LANDS OF THE LOTUS

The Tropical Island of St. Thomas, Which Very Nearly Became

A PART OF THE UNITED STATES

The Ruined Castle of the Original and Only Bluebeard.

EVERY MODERN LANGUAGE SPOKEN

LCORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.



take a map of the West Indies he will notice a group of almost countless little islands sweeping southward from Porto Rico in a graceful curve, until the farthermost all but touches the Delta of the Orinoco river. They are so numerous and so neighborly that it would seem difficult for a large ship to pass through, and they do afford a protection to the waters of the Caribbean Sea from the gales of the Atlantic. These are the Caribbean Islands, the Lesser Antilles, among the most picturesque and delightful spots on earth, as beautiful as any in the Mediterranean, and with a better climate than the rest of the tropies. Although they

many large ones in its history. As viewed from the sea, each island presents the appearance of a volcanic cone, but approaching nearer the observer notices that they are torn and twisted, broken and bent with the violence of nature's convulsions, which, by the way, have not ceased

have been settled for nearly 400 years, and

were in fact the cradle of the New World,

we know and hear but little of them now-a-

days, and they fill a very small place in the

world's thoughts, although they have filled



Tropical Ease. The formation of the entire group is volcanic the result of submarine upheavals and the outlines are rough, ragged and sometimes appear in grotesque forms, reminding the imaginative man of beasts and birds and men and presenting shapes like eastles and citadels with frowning battle-ments and ambitious minarets. But the ocean breezes have brought from the main land, and dropped into the crevices, soil and seeds, which, under the magic of the tropic

LAND OF THE LOTUS. The scenery is wondrous, picturesque, the climate is even, the temperature changeless and no fairy land created by the poet's imagination could be more enchanting. It is the home of the Lotus Enters.

sun, have become gardens of marvelous beauty and fertility.

—"a land In which it seemed always aftern at which it seemed atways atternoon.

Ill round the coast the languid air did swoon,
ireathing like one that hath a weary dream.
The charmed sunset lingered low sdown
in the red west; through mountain clefts the

dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down,
Bordered with palm, and many a winding dale
And meadow set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seemed the

e Lotus blooms below the barren peak, e Lotus blows by every winding creek.

The greater part of the inhabitants of these islands, like the wind and wave worn children of the poet, do "live and lie re-clined, on the hills like gods together, careless of mankind," for nature has done ev-erything for them, and there is little for man to do but pluck and eat the fruits of this Garden of Eden.

St. Thomas, the most important of all the islands, commercially considered, and geo-graphically the keystone of the arch, lies ectly in the path of commerce, and its little harbor sees more ships than most of the world's great ports; not less than ten lines of steamers make it a rendezvous, a conling station, and an entrepot for the transfer of freight. The vessels from Europe to the north coast of South America, Central America, the West Indies and the ports of the Gulf of Mexico, and those from New York to South America and the ports of the Gulf and Caribbean Sea, all make it a regular station for coaling, provisioning and repair, as well as for the transfer of cargo. The men-of-war of all nations make it a rendezvous, while sailing ships put in there for various reasons, whether upward or downward bound. The dry docks are the best south of the Delaware, and are so located as to be most convenient from all the ports of the equatorial zones.

A VALUABLE POSSESSION. Although the town has but 14,000 inhabitants, the imports during the year amount to \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000, consisting exclusively of coal and ships stores. The Government of Denmark owns the little sland, but holds it as a tree port and offers its hospitality without charges to all the world. During our war Secretary Seward negotiated for its purchase as a naval sta-tion, and it would be of great value to our shipping trade in time of peace as well as a naval station in time of war, but our Senate refused to ratify the treaty. The question of annexation was submitted to the people of the island, who voted almost unanimin the negative. St. Thomas would be a most important stragetic point for Germany or England, but if either Government should attempt to purchase it, there would be a bitter war. Denmark is recognized as a non-combatant among nations, and each of the European powers would rather have the asylum under her authority than that of

any other.
The little town of 14,000 inhabitants contains as motley and cosmopolitan a popula-tion as any settlement on the globe. A stranger who lands there, no matter where he may come from, will always be able to find a compatriot, or at least somebody with whom he can converse in his own language.

A MODERN BABEL. You may sit down in one of the cafes of Charlotte Amelia—as the town of the island is called, or should be called, but never is, for everybody says St. Thomas, whether he refers to the island or the town -and hear the languages of nearly every nation on earth spoken by the people gathered around you. The place is a haven for distressed scamen, for adventurers of all types, for fugitives from justice, and for all sorts of human driftwood carried there by every current of the ocean and every wind that blows. Although it is a part of Denmark it is said the.

nt the hotel keepers are Frenchmen the hundrymen are Chinese, the rousta-bouts on the docks are generally from Italy or the Canary Islands, but most of the hard work, the lifting and carrying, is done by negro women. The chambermaids and waiters at the hotels and restaurants are waiters at the hotels and restaurants are men, the laundries are run by men; they are the clerks in the shops, and do most if nor all of the light labor, but on any day one can see hundreds of women, entirely naked to the waist and below the knees, carrying baskets of coal that weigh from 125 to 200 pounds from the bins on the docks to the hundred of the stemmer.

bunkers of the steamers. AN UNPLEASANT RESIDENCE.

