

SAVANNAH COURIER.

Devoted to the Interests of Hardin County and Her People.

VOLUME XVI.

SAVANNAH, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1900.

NUMBER 29.

An Old-Time Adventure

By Fred Myron Colby.

ON ONE of the last days of May, 1755, two boys, Charles Flanders and William Wheeler, were sent out from the block-house, at Charlestown, N. H., on the Connecticut, to look for two horses that had strayed into the woods.

The missing animals were a gray horse and a black mare, respectively. The mare had her young colt with her. They both belonged to William's father, and the settler had promised the boy that if he would find the horses, and bring them safely home, he would give him the colt for his labor.

The lads started off about six o'clock in the morning, taking their way down the river. William had his father's gun, but Charles, who was younger, had not been allowed to take one. Guns and ammunition were too scarce at the fort to be intrusted to a boy 11 years old.

It was really dangerous to go out unarmed a great distance from the block-house, for wildcats and wolves were numerous in that region, and occasionally a bear was seen. The boys themselves thought little of the peril, but it was not without misgivings that their mothers had seen them depart.

Charles was the happy possessor of a jack-knife, and he busied himself in making bow and arrows as he trudged along. The bow he fashioned from an ash limb, and the arrows were of oak, headed with sharp tacks that the boy happened to have in his pocket. The bowstrings was of stout twine. When completed, it was hardly equal to an English long-bow, nor was Charles a Robin Hood; but it was nevertheless quite a dangerous weapon in his hands. He amused himself shooting at squirrels and birds, and was in high spirits when he hit one.

The only traces of the animals they were hunting after that they had yet seen were their tracks, which they ever and anon came across in the "opens," or imbedded in the banks of the streams.

They listened and listened for the friendly clinking of the bells, but could not hear them. Yet they felt assured that they were on the right course.

They had proceeded about three miles when William's quick ear caught the familiar ling-ling of a bell. But it was a great way off, and seemed to be growing more distinct.

"It's in the next 'open,'" said William. "That is Sukey's." They can't be far off. Good luck! Now I'll have my colt and no trouble."

The boys were then in the thick forest. The last "open" was half a mile behind them; the next might be as far in front of them. They hastened forward eagerly, following the sound of the bell that came tinkling at intervals through the woods.

They came to the "open," a square-like area of nearly four acres, lying low and level on the banks of the Connecticut. All at once the bells ceased tinkling.

"That is singular. Perhaps they have gone down to the river to drink," remarked William, looking in that direction.

"Oh, no, there's the horses over by that clump of birches!" cried Charles. "Can't you see the old gray's side?"

"That's strange, anyhow," declared William. "The last time I heard the bell, I could swear it was on the other side of the 'open.'"

The bell commenced tinkling again. It must assuredly was on the opposite side, near the stream.

"Sukey and her colt must be over there," said Charles, "but it's strange, as you say, that they shouldn't be together."

"Well, you go that way and I will go this. If we can catch them, we can ride home. I do hope the colt is not lost or hurt."

William started in the direction toward the river, and of course Charles walked off in a course just opposite.

When the latter was about half-way across the clearing, he turned around to look at William. To his surprise, his companion was not to be seen.

While he was gazing in that direction, he saw two Indians rise up from behind a clump of alders and look toward the river. At that instant William reappeared around a bend of the stream, where he had been hidden from the sight of his friend.

As soon as William saw the savages, he turned to run. One of the Indians at this fired after the fleeing boy and shot him through the wrist.

The shot whirled him violently round. The savages then seized him, and binding him with a deer skin thong, carried him to their canoe, which was in the river not far distant.

Meanwhile, Charles, seeing the plight of his companion, was moving slowly away from the dangerous neighborhood. He hoped the Indians had not seen him. Alone and without any suitable weapon, he knew that he could do nothing toward rescuing poor William. His plan was to return to the settlement as quickly as possible, inform his father of the circumstance, and have a party start at once to the rescue.

