

THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON."

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve;
It is valued with the money we meant to have
saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words, unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land some-
where—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

THE ELUSIVE TEN DOLLAR BILL.

Abner Calkins was resting. In order to
rest properly it was necessary that Abner
should have his feet elevated to approxi-
mately the same height as his head, so he
had carefully placed them on the railing in
the City Clerk's office. The City Clerk
was an old friend, and so was the railing.
When Abner came to town to make pur-
chases or to dispose of the produce of his
farm, he invariably called on the City
Clerk and made temporary use of the rail-
ing.

On this occasion the City Clerk was
deeply interested in an old typewriter. He
inserted a sheet of paper, and then hit all
the keys one after another, beginning at
the upper left hand corner and ending at
the lower right hand corner.

"I don't see what's the matter with that
machine," he said at last. "It's a rather
old and some of the letters are worn, but
it works all right."

"Is it yours?" asked Abner casually.
"No; it belongs to the city," answered
the City Clerk. "It has been discarded by
one of the departments and I'm the custodian."

"The what?" demanded Abner.
"The custodian," explained the City
Clerk. "I have charge of it. I have
charge of all the supplies and in fact of all
property that isn't in use; but I'm blessed
if I know what to do with this. They're
getting mighty particular when they dis-
card a good machine."

Abner puffed at his corncob pipe medita-
tively for a few minutes.
"Liz is dead set to have one of them
things," he remarked at last. "Never
saw such a girl in my life—thinks she's
got to be a story-writer an' says nothin's
so good only when it's writ on a type-write
machine. If they'd cost so blame
much I'd git her one."

"Why don't you buy this one, it's going
to the store and it's no use there."
"How much?" said Abner, with the
terse tone that characterized him when the
question was one of dollars and cents.

"Oh, I guess you could have it for ten
dollars," replied the City Clerk.
"I'll take it," he announced, unwin-
ding the string that encircled the pocket-
book and producing a ten dollar bill.

"Oh, I can't sell it," explained the City
Clerk. "I'm merely ex-officio custodian."
"Ex-what?"

"Ex-officio. I mean that one of the duties
of my position is to take care of all such
things, and they can only leave my pos-
session on the written order of the Mayor
or the City Treasurer. You pay ten dol-
lars to Barkley, the Treasurer, and get
an order from him. We have to do these
things by system in a municipality, you
know."

"Now, look-a-here, Sam Skinner," pre-
sented Abner; "I ain't city bred an' I'm
glad I ain't, an' don't you go to springin'
them words on me an' makin' fun o' me.
I reckon I'm smart enough to learn city
ways if I wanted to."

"Of course you are," admitted the City
Clerk conciliatorily. "I'm only explainin'
how you will have to go about it to get
the machine."

Somewhat mollified, Abner departed to
hunt up the City Treasurer, but, unfortu-
nately, there was some delay in locating
him. When he was found, however, the
business was quickly transacted.

"Ten dollars for a discarded typewriter
in the store room," repeated the City
Treasurer. "Why sure. The city's so hard
up and there are so many outstanding bills
and judgments that I'm almost ready to
turn the office furniture into cash. Give
the money to the cashier and I'll write you
an order for the machine."

Armed with the order, Abner returned,
only to find the City Clerk absent. The
machine was there, but it could not be
touched until the order had received the
"O. K." of the City Clerk, and that official
had not appeared when the lateness of
the hour necessitated a departure for the
farm.

"It's mighty annoyin'," commented
Abner to himself. "But I reckon I can git
it the next time I come to town. Knowed
Sam ever since his father had the next farm
to mine, 'fore he come to town, an' it's
safe with him till to-morrow or the day
after."

Abner's daughter, Lizzie, was delighted
when she heard of the purchase. She was
sure that the road to literary fame was now
open to her, for she was in possession of
several stories that she knew had been re-
turned only because they were not type-
written. In fact, she was so enthusiastic
that she insisted upon accompanying Abner
when he went after the machine, and she
was very much distressed because three
days passed before he felt that he had lei-
sure to make the trip. Finally, however,
they invaded the City Clerk's office to-
gether.

