

The Spider's Lesson.

A tyrant in my border dwells
In Austrian black and gold;
Wrought all in silver are his cells,
Fine-spun, a thousand fold.

His dwelling has no dingy roof,
Nor dismal underground;
The sunlight glides it slender wood
On fragrant bushes bound.

And at his levee, every morn,
Such brilliant do appear
As ne'er in any court were worn
By Christian monarch dear.

No prison dungeon has this wretch
Where victims, out of sight,
His cruel jealousy may tetch
And keep in hopeless night.

Yet subtle stratagems he springs
On harmless passers-by,
Winds his soft silk about their wings,
And hangs them up to die.

I came to sweep his work away
With swift, impatient hand;
But here the lesson of the day
He teaches, as I stand.

The tyrant luxury doth so
Our winged souls entwine,
And binds us fettered in a show,
To mock the free sunshine.

The subtle web afar I'll leave
Of flattering deceit;
The gorgeous spider shall not weave,
His letters for my feet.

The eye that views the heavens in faith,
The hand with justice armed;
Can see the snare that binds to death,
And scatter it, unharmed.

—Julia Ward Howe, in Scribner.

DELICIA.

She was so exquisitely beautiful, it was actually provoking that there should be the least romance about her. Waves of pale golden hair rippled away from her pearly forehead, and were gathered into a superb knot at the back of her head. Such a blue gleamed in her sweet eyes, such a lovely pink parted her ripe mouth, that, well-bred as you might be, you could not have refrained from staring at her; and then, thinking of strawberries and cream, have longed for a silver spoon with which to eat her.

But for all this there wasn't the least romance connected with her. Though three-and-twenty, Delicia had never had a lover. She lived in a quiet farmhouse among the White mountains with her father and mother all the year round. She loved them dearly—was happy with them and her horse, Joan of Arc.

Joan was beautiful, high-spirited; and Delicia, who cared nothing for dancing or flirting, and could neither sing nor play, was passionately fond of horseback-riding. There was a spirit of pride and daring in her which made her a superb rider, and caused the young men of the very bare neighborhood to call her haughty. The delights of her life were the pine-scented woods, the glittering landscapes of emerald snow and glittering ice, the dreamy sweetness of the autumn orchards. At twenty-three Delicia had been content with an existence lived in comparative solitude.

Then came a terrible calamity. Her father was killed by a runaway horse, and her mother, frail and unable to endure the shock, sank slowly but surely until, one morning bright, beautiful day, Delicia found herself entirely alone. Outsiders then called her cold, for no one saw her weep. She only trembled so excessively beside the open graves that old Aunt Thankful, who had nursed her dead mother, was obliged to support her to keep her from falling. Otherwise she was composed, only her sweet eyes had a look in them pitiful to see.

A change had come over Delicia's serene life; the dear home-love was gone, and the girl's content had gone. With a native courage and reserve peculiar to her she made no complaint; she asked Aunt Thankful rather wistfully to stay and keep house for her, and then turned to her books and horse and maiden meditations. But Delicia's dreams were troubled now. Life's grief had touched her; she knew that sorrow was in the world; she feared the future.

The strange, sad summer passed. One fine November day, Bob, the hired man, led Joan of Arc prancing to the door, the side-saddle on her back.

"I have to go to the village, miss, to buy the new milch cow. I'll not be back till noon. You'll not mind letting Joan stand with the saddle on a little till I come?"

"No," said Delicia, absently.

Her beautiful oval cheek was a white under her velvet cap. There was a sadness quite unmistakable in her eyes as she turned Joan's head toward the hill-road.

Yet who, to have seen her beautiful, spirited figure lope along the uplands, would have divined the rare heart of the heiress of Wheatlands? She did not, perhaps, understand herself, and did not know she had asked her own soul: "Am I to be all my life alone? Will no one great and good ever ask me to be his dearly-beloved wife? If not, I shall perish off the face of the earth."

You must have guessed rarely to have guessed how deeply ran the still waters of that idyllic life. You would not have guessed it from anything in her perfect proud face as she turned it toward a passing carriage. The occupants were a blue-looking man of thirty, perhaps, and a very young and pretty girl. A single glance told the story—that the young girl was loving and unhappy; that the man, for some reason, found her desirable of possession.

He had hard black eyes that repelled Delicia, yet the sight of the two seated so closely gave her a vague, painful feeling of solitude and desolation which not long ago was utterly unknown to her.