The town is by no means a pleasant one It consists of a single long street, which skirts the bay, with retail shops upon one side and wharves and warehouses upon the other. From this main thoroughfare run at right angles a number of lanes and steep paths up the sides of the hills, whose summits are 1,500 feet above the sea. The lanes on either side are lined with houses which oling to the rocks. The fronts may be three stories high and the rear show only a bit of an attic window, so steep are the cliffs. Everything seems to be set upon end. As one may imagine, the houses are dreadfully uncomfortable, without any means of proper ventilation, and steam like furnaces, not only from the natural caloric in the atmosphere, but from the heated rocks which stand in the sun all day. The beds at night are like vapor baths, and during the day it is usually so hot that the effort of putting two thoughts together will throw a man into a perspiration. The whites decay under these conditions, but the blacks seem to thrive, and the natural increase of population is enormous, while the death rate is small, for the island is generally healthy. The better classes of people live upon th hills, where are some pretty villas hand-somely fitted up and comfortable, for the heat is tempered by the breezes that always blow in from the sea.

An object of interest to the tourist is the ruins of an old castle which you are assured was the former residence of the original and only Bluebeard, whose domestic relations have excited so much interest for hundreds of years. It was my recollection that the hero of Perrault's story was an ugly English baron in the time of Henry IV., but the good, and I may say reliable, historians of St. Thomas insist that the tale was founded upon the eccentricities of a former Governor of the Island, in Spanish times, one Marquis de Riaz, who, as all knew, married a beautiful girl and gave her the keys of the beautiful girl and gave her the keys of the castle, with permission to open all the chambers but one.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

The curiosity of her sex, according to the tradition, proved too much for the lady, who at the first opportunity opened the for-bidden door, and witnessed the fate of her matrimonial predecessors, some eight or ten in number. She was wise enough to escape at once to her friends, and the dreadful old barbarian was mobbed and murdered.

The foreign consuls, who are very numerous and represent almost every nation under the sun, constitute, with the steamship agents and the officers of the garrison, the society of the place, who are reinforced at times by colonies of health seekers. Business commences early in the morning and continues till about 11 o'clock, when everyoody goes home to breakfast, and after that enjoys a siesta till about 4 in the afternoon, when the sun sinks below the hills and the heat is sufferable. When the steamers from Europe arrive, and meet those from the Western and Southern ports, as they usually do twice a week, the little town is quite ani-mated for a few hours. The seven by nine newspaper is issued with the latest intelli-



A Hard Road to Travel.

gence, and the cates are full of officers, pas sengers and residents gossiping gaily and indulging in cooling drinks. The passen-gers swarm over the island seeking for objects of interest, and the sailors go on sprees and make night hideous. About one-tenth of the population are white, seven-tenths are coal black, and the remainder are mixtures of the two. The mixed bloods are rapidly increasing. There are no roads and no vehicles. Everybody walks except the sick, who are carried in sedan chairs, for a carriage could not get up the hills, and the paths are often steps cut in the rocks.

BEVERLY CRUMP. A MAGICAL TREE.

One Has Only to Touch It to Get What He Wishes.
Washington Post.

She was a charming blonde, with hair the color Titians loved to paint, and melting blue eyes that seemed to invite inspection, and the closer the better. Turning the big bronze knob of the door leading into the main corridor of the White House, the fair unknown in tones of liquid silver inquired of the bashful representative of the Post. Please, sir, can you tell me where the wishing tree is situated?"

For an instant the history maker was in a quandary, but in the course of a brief conversation, ascertained that the visitor was in earnest about her question. Some one had told her that there was a tree in a di-rect line from the White House, in front of Jackson square, which susceptible maidens were in the habit of touching and making a

wish as they did so.

Close scrutiny of the neighborhood showed that such a tree exists, but whether it possessed the qualities ascribed to it remains to be seen. The meridian of Washington, an imaginary line from which longi-tude was formerly reckoned for the United tude was formerly reckoned for the United States, runs through the center of the White House, and in the grounds near the Washington Monument there was until a comparatively recent period an old standstone column, probably three feet in height, known as the meridian stone. The tree in question stands directly as the meridian line in front of the horse halloned on its hind feet which is so horse balanced on its hind feet, which is so conspicuous looking north from the White House windows. According to the young lady, if the wish is a proper one it is sure to be granted after the magic tree is touched, and the bark shows evidence of numerous visits by the fair sex who desire to tempt

Probably this tree will become popular with the sterner ser now that its properties are known and its location determined, and especially with those who are seeking of-ficial distinction at the hands of the President. Whether any of those at the Execu-tive Mansion vesterday had heard of the wishing tree or not it is difficult to say, but it is certain that there was a large crowd and a few of the Congressmen in attendance wanted merely to pay their respects.

A Farm in Old London.

London Globe. I
Old London is so rapidly disappearing hat we are glad to hear of a little bit of it mark, it is said that every nation on the map is represented there but that, which is a slight exaggeration, for in a dispudated ing in Swan street. Minories, in a part called Goodman's Fields. Stow, the history and a garrison of a dozen soldiers or so, who practise an innocent deception upon the public themselves by pretending to protect the place.

The mercantile class are mostly Germans

still remaining. A correspondent writes:

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DR. COLLYER AT HOME

A Chat in flis Study With the Famous Unitarian Divine.

His Views on Prohibition and the Use of Tobacco.

A PICTURE BEYOND ALL PRICE.