"Remember Liz, don't ye, Sam?" asked
Abner, by way of preface. "Used to play
with her when you was a boy an' lived
out near us."
The City Clerk threw away his cigar
and hastily rose from his chair, for Lizzie
was an attractive young woman. He had
not seen her for several years, and girls
hansom into young women very quickly.
"Come for that type-write ma-
chine," Abner went on, "an' Liz is so
crazy 'bout it she had to come too." "I
thereupon Abner handed the order to the
City Clerk, who took it mechanically
and read it through twice while he was
getting his wits together; for the City
Clerk was in a quandary.

"Why—why, the fact is, the ma-
chine isn't here now," he explained at
last.

"Ain't here!" ejaculated Abner.
"Where in tarnation is it? I paid my ten
dollars for it."
"Of course," said the City Clerk soothe-
ly, "and no doubt we can straighten
the matter out all right. But you didn't
come back for it, you know, and the next
day the Mayor sent down an order for it,
and a clerk in the Water Office has it
now."

"But I've got an order for it," asserted
Abner.
"Quite right," said the City Clerk;
"but this isn't the place to present the or-
der now. I can't give you what isn't in
my possession. You take the order to Mr.
Winkler at the Water Office and tell him
you want the machine."

"Come on, Liz," said Abner determi-
nedly. "I bet ye I get that machine or
I'll bust things wide open."
Lizzie, doubtful and disappointed, duti-
fully followed her aggressive father to the
Water Office, where Mr. Winkler solemnly
read the order through.

"This doesn't interest me," announced
the latter. "It's addressed to the City
Clerk."
"But the City Clerk ain't got the ma-
chine," protested Abner hotly.

"I can't help that," said Mr. Winkler.
"In a municipality things have to be done
according to system. The machine is here
by order of the Mayor. You'd better see
him."

"By all, by gum! I'm goin' to have that
machine!" proclaimed Abner. "Now you
jest watch me! Come on, Liz."
The girl's mouth twitched ominously as
she followed.

The Mayor gave the subject a few min-
utes of thoughtful consideration before re-
plying to Abner's demand.
"Neither the City Treasurer nor the City
Clerk has any right to sell that machine,"
he said at last. "No one has any right to
sell city property for which the city has
any use, and this typewriter was sent to
the store-room by mistake. It is ser-
viceable and is needed in the Water Of-
fice."

"But it's mine!" broke in Abner wrath-
fully.
"Not at all," answered the Mayor.
"You simply show your ignorance of civic
methods of doing business. It's all an
elaborate system, you know."

"System be dinged!" roared Abner.
"Every tarnation critter talks about sys-
tem while he's beatin' me out o' my type-
write machine an' my ten dollars. It's a
swindle; that's what your system is!"

"Be a little careful Mr. Calkins," can-
tioned the Mayor with dignity. "Neither
the city nor its officials are in the swind-
ling business, and you would not be in
this predicament if you were not ignorant
of the ordinary routine."

"I'm learnin'," retorted Abner, "an'
I'm payin' for the education."
"The best thing for you to do," contin-
ued the Mayor, "is to go to the City Treas-
urer and get your money back. While
there is use for the machine I certainly
can't let it go for ten dollars."

"Come on, Liz," said Abner, his deter-
mination and energy in no measure dimi-
nished. "Dang the machine, anyway; I'll
git the money."
But when they reached the corridor the
girl hung back. He turned and saw in
her eyes the gathering tears that showed
plainly how bitter was her disappointment.
Fortunately there was a settee near.

"Now, Liz," he said, "you set right
down there an' wait for me. I'm goin' to
git that ten dollars or break some critter's
neck, an' then I'll buy you a new type-
write machine, if I have to pay fifty dol-
lars for it. Don't you cry an' don't you
worry. Somebody's goin' to do some
swessin' an' you're goin' to have a ma-
chine. I'll be back in a jiffy."

The City Treasurer was very sorry and
was willing to do anything he could to
remedy matters.
"If you'd presented that order right
away," he explained, "you'd have got the
machine and there would have been no
trouble."