The carriage glittered, and Joan loped softly along the woody road, soundless with a thick carpet of pine needles.

She made a circuit, and came back to the main road.

Suddenly unusual sounds attracted her attention. A crash and violent screams reached her ear, and as she rode forward, a strange sight burst upon her view.

The carriage had gone over an embankment and was a perfect wreck; the horses lay prostrate—one of them killed, the other struggling desperately, but unable to rise; and prone beneath the broken vehicle was stretched the senseless body of the dark, handsome man.

Over him bent the girl, screaming no longer, but sobbing violently.

Delicia slipped from her horse, and was at her side some moments before she realized her presence.

"Wallace! Wallace! For heaven's sake, speak to me! You cannot—you cannot be dead? Oh, dear Wallace—see, it is little Alta! Only speak to me!"

Then, with a despairing cry, the young girl fell upon the pulseless breast.

Then, starting to her feet to look about for help apparently, she saw Delicia.

"Oh," she gasped, snatching at her arm, "Look at him! see, is he dead? The carriage fell upon him, while I—I am not hurt at all. Oh, heaven, what shall I do?"

The white, still face told Delicia that the man at her feet would never breathe again.

Hearing wheels, she sprang back into the road, and encountered old David Green and his son, the keepers of the village hotel.

Summoned to view the scene, they disentangled the senseless body, placed it in the carriage, and turned to Delicia for further directions.

"Get a doctor immediately that you reach the village, Mr. Green. I will take this young lady home with me, and bring her back to the hotel as soon as I can put Joan to the phaeton. Come with me, my poor child—I will take care of you," to the petite, white-faced girl; and throwing her riding-skirt more closely over her arm, she led Joan by a short-cut through the fields, back to Wheatlands.

By the way she tried to question her companion; but the girl, almost transported with grief, made such incoherent replies that she could only learn that she had been riding since the middle of the previous night, that they were on their way to Conway, that they intended to be married there.

"Were you—were you," said Delicia, gently, in involuntary amazement, "running away from your friends?"

Alta nodded.

"From my brother, Guy Vannevar. He did not like Mr. Munroe. Yes, we were to be married against his will, and now—oh, Wallace, Wallace!"

Throwing Joan's bridle over the gatepost, Delicia led the trembling girl to the door. It was locked.

The key hung in the secret place known only to the family, for Aunt Thankful had at last executed a promise to visit a sick neighbor some quarter of a mile distant. Bob had not yet returned, for it wanted still an hour till noon.

To Delicia's consternation, the unhappy girl no sooner entered the warm parlor than she fainted.

With the strength of excitement, she lifted her in her arms and bore her into an inner room, where, placing her upon a bed, she unfastened her dress, bathed her temples and chafed her hands.

At length Alta Vennevar again drew her breath.

Passing through the hall to procure a restorative, Delicia saw a man just in the act of vaulting upon Joan. It was not Bob, though the saddle had been removed and lay upon the ground; it was a man in a ragged coat, evidently a tramp.

With a flash in her blue eyes, Delicia stepped back, and snatching a silver-mounted revolver from a shelf, threw wide the hall-door and fired.

The bride fell from the man's right hand, and Joan—three steps beyond the gate—stopped.

To Delicia's surprise, the man instantly dismounted, and, turning quickly toward her, lifted his hat.

"I am effectually stopped, young lady; but, believe me, I did not intend to steal your horse, and certainly left an equivalent, though now in sorry condition."

Bewildered still more by the courteous words and cultured tone, Delicia turned in the direction the stranger pointed with his left hand, and saw within the yard a dusty buggy and panting horse.

"I am trying to overtake my young sister, who has eloped with a scoundrel," said the man, who was both young and handsome, "and my horse broke down hopelessly just before I reached your door. Otherwise, in less than an hour I should have probably overtaken my sister before she was married and her life ruined. So near the object of my long and desperate drive, I could not be balked of its object for want of a horse. I knocked three times at your door, intending to beg or bribe yours, which I saw, fresh, standing at the gate, but for some reason I could summon no living being. Knowing that my horse was more than equal yours in value, though now almost killed by hard driving, I resolved to take him, and, after overtaking the man who is running away from me, to instantly restore your property to you; but—with a little bitter laugh—"I think I have effectually prevented that. I think I am bleeding to death."