THE BALLOT AND PULPIT FOR WOMEN

It was a fair morning, neither cloud nor mist shaded the clear sapphire of the sky as, in response to a hearty, resonant "Come in, I opened the door of the Rev. Robert Collyer's study. I was greeted by a flood of sunshine which, streaming in through the broad east windows, was in perfect harmony with the radiant face of the white-haired man who was seated before the wide library table. Even those men who are the world's wealth, in that they are original men, not so much, perhaps, as others, but still to a great degree, are dependent for their best revealment on environing conditions. And charming, with a strong winsomeness, as is the famous Unitarian divine at all times, it is in his study, surrounded by his books and the particular personal belongings of his life and work, that his many-sided character finds its best and most complete re-

vealment. -At once somber and bright, Dr. Collyer's study, which is in the Holland building, on the corner of Broadway and Fortieth street, seems to belong to him as does the shell to the turtle's back. Above and between the books which line the walls are pictures, valued for their association rather than as decorations. The only portrait in the room is a fine oil painting of the late Hon. Charles Sumner, who was a great admirer of Dr. Collyer and a warm personal friend. I do ont know that I am quite right in speaking of this as the only portrait in Dr. Collyer's study, for, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he called my attention to the picture of one Nancy, who, he said had been very highly regarded by himself and family.

NANCY'S PICTURE. The picture of Nancy was that of a large spotted cow. This cow, while they still lived in their old home at Ilkley, England, Dr. Collyer's family had raised by hand from a tiny calf and they were all greatly attached to her. A friend had this painting made and sent it to Dr. Collyer. It was detailed in the Carter Hamily and the sent it. detained in the Custom House, and when the authorities wrote him asking at what price he valued the picture, he responded that he valued it beyond all price, as the original had been greatly prized by himself and family for her many virtues, among which was the quantity and quality of her milk and her affectionate gentleness. Whereupon the officers of customs forwarded the painting free of duty, and it now occupies a place over one of the large windows in his

Among the fine old engravings of rare Among the line old engravings of rare bits of wild Yorkshire scenery about the study walls, most of which were made early in 1700, is one of a mighty rock which Dr. Collyer says is "taller than a church spire is high," and upon which are plainly limned the huge features of a giant man, which fact has only recently been discovered. "Just think," said the Doctor, "I played about this rock as a boy, and there was this vast face up there all the while, and it had been watching the coming and the going of the ages all along and no one knew anything about it."

DR. COLLYER'S ANVIL. In looking about I missed the old anvil which had been a familiar feature of Dr. Collyer's study in Unity Church in Chicago. This anvil has had quite a history and been something of a trayeler. When the blacksmith shop in which Dr. Collyer had worked at his trade was sold, one of the members of his congregation purchased the anvil and placed it in his study. After the great fire the anvil was found in the debris of the burned church, and in response to a request from the Young Men's Unitarian Society of Boston, was sent on to them. When, however, Unity Church was rebuilt the trustees claimed the anvil and it was returned to them. It is now a fixture in the study there, and is a highly valued souvenir of the Doctor, who devoted the best years of his mature manhood to upbuilding, from the small beginning of a little mission, Unity Church, which is one of the richest and most

prosperous Unitarian Churches in America.

Speaking of his anvil led Dr. Collyer to Speaking of his anvil led Dr. Collver to express himself in regard to his coming to New York. "I never regretted coming here," he said. "To be sure, we had struck deep root in Chicago, and many tender ties were severed when we came away, but it was best, not only for me, but for the church there, and I am pleased to believe the church here also." Then, with a pleasant glow of satisfaction lighting up his face, he continued, "My church here is growing more and more like a big prosperous family. We are all fond of each other and we work together in a very nice sort of a fashion. There is one thing we have done that work together in a very nice sort of a fash-ion. There is one thing we have done that I am a bit proud of, and you may put it down if you like, and that is our home for poor little children next door to St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant Square." And then an indescribable sadness settled over his fine mobile features as he continued, "This work is under the especial patronage of the Kennicott Club, a society of young women named for our dear daughter Annie, who made this mission her especial work. The last thing she did in this world was to attend to some affairs pertaining to it." The loss of this daughter is the heavy sadness which shadows Dr. Collver's life.

After a moment the humorous brightness, which is like a touch of sun glow, came into his face and he said: "Don't put down

into his face and he said: "Don't put down that I do any of the work, for I don't. I just preach about it and the rest do the practicing, but we are getting on very pros-perously and are now looking toward a home of our own for our children."

HIS BELIEF IN WOMAN SUFFRAGE. Knowing that some years ago Dr. Collyer was a gallant advocate of equal suffrage, I was curious as to whether or not he had changed his views on this much-mooted question. When I asked him in regard to the matter he became grave, and drawing down his brows in a perplexed fashion, he said, "I think we grow a bit more conservative as we grow older. I used to be quite positive and sure that it would be the best thing that women should vote as men do. thing that women should vote as men do, but I feel a little troubled about it now. Still, I am really inclined to think that it would be a safe venture. One thing is sure, whatever a woman can do, she does better than a man can do it. That myth in the Talmud in regard to the creation of man and woman has within it a fine truth, as, indeed, most myths have. It reads that man was first created to go on all fours, then woman was created erect and she made him get up and stand and walk erect also. Yes, taking all things into account, I think to give women the suffrage would be a safe venture."

And what is your opinion of women as preachers? I asked. "My opinion is this," said Dr. Collyer, quickly and earnestly, 'every woman who is called to preach ought to preach, just as a man ought to who feels he is called, and if she don't do it she will offer for it just as did the other unprofits. suffer for it just as did the other unprofita-ble servant who hid his talent in a clout, and she should suffer for it, and you may put that down. But there are women who imagine they are called to preach just as some men do, when it is all a mistake. These last remind me of how Bichard Baxter said it was in his time, that many young ministers were like young tadpoles, one-half of them was alive and the other half

he kept the brass scales for weighing gold, and the money scoop. "I am afraid of any measure of this kind for this reason," he said, "I should dread the effect of the deceit said, "I should dread the effect of the deceit which would, I fear, become a common practice." This story had a deep impression on me. When Maine was the only prohibition State a gentleman, wanting a corkscrew on board a railway train in Massachusetts, stepped out in the aisle and inquired in a loud voice, "Is there anybody on board from the State of Maine?" feeling true that he could get a pocket outbacker.

