AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 49. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 6, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

LIFT A LITTLE.

Lift a little! Lift a little!
Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To that heavy-laden brother
Who for weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee, with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a ponderous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Effort gives one strength;
That which staggers him when raising,
Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
Not his fault that he is feeble;
Not thy praise that thou art strong;
It is God makes lives to differ—
Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Many they who need thine aid;
Many lying on the roadside,
'Neath misfortune's dreary shade.
Pass not by like priest and Levite,
Heedless of thy fellow-man;
But, with heart and arms extended,
Be the Good Samaritan.

Select Story.

A BAD MISTAKE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

From Saturday Night.

"Where is Lois?" said Mrs. Clymer, pettishly. "It does seem as if we were perpetually losing sight of her. I'll never take charge of any one again, while I'm traveling, as long as I live!"

Mrs. Clymer was dressed in pearl-gray mohair, with perfectly-fitting gray gloves, distingue eyeglasses, and boots that had come straight from Paris.

Adele Clymer, with hair of crepe gold, deep dimples in cheek and chin, and a gown that represented the very latest fashion plate, stood languidly at her side, with a skye terrier whining in her arms and a scent-bottle dangling from her wrist, and little Mabel's yellow curls and flapping-brimmed Gainsborough that brought up the rear not unpicturesquely.

"Lois is so odd, mamma," said she. "She is holding that cross baby so that its nurse can go to the refreshment counter and get a cup of coffee. The mother has got a two-year-old child on her lap that she can't leave."

"Goodness me! And such common people!" said Mrs. Clymer, with an angry flutter of her fan. "What can the child be thinking of? Call her, Mabel, at once!"

"But they're such pretty children, mamma!" pleaded Mabel, with wistful glances at the other end of the great, echoing station.

"Do be quiet!" said Mrs. Clymer. "Adele, tell your cousin I desire she will join us at once in the drawing-room car—the Osceola, I believe it is called."

"There is such a crowd at that end of the depot," said Adele, unwillingly. "And Ponto is so restless! Can't Mabel go, mamma?"

The gates were open at that moment, and in her refined anxiety to to avoid contact with the vulgar crush and crowd, Mrs. Clymer hastened through, closely followed by Adele, tenderly carrying the discontented dog, Ponto, who whined perpetual protests.

"This is something like comfort," said the cold-visaged matron, as she settled down into "Chair No. 4," spread out her skirts and opened her fan. "Do sit down, Adele, and give Ponto a chocolate. The little dear is so fretful! Porter, pull down the shade and bring me a footstool. Adele, your hair is all coming out of crimp with the heat. This weather is perfectly unendurable. What can have become of Mabel? Oh, here she comes!"

"Mamma," whispered Mabel, putting her cherry lips close to her mother's well-powdered ear, "Lois isn't going to travel in the drawing-room car."

"Not going to travel in the drawing-room car! And why not, I should like to know?" cried Mrs. Clymer, bristling up.

Lois Wardour herself appeared in the luxuriously curtained doorway of the "Osceola" to answer this query.

She was a tall, slight girl, with an ivory pale complexion, large blue eyes, full of pleading lights, and a serious, sweet mouth, like Raphael's Madonna, and she was dressed with a simplicity of inexpensive attire that contrasted curiously with the elaborate toilettes of her cousins, the Clymers.

"Lois," cried the fretful matron, "where on earth have you been? You keep me in a constant worry. Do sit down and be quiet for a few minutes, if you can! That's your seat—No. 7," indicating the least comfortable one, next the sunny window.

"Thank you Cousin Elfrida," said Lois, quietly, "but, if you don't mind, I will not go in the Osceola! The other cars are very comfortable, and," slightly reddening, "there is a considerable difference in the fare."

"It's a dollar and a half extra in the Osceola!" shrilly put in Mabel. "I heard the conductor tell the fat man so just now."