In order to reach there at the shortest notice, he had made up his mind to catch the gray horse. He could see the animal still standing half within the grove of poplars, and had no suspicion that anything was wrong.

Directing his steps toward the poplars, Charles crept up near and nearer, looking warily around for fear of Indians.

He walked up to within five feet of the clump of poplars, and was on the point of placing his hand on the gray

horse's neck when an Indian warrior leaped out.

It is no disparagement to Charles to say that when he found himself suddenly face to face with the red man his mouth opened as wide as did his eyes, that the color died from his cheeks, that his heart fluttered like a bird in a cage, and that for a moment he could not stir.

"Ugh!" grunted the savage, "white boy walk the woods with red brother," meaning he would go with him to Canada.

But Charles was not quite ready to do that. Stepping back quickly, he fitted one of his tack-headed arrows to the string of his bow and discharged it full at the Indian.

The warrior sprang aside; but he was not quick enough, for the shaft had been well aimed. It passed through his neck, between the skin and the flesh.

Uttering a cry of anger, he leaped on the boy and caught him by the throat. He hastily felt for his tomahawk, and in the heat of his rage would undoubtedly have ended the poor boy's career then and there; but, missing the handle at the first grasp, he suddenly changed his mind, and, lifting the boy to the back of the gray horse, tied him securely and led the animal toward the party that was with the canoe.

The two boys exchanged a sorrowful smile as their captors brought them together. William had been placed in the canoe, where there were two hogs, which the savages had plundered from a settlement lower down the river.

These hogs belonged to a man named Sargent, who lived in Walpole, and he and several of his neighbors had gone out that very morning in search of the marauders. They had tracked the thieves to the river, and suspecting they might be Indians, had embarked in a boat and rowed up stream, hoping to come upon them unawares and recover their stolen property.

A little cove shot into the river at the point where the two boys had been captured, and the stream thus made a bend around this point of land. The Indians, their canoe and their horses were on one side of the bend, and the armed white men in their boat were approaching the other. Just before they turned the bend, one of the white men heard the moan of a horse. Surprised at this, they rested on their oars a moment, and then rowed on more cautiously.

Passing around a low, wooded bank, they saw a sight that made them halt again. A canoe with three Indians in it was pushing away from the shore. They could see that it was heavily laden, for it sunk deep into the water. Only one Indian was paddling, and the canoe very slowly advanced into the middle of the stream.

A fourth Indian had just entered the river with two horses, on the back of one of which was a white boy, with his arms pinioned behind him. In the canoe, by the two dead hogs, was a prostrate figure, which they had no doubt was another captive.

Sargent instantly ordered his party to fire. They did so, and two of the Indians in the canoe fell dead or fatally wounded. The Indian who was paddling threw down his paddle, and plunged into the river. A shot was fired at him, which either killed or disabled him, for he sank, and was seen no more.

The Indian on horseback did not lift his gun, but very quietly urged his horses across the river. Two of the settlers fired at him, but the only result was the splashing of his naked skin by the disturbed water.

"Those horses are stolen, and the red Indians mustn't get away with them," said Sargent; "but don't fire again. We may injure the boy."

The settlers bent to their oars, and in a few moments swept up alongside of the struggling horses.

The savage did not wait for them to come up, but leaped into the water, and deliberately swam to the abandoned canoe, which was floating ten or a dozen rods from the New Hampshire side. This he clambered into, seized the paddle, and began to steer it toward the Vermont shore.

After they had seized the horses, the white men turned their attention to this bold warrior, who seemed determined to escape with the canoe. Two of them, who had reloaded, shot at him, but, though both expert marksmen, they failed to harm him. The close proximity of their bullets, however, forced him to relinquish the canoe.

Holding his rifle above his head, the undaunted savage swam to the Vermont shore, and, landing unharmed, disappeared in the forest.

The white men now roared up to the canoe, which was drifting aimlessly round and round.