HEALTH IN THE SUNNY SOUTH. and Loved Ones.

on board from the State of Maine?" feeling sure that he could get a pocket corkscrew, provided any of his fellow passengers hailed from the prohibition State. Dr. Collyer does not question the desirability but the feasibility of prohibition. Bacon assumes that "It is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it that doth hurt," and it is untruth of this sort which Dr. Collyer seems to fear, particularly in great centers of commerce and trade, where yast numbers of peomerce and trade, where vast numbers of peo-ple of all nationalties congregate. In speaking of the strong stand being taken against the use of tobacco, as well as intoxicants, Dr. Collyer grew jolly, and with a droll mirthfulness of expression, he said: "I don't believe I have much to say on that sphicat." on that subject. You see a man don't speak of his vices until he is about to make a finish of his vices until he is about to make a finish of them, or wants to make capital of them, and in my case I don't want to do either, The truth is, most of us have some little pet vices. I am often reminded of the old Scotch professor who, while he himself took snuff, had strictly forbidden the boys to smoke. Coming in one day, the lecture room was so dense with smoke that he could not see the boys, although there was not a cigar in sight. This was too much for him, and he delivered a sharp and threatening lecture on the viciousness of the habit of smoking, which was well emphasized by lecture on the viciousness of the habit of smoking, which was well emphasized by frequent, long-drawn pinches of snuff."

VALUE OF EARLY TRAINING. To deplore the lack of so-called early advantages when they have not been enjoyed, and to conclude that if a person has distinguished himself, not having received scholastic training, he would have risen to much greater eminence had he been so trained, is greater eminence had he been so trained, is a common conclusion. However, whether or not this conclusion is correct is a question which the apostles of the "new education," which includes industrial training, would be likely to answer in the negative. In speaking of this to Dr. Collyer, I saked him if he did not think that his splendidly sustained strength, both mental and physical, which, under the weight of his 63 years, shows no sign of abatement, was not due to the fact that his vitality had not been impaired by the confinement and routine of school life? He said that he had thought that it was so and that as the years went on he was better satisfied that his life had been what it was in its earlier as well as later

lays.

In this connection he told me of preach ing in Detroit very soon after he left the forge when he was "full of force and burliforge when he was "full of force and burliness to his very finger tips." He said: "I laid it down to them with a great deal of force, and when I had done, one of my hearers, who had lost both health and vitality in striving for college honors, came up to me and said, 'Out upon college anyway; if you had been through college you could never have moved us all as you did.' There must be some plan evolved," continued Dr. Collier, "by which the mind can be stored without lose either of force or vigor. I think we are working up to that in the schools now. My training was mostly industrial, with very little educational. They are reviving that now, but they will get it just right after a time. When I was get it just right after a time. When I was a factory boy I always managed to read a bit, although when the great bell rang in the morning I used to be so tired that I felt the morning I used to be so thred that I felt as if I would like to throttle it once for all. When I was across, a short while ago, I was at dinner with the managers of that same factory, and I was telling them how I used to hate that bell. They told me they were going to take it down, and I begged that when it was broken up they would send me a piece. To my surprise they sent me the whole bell, and I sent it up to Cornell University, where it now is."

HIS CORDIALITY. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and, as I looked at Dr. Collyer, so sturdy, strong and vigorous, showing no trace of the passage of years, save in his whitened hair, which is allyery at the temples and slightly tawny at the crown and very abundant, that the training which pro-duced such manhood was worthy the consideration of educators.

As I arose to go I inquired of Dr. Coll-As I arose to go I inquired of Dr. Collyger if he was to preach the following Sunday in the Church of the Messiah, as I had expected to hear him the previous Sunday but had been disappointed. "Yes," he replied, "I shall surely preach, unless it happens with me as it did with Dr. Gay, of Hingman. He, you know, was looking over his sermon on a Sunday morning when he was saided with a sudday illness and in a was seized with a sudden illness and in an hour he was dead. There is always a lasttime. But, come, I guess you will hear the old man preach, and then come to dinner with us. It is always a favor if our friends come to dinner with us on Sunday." Then, with a merry laugh, "You see we always have more than we can est, and I hate cold meat on Monday; so come," and taking a cigar from his pocket he prepared to light it, saying, "You would go now, anyway, wouldn't you?"

wouldn't you?"

Plain, practical, even homely, with a habit of fronting the fact squarely and with scant favor for finely wrought theories, Dr. Collyer is yet not utilitarian, but, as have the prophets, seers and philosophers throughout the ages, he listens to "the voices" which the material ear hears not, and touches with the creative power of poetic inspiration all that he undertakes. Eloquence, which is the handmaid of music and of poetry, is the servant and the power of this man who moves great audiences by the force of his utterances. However, when he does write poetry, which he declares he does only under the prod of earnest request, it is so full of music and meaning that it is almost a matter of regret that a true poet has been lost in a great preacher, even though he be so strong, yet tender, that even his Socratic satire is ever less than wit because it never passes the approach to malice, and whose deep sympathies quicken into visibility and action the sympathies of all who come within the sound of his

A. VAN HORSEN-WAKEMAN, POVERTY AND CRIME.

A Punxsutawney Philosopher on the Woes and Ills of the Poor Man.

