

From Beirut to Badec.

(Continued from the First page.)

You would have been too proud to notice us. But so far as we have seen the Americans are the friendliest and freest-hearted people that ever come here, we like them the best and they are always welcome. Another said to his young boy who came bounding into the room like a young antelope, a graceful wild little fellow, said he "I think I'll have to send you to America and have you brought up a gentleman. What do you think of that?"

It seemed the proper thing to do to return the compliment and I was glad to be able to do so with entire truthfulness. I asked our Dragoman to tell them that of all the people we had met in Asia, Turks and Armenians and every other we liked the Arabs best of all. The Dragoman hesitated—said he, "I can't tell them that, because the Turkish governor is here." But I didn't like to have a so good a speech lost, and so I managed to smuggle it in under the governor's nose to one of the Arabs who understood French, while the awful governor who sat beside him smoked and smiled and knew nothing about it.

It was now late in the morning when we shook hands all round remounted our horses, said good bye to the whole neighborhood gathered to see us off, and started up the valley of the Leontes on the way to Baalbec.

On either side rose the mountain ranges of Lebanon, and far ahead in the hazy distance was the renowned pass, which the Bible calls the "entering in of Hamath." It was the gate way of northern Palestine and through it from time immemorial and with battle hosts beyond number, had marched the kings of the East, Pul and Tiglath-pileser and Shalmaneser and Sargon and Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar. Some to victory and spoils and some to overwhelming defeat among the mountains of Israel.

It was along this valley that the Prophets saw coming with gorgeous standards with tramp of cavalry swift as eagles, fierce as famished wolves in the night; their chariots like lightning with their flash of steel, their horses like leopards in swiftness and fury, the invading hosts of Assyria. The noise of the whip, the noise of the rattling of the wheels and of the prancing horses and of the jumping chariots,—this old valley had been full of the sounds of war, from the day that Abel fell down here under the club of Cain; the river had run off with the blood and the cliffs had heard the battle shouts of all the nations of the old world. It was the grand highway and there was no other from north to south, throughout all Western Asia. And so it happened that in the course of time there arose in the midst of this vast plain, watered by the Leontes, a city which remains to-day the most magnificent ruin of the world, the City of Baalbec.

I shall not weary you with a detailed description of that which you may read in any book of travels. Simply this, it was built, no one knows when, nor by whom. It looks to have been the work of Giants, such as might have comfortably filled the 120 feet grave of Noah. One might imagine that the whole race of Giants of which the Bible tells had had a grand bee some day blasting and rolling and lifting stone, the smallest of which, the mere pebbles chinked into the cracks of the walls, were large enough to have made a respectable monument, and the largest,—well, by actual measurement 64 feet long, 13 feet high, and 13 feet wide. That is about the length of this church, from this further wall to the front door and nearly as wide as this body of seats in the center and half as high as the ceiling, and all one solid stone. And now imagine if you can, three such stones lifted to the height of 20 feet and placed into the wall of the temple, and try to guess how they did it, unless they were giants whose heads brushed the clouds, or had such machinery as we in these days with all our wonderful inventiveness have not yet constructed.

But there seems to have been a limit to their strength or patience or ingenuity or all together. For in the quarry not far away lies a stone as they left it, huger than all the rest, and weighing 1,500 tons, as much as the whole cargo of the largest steamer on the lakes. But it is impossible to satisfactorily describe that which even when it is seen cannot be compre-

hended in all its immeasurable vastness. One has a feeling of utter smallness, and unimportance in presence of these gigantic creations of what seems to have been a superior race, a nation of whom it might have been truthfully spoken, "I said ye are Gods." He feels as if the human race were fast degenerating and going out into nothing. He is disappointed. He had thought that the end of the ages had fallen upon him, that as a representative of the great yankee nation he was the opened flower and fruitage of all past history, the highest pinnacle to which humanity has climbed to find that there was nothing beyond attainable by mortal man. But when he stoops and rubs the dirt off with his pocket-handkerchief and reads the inscription and finds that the most beautiful of all these temples was dedicated to the worship of Venus, the adoration of animal passion, with rites and ceremonies that he would never have conceived of, and if he had would have been ashamed even to mention, why then he feels differently. He gathers hope. He says "It may be the race is not deteriorating." It is growing better, purer, nobler, greater, not perhaps in brute strength, but in soul power, in mental grandeur, in moral sublimity, in spiritual loveliness and beauty. He thanks God that he was born in the 19th century after the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, I would not give my old wooden school house and my homely church, and my honest neighbors, and my children's virtue and all the blessed influences of a christian civilization which make possible a happy christian home and family in the pine woods of Michigan I would not give these for all your gorgeous temples of piled up marble, and take in exchange that utter rottenness of a corrupt society, without virtue or purity or honor that goes with it.

