JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The Story of the Journey From Jerusalem to Jericho Graphically Told.—Gladstone's Idea of a Christian.—Wonders Accomplished by Heaven-Blessed Music.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1890.—The wide-spread and absorbing interest in Dr. Talmage's course of sermons on the Holy Land and adjoining countries is demonstrated by the thousands who are turned away from the doors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Sunday mornings, and from The Christian Herald services in the New York Academy of Music on Sunday evenings, unable to gain even standing room in those immense auditoriums. To-day the fourth sermon of the series was preached as before, in this city in the morning and New York at night. Having announced as his text Luke 10. 30, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," Dr. Talmage said;

It is the morning of December 5, in Jerusalem, and we take stirrups for the road along which the wayfarer of old fell among thieves, who left him wounded and half dead. Job's picture of the horse in the Orient as having neck "clothed with thunder" is not true of most horses now in Palestine. There is no thunder on their neck, though there is some lightning in their heels. Poorly fed and unmercifully whacked, they sometimes retort. To Americans and English, who are accustomed to guide horses by the bridle, these horses of the Orient, guided only by foot and voice, make equestrianism an uncertainty, and the pull on the bridle that you intend for slowing up of the pace may be mistaken for a hint that you want to out-gallop the wind, or wheel in swift circles like the hawk. But they can climb steeps and descend precipices with skilled foot, and the one I chose for our journey in Palestine shall have the praise of going for weeks without one stumbling step, amid rocky steeps where an ordinary horse would not for an hour maintain sure-footedness. There were eighteen of our party, and twenty-two beasts of burden carried our camp equipment. We are led by an Arab sheik with his black Nubian servant carrying a loaded gun in full sight, but it is the fact that this sheik represents the Turkish government which assures the safety of the caravan,

We cross the Jehoshaphat valley which, if it had not been memorable in history and were only now discovered, would excite the admiration of all who look upon it. It is like the gorges of the Yosemite or the chasms of the Yellowstone Park. The sides of this Jehoshaphat valley are tunnelled with graves and overlooked by Jerusalem walls—an eternity of depths overshadowed by an eternity of architecture. Within sight of Mount Olivet and Gethsemane, and with the heavens and the earth full of sunshine, we start out on the very road mentioned in the text when it says: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." No road that I ever saw was so well constructed for brigandage—deep gulleys, sharp turns, caves on either side. There are fifty places on this road where a highwayman might surprise and overpower an unarmed pilgrim. His cry for help, his shriek of pain, his death-groan would be answered only by the echoes. On this road to-day we met groups of men who, judging from their countenances, have in their veins the blood of many generations of Rob Roys. Josephus says that Herod at one time discharged from the service of the temple forty thousand men, and that the great part of them became robbers. So late as 1820, Sir Frederick Henniker, an English tourist, was attacked on this very road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and shot and almost slain. There has never been any scarcity of bandits along the road we travel to-day.

With the fresh memory of some recent violence in their minds, Christ tells the people of the good Samaritan who came along that way and took care of a poor fellow that had been set upon by villainous Arabs and robbed, and pounded and cut. We encamped for lunch that noon close by an old stone building, said to be the tavern where the scene spoken of in the Bible culminated. Tumbled in the dust and ghastly with wounds, the victim of this highway robbery lay in the middle of the road—a fact of which I am certain, because the Bible says the people passed by on either side. There were twelve thousand priests living at Jerico, and they had to go to Jerusalem to officiate at the temple. And one of these ministers of religion, I suppose, was on his way to the temple service, and he is startled as he sees this bleeding victim in the middle of the road. "Oh," he says, "here is a man who has been attacked of thieves." "Why don't you go home?" says the minister. The man in a comatose state makes no answer or, with a half-dazed look, puts his wounded hand to his gashed forehead and drawls out "What?" "Well," says the minister, "I must hurry on to my duties at Jerusalem. I have to kill a lamb and two pigeons in sacrifice today. I cannot spend any more time with this unfortunate. I guess somebody else will take care of him. But this is one of the things that cannot be helped, anyhow. Besides that, my business is with souls and not with bodies. Good morning! When you get well enough to sit up, I will be glad to see you at the Temple." And the minister curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief offices of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would have been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from your censer for the next three weeks, and you missed the chance. Go on your way, execrated by the centuries!

