



THE MESSAGE

I lie at ease in the valley,
More blessed than song can say,
Beholding the skies bend over
The beautiful hills of May.

They are pink where the orchards flower,
They are white where the dogwoods sway,
Or blue where the violets cover
The beautiful hills of May.

They are low that the heart may love them,
They are far that the thought may stray,
They are near that the feet may climb them,
The beautiful hills of May.

Though better than song be silence,
Yet, ah! that song could convey
To December news of the beauty
That blooms on the hills of May.



On Lost Mountain.

BY ENFIELD JOINER.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
Lost Mountain is the most treacherous hill in the West. I have never seen elsewhere on a single mountain-peak so many ravines, so many gulches, so many boulders of almost the same shape and size, as there are there; and besides all these, there is the great Canon of Lost Souls, six hundred feet deep, winding its sinuous way on the southern side of the mountain. As to the trail, it never knows itself where it means to go—in summer it hides under rauls, grasses and tangling vines, and, in winter it disappears in the first snow, like foam in the wake of the vessel.

The boys at camp—we were three—had plead with me not to go to Camden. But how could I settle down for the long months, shut away from the world and letters by the great white hills, without the one letter I had been so eagerly awaiting? I went to Camden and I waited until the letter came and the very morning on which I set out for our camp the snows, which had held off so long, were upon me.

In spite of the indistinctness of the trail and the snares which Nature has set for the unwary on Lost Mountain, I don't see how it happened. The boys said that I was asleep. Heaven knows! I only know that I was dreaming of what the letter said which lay close to my heart when—

Kalitan sprang back so violently that he almost threw me from the saddle and my heart stood still within me, for we were hanging on the very brink of the great Canon of Lost Souls. For one moment we looked into the dizzying whiteness, then some instinct told me to dismount. My hand was out to catch the rein, when Kalitan, mad with terror, began to rear. Suddenly in a frantic backward plunge, he slipped and—

I added to think of it. The thought of even a horse—a horse of the camp for whom one cares nothing, going down into that abyss, is sickening; and, the Indians say that the bottom of the canon is strewn with the bones of men who have perished so and that the manifold-toned winds which sweep through the canon are the death-cries of the lost.

I shivered with dread as I stood there and realized that I was lost on the mountain, without horse, food or drink and night coming on.

But my heart grew lighter as I saw,



He slipped and—
some three hundred yards away in the blurred landscape, the great rock called the "Giant's Foot-stool," the huge boulder, which by some strange caprice of Nature, has been left for ages to hang over the wall of the canon. It appears to be almost cubical in shape but wind and rain and frost have been at work there and on the side next to the canon have hollowed out a small semi-circular cavern, extending to the very heart of the boulder. The upper part of the rock has defied this undermining process which has been going on at its base,

and a great ledge hangs above the little cavern, as if it would protect the space which it once held. So insidious has been the work of wind and rain and frost, that on one side there is no entrance to the cavern, but on the other a small round hole has been worn in the rock shell about three feet above the ground, so that a man may easily climb through. On one side was the awful canon, everywhere else save where the round peep-hole looked out on the sloping mountain-side, was the unyielding, solid rock, but I climbed into the nest-like cavern and laid myself down with an at-home kind of feeling. I did not mean to fall asleep, but I was worn with my seven



I took aim carefully.

hours' struggle in the storm and before I knew it, I was drifting into dreams. The wind came from the northeast, the exposure from the canon side was from the south, the exposure from the large peep-hole was from the west, therefore I was well protected. My berth was more than ten feet wide and sloped inward, away from the canon, so that there was comparatively little danger of rolling off in the night. I slept as soundly in that queer rock bunk as I had ever slept in all my life before.

When at last I woke it was morning and the world had changed and I had changed with it. All the universe was made of snow—my head was heavy with snow, my limbs, my clothes, the rocks on which I lay, were all changed to snow—there was nothing left but whiteness and stillness and coldness—snow! snow! snow!

My soul came back to me with a throb of terror, for I suddenly realized that the peep-hole, my egress into the world, was filled up by this maddening snow.

My first feeling was one of perplexity—on that side of the rock last night there had been but twelve inches of snow; now there must be over six feet of it. On the northeast sides of the rock the wind had banked up great drifts but here—it was preposterous! Six feet in one night in so sheltered a place!

Like a flash it came to me that the wind had changed in the night—it had swept around from northeast to northwest, sending vagrant flakes to cover me in my stone bed and shutting my little door with an immense drift.