He says I believe that mankind is on the forward march after all. It came in animal by the way of the flesh and the dirt made out of the ground, but it is going out by the way of the soul, toward glory and honor and immortality toward sonship with God, toward brotherhood with the Lord Jesus Christ.

The subject of the next lecture will be, From Beirut to London and Tyre.

SPRING FAIR.

Central Michigan Agricultural Society.

MAY 31 AND JUNE 1, 2 AND 3 1882. SECRETARY'S OFFICE, LANSING, APRIL 8, 1882.

This society wishes to make the sale and exchange of Live Stock a prominent feature at its Spring Fair, with a view of bringing the seller and purchaser together, for the benefit of both. This can only be done with the assistance of all our patrons and the public generally. We want Breeding Stock of all kinds of cattle, horses, sheep, and swine, working oxen and steers, milch cows, heifers, and calves, horses, single or in pairs, for draft, the carriage, track, road or plow, and colts of all descriptions; in fact, everything in the Live Stock Class.

There are stables, pens and sheds sufficient to accommodate all stock that comes, and the only charge will be for gateage (25 cents), the owner providing feed. Sales may be made either by auction or private sale, as preferred, and on such terms as owners prescribe. If a list, giving the owner's name and a list of the animals to be bought is furnished the Secretary on or before May 15th they will be printed in a catalogue, which will be issued in large numbers, giving a more extensive advertisement than could be afforded by private individuals. Parties failing to send their lists in time for the catalogue may still bring their animals to the Fair and sell them the same as if they were in the catalogue.

Thousands of people, from all parts of the State, will visit our grounds daily and furnish a larger attendance than could be secured at an individual sale, and parties wishing to purchase will be able to readily find here just what they want, without going all over the country. Everybody having Live Stock to sell should bring it to the Fair, and all who wish to purchase should come and see what there is for sale.

There will be the largest exhibition ever made in Lansing of farm implements and machinery for sale, embracing all the new styles and latest

improvements, and parties ready to tell all about them and show how they work.

Sufficient inducements are offered the horsemen to insure the attendance good horses, and there will be trials of speed in trotting, pacing, or running each afternoon.

The Farming Implement and Speed Departments will be well filled. The Live Stock Sale Department will be just what you make it. Will you lend us what assistance you can in making this department what it should be? Talk it up with your neighbors and get them interested; it is a new thing, and if it proves to be desirable and successful will be continued and become, like our Fall Fairs, a permanent institution.

BEN B. BAKER, Secretary.

The New Comet.

The first comet of the present year was discovered on the 18th of March. Mr. C. S. Wells, an assistant at the Dudley Observatory, Albany, was the fortunate finder of the little stranger that had wandered from the parts unknown into our northern sky. It was a small comet when first seen, though an unusually handsome one. It had a bright nucleus, shining as a star of the eight magnitude, and a tail five minutes long. It has since greatly increased in size, nearly doubled its light, and more than doubled its tail.

Observers have marked out its path in the heavens, and if they are not mistaken, it will soon be large enough to be seen by the naked eye. It will not reach perihelion, or the nearest point to the sun, till the 15th of June. Therefore, about that time, we may look for a superb display in the starlit summer sky.

The comet will be remarkable for its near approach to the sun. Its perihelion distance is variously estimated from a hundred thousand to ten million miles, but all observers agree in prophesying a close proximity between the great luminary and his gossamer visitor.

The comet is also remarkable for its size. Though one hundred and fifty miles away, it is now a large comet with a well defined nucleus and a well-developed tail. As it is approaching us at the rate of two million miles a day, it is reasonable to expect that it will be a grand spectacle before it takes its departure.