Soon afterward a Levite came upon the scene. The Levites looked after the music of the temple, and waited upon the priests and provided the supplies of the temple. This Levite passing along this road where we are today, took a look at the mass of bruises and laceration in the middle of the road. "My! my!" says the Levite, "this man is awfully hurt, and he ought to be helped. But my business is to sing in the choir at the temple. If I am not there, no one will carry my part. Beside that, there may not be enough frankincense for the censers, and the wine or oil may have given out, and what a fearful balk in the service that would make. Then one of the priests might get his breastplate on crooked. But it seems too bad to leave this man in this condition. Perhaps I had better try to staunch this bleeding and give him a little stimulant. But, no! The ceremony at Jerusalem is of more importance than taking care of the wounds of a man who will soon be dead, anyhow. This highway robbery ought to be stopped, for it hinders us Levites on our way up to the temple. There, I have lost five minutes already! Go along, you beast!" he shouts as he strikes his heels into the sides of the animal carrying him, and the dust rising from the road soon hides the hard-hearted official.

But a third person is coming along this road. You cannot expect him to do anything by way of alleviation, because he and the wounded man belong to different nations which have abominated each other for centuries. The wounded man is an Israelite, and the stranger now coming on this scene of suffering is a Samaritan. They belong to nations which hated each other with objurgation and malediction diabolic. They had opposition temples, one on Mount Gerizim and the other on Mount Moriah, and I guess this Samaritan when he comes up will give the fallen Israelite another clip and say: "Good for you! I will just finish the work these bandits began, and give you one more kick that will put you out of your misery. And here is a rag of your coat that they did not steal, and I will take that. What! Do you dare to appeal to me for mercy? Hush up! Why, your ancestors worshipped at Jerusalem when they ought to have worshipped at Gerizim. Now take that! And that! And that!" will say the Samaritan as he pounds the fallen Israelite.

No; the Samaritan rides up to the scene of suffering, gets off the beast and steps down and looks into the face of the wounded man and says: "This poor fellow does not belong to my nation, and our ancestors worshipped in different places, but he is a man, and that makes us brothers. God pity him, as I do!" And he gets down on his knees and begins to examine his wounds, and straighten out his limbs to see if any of his bones are broken, and says: "My dear fellow, cheer up, you need have no more care about yourself, for I am going to take care of you. Let me feel of your pulse! Let me listen to your breathing! I have in these bottles two liquids that will help you. The one is oil, and that will sooth the pain of these wounds, and the other is wine, and your pulse is feeble and you feel faint, and that will stimulate you. Now I must get you to the nearest tavern." "Oh, no," says the man. "I can't walk; let me stay here and die." "Nonsense!" says the Samaritan; "You are not going to die. I am going to put you on this beast, and I will hold you on till I get you to a place where you can have a soft mattress and an easy pillow.

Now the Samaritan has got the wounded man on his feet, and with much tugging and lifting, puts him on the beast, for it is astonishing how strong the spirit of kindness will make one, as you have seen a mother after three weeks of sleepless watching of her boy, down with scarlet fever, lift that half-grown boy, heavier than herself, from couch to lounge. And so this sympathetic Samaritan has, unaided, put the wounded man in the saddle, and at slow pace the extemporized ambulance is moving toward the tavern. "You feel better now, I think," says the Samaritan to the Hebrew. "Yes," he says, "I do feel better." "Helloly, you landlord! Help me carry this man in and make him comfortable." That night the Samaritan sat up with the Jew, giving him water whenever he felt thirsty, and turning his pillow when it got hot, and in the morning before the Samaritan started on his journey, he said: "Landlord, now I am obliged to go. Take good care of this man and I will be along here soon again and pay you for all you do for him. Meanwhile here is something to meet present expenses." The "two pence" he gave the landlord sounds small, but it was as much as ten dollars here and now, considering what it would there and then buy of food and lodging.