His voice closed faintly; the blood was spurting from his wrist. He sank upon the step at her feet.

Delicia's cheek grew white, for she knew the danger of that terrible bleeding. Unless it were stopped, the man would in a few moments be dead.

Spraying to the side of the now unresponsive stranger, who seemed unable to utter another word, she snatched her handkerchief from her pocket, and tying it about the wounded arm, inserted a stick picked from the ground, thus making an effectual ligature, and, to the abatement of her terror, saw the frightful jets of blood subside.

The stranger's white face, the deluge of red blood, the sudden relief from spurting terror, turned Delicia faint. Then she struggled hard against a terrible revulsion, and held her own.

She thought wistfully of the glass of cordial upon the hall table, but her feet refused to stir.

Suddenly steps sounded at the gate. To her inexpressible joy and thankfulness, Aunt Thankful and Bob appeared.

Delicia explained to the former, briefly, though her voice sounded far away to herself.

"Wounded—hurt—bleeding awfully! Bob, ride for a doctor fast as you can go!" cried the old nurse, instantly in her element.

The wounded man was making visible efforts to keep from swooning, but when Aunt Thankful had administered a cordial and bathed his temples in cold water, he rose and walked weakly into the house, where, at her solicitations, he stretched himself upon a sofa, and then unexpectedly fainted.

"I don't in the least understand who this man is," remarked Aunt Thankful, steadily applying restoratives, "but such a ragged coat and fine shirt I never saw together before. Wanted to hire a horse, did he? What did you shoot him for? Of all strange actions—"

The driving of the doctor's buggy into the yard stopped her remarks, when Delicia returned to Alta Vennevar to find her in a wandering delirium.

Three strange days were devoted to nursing the invalids. A burning fever made the young girl unconscious.

Aunt Thankful's charge was conscientious, but very weak and silent. Indeed, he seemed to himself to be in a dream half full of delights, but pervaded by a great trouble which he could scarcely name.

The radiantly lovely face of Delicia, the rustle of her dress, the sound of her footsteps pervaded his consciousness like a blessing, while his desperate quest and misfortune were only half-realized by him in the bodily weakness and inaction of brain caused by excessive loss of blood.

"How long have I been here?" Delicia sat by him, having taken Aunt Thankful's place for a few moments, and started from a momentary absence of thought to find Guy Vannevar's eyes fixed piercingly upon her.

"This is the fourth day. Are you better?"

"I am not sick, only in a sort of dream which I cannot wake myself from."

"You are very weak."

"You were here when I came here, wasn't it?"

"It was I who shot you," replied Delicia, blushing.

"I—I remember. Oh, my sister Alta"—trying to rise upon his elbow.

"Lie down, please. You must not exert yourself. I have something to tell you," said Delicia.

"I have been here four days, you say. Good God! what will become of her?"

"Drink this coffee and try to be quiet. Alta is safe."

"How can you know?"

"I have her in my care. Wallace Munroe is dead—accidentally killed."

"And they were not married?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

And then he asked:

"Are you sure of this?"

"Entirely sure."

He could talk no longer, but was visibly better in a few hours.

The next day, pale, wasted, but strong, in a simple earnestness, he said, quietly, to Delicia:

"How wonderfully beautiful you are!"

Something in his eyes kindled her, and for the first time in her life Delicia felt within her pure breast the warmth and sweetness of love.

Half alarmed by her emotions and the growing power of the beautiful eyes bent upon her, she rose from her place beside him.

"You can see Alta to-day, you know if she is better. I will go and see."

Alta Vennevar was better in body, but suffering in mind.

She looked like a living wraith in one of Delicia's long white wrappers, and turned from her brother's kiss and sat down in Delicia's lap like a tired child.

"Oh, if I could die! I know you love me, Guy; but you did not love Wallace. And he is dead. Oh, Delicia, you understand—you are a woman. I loved him!"

Guy Vannevar looked down at the two figures, buried in the great easiness, the serene woman folding the suffering child to her bosom, and a look inexpressible filled his soft dark eyes.

And Delicia, glancing up, saw it and knew it was for her.

I cannot tell you how in a few days these two grew together; but when Guy Vannevar had told her of his position as a gentleman and the son of a gentleman, and discarded his disguise, which had facilitated his pursuit of Wallace Monroe, the atmosphere of mystery and suspicion was entirely dispelled, and as weeks and months brought their developments and occurrences, Delicia realized that the prayer of her secret heart was granted—one great and good loved her, and had asked her to be his dearly beloved wife.