"And," added Lois, "a dollar and a half is some consideration to me. And there is a recently-widowed lady in the other car, with a great many little children, to whom I can be of use. If you don't mind, I'll go back into the ordinary car."

"But I do mind, very much," said Mrs. Clymer, tossing his head. "We Clymers are always accustomed to travel first class!"

"I am not a Clymer," said Lois, with a faint smile.

"And I should be mortified to death," sharply added Mrs. Clymer, "if the friends we are going to visit should know that any of our party were in a common car."

"Let us hope that they will not make the appalling discovery," said Miss Wardour, with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders. "Good-by, Cousin Elfrida! I dare say Adele and Mabel will be plenty of company for you—not to mention Ponto!"

Mrs. Clymer looked after the graceful, retiring figure with a Medusa-like glare.

"If I didn't know that it must be impossible," said she, slowly and distinctly, "I should almost be tempted to think that she was—laughing—at—me!"

"I'm so vexed to think that papa insisted on sending her in our party just because she happened to be a distant relative," said Adele, crossly. "A common schoolteacher, too, only think of it! Well, mamma, never mind—perhaps people won't know that she belongs to us. If she is mean enough to want to save her dollar and a half, why, let her!"

"But it isn't proper," cried Mrs. Clymer, "for a girl of her age to separate herself from her chaperone in this way."

"I dare say she's quite capable of taking care of herself," said Adele, dryly.

"There!" cried Mrs. Clymer. "I knew some trouble would come of it! Mabel put the box of dog-crackers in Lois's shawl strap, because there wasn't room for it among our things, and the poor pet is half starved. Go quick, Adele, and get it before the train starts."

Unwillingly enough, Adele complied.

"The dog-crackers? Oh, yes!" said Lois, laughing. "I had almost forgotten them. Here they are. You see, Adele, how comfortable I am here!"

"Comfortable!" sneered her cousin. "With a swarm of dirty children like this?"

The lady seated next to Miss Wardour colored deeply at this rude remark.

"It is very dusty traveling," said she, "and my little ones have come a long way."

Adele Clymer lifted her eyes-glasses and transfixed the speaker with a stony stare, which made her blush deeper than ever.

"How dared the woman speak to me?" she said to Lois, in a very audible undertone. "We are drawing-room passengers."

And, carrying Ponto's box of crackers as if it had been a sceptre, she stalked out of the car.

"Did I do wrong in addressing her?" said the little widow, with a half-terrified air. "It was only that I didn't like the children to be called dirty, when their appearance is really only an accident of travel."

Lois laughed.

"Don't mind her," said she. "Here is a flask of cologne and a clean pocket-handkerchief in my bag. If Johnny will get a little water in this tumbler, we'll soon brighten the little faces up. Put back your head and rest. I will see to the children."

"How kind you are!" said the pale little lady. "If I had expected to meet such a benefactress, I shouldn't have dreaded the journey from Alabama half so much."

And thanks to Lois Wardour's gentleness, she fell into a slumber, deep and refreshing, that lasted until they reached the depot at Albany.

"It's outrageous—perfectly outrageous!" said Mrs. Clymer's voice, raised to a pitch somewhat above the "low tone" which is generally considered "a most excellent thing in woman." "Here I have to leave Ponto and the girls and come all this way into this horrid, crowded, stuffy place to extricate you, Lois Wardour, from the common mob you have elected to travel with! Put down that dirty child! It's the business of its mother to take care of it, not yours. And come—quick! The carriage is waiting—and, goodness me, here comes Mr. Perceval! I wouldn't have him find you in this car for anything."

The pale little lady, suddenly awakened from the depths of her slumbers, sat looking up with a terrified air, as she clutched the crying infant whom Mrs. Clymer had taken from Lois' lap with no gentle touch and handed over to her.

"I am sorry," she stammered. "I—Oh, Fred!"

"Katie, can it be possible that this is you? My darling—my dear little sister!"