As on that December noon we sat under the shadow of the tavern where this scene of mercy had occurred, and just having passed along the road where the tragedy had happened, I could, as plainly as I now see the nearest man to this platform, see that Bible story re-enacted, and I said aloud to our group under the tent: "One drop of practical Christianity is worth more than a temple full of ecclesiasticism, and that good Samaritan had more religion in five minutes than that minister and that Levite had in a lifetime, and the most accursed thing on earth is national prejudice, and I bless God that I live in America, where Gentile and Jew, Protestant and Catholic can live together without quarrel, and where, in the great national crucible, the differences of sect, and tribe, and people, are being moulded into a great brotherhood, and that the question which the lawyer flung at Christ, and which brought forth this incident of the good Samaritan, "Who is my neighbor?" is bringing forth the answer, "My neighbor is the first man I meet in trouble," and a wound close at hand calls louder than a temple seventeen miles off, though it covers nineteen acres."

I saw in London the vast procession which one day last January moved to St. Paul's cathedral at the burial of that Christian hero, Lord Napier. The day after, at Hawarden, in conversation on various themes, I asked Mr. Gladstone if he did not think that many who were under the shadow of false religions might not nevertheless be at heart really Christian. "Mr. Gladstone replied: "Yes; my old friend, Lord Napier, who was yesterday buried, after he returned from his Abyssinian campaign, visited us here at Hawarden, and walking in this park, where we are now walking, he told me a very beautiful incident. He said: 'After the war in Africa was over we were on the march, and we had a soldier with a broken leg who was not strong enough to go along with us, and we did not dare to leave him to be taken care of by savages, but we found we were compelled to leave him, and we went into the house of a woman who was said to be a very kind woman, though of the race of savages, and we said: "Here is a sick man, and if you will take care of him till he gets well we will pay you very largely," and then we offered her five times that which would ordinarily be offered, hoping by the excess of pay to secure for him great kindness. The woman replied: "I will not take care of him for the money you offer. I do not want your money. But leave him here, and I will take care of him for the sake of the love of God.'" Mr. Gladstone turned to me and said: "Dr. Talmage, don't you think that though she belonged to a race of savages, that was pure religion?" And I answered: "I do; I do," May God multiply all the world over the number of good Samaritans."

In Philadelphia a young woman was dying. She was a wreck. Sunken into the depths of depravity there was no lower depth for her to reach. Word came to the midnight mission that she was dying in a haunt of iniquity near by. Who would go to tell her of the Christ of Mary Magdalen? This one refused, and that one refused, saying, "I dare not go there." A Christian woman, her white locks typical of her purity of soul, said: "I will go and I will go now." She went and sat down by the dying girl and told of the Christ who came to seek and save that which was lost. First to the forlorn one came the tears of repentance, and then the smile as though she had begun to hope for the pardon of Him who came to save to the uttermost. Then, just before she breathed her last, she said to the angel of mercy bending over her pillow: "Would you kiss me?" "I will," said the Christian woman, as she put upon her cheek the last salutation before in the heavenly world, I think, God gave her the welcoming kiss. That was religion! Yes, that was religion. Good Samaritans along every street, and along every road, as well as this one on the road to Jericho.