"Right away!" cried Abner. "Why,
you tarnation tax-eatin' sharks ain't got no
office hours. You jest work when you
happen to feel like it, an' if a feller asks
you out to take a drink, some other feller
kicks his heels together till you git back.
I waited night unto two hours for the City
Clerk that day. Now, I want my money
back, an' I want it quick."

"But, my dear Mr. Calkins, I haven't
your ten dollars."
"I gave it to that cashier o' yornn," as-
serted Abner. "You tell him to get it
back to me."
"He hasn't it now, either. It has been
entered on the books and belongs to the
city."

"It belongs to me," insisted Abner.
"Ethically it does, but practically it is
a part of the city funds at this moment, and
can only be secured by the regular
system."

"System be swigged!" cried Abner
wildly. "I want my ten dollars."
"Naturally," answered the City Treas-
urer. "I quite appreciate your feeling,
and I was about to say that I'll give you
a voucher for it."

"Now you're talkin' business," said Ab-
ner with evident satisfaction. "Give me
the voucher an' tell me how to get the
money on it."
"That's very simple," explained the
City Treasurer. "All you have to do is to
present it to the Chief Clerk to be record-
ed, and when the city has the money it
will be paid."

"Has the money?" repeated Abner.
"Why, dang it! The city's got my ten
dollars now, hasn't it?"
"Of course, but there are claims ahead
of yours."
"There ain't nobody got any claim on
that ten dollars but me. It's mine."
"You don't understand the system."

"Don't you talk no system to me," in-
terrupted Abner. "or I'll smash your head
in! The system's nigh wore me out a'
ready."
"What I mean," explained the City
Treasurer, "is that the city is practically
bankrupt. There's \$55,000 in judgments
against it now, and \$64,000 in other claims,
and everything has to be taken in its regu-
lar order. Of course if you're in a hurry
you could enter up judgments on the vouch-
er and then we'd get to it a year or so
sooner. This year we'll only have a mar-
gin of about \$20,000 over actual running
expenses to retire these various claims, and
the judgments will come first."

"Hain't my ten dollars in that twenty
thousand?" demanded Abner.
"Of course."
"Then sort it out and give it to me."
"We can't do that. It's in the general
fund, and can only be reached by system."
"Stop it!" yelled Abner. "I'll be com-
mittin' murder in a minute if you say that
again."
"Do you want a voucher in place of that
order?" asked the City Treasurer.
Abner considered the matter deeply for a
minute.

"I wish I was a city," he remarked at
last.

"Why?"
"Great Cracker! but I could make
money doin' business that way. I wouldn't
ask no odds of the Vanderbilts or the
Goulds or the Rockefellers or nobody if I
could jest collect in cash an' pay my vouch-
ers. I'm goin' to have that ten dol-
lars. I'm goin' to see a lawyer."

Lizzie looked at him with pathetic anx-
iety as he came along the corridor, and he
stopped to say to her: "Now, don't you
worry, Liz. I'm goin' to have a type-
write machine, an' I'm goin' to have that
ten dollars. Jest you wait here."
The lawyer hemmed and hawed, and
finally said that he saw nothing to do but
accept the voucher.

"But that there ten dollars is mine,"
protested Abner. "It don't belong to the
city."
"Of course, but, you see, the municipal
system—"

"Quite right!" broke in Abner.
"I'm tryin' to keep my temper, but I
can't stand no more of that system talk."
"I admit that it seems outrageous," said
the lawyer; "but the city funds are pretty
well tied up."

"I don't care nothin' 'bout the city
funds," interrupted Abner. "Let 'em keep
their old funds, but they hain't no busi-
ness keepin' my ten dollars."
"Well, you might recover it by legal
process from the City Treasurer personally,
if you could show that he acted without
authority," explained the lawyer; "but it
would cost more than ten dollars to do
it. My advice is to take the voucher and
wait."

Abner sighed.
"How much?" he asked as he rose to
go.
"Five dollars please," said the lawyer.
"It's bests me the way they have of
makin' money in the city," muttered Ab-
ner, wending his way back to the City
Hall. "It costs a feller more to be bun-
ked, an' then it costs him more to find
out that he's been bunked. There's five
dollar gone an' no type-write ma-
chine yet—an' no ten dollars back. Every-
body's explainin' the way they do it, but
I don't git it. By gum! I wish I could do
business like that. 'The money's yornn,'
says the city, 'if you can get it.' 'You
can't get it,' says the lawyer; 'five dollars
please.' Great smokin' chee'nats! I don't
see how anybody but a stranger can be
broke in the city!"