And to Mrs. Clymer's deep discomfiture, she saw the personage whom in her mind she had set down as "that dowdy little widow," clasped in Mr. Frederick, Perceval's aristocratic arms. In a second her face became dressed with smiles.

"Your—sister!" she cried. "Really, my dear Mr. Perceval, this is a genuine surprise! If we had only known it before! I am so glad that my cousin, Miss Wardour, has been able to be of use to her!"

"We have been expecting Katherine from the South for some time," said Mr. Perceval, who was the son and heir of the wealthy and well-born family whom Mrs. Clymer had come to Albany to visit. "But we hardly knew when she would come. My darling, how tired you look. And this young lady"—with a glance at Lois—"is she the governess?"

"I do not know who she is," said the young widow, her soft brown eyes shining full of gratitude as she raised them to Lois' face. "But my governess left me at Philadelphia with only the nurse, and I dont know what I should have done had it not been for her kindness."

And Mrs. Clymer made haste to introduce "her cousin, Miss Wardour."

Lois Wardour parted with her newmade friends then and there, going directly to the educational institute which had secured her services, but not until she had promised soon to visit the Southern widow at the stately mansion of the Percevals.

"I have only my Saturdays and Sundays," said she. "I am a working woman, you know."

"You are an angel," said the young widow. "I am quite sure of that!"

Mrs. Clymer (when she pleased) was an adept in the art of making herself agreeable, but not all her smiles and graces were able to make any entrance into the hearts of either Frederick Perceval or his sister, Katherine Kent.

Mrs. Perceval, of The Manor, was polite to the Clymers as guests, but that was all. An invisible film of polite reserve interposed itself perpetually between herself and all intimacy.

"I'm quite sure that hateful, spiteful young widow has told her brother all about the little mistake I made," said Adele. "And our little campaign here is entirely frustrated. She has Lois Wardour here every Saturday, and I just wish you could see Fred Perceval look at Lois! I'm sure he's falling in love with her."

"It serves you right," said shrewd little Mabel. "You ought to have been kind to Mrs. Kent on the train, too!"

"So I should if I had had any idea who she was," said candid Adele. "But if people expect to be treated civily, they ought to travel in drawing-room cars!"

"She had had her pocket picked, you know," said Mabel. "She—"

"Oh, there is no use going over and over the old story!" said Adele, impatiently. "If she had traveled in the Osceola, it would have been all right."

Mabel laughed.

"Whereas now," said she, "it's all wrong!"

Ants as Gardeners.

Man is not the only animal who has discovered the division of the vegetable world into weeds on the one hand and garden plants on the other. Our ingenious little six-legged workers, the ants, have anticipated us in this, as in so many other useful inventions and discoveries. There are ants in Texas which grow grain, and each nest owns a small claim in the vicinity of its mound, on which it cultivates a kind of grass, commonly known as ant-rice. The claim is circular, about ten or twelve feet in diameter, and the ants allow no plant but the ant-rice to encroach upon the cleared space anywhere. The product of the crop they carefully harvest though authorities are still disagreed upon the final question whether they plant the grain or merely allow it to sow its own seed itself on the protected area. One thing, however, is certain—that no other plant is permitted to sprout on the tabooed patch. The ants wage war on weeds far more vigorously and effectively than our own agriculturists.

A Kansas farmer makes use of the following language to emphasize the fact that there has been a good rise in the price of corn: "It took five bushels of corn to get into a circus in this State last summer. This year I can get into the main tent, stay to the concert, go to the sideshow, and get a picture of the Circassian beauty all for one bushel.

THANKSGIVING SERMON

Delivered at a union service held by the congregations of St. Paul's Reformed Church, Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Protestant Church and Grace Ev. Lutheran Church, in the House of Worship of the latter, by Rev. Calvin S. Slagle, Pastor of St, Paul's Reformed Church, Thanksgiving Day, November 27th, 1890.