But our procession of sight-seers is again in line, and here we pass through a deep ravine, and I cry to the dragoman; "David, what place do you call this?" and he replied, "This is the brook Cherith where Elijah was fed by the ravens." And in that answer he overthrew my life-long notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me had meant a slight depression of ground with a fordable stream, perhaps fifteen feet wide. But here was a chasm that an earthquake might have scooped out with its biggest shovel or split with its mightiest battle-axe. Six hundred feet deep is it, and the brook Cherith is a river, which, when in full force, is a silver wedge splitting the mountains into precipices. The feathered descendants of Elijah's ravens still wing their way across this ravine, but are not like the crows we suppose them to be. They are as large as eagles and one of them could carry in its beak and clinched claw at once enough food for half-a-dozen Elijahs. No thanks to the ravens; they are carnivorous and would rather have picked out the eyes of Elijah whom they found at the mouth of his cave on the side of Cherith, waiting for his breakfast, having drunk his morning beverage from the rushing stream beneath, than have been his butlers and purveyors. But God compelled them, as he always has compelled and always will compel black and cruel and overshadowing providences to carry help to his children if they only have faith enough to catch the blessing as it drops from the seeming adversity; the greatest blessing always coming not with white wings but black wings. Black wings of conviction bringing pardon to the sinner. Black wings of crucifixion over Calvary, bringing redemption for the world. Black wings of American revolution, bringing free institutions to a continent. Black wings of American civil war, bringing unification and solidarity to the republic. Black wings of the Judgment Day, bringing resurrection to an entombed human race. And in the last day, when all your life and mine will be summed up, we will find that the greatest blessing we ever received came on the wings of the black ravens of disaster. Bless God for trouble! Bless God for sickness! Bless God for persecution! Bless God for poverty! You never heard of any man or woman of great use to the world who had not had lots of trouble. The diamond must be cut. The wheat must be threshed. The black ravens must fly. Who are these nearest the throne? "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But look! Look what at four o'clock in the afternoon bursts upon our vision—The plain of Jericho and the valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea. We have come to a place where the horses not so much walk as slide up on their haunches, and we all dismount, for the steep descent is simply terrific, though a princess of Wallachia, who fell here and was dangerously injured, after recovery, spent a large amount of money in trying to make the road passable. Down and down! till we saw the white tents pitched for us by our muleteers amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, which fell at the sound of poor music played on "ram's horn," that ancient instrument which taken from the head of the leader of the flock of sheep, is perforated and prepared to be fingered by the musical performer, and blown upon when pressed to the lips. As in another sermon, I have fully described that scene, I will only say that every day for seven days, the ministers of religion went round the city of Jericho, blowing upon those ram's horns, and on the seventh day without the roll of a war-chariot, or the stroke of a catapult, or the swing of a ballista, crash! crash! crash! went the walls of that magnificent capital.

On the evening of December the 6th, we walked amid the brick and mortar of that shattered city, and I said to myself: All this done by poor music blest of God, for it was not a harp or a flute, or a clapping cymbal, or an organ played, at the sound of which the city surrendered to destruction, but a rude instrument making rude music blest of God, to the demolition of that wicked place which had for centuries defied the Almighty. And I said, if this was by the blessing of God on poor music, what mightier things could be done by the blessing of God on good music, skillful music, Gospel music. If all the good that has already been done by music were subtracted from the world, I believe three-fourths of its religion would be gone. The lullabys of mothers which keep sounding on, though the lips that sang them 40 years ago became ashes, the old hymns in log-cabin churches, and country-meeting houses, and psalms in Rouse's version in Scottish kirks, the anthem in English cathedrals, the roll of organs that will never let Handel or Haydn, or Beethoven die, the thrum of harps, the sweep of the bow across bass viols, the songs of Sabbath schools storming the heavens, the doxology of great assemblages—why, a thousand Jerichoes of sin have by them all been brought down.

Seated by the warmth of our camp fires that evening of December 6th, amid the bricks and debris of Jericho, and thinking what poor music has done and what mightier things could be done by the blessing of God on good music, I said to myself: Ministers have been doing a grand work and sermons have been blessed, but would it not be well for us to put more emphasis on music? Oh, for a campaign of Old Hundred! Oh, for a brigade of Mount Pisgahs! Oh, for a cavalry charge of Cornations! Oh, for an army of Antiochs and St. Martins and Ariels! Oh, for enough orchestral batons lifted, to marshal all nations! As Jericho was surrounded by poor music for seven days and was conquered, so let our earth be surrounded for seven days by good Gospel music, and the round planet will all be taken for God. Not a wall of opposition, not a throne of tyranny, not a palace of sin, not an enterprise of unrighteousness could stand the mighty throb of such atmospheric pulsation. Music! It sounded at the laying of creation's corner-stone when the morning stars sang together. Music! It will be the last reverberation, when the arch-angel's trumpet shall wake the dead. Music! Let its full power be now tested to comfort and bless and arouse and save.