To his surprise, he found Lizzie radiant
when he returned. She still occupied the
settee, but her face was wreathed in
smiles.
"It's all right, father!" she cried as soon
as she saw him. "He's gone for the type-
writer now."

"Who's gone?" demanded Abner.
"Mr. Skinner—Sam Skinner, the
City Clerk," explained the girl. "He hap-
pened to see me here, and—and I was cry-
ing, just the least little bit. I couldn't
help it, and now I'm glad I did, for he was
just as good as he could be. He said it
was a shame, and he'd fix the matter up
somehow, if influence could do it."
"I'll bet ye," returned Abner, thought-
fully, "that they keep him chasin' all over
the country for three weeks to do it. I
know their ways, darn 'em!"

But just then the City Clerk returned,
carrying the typewriter.
"I made it a personal matter with the
Mayor," he explained, "and he ordered it
back into my possession, so now I can de-
liver it to you on the City Treasurer's or-
der. It really is too good to sell, but the
city can buy another."

"Can it?" asked Abner.
"Of course."
"Then the fools ain't all dead yet," as-
serted Abner. "I wouldn't sell the city a
blind hog, with spavins an' the heavens,
with a dollar in my pocket, if I had to
before I let go of the halter."

"But we've ever so much obliged to
you," said Lizzie to the City Clerk.
"Don't mention it," the latter replied.
"And I hope you'll drive out to see us,"
she added.

"Come on, Liz," put in Abner, taking
up the machine and moving toward the
door.
"Going home now?" she asked.
"Not just yet," he answered. "I'm
goin' to take you to the lawyer's
office an' see if you can't get that ten dol-
lars, an' I want it quick. Never quite seen
your fall value till now."

Floating School Will Travel Around
the World.
Recently there left New York harbor one
of the newest institutions of the United
States, the "Floating School," which is to
take a trip around the world with a couple
of hundred of the country's wealthy men's
sons. This school is the transformed
American liner Pennsylvania. It is a
novel idea and the first time it has ever
been tried. The pupils will study their
Latin under the eye of the Roman forum
and will learn their Greek history not far
from the very ground where Agamemnon
and the other Greek heroes fought their
battles.

The school is called the nautical prepa-
ratory school, and the scholars are enrolled
as cadets under command of United States
naval officers, who have been given a leave
of absence. The faculty will consist of 25
professors, prominent in all branches of
science, classics and languages.

On the deck of the vessel are two big rec-
itation rooms, one of which is to be used
only as an auditorium. Surrounding these
will be smaller recitation rooms. The dor-
mitory, which is between decks, is furnish-
ed with lockers and tiny desks. Every
student is expected to keep a "log" or
diary. Rigid naval discipline will be ex-
acted, and the boys will be trained in naval
tactics as well as their college preparatory
studies, just as is done in the private mili-
tary academies.

Two uniforms are furnished by the school.
One is of white duck and the other consists
of a blue sweater, blue trousers, buff leg-
gings and a pea jacket. The tuition paid
by the father of these wealthy young men is
\$1,300 a year. The boys are allowed a
maximum of \$100 for spending money. The
cruise will last eight months, the regular
school year, and all the interesting ports of
Europe will be visited. At every port they
will be taken ashore and the points of in-
terest explained to them.

To Make Tea.
The president of the American Tea Associa-
tion, writing in a well-known trade
journal, says: "There are four exact rules
to be followed in making tea, and the
neglect of any one of them will render the
article valueless. Nearly every housewife,
neglects at least one." The four rules are
these: The water must be freely drawn
from the faucet; it should boil hard for
five minutes before pouring on the tea
leaves; it should remain on the leaves not
less than ten minutes and should then be
poured off into another heated teapot; use
one teaspoonful of tea for each cup of water
unless a weak infusion is desired.