"Thou shalt bless the Lord, thy God, for the good land which He hath given thee.—DEUT. VIII. 10.

We are here to-day in accordance with a custom that is over two hundred years old to give thanks to our Heavenly Father for the National blessings which we have received at His hands. It is eminently fitting and proper that we should recognize in this way the author and Giver of every good and perfect gift; that we should give Him our thanks for the mercies and favors He has shown to us as a people, and that one day out of the year should be set apart for this purpose, on which we should lay aside our daily work and assemble to worship and praise the God of nations for all that He has done for us. Not to do this would show unbelief and base ingratitude on our part.

It is well for us as a people as well as individuals to stop sometimes and reflect upon the blessings we enjoy and for which we have reason to be thankful. To do so will make us more appreciative of these blessings, and true appreciation will enable us to enjoy and use them properly. A man who lacks appreciation of any gift, lacks the power to use and enjoy it properly.

Let us therefore call to mind the national blessings which at this time call for our gratitude and thanks. When we compare our condition with that of other nations and people, have we not reason to lift up our hearts in thankfulness because our Heavenly Father hath blessed us with so many and such peculiar gifts in distinction from other less favored nations? Where, in the history of the world, has there been a people so highly favored as we? Is there a land on the face of the globe in which there is the abundance and plenty that are found here? Our country is so fertile, so great in size, with such boundless capacities that there are few grains, fruits or products of the earth that can not be produced in it. So rich in minerals and ores that it is able to supply from its own resources almost every conceivable want of man. Its supplies of coal and iron are almost boundless. It is rich in the most valuable ores, and probably has within its borders treasures yet unknown, reserved in store for us and to be uncovered when the need of them arises. Its agricultural resources are so great that it is able not only to supply its own population but other less favored nations. Why is it that emigrants flow in a steady stream to us from every quarter of the globe? There is no nation that has such a complex population as we have. People of every race, color and clime are numbered among our inhabitants. It is because the opportunities of obtaining a livelihood are so much better here than elsewhere. This in itself is evidence of the fact that God hath dealt with us as He hath not dealt with any other people.

Then we have the blessing of religious liberty. Many of the early settlers were driven to these shores to escape religious persecution and in the pursuit of life and liberty. The truth that every one has the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience prevails in this country as it does nowhere else. This idea permeates the very constitution of our country and all of its laws, and yet while the nation gives this liberty to all alike, whether they be Mohammedans or Jews, our government is essentially a Christian government. Its oaths in the courts of justice, its recognition of Lord's day, its penalties for profanity, its chaplains in the army and navy, its observance of this very day from the very beginning of our nation's life, all these things point to this fact, and yet while there is the general recognition of the one true religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, our government seeks no interference with religious liberty or with freedom of conscience. All denominations of the Church Catholic and every phase of religious belief stand on an equality in the eyes of the law. In most other nations Church and state are more or less united. England recognizes the Episcopal Church as the established Church; Sweden, the Lutheran Church; Germany the Evangelical, that is the united Lutheran and Reformed Churches; Spain the Roman Catholic; Russia the Greek Catholic. In all these countries the people are taxed for the support of these churches and the support of the Church is thus taken out of the hands of the members and is put upon the citizens generally. Here we are free to worship and to give and I could conceive of no greater calamity befalling our churches than that of the government recognizing them in the way of appropriations for their support and thus taking from Christians that which is not only a duty but which is a privilege. The spirit of charity and liberality which prevails in Americans as in no other people is due in large measure to the separation of Church from State. This throws the Church upon her own resources and developes in her members the spirit of giving which is indispensable to a true Christian life. We are so accustomed to this religious liberty, the liberty of giving as well as of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own conscience that I fear we do not properly appreciate it. Were we to live, a short time, under a government that would dictate what we should believe and how we should worship, and that would persecute all who claimed the right to think for themselves, we would better appreciate this inestimable blessing. Our government not only does not interfere with religious liberty but protects each Church in its worship and customs without any partiality. No nation enjoys freedom and protection as we do in this direction. Time will not permit us to refer in detail to the blessings of civil liberty, to the nature of our government, which is a government of the people, by the people and for the people; to the elective franchise, to the free press, to our public school system. These are blessings enjoyed by us as by no other people. Contrast our condition from any standpoint with that of any other people, and there is much to cause our hearts to overflow with gratitude. The rose of healt his upon the nations cheek. Prosperity smiles upon us. Peace reigns within our borders. The government stands secure. The laws are executed. No standing armies are sapping the life and energy of the people and taxing our resources. Public sentiment controls; public conscience is enthroned and there sits at the helm of state an invisible, omnipresent Power, the power and presence of the God of nations, controlling the intellect, controlling the passions, controlling the will of the American people. For these and many other blessings let us call upon our souls and all that is within us to give thanks and praise to the Triune God.