"Don't shoot! I'm a white boy!" cried a voice, as they approached.

It was poor William, who, with his limbs bound with deer skin, was just able to sit up in the canoe.

"Well, you've saved the horses any how; but the colt's gone, sure," he exclaimed, as he glanced around, and saw that the horses were secure.

One of Sargent's men jumped aboard the canoe and paddled it ashore, where William and Charles were both released from their bonds.

Then the boys mounted their horses. bid their rescuers adieu, and returned to the block-house, which they reached just before sundown.

William's wound was not a serious one, and he soon recovered from it; but he was accustomed to relate, as he told the story in after years, that he never felt so queer in his life as he did while lying curled down by the dead hogs, when the settlers were firing and the Indians were tumbling out of the canoe.—Golden Days.

CURE FOR ANXIETY.

Dr. Talmage Prescribes for Those in Trouble.

Advices Them to Follow the Example of the Disciples, Who Went and Told Jesus—Comfort for the Bereaved.

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Dr. Talmage, who has finished his tour of England and Scotland, where thousands thronged to hear him wherever he preached, is now on his way to Norway and Russia, in which countries he is already well known through the publication of translations of his sermons. In the following discourse, which he has sent for publication this week, he gives a prescription for all anxiety and worry, and illustrates the Divine sympathy for all who are in any kind of struggle. The text is Matthew 14: 12. "And His disciples went and told Jesus."

An outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrificing prophet, John the Baptist. The group of the disciples were thrown into grief and dismay. They felt themselves utterly defenseless. There was no authority to which they could appeal, and yet grief must always find expression. If there be no human ear to hear, then the agonized soul will cry it aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But there was an ear that was willing to listen. There is a tender pathos and at the same time a most admirable picture in the words of my text: "They went and told Jesus." He could understand all their grief, and He immediately soothed it. Our burdens are not more than half so heavy to carry if another shoulder is put under the other end of them. Here we find Christ, His brow shadowed with grief, standing amid the group of disciples, who, with tears and violent gesticulations and wringing of hands and outcry of bereavement, are expressing their woe. Raphael, with his skilled brush putting upon the wall of a palace some scene of sacred story, gave not so skillful a stroke as when the plain hand of the evangelist writes: "They went and told Jesus."

The old Gods and Vandals once came down upon Italy from the north of Europe, and they upset the gardens, and they broke down the statues and swept away everything that was good and beautiful. So there is ever and anon in the history of all the sons and daughters of our race an incursion of rough-handed troubles that come to plunder and ransack and put to the torch all that men highly prize. There is no cave so deeply cleft into the mountains as to afford us shelter, and the foot of fleetest courier cannot bear us beyond pursuit. The arrows they put to the string fly with unerring dart until we fall pierced and stunned.

I feel that I bring to you a most appropriate message. I mean to bind up all your griefs into a bundle and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar. The prescription that cures the sorrow of the disciples will cure all your heartaches. I have read that when Godfrey and his army marched out to capture Jerusalem, as they came over the hills, at the first flash of the pinnacles of that beautiful city, the army that had marched in silence lifted a shout that made the earth tremble. Oh, you soldiers of Jesus Christ, marching on toward Heaven, I would that today, by some gleam from the palace of God's mercy and God's strength, you might be lifted into great rejoicing, and that as the prospect of its peace breaks on your enraptured gaze you might raise one glad hosanna to the Lord!

In the first place, I commend the behavior of these disciples to all burdened souls who are unpardoned. There comes a time in almost every man's history when he feels from some source that he has an erring nature. The thought may not have such left as to tell him. It may be only like the flash in an evening cloud, just after a very hot summer day. One man to get rid of that impression will go to prayer, while another will stimulate himself by ardent spirits, and another man will delve deeper in secularities. But sometimes a man can't get rid of these impressions. The fact is, when a man finds out that his eternity is poised upon a perfect uncertainty and that the next moment his foot may slip, he must do something violent to make himself forget where he stands or else fly for refuge.