My next feeling came quickly—despair! I had no pick, no shovel, only half-frozen hands. I took my pistol and fired but the ball made not the slightest impression on the round, white target—it was merely lost in its soft depths. I emptied my pockets in a kind of senseless hope that I might find something there which might help me—a matches with four matches, three cigars, some quinine capsules and, most useless and exasperating of all, I thought—a number of small sticks of dynamite. Dynamite! Why, I held in my hand the power to blow the great rock into atoms and I was caged by a snow-drift!

I sat down to smoke and to think. I thought of the boys in camp, with books, food and fuel all ready for winter; I thought of my claim some three

miles below and wondered who would work it; I thought of the woman I loved and of how the sun shone brightly on her in my old Kentucky home. The day passed and night came again. The storm had ceased, the wind had lulled. I slept hoping that I would not wake to the horrors of another day. I dreamed such a dream as might have come to me in my bunk at camp—of blasting rocks in the mine with the powder in my pocket.

Morning dawned and a dazzling sun with it. A fierce determination to live came to me—to get back to camp, to work again at that rich lode of silver. Certainly it was in obedience to the laws of association that my dream of last night came back to me and with it, a thought which made my weak heart throb.

If people blew away rocks with dynamite, why not blow away snow? The risk it would be great—but—
With poor stiff hands I dug into the blockade and finally by dint of pressing and moulding, I made an excavation of about an arm's length, tunnel-shaped and with an arched roof. I folded my handkerchief and placed one stick of dynamite on it, so that the fuse might not touch the snow. I opened my match-box to find—

I clutched my hands in misery at finding myself so balked—not a match was there! I, poor fool, had wasted them on cigars yesterday! Then I decided, in my desperation, to do one of two things. I could risk death from the explosion without a tremor, but I felt that I could not die that slow death of starvation—it must be either a leap into the canon or a bullet through my brain.

But again something put a saving thought into my head. Why not fire my mine with a pistol shot; certainly a shell tearing into the magazine of a vessel had such an effect as I desired. For the sweetness of living, for the woman I loved, for all of work and achievement that might lie before me, I steadied myself and took aim carefully at the long gray stick.

Heavens! the shock of it! I fell prone on the rock, my head wounded by a fragment of stone, but when I looked up, there where the white snow had been, was the blessed blue sky shining through my peep-hole.

Some five hours later I fell on the threshold of our rough house at the foot of the mountain. How good the food was! How warm the fire! How soft the bed!

Lost Mountain is now, and always will be, my happy hunting ground; but, though I've spent many night of late years on its bosom, I have never had the desire to sleep again in that queer, stone bunk on the edge of the canon.

RESULTS OF SHOOTING WELL.

July 200 Feet of Pipe Crashes Through D-r-r-ck's Top.

A remarkable accident occurred during the "shooting" of an oil well five miles west of this city, on the Reminger farm, says a Findlay, O., correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. A 200-quart shot of nitroglycerine had been put into the well and Contractor Craig himself dropped the "go-devil." The effects of the shot were most startling. The column of oil as usual mounted to the top of the derrick and several acres of feet in the air. But there was a long black line that extended still farther into the ether and continued to project after the flow of oil had subsided. It was what is known as the casing of the well, several hundred feet of iron pipe about five inches in diameter that is sunk into the well, while being drilled to keep out the surface fluids. Fully 200 feet of the pipe had been shot into the air, crashing through the top of the derrick. As the men surged forward around the well the sections of pipe began to break off and fell crashing down on the derrick, smashing oak timbers and falling into the crowd. All fled for their lives. Eight or ten sections broke off and then another unexpected event happened, the balance of the pipe slid into the well. The men are at present at work trying to fish the pipe out of the well, as the flow is partly obstructed. The derrick is a total wreck.

Had Spent the \$1,000.

A New York lawyer, speaking of the recent death of William M. Everts, tells how, in order to insure success, it was thought best to secure the services of the distinguished lawyer as associate counsel. On securing the consent of Mr. Everts, the question of a retainer was mentioned. "Oh," said Mr. Everts, "I guess \$1,000 will suffice," and the amount was paid over. The suit was settled satisfactorily in a short time, and the lawyer called on Mr. Everts to make the final payment for the latter's services in the case. "How much do we owe you?" was asked. "Call it \$5,000," he responded, without a moment's hesitation. This caused a mild protest. "You know, Mr. Everts, that you've had \$1,000," "Yes," he said, with a dry smile, "but I've spent that." The \$5,000 was paid.