But we would neglect our duty on this occasion did we not reflect upon the dangers to which, as a people, we are exposed. The profusion of blessings, the abundance of resources, the giant strides of progress have not availed to secure us from the dangers that lurk on every hand. There is not upon this round world, a republic hoary with honored age. Many have risen, thrived, crumbled and perished. Their warning voice and the book of divine wisdom have said: "For the nation that will not serve Thee shall perish."

In the first place let me impress upon your minds the fact that the dangers that threaten us are not from without. It is somewhat amusing to see the patriotic zeal and the narrow mind and judgment displayed by some of our statesmen who in a burst of eloquence will call attention to the defenceless condition of our sea-board, and the ease with which foreign powers could batter down our large cities on the coast. But the danger does not lie there. We have nothing to fear from without, not even from foreign emigration. The dangers are all from within. As it is with individuals so it is with nations. The greatest blessings become, when improperly used, or when received by those unworthy of them, curses. Health, wealth, talents of mind and body, when spent in the service of the Devil, are only the instruments in his hands by which he drags us into perdition. We can not go astray then in pointing to our greatest blessings as the source of our greatest danger. That which a people has not can not be a source of danger to them but that which they have.

Time will not permit me to speak in detail of the many dangers that assail us from within. There is the spirit of anarchy and socialism, one of the most deadly enemies of free institutions. There is intemperance in drink, which is the cause of untold misery and wretchedness and crime. There is the sexual evil, one of the most debasing and corrupting vices that fallen humanity is heir to, a vice which has been the cause of the ruin of more than one proud and mighty nation in the past and which is eating its way into the life of our country with alarming progress. It is all the more deadly and dangerous because of its secrecy. There is the danger of corruption in politics and in the government and the upholding of the false principle that to the victor belongs the spoils, a principle which puts a premium upon corruption and fraud. There is the danger of a corrupt and demoralizing press flooding the country with literature that is debasing the mind of our youth and which is pandering to the lowest and most sensual appetites. These and many other dangers assail us and we must open our eyes to these threatening forms of evil and with the help of God put them down. But the greatest danger that now confronts us, great because of its presence, its power, its universality and its being the root of so many other evils, is the thirst after and the love of money. The time of a man's greatest danger is the time of his prosperity. The greatest danger is our wealth, and the growing tendency towards becoming a mammon loving and worshiping nation. Of all false gods, at once the meanest and the one who most assumes the air of injured innocence and perfect respectability, is Mammon. But like all false gods he is the curse of all who put their trust in him. He was the god of ancient Babylon, of ancient Tyre, of declining Rome, of mediæval Spain. "If the king of Mexico has any gold," said Cortez, "let him send it to us; for I and my companions have a disease of the heart which is cured by gold." Yes, and it was this "disease of the heart" which drove the conquerors of Peru and Mexico to acts of shameless cruelty. Who shall measure the guilt that the love of this false god has caused. Look into the history of any civilized nation; analyze with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives and thoughts of these nobles, priests, merchants and men of luxurious life. Look into the inner life of any community and see how this absorbing passion has estranged neighbors, divided families and choked to death the noblest and purest feelings in the human heart. Every other temptation is at last concentrated into this. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve in Christ, but they will sell Him. Within the last year our leading periodicals have contained articles on the dangers to the country involved in the vast accumulation and growing centralization of capital. 