"Yes," said Lem Cogburn reflectively, as "Yes," said Lem Cogburn reflectively, as he searched his pockets in vain for a nickel to buy some tobies, "there is no mistake about it—poverty is a crime. It compels a man to be niggardly. It engenders lying, encourages deceit, and prompts men to steal. Generosity is one of the cardinal virtues, but a poor man cannot be generous. He can scarcely be just. He is often compelled to deny his own family the ordinary comforts of life. He cannot make the hearts of his children throb with joy by the hearts of his children throb with joy by bringing home a wagon for little Johnny, a tricycle to Willie, and a doll to Sarah Jane. He must stifle every generous impulse, every kindly heart-throb, at the bidding of the fiend Poverty.

"His nobler nature is kept in bondage, and when it seeks to break the iron bars of its prison bouse, Poverty glares at him and scowls and mocks at his efforts. Finally, through sheer necessity, his heat shrivels up like a dried quince into an insignificant and contemptible little ball of solidi-fied selfishness. Then he is capa-blh of the heartless littleness necessary to become rich, but he is no longer capable of enjoying life or of contributing to the happiness of others. Poverty, I say, is a crime,
and I am in favor of its destruction by
proper legislative enactments."

And then Lum nestled down on the
lounge beside our office eat and fell asleep

Fortune Socking Emigrants.

I WANT TO GO HOME

Is the Wail of the Male Invalid From the North Who is Seeking

Men Who Pine and Die for a Sight of Home

HINT TO POSTMASTER WANAMAKER

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. I ATKEN, S. C., April 18 .- Much has been written as to the woes and anguish of seasickness. Millions of personal experiences have been related of what has been suffered by those who go down to the sea in ships and steamers. Every voyager upon the great waste of waters takes pleasure in relating his own story concerning his inner consciousness while bounding o'er the bitfor the mal de mer that is no respecter of persons, but attacks a queen as readily as a kitchen maid, and afflicts a millionaire as harshly as a dead-beat without a dollar. In despite of all, Neptune exacts his tributes from the landsmen who venture to intrude upon "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste," as relentlessly and persistently as the taxgatherer pursues the taxable for his mills on the dollar, however much the householder may grow restive and rise in rebellion. But bad as it is—horrible as it may be-it is ever a matter for mirth, a subject for jokes, a point upon which to hang a tale as woeful in progress as it is funny to tell after the feet have been set upon dry land, but the comedy of the occasion comes out in bold reliet only after the most heartrending experiences.

HOMESICKNESS.

But while so much has been said and written and described of this sickness of the sea, much less has been told of the equally grievous, but less common malady of homesickness—that longing of the soul that makes pleasures and palaces seem but sumptuous shame as compared with the dearer delights of home.

John Howard Payne, in his song of "Home, Sweet Home," gave the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin—he voiced the heart of humanity on the inner

key of the affections.
"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain." is a truth that finds echo in every vain," is a truth that finds echo in every soul, whether the separation be voluntary or enforced. Homesickness—or in medical phraseology, nostalgia—finds but small mention in works upon medicine. With many, it is as much a matter for fun and laughter as seasickness—it excites but little sympathy, and yet is as real as an affliction, and as depressing in its effects, and melancholy in its results, in some cases, as many that are more distinguished.

It may not be with the most of people a

that are more distinguished.

It may not be with the most of people a principal disease in itself, but when it accompanies another it will retard recovery and perhaps prevent it altogether. It is an affection of the mind, we are told, that reacts upon the body, takes away the appetite and weakens all of the physical powers, the patient pines, and, if relief does not follow, the

People come here to the South to be cured of bodily ill, as they hope. They leave the cold and snows, the winds and roughness of winter and spring in the North and imagine that the air and sunshine of the softer Southern clime will cheer, invigorate and en-liven; that health will come from warmth and change and rest. But alse for the ten-der leaves of hope that so often encounter a South as in the North, with bitter, blighting blasts, and, in the words of the Florida joker, the change goes to the waiters and the landlord gets the rest, leaving nothing for the exile from the North but homesickness-and may be heart failure.

MEN THE CHIEF VICTIMS.

Men seem to be the especial prey of this disease. They are bereft of the excitements of business—then have left the comforts of home and the pleasures to which they have been accustomed, they are cut off from their household gods; while the business of the world moves on, they are set aside in en-forced idleness. Men for crimes and mis-demeanors are sentenced to solitude and idleness, and nothing, say prison authori-ties, is worse for health of mind and body. But many who lose their health, and are forced from home in the effort to regain it, are in a condition almost equally melan-cholly, depressing and unhappy. After the first novelty of the change of scene has worn off, homesickness sets in, and they wander round dejectedly, talk despairingly, and in many cases the supposed remedy is worse

than the disease.

Men are the most helpless of beings when ill and away from home. They lack the patient endurance, of women, and are not patient endurance, of women, and are not possessed of their reserve of resources for killing time. The utility of fancy work is shown and proven on persistent rainy days at a health resort, when the masculine invalid is insufferably homesick, and utterly at his wit's end to know what to do with himself. He takes his tonics with a hopeless is to great into the first the masculine. less air, he gazes into the fire with a melan-choly glare, he reads the papers until all is blue, for he finds record in them that his friends and associates in business are booming along and securing fat things, while he is stranded here doing nothing but wasting time and money in the effort to get back the treasure of health, without which prizes cannot be pulled in, without which money, wisdom, pleasure, learning count but dross; without which the cream of existence is lacking, the sparkle of pleasure is gone, the joys of life are turned to ashes.