Some of you crouch under a yoke, and you bite the dust, when this moment you might rise up a crowned conqueror. Driven and perplexed as you have been by sin, go and tell Jesus. To relax the grip of death from your soul and plant your unshackled feet upon the golden throne, Christ let the tortures of the bloody mount transfix Him. With the beam of His own cross He will break down the door of your dungeon. From the thorns of His own crown He will pick

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been ranking there, but by Divine grace it is buried out through these fires of conviction, "the flesh coming again as the flesh of a little child," "where sin abounded grace much more abounded." With the 10,000 unpardoned sins of your life, go and tell Jesus.

You will never get rid of your sins in any other way. And remember that the broad invitation which I extend to you will not always be extended. King Alfred, before modern timepieces were invented, used to divide the day into three parts, eight hours each, and then had three wax candles. By the time the third candle had burned to the socket eight hours had gone, and when the second candle had burned to the socket another eight hours had gone, and when all the three candles were gone out then the day had passed. Oh, that some of us, instead of calculating our days and nights and years by any earthly timepieces, might calculate them by the numbers of opportunities and mercies which are burning down and burning out, never to be relighted, lest at last we be amid the foolish virgins who cried: "Our lamps have gone out!"

Again I commend the behavior of the disciples to all who are tempted. I have heard men in midlife say they had never been led into temptation. If you have not felt temptation, it is because you have not tried to do right. A man hopped and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain, but when he rises up and with determination resolves to snap the handcuffs or break the hoppel, then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for ten and twenty and thirty years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never felt the power of the chain because they have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go down with the stream and with the wind lying on your oars, but just turn around and try to go against the wind and the tide, and you will find it is a different matter. As long as we go down the current of our evil habit we seem to get along quite smoothly, but if after awhile we turn around and head the other way, toward Christ and pardon and Heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You will have your temptation. You have one kind, you another, you another, not one person escaping.

It is all folly for you to say to some one: "I could not be tempted as you are." The lion thinks it is so strange that the fish should be caught with a hook.

The fish thinks it is so strange that the lion should be caught with a trap. You see some man with a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and you say: "I suppose that man has not any temptation." Yes, as much as you have. In his phlegmatic nature he has a temptation to indolence and censoriousness and overeating and drinking, a temptation to ignore the great work of life, a temptation to lay down an obstacle in the way of all good enterprises. The temperament decides the styles of temptation, but sanguine or lymphatic, you will have temptation. Satan has a grappling hook just fitted for your soul. A man never lives beyond the reach of temptation. You say when a man gets to 70 or 80 years of age he is safe from satanic assault. You are very much mistaken. A man at 85 years of age has as many temptations as a man of 25. They are only different styles of temptation. Ask the aged Christian whether he is never assaulted of the powers of darkness. If you think you have conquered the power of temptation, you are very much mistaken.

No man gets through life without having a pommeling. Some slander comes after you, horned and hooped, and hooped, to gore and trample you. And what are you to do? I tell you plainly that all who serve Christ must suffer persecution. It is the worst sign in the world for you to be able to say: "I have not an enemy in the world." A man is pronounced in the Bible against the one of whom every body speaks well. If you are at peace with all the world and everybody likes you and approves your work, it is because you are an idler in the Lord's vineyard and are not doing your duty. All those who have served Christ, however eminent, all have been maligned at some stage of their experience. You know it was so in the time of George Whitefield, when he stood and invited men into the kingdom of God. What did the learned Dr. Johnson say of him? He pronounced him a miserable mountebank. How was it when Robert Hall stood and spoke as scarcely any uninspired man ever did speak of the glories of Heaven? And as he stood Sabbath after Sabbath preaching on these themes his face kindled with glory. John Foster, a Christian man, said of this man: "Robert Hall is only acting, and the smile on his face is a reflection of his own vanity." John Wesley turned all England upside down with Christian reform, and yet the punsters were after him, and the meanest jokes in England were perpetrated about John Wesley. What is true of the pulpit is true of the pew; it is true of the street; it is true of the shop and the store. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. And I set it down as the very worst sign in all your Christian experience if you are, any of you, at peace with all the world. The religion of Christ is war. It is a challenge to "the world, the flesh and the devil," and if you will buckle on the whole armor of God you will find a great host disputing your path between this and Heaven.