While our evening meal is being prepared in the tents, we walk out for a moment to the "Fountain of Elisha," the one into which the prophet threw the salt, because the waters were poisonous and bitter, and lo! they became sweet and healthy; and ever since, with gurgle and laughter, they have rushed down the hill, and leaped from the rocks, the only cheerful object in all that region being these waters.

Now on this plain of Jericho the sun is setting, making the mountains look like balustrades and battlements of amber and maroon and gold; and the moon, just above the crests, seems to be a window of heaven through which immortals might be looking down upon the scene. Three Arabs as watchmen sit beside the campfire at the door of my tent, their low conversation in a strange language all night long a soothing rather than an interruption. I had a dream that night never to be forgotten, that dream amid the complete ruins of Jericho. Its past grandeur returned, and I saw the city as it was when Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra and Herod bought it from her. And I heard the hoofs of its swift steeds, and the rumbling of its chariots and the shouts of excited spectators in its amphitheatre.

And there was white marble amid green groves of palm and balsam; cold stone warmed with sculptured foliage; hard pillars cut into soft lace; Iliads and Odysseys in granite; basalt jet as the night, mounted by carbuncle flaming as the morning; upholstery dyed as though dipped in the blood of battle-fields; robes encrusted with diamond; mosaics white as seafoam flashed on by auroras; gayeties which the sun saw by day, rivaled by revels the moon saw by night; blasphemy built against the sky; ceilings stellar as the midnight heavens; grandeurs turretted, archivolted and intercolumnar; wickedness so appalling that established vocabulary fails, and we must make an adjective and call it Herodic.

Bashful, But a Bouncer.

Miss Ella Ewing, a Missouri giantess, is now visiting in Keokuk, Ia., accompanied by her parents. She was born in Lewis county, Mo., on March 9, 1872. Until she was 9 years of age she was an ordinary child but since then she has developed rapidly until now, in her eighteenth year, she is 7 feet 8½ inches tall and weighs 232 pounds. Her father is 6 feet 1 inch and her mother 5 feet 3 inches. None of the relatives on either side has been noted for extraordinary size. She is well formed and rather pretty, but quite bashful and strongly averse to being exhibited as a freak. It takes twenty yards, double width, to make her a dress.

Bridging the Straits of Dover.

Experiments, it is announced, are being conducted in the channel near Folkestone for the purpose of testing the geological structure of that portion of the sea bed upon which it has been proposed to construct a bridge across the straits. The engineers engaged are M. Georges Hersent and M. Renaud, marine hydrographic engines. The examination of the French coast is finished, and so far as it has proceeded on the English side of the channel it has, it is stated, proved satisfactory. The sea bottom is declared very solid, and suitable for the proposed structure.—Echo.

HE GOES A FISHING.

CROFFUT DROPS A LINE IN AND FROM THE BAY OF FUNDY.

He Sees and Measures the Big Tides—Tries to Catch a Swordfish, but is Captured Himself The Untamed Monster Gets Away—What the Skipper Remarked.

[Bay of Fundy Letter.]

I have been up to St. Johns, New Brunswick, and seen the high tides. Do you know that the very vessels are adapted to them. When 30 feet of water goes out to sea and leaves the ships stranded you are surprised to see them standing right up in the mud on the bottom of the harbor, each by itself, without leaning against any wharf or anything. A closer inspection reveals the fact that each vessel has three keels, about six feet apart, running down to a common level, so that when its fluent support vanishes it stands up like a milking stool wherever it may happen to rest. And then the farmers drive down under the ships, bait their horses at the rudder, and barter with the skippers overhead. So our little yacht sits beneath the lofty wharf and calmly waits for the tide to rise.