GLEANINGS.

In China \$150,000,000 are spent every year in ancestor-worship.

The kingdom of Monaco has 60 soldiers, 100 priests, and 10,000 persons who live by gambling.

Runnels county, Tex., has never had a murder in it, nor a robbery, nor a forgery, nor a man sent to the penitentiary, nor a gambling hell.

In Paris the bride who is past her youth does not wear pearl gray or lavender, these hues belonging to the widow who marries again.

The manufacture of oleomargarine in St. Louis has been investigated by the Board of Health, and proof was obtained of the use of fat from horses and dogs.

Dr. Sawyer, of Alabama, says that quinine used hypodermically—that is, thrown under the skin with a syringe—results beneficially when large doses by mouth have completely failed.

Deacon Jones was happy, indeed, when he was told that his daughters, dear girls had gone to the revival. Their mother didn't tell him that it was a revival of "Pinafore."

William Walton, of Kentucky, has decided to visit the capitol of every nation on the globe bearing the United States flag, and earning a day's wages in each of those cities.

The hoisting of a safe is one of the most fascinating of street sights to idlers. In Providence the expectant crowd saw the mass of metal, weighing four tons, fall on a workman and crush him to death.

The Zunis visited a newspaper office in Boston, and were greatly struck by the mysteries of the machinery. When the presses were set agoing, one put the query, "Is this all talk?" That was a cruel center-shot.

Sophronia: "Can Senator David Davis, as President of the Senate, if drawn as a juror, be compelled to sit on a jury?" We don't know. If he can, we wouldn't like to be one of the jury that he would sit on.—Somerville Journal.

Modesty: Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied slowly, "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours."

The poetical and the practical—Sentimental diner: Eat a lark! Partake of one of the quiring songsters at heaven's gate! I would as soon eat a hymn!" Practical friend: "Ya-as, never touch small birds—they all feed on worms."

At the Whitehouse glass works of Atterbury & Co., a new trade is about to be opened up. They are about to manufacture glass shingles, ornamented and of different colors, for houses. In strength they are to be superior to any slate now in use.

The execution of two Indian murderers by shooting instead of hanging, in the Indian territory, was done on the urgent plea of the doomed men. They

had an awful dread of the noose, but professed fearlessness as to death by the rifle.

Scene in the auditorium of a theater: Actor (who has appeared in the first piece): "Good evening. May I take the seat next you?" Lady: "Certainly; but don't you appear any more to-night?" Actor: "No." Lady: "Oh, I am so glad. Pray sit down."

Someone says: "Bread and butter is the dress of this world; love and kindness its trimming." We'll bet \$400 the man who wrote that isn't married.—Any married man knows that the trimmings always cost four times as much as the dress.

Prairie and wood fires have been raging in southern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico recently. The territory burned over is reported to cover forty miles square, and the damage done is immense. The origin of the fire is attributed to the Indians, either domestic or renegade, who roam at will throughout the country, except on ration-day.

"How are you getting along?" asked a widow of her late husband, who appeared to her as a ghost. Ghost: "Very well, indeed—much better than during my twenty years married life on earth." Widow (delighted): "Then you are in heaven?" "Oh, no."

The emigration from Switzerland last year was the greatest on record, the number of emigrants who left the country in 1881 having been 10,935, against 7,255 in 1880, and 4,288 in 1879. By far the greater proportion of them were from German Switzerland.

The Russian bath is said to have originated with Peter the Great. It is recorded that when he was advised by foreigners to introduce hospitals and dispensaries into Russia he was wont to reply that "While Russians had baths they needed nothing else as a health-giving remedy against mortal ills."

Lord Cranbourne, an elder brother of the present Marquis of Salisbury, who died before his father, was stone blind, but he could distinguish colors by the touch as accurately as others can by the sight. He could also tell by sound the extent and height of any room he entered.

A Rochester street-car horse shot out with his heels the other day and hit the driver with one and the cash-box with the other, and an investigation showed that he had kicked \$6 into the driver's overcoat pocket. Such wonderful sagacity on the part of the horse caused the discharge of the driver.