Analytic Experiments with Air.

Recent experiments made by M. Gautier of Paris have shown that hydrogen is a constant constituent of the air to the extent of two in 10,000 parts by volume.

Castellano Would Absorb the Surplus.

A partnership between Mr. Carnegie and Count Boni de Castellano would enable the former to die much poorer and to anticipate the date a few years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

White Objects Are Seen Far.

A white object can be seen at a distance of 17,250 times its own diameter in strong sunlight—that is to say, a white disc a foot across can be seen 17,250 feet away.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"JUDGING OTHERS" THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY

From the Following Bible Text: "The Lord Weigheth the spirits"—Prov. XVI: 2—Weighed in the Divine Scales—Nations Like Individuals.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopach, N. Y.)
Washington, May 26.—In this discourse, from a symbol of the Bible, Dr. Talmage urges the adoption of an unusual mode of estimating character and shows how different is the divine way from the human way; text, Proverbs xvi, 2, "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

The subject of weights and measures is discussed among all nations, is the subject of legislation, and has much to do with the world's prosperity. A system of weights and measures was invented by Phidon, ruler of Argos, about 800 years before Christ. An ounce, a pound, a ton, were different in different lands. Henry III. decided that an ounce should be the weight of 480 dried grains of wheat from the middle of the ear. From the reign of William the Conqueror to Henry VIII. the English pound was the weight of 7,680 grains of wheat. Queen Elizabeth decreed that a pound should be 7,000 grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear. The piece of platinum kept at the office of the exchequer in England in an atmosphere of 62 F. decides for all Great Britain what a pound must be. Scientific representatives from all lands met in 1869 in Paris and established international standards of weights and measures. * * *

Two Kinds of Truth.

There are Christian people who had faith that China would be redeemed and for thirty years have been contributing toward that object, but they changed their minds and now despair of the Flowery Kingdom since the Boxers began their massacres. There are those who were busy in New York missions and expected the salvation of our American cities until recent developments showed that the police were in complicity with crime, and now these Christian workers are despairful, as though all were lost. Of what worth is such a man's faith? When weighed, will they have what the chemists call atomic weight—the weight of an atom? No. Such faith is no faith at all.

But there is a man who by repentance and prayer has put himself into alliance with the Almighty God. Made all right by the Savior's grace, this man goes to work to make the world right. He says to himself: "God launched this world, and he never launched a failure. The garden of Eden was a useless morass compared with what the whole world will be when it blossoms and leaves and flashes and rejoins with its coming glory. God will save it anyhow, with me or without me, but I want to do my share. I have some equipment—not as much as some others but what I have I will use. I have power to frown, and I will frown upon iniquity. I have power to smile, and I will smile encouragement upon all the struggling. I have a vocabulary not so opulent as the vocabulary of some others, but I have a storehouse of good words, and I mean to scatter them in helpfulness. I will ascribe right motives to others when it is possible. If I can say anything good about others, I will say it. If I can say nothing but vile of them, I will keep my lips shut as tight as the lips of the sphinx, which for 3,000 years has looked off upon the sands of the desert and uttered not one word about the desolation. The scheme of reconstructing this world is too great for me to manage, but I am not expected to boss this job. I have faith to believe that the plan is well laid out and will be well executed. Give me a brick and a trowel and I will begin now to help build the wall. I am not a soloist, but I can sing 'Rock of Ages' to a sick pauper. I cannot write a great book but I can pick a splinter out of a child's eye or a splinter from under his thumb nail. I now enlist in this army that is going to take the world for God, and I defy all the evil powers, human and satanic, to discourage me. Count me into the service. I cannot play upon a musical instrument, but I can polish a cornet or string a harp or applaud the orchestra."

A Cheerful Faith.

All through that man's experience there runs a faith that will keep him cheerful and busy and triumphant. I like the watchword of Cromwell's Ironsides, the men who feared nothing and dared everything, going into battle with the shout: "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge! Selah!" No balance that human brain ever planned or human hand ever constructed is worthy of weighing such a spirit. Gold and precious stones are measured by the carat, which is four grains. The dealer puts the diamond or the pearl on one side of the scales and the carat on the other side and tells you the weight. But we need something more delicately constructed to weigh that wonderful quality of faith which I am glad to know will be recognized and rewarded for all time and all eternity. The earthly weighman counterpoises on metallic balances the iron, the coal, the articles of human food, the solids of earthly merchandise, but he cannot test or announce the amount of things spiritual. Here is something which the Attic and Babylonian weighing systems of the past and the metric weighing system of the present cannot measure. "The Lord weigheth the spirits." * * *

God's Discipline.