250,000 men, it is stated, control the bulk of the wealth and practically own the country, and moralists have waxed eloquent in portraying the tremendous danger and peril to our country arising from this state of things. Ah! but it is not there that the greatest danger lies. The danger lies not so much in the fact that 250,000 men own the country, as it does in the fact that countless thousands are striving with might and main to be numbered among the owners. The danger lies in the burning and consuming passion to make money rapidly, showing it in the fever of speculation, that has, like a contagious disease, spread far and wide among the American people. The Fall of the year the gorgeous coloring of the leaves of the forest are but the signs of death and evidences of decay. The overestimate of wealth, base means of getting wealth, habitual selfishness in spending wealth, sinful love and worship of wealth, the notion that the amassing of wealth—be it in dollars or in thousands of dollars—is an end in itself, are among the gravest perils of our country. We cannot worship God and Mammon. If we would hold fast to our faith in Christ and be a righteous people, if our blessings shall not prove a curse to us, let us not center our lives upon the perishable things of earth. We may amass wealth as Rome and Spain did, but if we make the accumulation of wealth an end in itself, our wealth will only hasten our down-fall. It is not money but the love of money, says the Bible, that is the root of all evil. Why is it that the wheels of temperance legislation are blocked everywhere and that so many of the attempts to check intemperance are fruitless? It is the love of money that stands in the way, not the love of drink. There is scarcely a man who keeps a public bar who is not ashamed in his inmost heart of his business and would rather not be the occasion of increasing the wretchedness and misery of men; but it is a profitable business, an easy way of making money rapidly. That is what keeps him in it and makes him stifle the voice of conscience and oppose every effort to curtail his business. He clings to it for the same reason that the speculator buys stocks on margin. Most of the evils that affect us as a people (if we go deep enough for their roots) lose their origin in this the prevailing sin of the country—love of money.

Now the Bible is nowhere socialistic in its teaching. Men may be true disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ and may be rich and may be working to increase their riches. We *must* have capitalists. They are necessary to the progress of society. Our Saviour had among his disciples wealthy men. But the chief end of man is not to make money. He must make the getting of money subordinate to a higher end, which is the glory of Christ and the welfare of men. Nor is he required to give away all that he gains. A manufacturer for example might do wrong, were he to close his business and give away all the proceeds. He may accomplish greater good by giving work to his neighbors, and he should conduct his business with an eye to the welfare of those dependent upon him and to the glory of Christ as well as for himself. But when he becomes a rapacious, grasping, grinding extortioner of his fellow men, he may amass wealth to a princely sum, but he has no money, the money has him. The danger is that this money loving spirit will grow from year to year. It will seize hold of our youth with increasing power, and what will be the effect if every energy of the body and mind of the vast mass of our youth is centered on this one object, to the exclusion of higher and nobler objects? The effect will not necessarily be the pauperizing of a large class. It is not millionaires that cause poverty. If they had not the wealth it would often not exist at all. The builder or manager of a railroad is often a producer as well as the farmer. His energy and business tact and mind call into existence wealth that did not exist before. It is not the wealthy class that causes poverty as a rule. Poverty generally comes from vice, want of thrift, want of economy, want of frugality and from illeness. Beggars could be found in California when anyone could go out with a tin pan and earn $5.00 before breakfast. No, it is not the poverty stricken that are so much affected by the results of this great evil. Where is then the greatest effect of wealth when it is sought after and pursued by the worldly minded and the unregenerate? The greatest evil effects are upon the possessors of it. There is the danger. Wealth brings terrible temptations. It is apt to enervate and weaken. It gives opportunities for self indulgence, for pandering to appetite and passion, and this goes on until the race becomes enervated and corrupted. The danger to our country is that it will be corrupted not only at the bottom but at the top, among these who should be the leaders in thought and work.