Jefferson's Success Due to Six Maxims.
"Rip Van Winkle" and "Bob Acres" were
vanquished from the keu of American theater-
goers, and two of the brightest, cleverest
pictures in the gallery of theatrical art were
lost when Joseph Jefferson announced last
week that he has retired from the stage.
Mr. Jefferson has become seriously alarmed
at the condition of his health, as the result
of a serious attack of indigestion.

Life-long insistence upon six maxims is
regarded by Jefferson as largely responsi-
ble for his success. These are:
"The surest way to score a failure is to
imitate someone else."
"Never act to or at your audience. Al-
ways act for them."
"Never try to gauge the intelligence of
your audience by the price of the seats."
"Always keep the promise you make to
the public."
"Always do the thing you can do best."
"No lasting success can be gained if any-
thing of vulgarity or impurity is permitted
to tarnish a performance."

In addition to his life work as an actor
Jefferson has found diversion in the
achievement of success in lines of artistic
and literary endeavor. The paintings of
"Joseph Jefferson the Artist" sell on their
merits as works of art.

Jefferson is now 75 years old. When one
year old he was a "property baby," spoiling
a touching scene in which he was sup-
posed to be quiet upon his "dying moth-
er's breast." At three he was posing as a
"living statue," representing the infant
Hercules strangling a lion. At four he was
carried upon the stage in a bag by T. D.
Rice, blackened up and dressed as a mini-
ature reproduction of the minstrel, and
tossed out before an audience with these
lines as an introduction:

"Oh, ladies and gentlemen, I'd have
you for to know,
That I've got a little darky here that
I'm gonna sing to you."
Thus Jefferson became one of the first of
the coon-singers of the country.

He made "Rip Van Winkle" and "Bob
Acres" his own, and few other actors have
had the hardihood to attempt either part
during the life of Jefferson. "Rip" was
written for him by Dion Boucicault—
that is the play as we know it to-day.
The idea of dramatization of the legend of
the Catskills was Jefferson's own, how-
ever, and he acted in a play written by
himself before Boucicault was called upon
to re-construct and to shape up the dia-
logue.

Jefferson had played many parts between
the time he danced Jim Crow with Rice
and his daring and audacious act in stag-
ing "The Octoroon," dealing with the
subject of slavery at a time when the feel-
ing of the country was at white heat. The
part of "Salem Scudder" in "The Octo-
roon" brought him such fame as he had
never known before and a prominence that
forced him to become from that time a
theatrical star.

When he decided to become a star the
first thing was to find a play. The legend
of "Rip Van Winkle" appealed to him and
notwithstanding the many obstacles in the
way he staged the "lovable drunkard" of
the Catskills with an art that has made
"Rip" his life run in parallel lines with
the life of Jefferson.

Jefferson also, as said before, made the
part of "Bob Acres" his own. He partly
rewrote the play, making rather free with
the original, and the play of "The Rivals"
is known to the American public to-day,
not as it was written, but as it was given
to the stage by Jefferson.

At his home on Buzzard's Bay during
the summer and in Florida or Louisiana
during the winter Jefferson will apply
himself to fishing, painting and perhaps
writing, for he has promised reminiscences
of the years he has spent upon the stage.

Ten School Girls Perish in Agony.
Twenty-nine little girls plunged through
the rotten floor of an outhouse at Pleasant
Ridge school, seven miles north of Cincin-
nati, Friday, all falling into a cesspool be-
low. Nine perished from encephalitis, and
of those who were rescued several may die
from poisoning.

The tragedy occurred during the morn-
ing recess. As soon as the classes were
dismissed there was a playful rush of the
smaller girls for the outhouse allotted to
them, and 30 crowded into the small
wooden building, which was built over a
vault 12 feet deep. Suddenly the floor
gave way, and except for one girl, who
was standing in the doorway, all the children
were precipitated into the death trap.

At the bottom of the vault there was
four feet of water. Several of the children,
rendered unconscious by the fall, were
drowned. Their bodies served to keep oth-
ers out of the water and out of the heaviest
gases in the vault.