All had come to her—love, romance, marriage and happiness; but to-day scarcely less beautiful than of yore, she will tell you that few women add to their history the experience of having shot their husbands, which is hers.

The painter who fell over with his ladder full of paints went down with colors flying.—McTropor News.

Children.

Bless their hearts, how dirty they get their faces.

A child with a clean face hasn't been absent from its mother's wash-rag five minutes.

How pretty the hair of a child looks just after it has been pasted down where it belongs by a couple quarts of soap-suds.

The little aprons of childhood, ain't they sweet with their checks of blue and big spots of gawm?

The children's shoes, how cunning, with holes in the toes, run over at the heel, and every button gone off on a fly.

But their stockings, wadded in a little wrinkled bunch between plump ankles and grimy knees, with "this little pig went to market" wiggling through the raveled tip; ain't they cute?

Their little puddy fists, half the time grinding grief out from their eyes and the rest—well, who doesn't like to be pounded by a child's weak fist?

What royal little cooks children are. Mud pies take on more flavor from the loving pats of childhood than any veteran can produce with the spices of the Indies.

What questions a child can hurl at the head of wisdom. It can upset the theology of the world with one effort.

How sweet the rosy lips of children; girl children sometimes retain this sweetness.

What an indescribable conglomeration of sounds a child's voice can produce, playing the most heart-rending havoc with the nerve-cords of grown-up humanity.

The glories of children's laughter. It is infectious as the measles, breaking in spots all through the neighborhood.

The wonderland children all dwell in; wouldn't you like to live it over again, and have perennial freshness constantly with you? Perhaps it is.

Those childhood dreams, rooted in overplaying and overeating, but blossom under the guardianship of angels. These celestial beings must have curious fun crowding comical fancies into little brains.

How wopsical a child can get the bed-clothes. A Alexander himself never could have cut the Gordian knot, if it had been a twisted sheet around a sleeping child's curled-up form.

No diamond ever dug from the deepest mine can show the luster in a child's eye, that round, wondering opal of brightness. Perhaps children's are peeping through the cracks of the "pearly gates."

How lovingly the little arms of childhood twine about your neck and leave a nice bit of bread and butter on your coat collar.

How tenderly children nestle into your lap, swing their feet and rap your shins with their little boot-heels.

How pleasant children are at the table; how deliciously wrong side up do they go through the bill of fare. Pudding first, with a grand finale of bread and butter—with sugar on it.

How remarkably quick children learn—you don't want them to. The inmost secrets of the household they retail from the woodshed roof. Then you feel around for the sensitive part of their system and blister the flat of your hand.

The man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child, has missed the cardinal joys of life.—New Haven Register.

Running Amuck.

During a recent Mohammedan festival at Kandahar, capital of Southern Afghanistan, a number of mounted Chazis, as they are named, ran amuck through the British camp.

General Tyler and several of the Chazis were wounded, and four of the Chazis were killed. Running amuck is one of the terrors of the East, but it is far less common than it formerly was.

Originally a Malay custom, it has extended to other countries in which the Mohammedan creed is prevalent. The word amuck is a corruption of amok, Javanese, to kill, and the thing is simply a miscellaneous, indiscriminate killing.

The natives of those Eastern lands become from long-continued excessive use of opium ferociously frantic, and their frenzy is often intensified by religious fanaticism. Then, absolutely mad, they rush into the streets—frequently nude—cursing, biting and stabbing, with a knife which they always carry, whomsoever they encounter.

They are dreadfully and still more dreadful to meet. They look like animated, very animated corpses, their features being pinched and sharpened, their skin drawn like parchment, their eyes glittering with fierce insanity, and their energy bent on slaughter.

As many as forty persons have been killed by them before they could be overcome. Their appearance is the signal for general alarm. Everybody seizes the first weapon he can reach, and sallies forth to hunt down and exterminate the common foe.

Of course, there is no reasoning with them, no way of intimidating them. They must be killed for the general safety, and they are killed as soon as possible. Long spears used to be employed altogether as weapons against them—and they are still employed—until they are thrown at or thrust into them the offensive weapons which they are safe; but, in the narrow crowded streets of the East, this is not often the case.