LOW TIDE IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

Yesterday I went out swordfishing, and this table rocks and reels like a porpoise when I think of it, and my stomach heaves a sigh.

I had longed to go swordfishing all my life. I knew the creature was flavorous, gamey, and good, for I had eaten savory bits of him broiled. I knew that he carried on his pugnacious snout a sword of polished ivory, as lively as an Italian's stiletto and as heavy as King Arthur's excaliber. I knew he would fight like a cowboy, and was from eight to fifteen feet long. So I wanted to go after him, or I foolishly thought I did. I was talking in this way on the pile of stone they called a wharf when a skipper spoke up and says, "Yon goes a feller after 'em. Why don't you go along 'er 'im?"

He pointed at a sloop bowling along under a stiff breeze straight out to sea.

"Get him," said I, "and I'll give you a shilling." (We are in New Brunswick now.)

"And him two uv 'em?"

"Yes, quick!"

He blew on his fingers a shrill pipe, one long blast, and two short as a signal, and received a similar answering horn. The sails luffed, the sloop hove to and came around, and my whistling agent put me aboard from his own dory.

The sloop tacked again and laid herself right down before the wind. It was nice. Each wave was about as long as the sloop, and rolled up from toward Spain. It seemed like the corduroy toboggan slide at Coney Island. It suggested going to heaven in a hammock. We introduced ourselves. The skipper's name I had been told was Hallibut, but after I had called him by it about a hundred times I found out that it was Hurlbut. He was at the helm, and held the reins. Another man stood on a little platform about 30 feet up the mast, and it was his business to discover the fish, and tell the captain which way to steer. A third man was standing right out on the end of the bowsprit with a harpoon in his right hand, a sharp ugly looking steel weapon six or seven feet long.

"This is glorious!" I shouted.

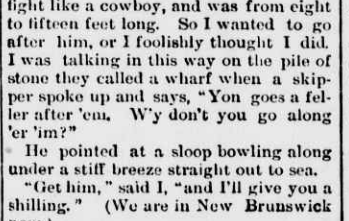
"Hey!" sung out the skipper, above the whistling wind.

"Glorious!" I repeated.

"Tail of a storm," he shouted back, "shan't git no fish."

I went over where he stood. There were two vessels like our own a little distance off, with men in the cross trees and on the bow.

The captain tacked, and as the boom came around yelled out, "K out for your head!" I looked out for it, and then I observed for the first time that he seemed in trouble. He was swearing in a low, gentle baritone voice uninterruptedly, mildly, with quite a surprising range of epithet and of metaphor. It was the most serene profanity I had ever heard. It had wheedling and even pathetic accents, like a Newfoundland dog that is being petted.



HIGH TIDE IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

"What is it, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"That infernal son of a sculpin on the lee quarter stole a fish from me yiste'day," said he in the same subdued voice. "I'd like to whale 'em so't he couldn't stan'"—and then he blasphemed again in a foolish and ridiculous voice.

"Did he take it right off the deck?" I asked.

He cast a withering glance at me, swore a little, and remarked: "He did not; but he might just as well uv. It was my fish. It wan't more'n ten rod ahead uv us, and we wus jest a goin' to gather 'im."

I said I "never considered a deer mine till I'd shot 'im."

He grunted five or six times in a way that was sad to see, embroidering that utterance with an arabesque of profanity quite dazzling to hear, and added "Hu! a deer! well he might git away f'm ye, mightn't he? an' a swordfish couldn't git away f'm me, could he! That's the difference, ain't it. Just as soon that——white livered measly cuss had took it right off'm my deck."

"Larboard bow!" yelled the man in the rigging.

"Hello!" said the captain in a surprised way, and put his helm a-port. The sloop listed to the leeward and the man on the bow held up his harpoon at arm's length and gazed anxiously down into the water.

A writhing convulsion—chug—the sharp iron had left his hand and gone into the sea. The rope rattled after, the sloop came around into the wind, a boat was tossed over the guards by a man and a boy, and the chase began.