During the rest of the day the suburb
was wild with mingled excitement, sorrow
and indignation. Those engaged in the
rescue work reate the most ghastly ex-
periences. Even those rescued alive pre-
sented such an appearance as to make many
in the crowd of spectators faint. The cries
and shrieks of the children who ran about
the school yard were so loud that it
was almost impossible to hear anything.
Voices of the rescuers shouting to the en-
gulfed children to catch hold of ropes were
almost drowned.

Thinks Diabetes Brain Disease.
Dr. George S. Conant, of New York, who
died last Friday of diabetes, has willed his
brain to the medical faculty of Cornell
University that further investigation may
be made of a theory that his disease could
be traced to the brain. He suffered for
years and took up the study of diabetes,
experimenting upon and reaching the con-
clusion that the trouble had its root in the
brain.

Asked and Answered.
"Why is it," asked the jolly party,
"that you are always borrowing trouble?"
"Because," answered the melancholy
individual, "it is the only thing I can bor-
row without security."—Chicago News.

Lady Curzon, Seriously Ill Near London.
LONDON, Sept. 23.—Lady Curzon, wife
of the Viceroy of India is critically ill from
peritonitis, at Walmor castle, near London.
Lord Curzon's reapointment to the post
of Viceroy of India was gazetted to-day.

A Boy's Wild Ride For Life.—With
the family around expecting him to die, and
a son riding for life, 18 miles, to get Dr.
King's New Discovery for Consumption,
Coughs and Colds, W. H. Brown, of Lees-
ville, Ind., endured death's agonies from
asthma; but this wonderful medicine gave
instant relief and soon cured him. He
writes: "I now sleep soundly every night."
Like marvelous cures of Consumption,
Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and
Grip prove its matchless merit for all
Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed
bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free
at Green's drug store.

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT
Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ.
I might despair.—Tennyson
THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.
Fourth Quarter. Lesson 11. 2 Kings 10, 1-7
October 9th, 1904.

THE WIDOW'S OIL INCREASED.
The Old Testament abounds in rural
scenes, quaint and fascinating. Here is
one. See, if you will, the young man plow-
ing. The place is called the "meadow of
the dance," because, perhaps, near by the
harvest-home is celebrated with rustic
feasting on the village green. This soil
is ready for the plowshare, having been
drenched by copious showers after a long
drought. Across these broad acres eleven
yoke of oxen are dragging as many plows.
Our hero guides the twelfth yoke, and has
his hands upon the twelfth plow. He
plows in the rear, that he may observe the
others, for he is son of the owner and over-
seer of the hands. Sweat of honest toil
is on his brow, and earth stains are on his
person and clothing. He is the imperson-
ation of manly independence and industry.
He is not ashamed to be a plowman
though his father is a man of wealth.
Yonder is the ancestral manor and the
opacious barns. The measure of a man's
competence in those days was live stock,
and the father of this young man could
sell twelve yoke of oxen in a field at once.
But this notion of wealth is no leech upon
his father's bounty. That is the style of
man God delights to honor. How many
before and since the days of Cincinnatus,
Providence has called from the plow-hand
to positions of honor and trust. And God
is going to call this young man, though he
is all unconsciously of it, and put upon him
the boldest and most responsible distinc-
tion possible to a mortal. And it is no
matter of caprice. The young man is
worthy and qualified. He is not laying
pipes or rolling logs to secure promotion.
He is simply acting well his part in the
station Providence has given him. He is
loyal to God, to his father's interests, and
to his own sense of duty. That is the
spirit which prepares for promotion. Such
a mind makes life a success, whether pro-
motion comes or not.