Miss Lillian Taylor, daughter of Bayard Taylor, studying art in New York, says her father never wrote up a place without making a careful study of it, which studies were the origin of the hundred and fifty sketches lately exhibited, which were a surprise to those who did not know Bayard Taylor painted with any other pencil than his glowing words.

A mulberry tree at Griffin, Ga., acted in a very curious manner the other day, emitting what seemed to be puffs of smoke at short intervals from all portions of the tree. The smoke, or whatever it was, was light and thin, like cigar-smoke, and scarcely visible to the casual observer. It was a phenomenon that nobody could account for.

Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the large iron bridges of the world. This is due to the well-known phenomenon that a constant succession of sound-waves, especially such as come from the playing of a good band, will excite the wire vibrations. At first these vibrations are very slight, but they increase as the sound-waves continue to come.

The receding of the ocean at Atlantic City, N. J., for many years past, has left much fresh land above high water, and litigation with regard to ownership is threatened. The lot-owners claim riparian rights, but the Land company that sold the property claim that the new lots should belong to the company. The property in dispute is valued at \$150,000.

Three hundred and forty convicts of the New Jersey Penitentiary are let out to contractors in the branches of industry described as shoes, laundry, shirts, collars, boxes and whips, at an average of a little more than fifty cents a day, and the authorities are grumbling that the law limiting the number at each trade to 100 compels the state to support more than 200 able bodied men in absolute idleness.

George Washington Greene, the friend of Longfellow, who is to write his biography, lives in an old-fashioned house on a hill overlooking the Village of Greenwich, R. I. From its upper windows there is a view of long stretches of cultivated country and of the waters of Covesett Bay, an arm of the Narragansett. Several years ago Prof. Greene had an old wind-mill, which stood in an adjoining field, moved up to his house and fitted as a library. In this old house have been entertained Washington, Lafayette, Longfellow, and a host of other distinguished men.

The Gainsborough Hat. "I had an awful time at the Union Square last night," said a friend to me. I wore my Gainsborough, and a right wide flapper it is, you know. All through the first act I heard murmurs of discontent behind me, and at length loud remarks of disapproval came to my ears. I was actually afraid of being mobbed, and Charley—he was with me, you know—said I deserved it. I asked him what was to be done. I couldn't take it off, not only because there wasn't room for the thing in my lap or under my seat, but my hair was all odds and ends on the covered surface of my head.

"Sit down lower," said he. "So I slid down until my legs were doubled into a stove-pipe hat under the next seat in front; my head was on a level with the top of my own chair, and I felt as though I was sitting right on the small of my back. You don't know how I suffered, my dear, and so its good-by, Gainsborough, for theatrical purposes."—New York Letter.

"I do not fear death," he cried, but nevertheless he fainted when one of the boys drew a bead on him with a wooden pistol.

Do not get in the way of a busy man or a buzz saw. Frudery is a perfume that conceals vitiated air.

Puts, Calls, and Straddles.

Mr. Breezy, Fuzzled and Curious, Demands an Explanation.

"I believe you have gambled in Wall street, Mr. Breezy," said Mrs. Breezy, helping her lord and master to a cup of coffee.

"I have speculated a little in stocks, dear, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Breezy, unfolding his napkin.

"Same thing," said Mrs. Breezy; "you can call it speculation; I know it's gambling. How do they do it anyway? I read about puts and calls and straddles, and buy a three's, but I can never make any head or tail out of it. I suppose it's some horrid slang you men have invented."

"Well, no, dear," said Mr. Breezy, helping his better two-thirds to a chop. "It isn't exactly slang. You see, for instance, I buy a hundred short—"

"You do what?" cried Mrs. Breezy. "I buy a hundred short," repeated Mr. Breezy.

"Well, what in the name of common sense do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Breezy. "Why don't you talk United States—I mean English? You buy a hundred short, and what has short got to do with it?"

"If you will give me time I will explain, my dear," said Mr. Breezy. "You see if a man is long on stock he is—"

"Long on stock?" said Mrs. Breezy. "Now what are you getting to? First you are short and then you are long. What does a man want to get on a stock for, anyway?"