Nothing is so formidable as an amuck-runner, and it is not strange that he is mercilessly slain. The Malays, owing to their ferocity, treachery and daring, are the most dreaded of all, especially when armed with the dagger, or creese, their native weapon, with which they have a deadly skill, and which makes a terrible and very dangerous wound. A European or American who has seen an amuck is very apt to remember it.

The Farmer as a Citizen.

Judge George, of Starkville, Miss., speaking of the farmer as a citizen, says: "I think the influence of agriculturists ought to be increased in public affairs. I would not like to see a legislator composed exclusively of farmers and mechanics, nor would it be for the public good that there should be no representatives of these interests in that body.

There should be in every legislature men skilled in the laws of the State; there ought also to be there an influential body of men connected with the leading industries of the State, familiar with the wants and wishes of the great mass of the people. If they should draft no laws, if they should inaugurate no new and untried policies, still there would be that in the very atmosphere in which such a body of men move which influences beneficially the action of the legislature."

TIMELY TOPICS.

The accident on the Tay bridge in Scotland by which many people lost their lives and none were left to tell the tale of the disaster, is the most dreadful known in the annals of railroad travel.

It is no use to speculate whether human foresight could have prevented the calamity, says the New York Champion, but, with the thrill of horror which it flashes through the world, will be forcibly recalled the scriptural warning—"In the midst of life we are in death."

According to the Detroit Free Press Japan is now furnishing the French market with eggs. A cargo to the value of \$850,000 passed over the Union Pacific and Pennsylvania Central railroads the other day on their way to Havre.

This route is superior to the Suez canal journey on account of the high temperature in the Indian ocean. The cargo filled six freight cars and was carefully packed. Some cases were opened in Jersey City and the eggs found in good condition.

Owing to the short crop in France they are in great demand, and it may lead to a regular trade between that country and Yokohama. The eggs were silk-worm eggs.

The taking of the next United States census will begin June 1, 1880. On that day about 30,000 enumerators will commence their labors—those in the cities being required to complete their work in two weeks, while others will be allowed the whole month of June.

Persons alive on the first of June, but dying before the enumerator reaches them, will be counted in the census; births subsequent to the first of June will not be counted. Special agents will be employed to collect statistics relating to education, mining, manufacturing, agricultural and various other departments of trade and industry.

The aggregate steam power in use in the world is at present 3,500,000 horsepower employed in stationary engines, and 10,000,000 horse-power in locomotive engines. The force is maintained without the consumption of animal food, except by miners, who dig the coals, and the force maintained in their muscles is to the force generated by the product of their labor about one to 1,080.

This steam power is equal to the working force of 25,000,000 horses, and one horse consumes three times as much food as one man. The steam power, therefore, is equal to the saving of 75,000,000 human beings.

Martin, a Cincinnati sharper, was waiting for something to turn up. Knight, a visitor from Texas, advertised in the Gazette for a fifteen-year-old girl to marry. Martin discerned a probable chance to make money, and went with Annie Loftus, a young and pretty thief, to answer the advertisement.

Knights like Annie, and the match was quickly made. Martin claimed to be a clergyman, and in that assumed character performed a marriage ceremony, using a bogus license. While a wedding dinner was being eaten at a restaurant, Martin and Annie stole Knight's wallet, but a vigilant detective arrested them before they could get off with it.

The islands at the western end of Lake Erie and the neighboring shores of Sandusky bay are largely devoted to the production of grapes and wine. The Sandusky Register's annual report, just published, for 1879, shows that there are in this district 4,000 acres planted with vines, the yield for the year being in round numbers 16,000,000 pounds of grapes. The wine houses report a production of 1,526,400 gallons. The Register estimates that not more than 1,000,000 gallons of pure juice has gone with the 1,500,000 gallons of wine.

Some of the dealers, it says, make no secret of the fact that they use spirits, sugar and water largely, and claim that this doctored stuff is more acceptable to their customers than pure wine.

The condition of Italy just now is sad. The harvest was altogether deficient, the Indian corn, on which a large part of the population mainly depend for food, was almost a total failure; the potatoes are diseased and very bad and dear; the chestnuts, which are the chief staple of food in the hilly districts, were a poor crop; and now comes winter, unusually early and severe, preventing all outdoor work.

At Faenza there have been bread riots and the military had to be called out. At Ravenna the bakers' shops have been sacked by bands of hungry peasants; at Sermide like scenes have occurred, and in the provinces the people are clamoring for bread and employment. In Rome the number of beggars is very much on the increase.