But what are you to do when you are assaulted and slandered and abused, as I suppose nearly all of you have been in your life? Go out and hunt up the slanderer? Oh, no, silly man! While you are explaining away a falsehood in one place 50 people will

just have heard of it in other places. I counsel you to another course. While you are not to omit any opportunity of setting yourself right, I want to tell you of one who had the hardest things said about him, whose sobriety was disputed, whose mission was denounced, whose companionship was denounced, who was pursued as a babe and spit upon as a man, who was howled at after he was dead. I will have you go unto Him with your humble child prayer, saying: "I see Thy wounds—wounds of head, wounds of feet, wounds of heart. Now, look at my wounds and see what I have suffered and through what battles I am going, and I entreat Thee by those wounds of Thine to sympathize with me." And He will sympathize, and He will help. Go and tell Jesus.

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all the bereaved. How many in garb of mourning? How many emblems of sorrow you behold everywhere? God has His own way of taking apart a family. We must get out of the way for coming generations. We must get off the stage that others may come on, and for this reason there is a long procession reaching down all the time into the valley of shadows. This emigration from time into eternity is so vast an enterprise that we cannot understand it. Every hour we hear the clang of the sepulchral gear. The sod must be broken. The ground must be plowed for resurrection harvest. Eternity must be peopled. The dust must press our eyelids. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." This emigration from time into eternity keeps three-fourths of the families of the earth in desolation. The air is rent with farewells, and the black fabled

vehicles of death rumble through every street. The body of the child that was folded so closely to the mother's heart is put away in the cold and the darkness. The laughter freezes to the girl's lip, and the rose sentiers. The boy in the harvest field of Shunem says: "My head! My head!" And they carry him home to die on the lap of his mother. Widowhood stands with tragedies of woe struck into the pallor of the cheek. Orphanage cries in vain for father and mother. Oh, the grave is cruel! With teeth of stone it clutches for its prey. Between the closing gates of the sepulcher our hearts are mangled and crushed.

Is there any earthly solace? None. We come to the obsequies, we sit with the grief-stricken, we talk pathetically to their soul; but soon the obsequies have passed, the carriages have left us at the door, the friends who stood for a few days are gone, and the heart sits in desolation listening for the little feet that will never again patter through the hall, or looking for the entrance of those who will never come again—sighing into the darkness—ever and anon coming across some book or garment or little shoe or picture that arouses former association, almost killing the heart. Long days and nights of suffering that wear out the spirit and expunge the bright lines of life and give haggardness to the face and draw the flesh tight down over the cheek bone and draw dark lines under the sunken eye, and the hand is tremulous, and the voice is husky and uncertain, and the grief is wearing, grinding, accumulating, exhausting.

Now, what are such to do? Are they merely to look up into a heaven and unquenching sky? Are they to walk a blasted death unfeeling stream, unsheltered by overarching trees? Has God turned us out on the barren common to die? Oh, no! no! no! He has not. He comes with sympathy and kindness and love. He understands all our grief. He sees the height and depth and the length and the breadth of it. He is the only one that can fully sympathize. Go and tell Jesus. Sometimes when we have trouble we go to our friends and we explain it, and they try to sympathize; but they do not understand it. They cannot understand it. But Christ sees all over it and all through it. He not only counts the tears and records the groans, but before the tears started, before the groans began, Christ saw the inner heart of each of your sorrow, and He takes it, and He weighs it, and He measures it, and He pities it with all absorbing pity. Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, Heart of our heart, Sorrow of our sorrow. As long as He remembers Lazarus' grave He will stand by you in the cemetery. As long as He remembers His own heartbreak He will stand by you in the laceration of your affections. When He forgets the footsore way, the sleepless nights, the weary body, the exhausted mind, the awful crowd, the solemn grave, then He will forget you, but not until then.