Now, what is the corrective of this as well as of all other evil tendencies? There is but the one remedy, and that is the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Nay, He Himself, is the remedy. "I am the Light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." If this country endures, it can only be as a Christian country. Christianity is the greatest conservative force in the world, for it deals with man as an individual in his personal responsibility to his God, and it deals with him also as a citizen in his relation to organized society. It preaches by example rather than by precept, the power of Christian charity which is limited only by human need for human help. It teaches the rich that wealth is a trust and not a gift. It neutralizes class antagonisms by bringing home to men the great doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

The Christianity that is to do this great work, must be a living Christianity; it must be aggressive; it must be liberal; it must be united. This work cannot be done only by throwing wide the doors of Churches and preaching sermons. It must also be done in the high-ways and the by-ways, among the rich and the poor, the virtuous and the vicious. It must be done by the rank and file of the Church as well as by the ministers; and its most persuasive sermons will find their expression not in words but in deeds, and not in exhortation or eloquence but in the silent yet eloquent lessons of lives of self-sacrifice. May our Heavenly Father hasten the day when as a people we shall learn that the true wealth of a nation is not in gold and silver, but in the lives of strong, contented, temperate and self-respecting men; when we shall believe that "righteousness exalteth a nation" while "sin is a reproach to any people." When we learn this, statesmen will not toil for reward; they will not count on praise; they will hold their faith in Christ and His righteousness dearer than all the glories of place and all the claims of party. Amid all the checkered fortunes of their career, they will be able to turn from the storm without to the sunshine of the approving heart within. Then, loving God and our country, we shall rise as a nation to a better manhood and be enabled to rejoice not only that "God has brought us into this place and given us a land that floweth with milk and honey," but be able to cherish the gift so that it will yield to us the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Then the flag of our country will be to us the symbol of more than national existence and greatness. Its white will be to us the emblem of Christian purity; its blue of the heavenly origin of our life and its blessings; and its red of the self-sacrifice by which they were won and by which, with Christian fortitude, we are able to maintain them.

He Took it Hard.

My room in a Virginia hotel was a large one and the bed stood in the middle of it. As I lay on my right side I faced two windows opening out on a veranda. At 1 p. m. a sudden draught of air woke me up from a sound sleep. It was bright moonlight and a man had just entered one of the windows. I carefully lifted my hand and clutched the revolver under my pillow, and then I waited to see what the intruder would do. He kept perfectly quiet for five minutes, and then tiptoed over and took up my trousers. There wasn't over thirty cents in the pockets. He then tried my trunk, but it was locked. He picked up my coat and vest, but I had removed everything. He stood for a while as if in doubt, and then started to come to the bed.

"Want anything?" I asked, as I covered him with the pistol, and sat up in bed.

"Oh, shucks!" he exclaimed, as he sat down on a chair.

"Who are you?"

"Nobody nor nuthin'! I hain't fitten fur hogs. If I knowed anything, I'd hev prizened myself last year."

"You seem to take it hard, old fellow."

"Can't help it. Everything I go into busts up on me. I've busted a sawmill, a sand bank, a yoke of oxen, a tobacco crop, and a saloon, and I was in hopes to get cl'ar of this county when this had to happen. Git up'n tote me off to jail, and finish me up, fur I hain't fitten to be around alone."

I talked with him awhile, and, finding him down on his luck, I let him out by the window and closed it after him, giving him $2 to start the world anew on.

"I'll try it, stranger," he said as he climbed out, but I shall look fur a bust up. When a feller hain't fitten with fittenness, then he hain't, and all the fitten he kin do won't gin him proper fittenness. Good night."