Across this field, running diagonally,
probably was a footpath, sacred to public
convenience, never turned up by the plow.
It is the wayside on which the seed of the
parable fell. On such a path Jesus and
His disciples walked one Sabbath, when
the Pharisees rebuked Him for plucking
the ears of corn. The young man has just
crossed the path and is planting the plow
in the soil below, and, absorbed in run-
ning the new furrow straight, is unconsci-
ous of the approach of a stranger. That
stranger is one of commanding mien. He
is accustomed to stand undaunted in the
presence of royalty. Armies of aliens
could never fright him. Tall, stalwart,
venerable. He gazes a moment on the
young plowman, then smiling, as if in
recognition, he loosens the sheepskin
mantle from his shoulders and places it
squarely and firmly upon those of the plow-
man. By that token the young man, who
might have died an obscure rustic, is lifted
to the godly company of the ever-living
men of Providence. All who saw the
sign knew its significance. As oil on the
head means installation in the kingly of-
fice, so the sheepskin mantle on the shoul-
der meant induction in the nobler and more
respectable office of prophecy. The young
man yields instant obedience to the call
of Providence. But in the excitement of
the moment, when there must be perfect
tumult of emotion in his heart, he forgets
not to bid them farewell. He cries,
"Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and
my mother." When a boy can forget his
mother, nothing noble can be expected of
him. Again he loses not the fraternal
spirit toward his fellow-plowmen. He
does not feel himself exalted above them
by what has happened to him. On the
spot he slays his own oxen and roasts them
upon the plow he will never follow again,
and this extemporized barbecue gives
the whole company a farewell banquet.

What made this young man a good
plowman makes him also a good prophet.
Long after the woman of Shunam spoke
of him "as the holy man of God, which
passeth by us continually." For sixty-
six years he continued to discharge the
duties of his high office.

The plowman of this picture is Elisha.
He who casts his mantle upon him is
Elijah. Each of these holy prophets true
to his mission, but how unlike in
character and deed! The contrast between
them is the contrast between Mount Sinai
and the Mount of Beatitudes. Elisha is
God's fall beating the idolatry of Israel
into small dust. He is the prophet of
drought, of fire, of curse, and of death.
Abah and Jezebel, the captain of fifties,
and the priests of Baal go down before
him. A prophet such as had not appeared
in Israel since Samuel. More august,
more terrible even than he; indeed, the
most unique and imposing character of
Jewish history. His first appearance is
marked and extraordinary. He suddenly
and unannounced stood before Abah and
abruptly delivers his awful message. He
is an apparition, calculated to strike with
terror the boldest of kings in that super-
stitious age. He makes no set speech, he
offers no apology, he dedains all forms
and ceremonies. He does not even render
the customary homage. He utters only a
few words preceded by an oath, "As Je-
hovah the God of Israel liveth, there
shall not be dew nor rain these years but
by my word."

To all this Elisha's career presents a
marked contrast. Elisha was the man of
the mountain, desert, and cave—the an-
chorite, the religious ascetic; Elisha be-
came a man of the city, had his own home
in Samaria. He was gentle and affec-
tionate. The exceptions are those which prove
the rule of his general beneficence. His
first act was to sweeten the water of the city
man in Jericho, and is significant of
his whole career. He miraculously sup-
plies water for the troops of Israel, Judah,
and Edom. He raises to life the Shunam-
mite's son. He neutralizes the poison
that is in the pot, from which the sons of
the prophet ate. He heals Naaman of
leprosy. He caused the archer of the city
to work man to swim. Encourages
his young servant at Dothan, who, at sight
of the enemy, closely investing the city,
cries, "Alas! my master, how shall we do?"
Opens his eyes to see the mountain full of
horses and chariots of fire round about
Elisha. The one destructive miracle, the
havoic among the mocking youths of Bethel
is exceptional, like Jesus' cursing of the
barren fig-tree.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.
The comparatively small significance
and range of the incident suggested for
this date affords opportunity for a broad
view of the character, career, and influence
of the Prophet Elisha, which has just been
taken. Attention is now turned to the
particular circumstance.

The imaginative mind of the Jew is in
evidence in the suggestion made by Joseph
us and others, that this was the widow of
Obadiah, and that the debt was occasioned
by his feeding the hundred prophets dur-
ing the drought. He borrowed the money
because he would not support them out of
Abah's treasury. The highest pitch of
fancy is reached when it is soberly sug-
gested that the creditor is Abah's own son,
Jehoram. All that can be said is, "No
evidence."

The grim crudity of the social ethics of
the Hebrews at this time is shown in that
it legalized the sale of children for their
father's debts. Yet the last century at
this point was hardly up to the Jewish
standard. Debtor's prison is a paradox.
It is to put a man where labor is impossi-
ble, although labor is necessary to dis-
charge it. Serv