a great deal, since, apart from her own wishes, she could not send her yacht on a distant voyage without running counter to the prejudices of her people and the injunctions of that remarkable ancestor of hers whose will, though he had been dead a century, seemed to be still their law. Yet it was my only chance, and if I went on as I had begun, and continued to please her, I might eventually win her consent to my project.

On the other hand, I felt that it would be a mistake to hurry matters, to weary her by importunity, or appear over-eager to get away. I must wait for a favorable opportunity to proffer my request, and it would be well, if I could, to insure her help by placing her under an obligation. My cue, in short, was patience and politeness.

Should I say anything to her—or anybody else—about the anonymous letter? On the whole, I thought not. If it were a hoax, I should only by so doing expose myself to ridicule; while if an enemy were the writer, I should be putting him on his guard and making him think that I was afraid. Better keep my own counsel and watch and wait.

As the note had come through the post (I did not know before that the island possessed a post), I had no clew to the identity of the sender. It was a mystery, and, for the present, must remain a mystery.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AFRICAN ANTS.

A Ferocious Variety Which Devours Everything in Its Path.

There are a great many species of ants, some of which are found in vast numbers, says Dr. Chaillu in the *Fortnightly Review*. The most remarkable and most dreaded of all is the bashikouay, and is a most voracious creature, which carries nothing away, but eats its prey on the spot. It is the dread of all living animals of the forest—the elephant, the leopard, the gorilla, and all the insect world—and man himself is compelled to flee before the advance of these marauders or to protect himself by fire and boiling water. It is the habit of the bashikouay to march through the forest in a long regular line, about two inches broad or more and often miles in length. All along the line larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks and keep the singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, the heat of which they can not bear, they immediately burrow underground and form tunnels. It often takes more than twelve hours for one of these armies to pass.

When they grow hungry, at a certain command which seems to take place all along the line at the same time, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. All the other living inhabitants of the forest flee before it. I myself have had to run for my life. Their advent is known beforehand; the still forest becomes alive, the tramping of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the leopard, of snakes, all the living world, in the same direction where the other animals are fleeing away.

I remember well the first time I met these bashikouays in their attacking raid. I knew not then what was in store for me. I was hunting by myself all alone, when suddenly the forests became alive in the manner I have described above; a sudden dread seized me; I did not know what all this meant. Some convulsion of nature was perhaps going to take place. I stood still in the hunting path, resting on my gun, when all at once, as if by magic, I was covered with them and bitten everywhere. I fled in haste for dear life in the same direction the animals had taken, and the middle of the stream became my refuge. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap, instantly the strong pinchers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. They ascend to the top of the trees for their prey. This ant seems to be animated by a kind of fury which causes it entirely to disregard its own safety and seek only the conquest of its prey. Sometimes men condemned to death on account of witchcraft are made fast to a tree, and, if an army of hungry bashiqouays passes, in a short time only his bare skeleton remains to tell the tale.

A Devout Maharajah.

The pilgrimage of an ideal devotee is recorded by the Gya correspondent of a native paper in India, who writes: "His highness, the maharajah of Travancore, came here on a pilgrimage, and, after staying for a couple of days, has left the place silently. He entered the city in a soft, meek, patient, humble, and tranquil spirit, and presented a heavenly spectacle, bare-footed and bare-headed, and, in fact, divested of the princely luxuries which characterize the Indian princes; he laid his head at the feet of his high priest—the gyali—with supplication for benediction, and which, in Hindoo point of view, constitutes the highest virtue and one of the promiuent duties of a Hindoo toward his departed forefathers. The priest's star is in the ascendant, the man having received, I hear, about Rs. 50,000 as a gift from the maharajah."

Scattering Oil Over Waves.

A new shell has lately been invented by an Austrian for the purpose of scattering oil over the waves during a storm. It is a wooden cylinder, lined with shellac to keep the oil from penetrating the wood, and it carries in addition a calcium light, which illuminates the water for a considerable distance.

Hogs as Calves.

George P. Craig of Gwinnett, Ga., has two hogs that perform the office of calves to perfection. Mr. Craig had been complaining that his cows were falling short of milk for several weeks and upon close examination, to his astonishment, he found these roguish hogs had been imbibing the milk of the cows, all remaining in the same lot together at night.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

THAT IS WHAT IS NEEDED TODAY, SAYS DR. TALMAGE.