In Germany water pipes are being made of glass with asphalt covering to prevent fracture. It is claimed that they give thorough protection against moisture in the ground, against the action of acids and alkalies, and that they cannot be penetrated by gases. It is also believed that they will not become encrusted.

Papermakers are using the banana plant for paper making.

A Little Island Colony.

A few months ago the handful of people who live on Pitcairn island celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the landing of their fathers on that little rock. The world is always glad to hear of the prosperity of this people, and several other little communities inhabiting the smallest spects of land in the ocean also excite much interest.

There is one island, however, of which we seldom hear. It is Lord Howe island, the home of fifty or sixty white people, about 600 miles northeast of New South Wales. Years ago two or three families from New Zealand thought they would seek a new home.

They had heard of the profuse vegetation on this crescent shaped little island, and decided that they would build new homes there. So they went to Lord Howe island, which is only six miles long and about a mile wide, and rises precipitously from the sea to a height of nearly 3,000 feet at nearly every point. They built their huts, tilled the land, and after a while two or three other families joined them. Some of these original settlers are still living, but most of the residents are their descendants.

The island is under the government of New Zealand, and once a year it is visited by a magistrate, who settles all little disputes. It is a very easy task, for there are seldom any differences among the people. Like Pitcairn and other little island communities, they have never found it necessary to build a jail.

There were none of the higher mammals on the islands when they went there, but now there are quite a number of goats, swine and cats, which, having escaped from domesticity, have lived in the woods so long that they have become quite wild. While some of the men engage in tilling their gardens others are out fishing. A great many edible fish are caught there, and the people find it very easy to live in comfort without a large amount of labor.

They say they have not the slightest desire to return to larger communities. They do not encourage immigration because they think they and their children will need all of the 3,220 acres of the island. Sometimes a sailor from a passing ship spends a little while in the community, and has been known to carry away one of the daughters as his wife, but most of the people are born, live and die there.

They cannot travel more than a few hundred rods without seeing the sea, and of course they come to know every inch of their little world. Once or twice a year a vessel comes to them with a large variety of supplies, and they purchase with their corpa and other products the goods they need for the ensuing year. At the same time their libraries are replenished with new books, a large lot of newspapers come to their homes, and it takes them a good while to read of all that has happened in the busy world since they last heard of it.

Gunpowder was invented so long ago that its origin is lost in obscurity. It is, however, supposed to have originated in China some centuries before the Christian era. The making of tin-plate vessels, and their use as receptacles for gunpowder, has been going on for a long time. And yet we have powder works blown up and death and devastation scattered broadcast, because a soldering iron is used to seal cans of gunpowder. It does seem that science and invention ought long since to have obviated all danger of such explosions from such a cause.

One of the most interesting pieces of engineering completed this year is the cog road to the summit of Pike's Peak. The total ascent from Manitou, the initial station, is 7,600 feet in a distance of 9 miles. The maximum grade is 25 per cent. and 18,477 feet or 39 per cent. of the entire line is on a curvature, the sharpest curves being 16 degrees, so the aphorism as crooked as the road to Pike's Peak will be truthful as well as applicable.

An English company with large capital has bought the petroleum fields near Payta, in Peru, and expects to furnish oil enough for the whole of South America, Australia, China and Japan. Immense tank ships are being built for the business.

It is not generally known that ink stains can readily be removed from fingers with the head of a parlor match. Moisten the ink-stained spot and rub it gently with the head of the match, keeping the skin wet so that it will not be burned.

Princess Bismarck is said to be happier now that she is enabled to live quietly in retirement with her husband than she has been since he became a Minister of State. She has always disliked the publicity entailed upon her by her high social position.

The chestnut crop in Virginia is unusually large this season. In Patrick county it is immense, and every train from Stuart for the last few days has had from one to three loads of chestnuts.

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