Answering my inquiries, the skipper said, "he'll run till he tires out, then he'll come to the surface and they will haul him up to the boat, knock him in the head with an axe, and pull him aboard—if they are strong enough. If he's too big they'll tow 'm over here."

We were almost out of sight of land. The sloop was running a hurdle race, jumping over waves as high as a house. She pitched fearfully and she rolled awfully. Tobogganing was tiring me out. It suggested going in a hammock to the other place. My stomach was queasy.

In the distance I could see a forest of sardine vessels at the wharves at Eastport ready to start when the storm subsided.

"When are we going ashore?" I asked.

"When we get some fish," said the skipper. "This is glorious."

I stood up a minute longer heroically, and then I calmly lay down in the bottom of the vessel—in my white flannels, oh, beloved, reader! in my white flannels. It was wet and mackerel had apparently just been shovelled out of it, but I did not care. I was indifferent as to what became of my clothes or myself.

The skipper began to sing.

I cast one imploring look at him and——

"Bring a bucket, Pete!" he exclaimed to the other boy.

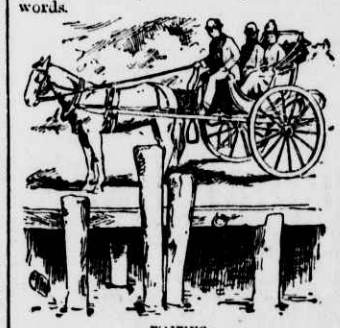
Pete did as he was told.

"Say! Yer siling yer garmints!" remarked the skipper. I tried to remember the things he had said about the unscrupulous mariner who stole his swordfish. The sloop lay wallowing in the trough of the sea and I lay wallowing in the trough of the sloop.

"Say!" repeated the skipper, in his mellifluous voice, "you are faint fer lack of vittals. The boy 'll bring you some meat. Wot you want is to put some chafing gear right down on your gizzard."

I was too wretched to reply, or even to look at him. I thought I would postpone his assassination till I got him ashore.

We got back to town some time toward night, and after lying on a pile of boards for a couple of hours I got so that I could stand up and even speak a few words.



WAITING.

Seeing the infant fiend passing up the street in the gloaming I asked him if they got the swordfish.

"No, sir," he said. "Didn't ye know he got away f'm us and took the harpoon? That's what made the cap'n so all fired mad coming home!"

When I found the wharf where I had agreed to land I found that my wife had been waiting there for me two hours in one of the peculiar conveyances of this region.

I shall not go sword fishing again till I cross the blessed river Styx, to whose calm waters sea sickness never comes.

W. A. CROFFUT.

MEN AND WOMEN.

The belle at a recent dog feast in an Indian reservation in Dakota wore a jacket trimmed with teeth from 150 elks, which she had herself slain.

There is still living on a plantation in Lee county, Ga., a negro woman who does not know that she is free. She is totally deaf, and has never been made to understand about emancipation.

The new German Chancellor, General Caprivi, is an inveterate smoker and a moderate drinker. He manifests a marked preference for wine over beer, which he touches very rarely and sparingly.

Miss Alice Parker was lately admitted to the Middlesex, Mass., county bar, being the third woman thus received in Massachusetts. She is a native of that State, but has already practiced her profession successfully in California.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis writes that her daughter, Mrs. I. A. Hayes of Colorado Springs, and her husband, have changed their little son's name to Jefferson Hayes Davis, "so that there shall be one to bear the beloved and honored name of his own blood."

Prime Minister Crispi is a millionaire, though the poorest among Italian revolutionary exiles thirty years ago. His enemies accuse him of having grown wealthy at the cost of the State Treasury, and his friends say lucky speculations and shrewd investments yielded him his fortune.

Miss Edwards, in a recent lecture on "The Literature and Religion of Ancient Egypt," stated that the oldest book in the world is at present in the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris. The Egyptians were the earliest makers of literature, and this document is on papyrus, and was written long before the Christian era.

A GREAT "SCOOP."

A Telegraph Messenger Boy's Reminiscence of the Lincoln Assassination.