Of the late Duke of Portland, Lord John Russell said that he left personal property valued at more than \$10,000,000, and that though eccentric he was certainly a model landowner. From the time of his succession to the dukedom he devoted himself to the improvement of his immense estates, and properties in all respects in better order could nowhere be found.

Schools, churches, farm buildings and colleges, he was ready to build all on the most approved principles, wherever they were required; and his draining, planting and road-making undertakings were invariably on the most liberal scale. He made Welbeck one of the most perfect abodes conceivable. He certainly was a practical benefactor to the working classes, as for many years he kept hundreds of hands regularly employed at high wages.

An electrician of Virginia (Nev.) asserts that the engines on the Comstock in the mere act of running generate sufficient electricity to not only light all the mines but also the whole town, provided such engines were so insulated that the electricity could be stored up and utilized. There is a good deal of electrical disturbance to be observed about the machinery of mills. Where there are large rubber belts running, steady and beautiful streams of electricity are to be seen. These do not pass from the belt to the hand, but from the hand to the belt. It is rather a strange thing to see a stream of fire dart from the end of every finger on one's hand without feeling the slightest sensation; yet it is real fire, and would blow up a powerful magazine as readily as would a spark struck by flint and steel.

The taxing district of Memphis is cursed with a large number of decayed and broken wooden pavements. The Assessor of that city, in speaking of the effect of these pavements on the health of residents, says: "Until the era of wooden pavements Memphis was a healthy city. The enormous filth accumulation of years in the vaults has,

however, become the greatest disease-breeding factor. While the vaults are going through the process of extinguishment, the wooden pavements, the next nuisance in rank, must not be forgotten.

The wooden pavement is doomed to destruction. Another summer's sun will never shine down on that mass of death dealing, rotten wood. There must be no "fix" or "buts." Better to tolerate it, will be for a longer time to tolerate it. It was a pardonable mistake to construct a wooden pavement in this southern climate, and now, like doctors' mistakes, it should be put out of sight as soon as possible.

The Danes are beginning to manifest uneasiness as to the fate which awaits their country. They anticipate being mediate benefit of Prussia and Sweden. As Denmark can no longer defend the communications between Jutland and the islands by the superiority of her fleet, as was the case during the former wars with Germany, it has been decided on principle not to defend Jutland and the island of Fuhun, but to concentrate the whole defense of the country on the island of Sealand, where the greater part of the resources of the nation are centered.

The population of Copenhagen are said to be profoundly impressed with the conviction that at the first given opportunity Prussia intends to occupy Denmark, keeping as her share of the spoil the peninsula of Jutland and the island of Fuhun, while Sealand and the surrounding islands are to revert to Sweden. This would be tantamount to the final division of Denmark, begun in 1815 by uniting Norway to Sweden, and followed up in 1864 by the occupation of the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenberg by Prussia.

Edison Outdone.

"I am willin' to admit," said Grandfather Lickschingle, "that Mr. Edison has invented a wonderful invention."

Several members of the family arose and started toward the door.

"I was well aware," continued grandfather, without changing his tone, "that some persons resist any attempts at enlightenment on scientific topics, and therefore locked the door and put the key in my pocket. When I was a young man I was a great hand for experimentin' at one thing an' another, an' spent all my surplus wages in workin' on a new light. I didn't fool around with electricity, but went right for the planets. The sun, moon and stars, the real source of all light and heat, was what your grandfather tackled. I will give you the results themselves, an' then you will see that Mr. Edison is a tolerably small specimen."

"Your light wasn't superior to the electric light?"

"Wasn't eh? My light was as much ahead of Edison's as a house afire is ahead of a lightnin' bug. Young ladies could take my light and see their future husbands as plain as day."

"That was certainly very remarkable."

"Alongside of my light a streak of lightnin' had no more color to it than a rail fence, while a couple of small boys smokin' cigar stubs lit from my illuminator looked like a torchlight procession."

"It must have created a sensation in the scientific world?"

"Yes, an' in the literary world, too. It knocked right readin' forty ways for Sunday. By your burner, it'd generate a power that could be applied in any direction under the shinin' sun. It'd run a washin'-machine, iron the clothes, answer the door-bell, carry in the coal, run errands."

"Grandfather, ain't you mistaken?"