"My dear, if you will allow me—"

"To be sure. Go ahead. Tell me something about Wall street, but don't talk nonsense," said Mrs. Breezy.

"Well, my dear, we will suppose that I have a put on Wabash, and—"

"There you go again," said Mrs. Breezy. "Will you or will you not talk in a language I can understand? What is Wabash, anyway? I suppose it is another slang term?"

"No, that's a stock," said Mr. Breezy; "you see, dear, if I have a call on Wabash or Northwestern—"

"If you call on the Northwest?" cried Mrs. Breezy; "are you really going mad, Mr. Breezy? Well, I might expect as much from the life you have led recently. What with clubs and politics, you are going headlong to some terrible fate."

"My dear, it will be impossible for me to explain anything unless you will give me five minutes to do it in," said Mr. Breezy, with unusual warmth.—

"Now at the beginning of this week

What Broke a Printer.

The publisher of a weekly newspaper in Michigan before the war was under the saddle and hitched to a wagon to boot. He carried a load of doubt, debt and anxiety which would have crushed a Secretary of the Treasury in one brief week. A dollar was a cart-wheel in his eyes of his employes. It is vividly remembered by the writer how a certain publisher in an interior town felt as happy as a king when he could send for two bundles of paper at once, and it is more vividly remembered that he never saw the week when he could buy one bundle of paper and pay off the hands, too, in cash.

One day a printer died. Perhaps he gradually starved to death, or maybe the anxiety as to how he could buy both wood and flour the same Saturday finished him off. At any rate a new printer came up from Grand Rapids to fill the gap, and his wages were to be \$12 per week. On the first Saturday he got an order on a hardware store for \$10 and \$2 in cash. On the next he got a boot and shoe order for \$9 and a \$3 order on a grocery. On the third he had to take a \$6 order on a livery stable and let the balance go over. His fourth Saturday had arrived, and he had \$48 due him. An order for that amount was quietly laid on his case and the books balanced, but he protested:

"Why, I can't use this order."

"Why not?"

"I don't want any lumber."

"You don't?"

"No, sir."

The publisher looked blank, scratched his head, and after a minute hurried over to the desk with the remark:

"I see—all right. I'll tear this up and give you one on a cooper for \$10 and another on the undertaker for \$8! You had better arrange to get married and settle down here."

The printer went out of that town that evening by a very muddy highway, having disposed of his orders for \$2 in cash and a satchel to hold his spare shirt.—Detroit Free Press.

Strenuous efforts have been made by counsel to secure pardon for the convicted oyster-dredgers recently captured by Gov. Cameron, of Virginia, in his campaign up the Rappahannock river. The governor, however, has steadily refused to listen to any commutation of the sentences, which in some cases not only involved imprisonment, but forfeiture of the vessels engaged in the traffic.

Great Specialties

GEO. W. LORING'S

Wall Paper, Window Shades, Fancy Borders, Etc., Etc.

The Largest and most Elegant Line ever shown in Shiawassee County. Fancy Ceiling Paper, Fancy Hall Paper, Fancy Friezes, Extensions, Centre Pieces, and Corners, in

GOLD, SILVER AND PLAIN PATTERNS. ESPECIALLY FOR THE LADIES.

The Greatest and most Exquisite Line of Shopping Bags ever shown. In Morocco, Velvet, Leather, Etc.

My Line of School Books, Blank Books, Stationery, Albums, Bird Cages, Etc., is complete.

NOTICE! C. J. STUART Hardware!

Cheaper than any other House in the County. All in want of anything in the Hardware Line are invited to call and examine our immense Stock before purchasing as they are sure to find it to their advantage. Our Stock of Cook Stoves was never more complete. We have them from a \$10 Stove to the FAMOUS



Which takes its draft from heated air, and does not allow any cold air to enter the front of the stove and drive the heat into the chimney as it does in all other stoves. We warrant this Stove to Weigh more, has more Extras, and to do the same work with less fuel than any Stove sold in this County.

TO BUILDERS: We say our assortment of Locks, Knobs, etc., has no equal in the city, and we invite you to examine our line and get prices. 114 NORTH WASHINGTON ST., OWOSSO.