MELANCHOLY MEN. He broods over his misfortune, he grows heartsick and homesick in his loneliness, and this homesickness, this longing for wife, children and friends does much to retard the return of vigor and health by wearing out the vitality of the machine. These melancholy men to be met upon the streets meiancholy men to be met upon the streets of Aiken excite one's sympathy only to see. With large eyes in which sickness sits as sentry, worn faces, gaunt forms, only ghosts of themselves, with the saddest story told in their expression, they take their walks abroad, looking as if their death warrants had been read, sealed, signed and finally delivered.

livered. Women are different. They do not suffer from homesickness with the same intensity as men. They have their fancy work, their painting, their enthusiasms and enjoyment over pretty handiwork, and their tongues. On a relentless rainy day for instance, they do not resign themselves to the blues like men, but find in the elucidation of a new men, but find in the elucidation of a new stitch, the intricacy of a new pattern, the excitement of a new design or novel device such deep interest that time flies on swiftest wings. The dripping dullness of the hours is enlivened by a spice of gossip, the interesting remarks and criticisms of the pepper and mustard sort that give rest and flavor to even the dullest story—the interchange of fancy and play of fun that accompany the busy hands and flying fingers of those who make the parlor a workroom, and a wo-

make the parlor a workroom, and a wo-man's congress, on the days that most dis-tressingly try men's souls.

Considering how men are waited upon, and ministered unto, and catered for when at home and—well, it is not strange that going away alone and ill, where they miss all such ministrations, they feel lonely, de-pressed and homesick. DIED OF HOMESICKNESS.

A few days ago a men from away up
North died bere alone, without a friend
near him. The doctor said he might have
recovered had he not been so deperately
homesick. The sun shone in vain for him;
the sweet breath of spring brought no baim

I was troubled to
the skin for eight
my mother thous
keep me from my
dock Blood Blue
taken one buttle
taken one buttle
united the said of t

of life to him; the bloom of violets and wealth of roses shed no sweetness around for him. Change, rest, climatic balm availed nothing to him whose thoughts were with his wife and dear ones on the farm—away off in Washington.

off in Washington Territory.

Men who are ill and in quest of that most precious of all things, health, are unfitted to be alone, or to be trusted to the tender mercies of hotel or housekeepers, who are in the boarding-house business for revenue only. If accustomed to the care of home only. If accustomed to the care of home folks, when away from them, they are the most forlorn and helpless beings on earth. They do everything they should not do, and leave undone the things they ought to have done. In contemplation of their ills they grow dull, morose and melancholy. They distrust the doctors, have no faith in medicines and as a usual thing are really cines, and, as a usual thing, are really dying to go home, the most of the time. A doctor told a man of this sort a few days

A doctor told a man of this sort a few days ago that he should remain here a few weeks longer for satety. "But I can't, doctor; I tell you I can't stand it—I must go."
"Well, you can better stand it here, than to go home and die," said the doctor.
"No, I can't. Live or die, I must get away from here. I tell you, I would as lief die as live, unless I can go home."

He was overcome by homesickness. He had reached the limit of endurance, and made up his mind to take the risk. He had reached the limit of endurance, and made up his mind to take the risk. He went home, and mid 'snow and ice, wind and rain, is said to be recovering—the' sunshine of love, the devotion of friends, the deliverance from homesickness doing what had been hoped the softer airs and kinder climate of the South would effect.

THE RISK OF LONELINESS.

The believers in Christian science would tell us that this is the natural effect that follows the determination to be well, and that all illness exists only in the mind— that with faith of sufficient power all disease may be conquered and health assured. If this were only true, how utterly delightful would life become. But also in this age of unbelief the necessary faith is hardly to be

But in view of what we see around as to the desolate condition of sick men away from home and friends, we would say that there is great risk in their loneliness, in their lack of the little attentions and care that serious illness demands, in their need of the ministering care of some one inter-ested in their particular welfare. Married men need their wives—young men need their mothers to ward off the misery of homesickness in a strange place. Moreover, invalids in exile—especially if alone—should receive constant remembrances from home and friends. No mail should come home and friends. No mail should come unweighted with a few kind words from somebody to brighten the long day. No sadder face we ever saw than that of a lonely man who received no letter from home as expected. His lips quivered, the tears came, his very steps seemed weaker as he turned away with the sad reflection, doubtless, that he must pull through another dismail day without the news from home.

The announcement of "No Northern mail to-day" spreads consternation all around in Aiken, and the amount of growling done would sink a ship. If John Wanamaker

would sink a ship. If John Wanamaker wants a halo round his head, and a shower of blessings on his name he will immediately devote himself to improving the post-office business of the South. Mails should not be delayed for 24 hours save under some extraordinary stress or accident impossible to prevent. If a connection is missed, it should be made up by a special train. "No Northern mail to-day" is an absurdity that would not be tolerated in the North save in the face of some great storm or unpreventage ble accident.

SOUTHERN POSTAL METHODS

It is a matter of belief among Northern visitors that many of the Southern postmasvisitors that many of the Southern postmas-ters are cut on the pattern of the specimen in Texas, who thought the proper thing was to keep the bag until it was full before-send-ing off. However, as the Democratic post-masters are being fired out at the rate of 700 a week, it is likely there will be a change all around, and it may be that the service will show improvement, of which it stands in urgent need. But nothing is surer than that "Johnnie" will have his hands fuller than they aver were before if he essays to introthey ever were before if he essays to intro-duce business habits into the postoffice de-partment in the South, and certainty as to the arrival of the Northern mail. Talk of Black Friday! No day is blacker to the Northern sojourners away down South in Dixie than that on which the announcement comes of "No Northern mail to-day," and such come too often for the credit of Uncle Sam, and Brother Wanamaker must see about it. The present shiftless way of doing business should be reformed. That the postal service needs a good deal of improvement in more ways than one is manifest to anybody who thinks about it, but nowhere, perhaps, is this more apparent than in the South. Moreover, a measure immensely needed is an express post or parcels delivery such as they have in England. It is time, that the people were delivered from the rapacity of express companies, and nobody, perhaps, ought to know this better than Brother

Wanamaker himself. BESSIE BRAMBLE. A CHASE IN THE SKY.