But look into the dream of that schoolboy who, without saying any-

thing about it, is planning his lifetime career. From an old book partly written in Hebrew and partly written in Greek, but both Hebrew and Greek translated into good English, he reads of a great farmer like Amos, a great mechanic like Aboliah, a great lawyer like Moses, a great soldier like Joshua, a great king like Hezekiah, a great poet, like David, a great gleaner like Ruth, a great physician like Luke, a great preacher like Paul, a great Christ like no one on earth or in heaven because the superior of all beings terrestrial or celestial. He has learned by heart the Ten Commandments and the sermon on the mount and has splendid theories about everything. Between that fair haired boy and the achievement of what he wants and expects there are obstacles and hindrances known only to the God who is going to discipline him for heroic magnificence. I have no power to prophesy that different experiences of his encouragement and disappointment, of his struggle or his triumph, but as sure as God lives to make his his word come true that boy who will sleep tonight nine hours without waking will be final victor. I do not know the intermediate chapters of the volume of that young man's life, but I know the first chapter and the last chapter. The first chapter is made of high resolves in the strength of God, and the last chapter is filled with the rewards of a noble ambition. As his obscurities pass out to the cemetery the poor will weep because they will lose their best friend. Many in whose temporal welfare and eternal salvation he bore a part will bear of it in various places and enlorge his memory, and God will say to the ascending spirit, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God." In the hour of that soul's release and enthronement there will be heavenly acclamation, as in the royal balances "the Lord weigheth the spirits."

Other balances may lack precision and fall in counterpoise. Scales are affected by conditions of atmosphere and acid vapors. After all that the nations have done to establish an invariable standard, perfection has never yet been reached, and never will be reached. But the royal balances of which I speak are the same in heat and cold, in all weathers, in all lands and in all the heavens—just and true to the last point of justice and truth. The same balance that weighed the tempted spirit of Adam under the fruit tree, and the spirit of Cain in the first assassination, and the spirit of courage in Joshua during the prolonged daylight, and the spirit of cruelty of Jezebel, and the spirit of grief in Jeremiah's lamentation, and the spirit of evangelism in Paul between the road to Damascus, where he first saw the light, and the road to Ostia, the place of his beheading, is weighing still and never yet has varied from the right one milligram, which is the one six-thousandth part of a grain. The only perfect standard of weights and measures ever established was established in the heavens before the world was made and will continue to do its work after the world is burned up. To measure the time we have calendars. To measure the lightning we have the electrometers. To measure the heat we have the thermometers. To measure the atmospheric pressure we have the barometers. To measure souls we have the royal balance. "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

Weighted in Divine Scales.
In the same divine scales the spirit of nations and civilizations is weighed. Egyptian civilization did its work, but it was cruel and superstitious and idolatrous and defiant of the Almighty. It was cast out and cast down. The tourist finds his chief interest not in the generation that now inhabits the regions watered by the Nile and sprinkled by her cascades, but in the temples that are the skeletons of ancient pride and pomp and power—her obelisks, her catacombs, her mosques, the colossus of Ramezes, the dead cities of Memphis and Thebes, the temples of Luxor and Karnak, the museum containing the mummified forms of the pharaohs. It is not the Egypt of today that we go to see, but the Egypt of many centuries ago. Her spirit has departed. Her doom was sealed. The Lord weighed her spirit.

Now cross over the Dardanelles or Hellespont and see Grecian civilization weighed in the royal balances. Surely that is an imperishable spirit. A land that produced a Pindar and a Homer in poetry, a Sophocles and an Aeschylus in tragedy, a Herodotus and Thucydides in history, a Socrates and Plato in philosophy, a Strabo in geography, a Hippocrates in medicine, a Xenophon in literature, a Plutarch in biography, a Miltiades and an Alexander in battle and could build a temple of Diana at Ephesus and the acro-Corinthus at Corinth and could crown the Acropolis with a Parthenon—surely such a land, with more genius compressed in small space than in any of the nations of all the ages, will stand forever triumphant among surrounding nations. No. Her pride of heroics, her pride of literature, her pride of architecture, must be brought down lower and lower, and humiliation must follow humiliation until in the latter part of the nineteenth century she is compelled to submit to the outrages of a sultan whose hands are dyed with the blood of 50,000 Armenians. Had Athens prayerfully listened to Paul's sermon on Mars hill and adopted his precepts of brotherhood and divine worship she would have stood in her old power today, and all Greece would have stood with her, and that civilization so long dead under the carved pillars of her shrines and under the marble of her pent-

lean mountains would have been, perhaps for all Asia and for much of Europe, a living civilization. But for her arrogance she was cast out and cast down. The Lord weighed her spirit.