Often when we were in trouble we sent for our friends, but they were far away; they could not get to us. We wrote to them: "Come right away," or telegraphed: "Take the next train." They came at last, yet were a great while in coming or perhaps were too late. But Christ is always near—before you, behind you, within you. No mother ever threw her arms around her child with such warmth and ecstasy of affection as Christ has shown toward you. Close at hand—nearer than the staff upon which you lean, nearer than the cup you put to your lip, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away your tears—I preach Him an ever present, all sympathizing, compassionate Jesus. How can you stay away one moment from Him with your griefs? Go now. Go and tell Jesus.

It is often that our friends have no power to relieve us. They would very much like to do it, but they cannot disentangle our sinances, they cannot cure our sickness and raise us dead, but glory be to God that He to whom the disciples went has all the power in Heaven and on earth, and at our call He will walk our calamities and at just the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding Heaven will raise our dead. He is mightier than Herod. He is swifter than the storm. He is grander than the sea. He is vaster than eternity.

SOME LAWYERS' CARDS.

The Striving for Novelty Seems to Be Increasing Among Legal Luminaries.

The striving for novelty in lawyers' cards seems to be on the increase. From all over the country specimens have come to us, many of which we have not space to notice, says Law Notes. A Colorado attorney contents himself with this terse aphorism: "The Race Is to the Swift, the Devil Take the Hindmost." A legal giant of Detroit, Ia., announces that he holds "the best diploma ever issued by the Crawford county normal institute," and, while he is fully equipped to handle anything pertaining to the law, feels that insurance is his "fort." He also represents a "New York nursery company." An eminent lawyer of Denver, Col., has this legend on the back of his card:

"Bohemian Salve—For the justly celebrated, pure Bohemian salve, that has cured some of the most obstinate cases of erysipelas, blood poisoning, sore eyes, lumbago, etc., call on the sole manufacturer, William Wise, at his office or residence."

The finest thing of the sort from a literary standpoint, that has come under our observation, is the following which is taken from the card of a lawyer of St. Johns, Mich.:

"My creed: 'Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words, while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them when I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness and love of sympathy. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way.'"

MEN OF THE MAINE COAST.

Customs of the Farmers and the Skippers Who Go "Chancing" for Wealth.

They are right at the foot of "March bill" long coast.

Up in the interior the farmers will now commence to say that it's between hay and grass. But the coast dwellers refer soulfully to "March bill." This, says the Lewiston Journal, is the time when the funds for the work of last season are nearly exhausted and before the regular fishing season has commenced. The flour barrel is low. In some houses the good wife is already playing a tattoo on the bottom of the barrel trying to pound another setting of dough out of the cracks and the seams. From now on flour will come into the household in paper bags until the treasury shall become replenished.

The man of the house is most likely "going chancing" at this season. He takes his little dory and rows from point to harbor to harbor and point where fishing boats are owned, trying to "git a chance to go to the Banks." That is "going chancing." Sometimes it is mightily discouraging work. Some skippers are cross and don't want to make much of a dory—many have their crews all picked out.

There is one thing about chancing that isn't half bad. Most of the skippers, even if they do not hire, will ask the chancer to haul up and have a snack, if said chancer happens along about meal time—and if the chancer doesn't arrange his visits in that way he isn't "onto his job," that's all.

The skipper's wife may not like it at first rate, and may make audible comments on the "poor misable critters that come for grub." But the poor critters are not at all abashed by little setbacks from the housewife's tongue. They shovel down all the food they can stow and look regretfully at the rest of it, evidently longing to take it away in a handkerchief for the folks at home.

His Home Surroundings.