How a Delaware Eagle Captured a Hungry Fish Hawk's Dinner.

A novel sight was witnessed over the orthern part of the town at noon yesterday. Those who are familiar with the habits of birds of prey know that the eagle makes a slave of the osprey or fishing hawk, so far as he can, as a food gatherer. Thehawk had caught a fish for his dinner, presumably from one of our adjacent mill ponds. An eagle which had been watching the movements of the hawk saw the silvery scales as the latter bore it up on its pinions and started in rapid pursuit, determined to have that fish all for himself.

The hawk seemed as determined to hold on to it. Neither of them are birds that America in the weekly prayer meeting. come about a town, but perhaps the hawk This is a noteworthy fact. If Booth plays thought the eagle would desist if it flew over where so many people were, but in this it was mistaken. Several circles were made around the spire of the Episcopal Church, Yet the mimic hero and heroine are aided around the spire of the Episcopal Church, up and down, and it was not until they got over Delaware street that the hawk let go its hold on the fish. This was all the eagle wanted, and in a space of perhaps less than 15 feet from where it had left the hawk's claws the eagle had caught it in its talons and sailed away to some tree to eat its dinner and be on the lookout for that or some other hawk to in the same way provide its supper. supper.

Neighboring Kindness.

The Kansas City Star finds this in a Kansas paper: "Mr. and Mrs. Gartland wish to express their thanks to their friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the burning of their hotel last Monday morn-

after another would present itself on my arms and body. I used one bottle of Burdock Blood

Bitters; the boils have all left me. It is the

MYERS, Lawrenceville, Clark Co., O.

happy to cured. I LOOD ure in reing Bur-

Adams,

I had a rush on my body and face for a m Hearing of Burdock Blood Bitters I too

Hearing of Burdock Blood Bitters I took one bottle and have not even a mark of it on me now.—KITTIE BELL. Weedsport, N. Y.

I was troubled with an incessant itching of the skin for eight weeks, which became so had my mother thought she would be obliged to keep me from my studies. I began using Burdock Blood Bitters, and although have only taken one bottle am nearly cured. It is a valuable medicine.—Howard Uphight, Walkill,

A friender

to try Bur

est blood purifier I have ever used .- D. A.

advised me

a humor in

After using

A BUSINESS man writes to one of the prominent religious journals suggesting a plan of ministerial life insurance. He

Ministerial Life Insurance.

thinks a church in calling a paster might provide, in addition to his salary, a policy of life insurance on which it should pay the premium so long as the relation continued. This friend of the clergy thinks that his

plan would secure three results. First, more permanent pastorates. A minister would think twice before vacating a pulpit one of whose adjuncts was a paid-up premi-um of this kind. Next, the avoidance of ORALS AND MANNERS poverty to his loved ones, in case of the sudden death of the preacher. It is a dreary and too common spectacle—this of a family reared in refinement and suddenly plunged over the Niagara of temporal ruin by the removal of the bread-winner. Last, the expression of precisely support to the preacher of the present the support of t

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

-03-

BY A CLERGYMAN.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

ONE of the shrewdest and most successful

merchants of this city sat in cozy conversa-

tion, the other evening, with his paster-s

frequent and welcome guest. He was not a church member, but was a church attendant.

They conversed on a variety of topics, when

"Things are different now from what they

were when I began business years ago.

Then customers came to us; now we go to

"Is the drummer system a good one?"

"There are objections to it," answered the

merchant. "It immensely increases the cost

salers. We seldom see and are never sure

of our customers. On the other hand, the

retailers no doubt profit by it. It is easier

"I know that from my experience in this

parish," heartily assented the clergyman.

tinued the merchant, "is that they are like

the Bourbons-they learn nothing and for-

get nothing. Business has changed, and we

get nothing. Business has changed, and we adjust ourselves to the change. Social usages have been changed, and the fashionables make haste to recognize and adopt the new style. The church alone is unchanging. See our drummers. They cover the continent. Where are your drummers (looking at the parson)? Occasionally a Orient like your reasons his less off. But

Quixote like you runs his legs off. But what could I do were I the only drummer

in my house? I can employ my time better and make more money by superintending my business, and letting others drum for me. The minister should be the head of

his house. His work is to make others

"But they won't work," sighed the min-

terview he was thoughtful. He felt sure that his friend had exaggerated the Bour-bonism of churches, but was afraid that this

keen, intelligent observer had some warrant for his criticism.

A Hint for Ministers.

bringing of some one to Christ. There is a

hear it in every pulpit. This may be inter-

esting, but it is not the main thing. Sup-

pose you should call at the office and ask to

You have not got into the sanctum.

An Interesting Study.

THE subject of mental associations, re-

marks a writer in one of our recent ex-

illusory puzzles of the human mind. The

most incongruous objects are indissolubly

connected in our thoughts, and suggest one

Wordsworth, I see a long, solitary avenue of oaks. The name of Shelley makes me think

laughing eyes. Two visions are connected

Prayer a Great Attraction

er in the pulpit do?