The Weighing of Nations.

And so the spirit of our American nation is put into the royal balance, and it will be weighed as certainly as all the nations of the past were weighed and as all the nations of the present are being weighed. When we go to estimate the wealth of this nation, we weigh its gold and silver and coal and iron and copper and lead, and all the steel yards and all the balances are kept busy. So many tons of this and so many tons of that, a mountainful of this metal and another mountainful of another metal. That is well. We want to know our mining wealth, our manufacturing wealth, our agricultural wealth, and the bushel measure and the scales have an important work. But know right well there is a divine weighing in this country all the time going on, and I can tell you our country's destiny if you will tell me whether it shall be a God honoring nation, reverential to the only book of his authorship, observing the "shalt nots" of the law of right given on Mount Sinai and the law of love given on the Mount of Beatitudes, one day out of the week observed not in revelry, but in holy convocation, marriage honored in ceremony and in fact, blasphemy silenced in all the streets, high toned systems of morals in all parts of our land, then our institutions will live and all the wondrous properties of the present are only a faint hint of the greater prosperities to come.

Keep the National Life Pure.

But if our character and behavior as a nation are reversed and good morals give place to loose living and God is put away from our hearts and our schools and our homes and our people and our literature be debauched and anarchism and atheism have full sway and the marriage relation becomes a joke instead of a sanctity and the God whom Columbus prayed to on the day of his landing from stormy seas and whom Benjamin Franklin publicly revered when he moved amid derisive cries the regular opening of the American congress with prayer shall in our national future be insulted and blasphemed, then it will not be long before we will need another Edward Gibbons to write the decline and fall of the United States republic.

Pyrrhus was king and had large dominion, but was determined to make war against the Romans, and Cineas, the friend of the king, said to him, "Sir, when you have conquered them, what will you do next?" "Then Sicily is near at hand and easy to master." "And what when you have conquered Sicily?" "Then we will pass over to Africa and take Carthage, which cannot long withstand us." "When these are conquered, what will you next attempt?" "Then we will fall in upon Greece and Macedonia and recover what we have lost there." "Well, when all are subdued, what fruit do you expect from all your victories?" "Then," said the king, "we will sit down and enjoy ourselves." "Sir," said Cineas, "may we not do it now? Have you not already a kingdom of your own, and he that cannot enjoy himself with a kingdom cannot with the whole world." I say to you who love the Lord, the kingdom is within you; make more of the invisible conquests. Study a peace which the world has no bushel to measure, no steel-yards to weigh. As far as possible we should make our balances like to the divine balances.

The Uniform Standard.

By joint resolution of congress, in 1836, the treasurer of the United States was ordered to send a complete set of the standard weights and measures adopted by the national government to the governors of all the states, so that there might be uniformity and accuracy, and that distribution was made. So, now, the Ruler of the earth and heaven, having established forever the right standard, sends to us all and to all people a copy of that standard—the standard by which "the Lord weigheth the spirits."

What a world this will be when it is weighed after its regeneration shall have taken place! Scientists now guess at the number of tons our world weighs and they put the Apennines and the Sierra Nevada and Chimborazo and the Himalayas in the scales. But if weighed as to its morals at the present time in the royal balance the heaviest things would be the wars, the international hatreds, the crimes mountain high, the moral disasters that stagger the hemispheres on their way through immensity. But when the gospel has gardenized the earth, as it will yet gardenize it, and the atmosphere shall be universal balm and the soil will produce universal harvest and fruitage and the last cavalry horse shall be unsaddled and the last "run carriage unwheeled and the last fortress turned into a museum to show nations in peace what a horrid thing war once was, then the world will be weighed, and as the opposite side of the scales lifts as though it was light as a feather the right side of the scales will come down, weighing more than all else those tremendous values that St. Peter enumerated—faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity.

Big Gifts for Tullies.

George Casbury, the English chocolate manufacturer, has presented to the city of Birmingham an estate of 418 acres, valued at \$200,000, upon which to build houses for working people.