Frauds of All Kinds Would Succumb to a Proper Observance of Christian Tenets Among Christians.—Faith Without Works of Little Account.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 15.—Great audiences again assembled at the service by Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Academy of Music this morning and also in the New York Academy of Music in the evening. The remarkable interest in the latter continues without evidence of abatement. At the service in New York last Sunday evening there were many emotional episodes among the vast audience, and tonight these were repeated, hundreds pledging themselves anew to Christian lives henceforth. Dr. Talmage took for his text, "Faith without works is dead."—James 2, 20.

The Roman Catholic church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion, for the most part, is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Foretopmast staysail, foretopmast studding sail, maintopsail, mizzen-topsail—everything from flying jib to mizzen spanker, but making no useful voyage. Now the world has got tired of this, and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lilies asleep on its bosom. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but now I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labelling of goods. It will not allow the merchant to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Maderia when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves and tear off all tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee, when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar, when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world, it will go down the streets, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash barrel, in front of the store, the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon and the brickdust that is sold for cayenne pepper; and it will shake out the Prussian blues from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bonedust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The board of health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee, and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England, there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread, and found all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of life to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood warranted pure from Boston was found to have forty-one per cent of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medical drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or gum of a tree or bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed; an incision is made into the root and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or gum as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle, it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after awhile, ready to sell, they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital — deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift He would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent of the profits, and with that one per cent of the profits you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!"

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares, it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenceless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the school teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements.

Yes, this practical religion will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated conviviality.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype and the ambrotype and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerrotype it on another soul. Not a new gospel, but the old gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention and the telephonic invention and the electric light invention; but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long time known much about. So this electric gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the eastern and western hemispheres. Not a new gospel, but the old gospel doing a new work.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of anyone else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry and the Ryland regiments, and Kempt's infantry, and the Scots Grays and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won.

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farm house. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious; they saved money enough after awhile to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front door-yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if though wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent; one, a member of parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the dooryard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and when they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead."

Fond Mother—"I hardly know what to do 'bout Eddie; he's so backward 'bout learning to read." Caller—"Teach him Hebrew; that reads backward."—*Harper's Young People.*

"I'm feeling very ill again, doctor. Do you think I am going to die?" "My dear madam, compose yourself. That is the last thing in the world that is going to happen to you."—*Life.*

Watts—"Potts shaves here sometimes, doesn't he?" Barber—"Yes; Mr. Potts is one of my regular clients." Potts—"Clients? Don't you mean patients?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Humph!" sneered the ass as he encountered the zebra. "You look like an escaped convict." "Possibly," retorted the zebra. "But no one ever takes me for an ass."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Do you think that marriage is a failure?" said the reflective young woman to a man of business. "Not necessarily—it's what kept Smithers from bankruptcy."—*Washington Post.*

The man who "never can find time" to do anything you ask him may generally be seen looking out at the window when there is a brass band going through the street.—*Somerville Journal.*

"I came here," said the youth to the Boston girl, "for a little rest and peace of mind." "Ah!" she said. "You appear to have the piece of mind; when do you expect to get the rest?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat and Chronicle, was recently republished in this paper and was a subject of much comment. That the article caused even more commotion in Rochester, the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed necessary.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion, at his residence, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious.

"The medical profession has been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it, Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner, who was visited at his establishment on N. St. Paul street, spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80 its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off, and is taking off every year, for while many are dying apparently of paralysis and apoplexy, they are really victims of kidney disorder, which causes heart disease, paralysis, apoplexy, etc. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys;' and in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured."

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one." I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found that it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'there goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not fortunately used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor? was asked Dr. S. A. Lattimore, one of the analysts of the State Board of Health."

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir, I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"I have chemically analysed it and find it pure and harmless."

The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statement they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, but that it can be cured if taken in time.

The enormous number of 2,759 duels are said to have been fought in Italy during the last twelve months. Fifty of the combatants were killed, while 3,061 wounds, some of them serious, were inflicted.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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