"The assassination of Lincoln," read Henry N. Garland, passenger agent of the Wabash, as he spread out a copy of a newspaper dated April 15, 1865, and which contained an account of the murder of the president.

"I remember that event most vividly," said Mr. Garland, "and it is imprinted on my memory through a part I played the next morning in connection with it. I was a boy living in Oswego, N. Y., at that time, and was a messenger boy for what was known as the United States Branch Telegraph Company.' It was a Canadian line and we were fighting the Western Union for all we were worth. In Oswego the Western Union office was separated only by a partition. The rivalry and jealousy was bitter, and messenger boys followed the example of our superiors in working up business. Whenever we'd delivered a message we'd ask for an answer, and if the fellow would say there was none we'd wait until he read the message and then ask him if he was sure there was nothing to go back.

"It was my business to open the office in the morning, and the day after Lincoln was shot I was down at the office at 7:30 getting ready for the day's work. There were no night offices then, and no one in Oswego had heard of the assassination. As I opened the door I heard the instrument ticking our office call. I was just learning then, and knew nothing beyond the office call, O. S., and the alphabet, which I could figure out. I wondered why the thing was going so early, and let it go for awhile. The call was kept up for so long I became convinced that it was something big. We used the old wheels and a roll of paper in those days, something like a bucket shop ticker, and I walked over to the instrument two or three times undecided what to do. There would be no one around for an hour or two, and at last I went to the key and broke in with 'i i,' the signal that all was ready for the message and turned on the wheel. The instant I did so my hair began to raise, as the operator at the end, believing the regular man was on, began to send in a big message. I was frightened half to death and hardly knew what to do. The blamed ticker kept a going though, and after I had pranced around the office awhile, it began giving the office call again. I surmised what the operator wanted this time and I gave him 'O. K.' and signed. This was all he wanted and he let me alone. I took the strip of paper and pencil and sat down to figure out the message. It was pretty cold, but I was wet with perspiration and so nervous I could hardly hold the pencil in my fingers.

"I finally managed to find out what it meant. Abe Lincoln was shot and our office had got it first. I rushed out to the door and saw that the Western Union had no bulletin out and then I began to work. I got a big sheet of paper and with plenty of ink managed to fix up a bulletin that drew a crowd. About 9:30 the manager came in and asked me what I meant. I told him what I had done and he nearly had a fit. It was a great scoop on the Western Union and a big 'ad' for our company and the boss predicted that I would be the biggest operator and telegraph man in the country—but I guess I let down too soon."—Chicago Evening Journal.

Two Pigmy Engines.

The smallest engine we have any record of is that made by D. A. Buck, of Waterbury, Ct. The engine, boiler, governor and pumps all stand on a space seven-sixteenths of an inch square and are about five-eighths of an inch high. The engine has 148 distinct parts, held together by fifty-two screws. Three drops of water fill the boiler to overflowing. The diameter of the cylinder is one-twenty-sixth of an inch; the length of stroke three-thirty-seconds of an inch. The whole engine weighs but three grains, not including base plate.

Levi Taylor, an ingenious mechanic of Indianola, Ia., has constructed an engine almost equal to the Waterbury wonder. This pigmy was on exhibition at the centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. It is built on a twenty-five cent gold piece, the whole outfit weighing but a fraction over three grains. It must have been quite a contrast to the enormous Corliss engine when on exhibition in the same building. Taylor's engine, while not as small as that made by the Waterbury mechanic, is a wonder that will be better appreciated when the reader is informed that it would take 146 such engines to weigh one ounce avoirdupois.—St. Louis Republic.

She Saw Him Practicing.

"I think," said a Dwightville man to his wife, "I will give up business and embrace some profession."

"I thought," returned the wife sarcastically, "that you contemplated embracing something when I saw you practicing on the hired girl last night."—Toronto Truth.

The Law Has Done It.

The number of tramps has decreased 75 per cent in the last five years, and it is the laws passed by the different states which have done it. When you make tramping a crime you compel a tramp to go to work and make an honest living.