"My criticism upon the churches," con-

of doing business, especially to the whole-

the merchant chanced to say:

asked the minister.

to be sought than to seek."

them.

work.

removal of the bread-winner. Last, the expression of practical sympathy, at the tenderest point, on the point of the parish.

Clergymen, as a rule, are the most poorly paid of all skilled laborers. The average wages of a mechanic are higher than the average salary of a preacher. It is an authentic statistic that the remuneration of the average minister in the United States is not more than \$450 a year. And the clergy receive more here than in any other country. Of course, men do not go into the ministry to make money. But preaching ought istry to make money. But preaching ought not to be synonymous with beggary. At any rate, the insurance plan would be a brave help always and everywhere, and could be arranged at small cost to the churches. What do our good people say about this?

An Anacdote of Dean Stanley.

PHILLIPS BROOKS told an interesting and amusing aneodote of Dean Stanley recently. The Dean sent a note to a shoemaker regarding some work which that artisan was doing for him. The writing was so difficult to decipher that the shoemaker returned it to the Dean with a note saying, innocently, that he was "unaccustomed to the chirography of the higher classes," and asked for a translation. "Just as if," said the Dean, laughingly, in relating the anecdote to the Boston, divine, "I am to be held responsible for the handwriting of the entire British aristocracy."

How to Gain Strength.

"WHO," says Jay, "would go out in the morning, not knowing what a day may bring forth, without retiring first and committing himself to God?" Beerhaave, the celebrated physician, rose early for prayer and meditation. "This," he often told his friends, "gave him strength and firmness for the business of the day." The great Judge Hale, too, rose betimes to pray and read God's word, "without which," he said, "nothing prospered with him all day." Gladstone, when the busiest man in England, always found or took time for his reigious exercises and duties.

Thoughts of Great Minds. IT is character more than talent that insures esteem. No one can be really great who has a low moral nature.—Blackie.

ister.

"That is what I say," was the reply.

"The churches are on the old bases. Their methods are antiquated. They wait for the people to come to them instead of going to the people. When I want to sell a line of slow goods I push those goods out, lower the price, make an inducement, create a market. The churches, on the contrary, lazily open their doors once a week, clang the bell, if they have one, in a ding-dong way and practically say: You people out there come in here and be saved! When the people don't come they put it down to total depravity: If we sinners ran our business as you saints run your churches we AT achurch meeting, several weeks ago, one of our friends spoke of the temptations and discouragements to which busy men are es-pecially subject. It seemed almost impossible to keep pure in the whirl of business. "It brings to my mind," said he, "an incident which a friend told me a short time ago. While trav-eling among the coal mines of Pennsylvania he ness as you saints run your churches we would go into bankruptey in a year."

As the clergyman went home from the ineling among the coal mines of Pennsylvania he noticed how very dingy the towns appeared. The coal dust seemed to blacken buildings, trees, shrubs, everything. But as he and a foreman were walking near the mines he noticed a beautiful wnite flower. Its petals were as pure as if it were blooming in a daisy field. What care the owner of this plant must take of it, said Mr. A, 'to keep it so free from dust and dirs,' 'See here,' said the foreman, and, taking up a handful of coal dust, threw it over the flower. It immediately ran off and left the flower as stainless as before. 'It has an enamel, the foreman explained, 'which prevents any dust from clinging to it. I think it must have been created for just such a place.' I have often thought of this white flower,' continued our friend. "If we are covered by the enamel which Jesus will give to all who ask Him, even His own blood, we need not fear that the press of business nor contact with a sinful world will stain our hearts or lives." —Beth Van Wagenen.

A Christian is the highest style of man.— Let every minister to-day aim at the good deal of talk about Christ. You shall see the editor of this journal. "Oh, yes," says the clerk, "the editor is in." Then he begins to tell you what a fine man the editor is, what able leaders he writes, what an executive head he carries on his shoulders, A CHRISTIAN is the highest style of man.-

Young (Night Thoughts), BE not o'er exquisite

what a kind employer he makes. Half an hour is thus occupied. Your time is gone. You have not got into the sanctum. Would To east the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his day of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid? you feel that your errand was performed? Is the chatter of the clerk the equivalent of that intended interview with the editor? THAT is an evil eye which leads man into trouble by incorrect vision. When a man seeks to presper by crafty tricks instead of careful industry; when a man's inordinate cortonsness pushes him across all lines of honesty that he may sooner clutch the prize; when gambling speculation would reap where it has not strewn; when men gain riches by crime, there is an evil eve which guides them through a specular presentity to inevitable ruin.—H. W. that intended interview with the editor?

We say, then, to the Rev. Dr. Roundabout: Don't discourse concerning Christ to-day. Bring some one to Him. Personalize your preaching. When men want to see Jesus, why not lead them to Him. The ushers at the door bring strangers into the church and seat them. What does the ush-

a specious prosperity to inevitable ruin.

Bescher. THE Bible is the book above all others to be read at all ages and in all conditions of life; not to be read once or twice through and then laid aside, but to be read in small portions every day. I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say "Search the Scriptures."—
John Quincy Adams.

changes, is one of the most fascinating and CELSUS, an ancient, bitter enemy of the Gospel, speaking of the mock trial and crucifixion of Jesus, cries: "Why, on this occasion at least does he not act the God and hurl some another at most inappropriate times. Not least does he not act the God and hur! some signal vengeance on the authors of his insults and anguish?" But ob, Celsus, he does act the God. A mad man on earth or fury in heli is capable of wrath and vengeance. But to bear the most shocking provocations, and though commanding the thunder and the flame, forbear to punish, is divine. "Yes," says even a Rousseau, "if the death of Socrates was the ceath of a sage, the death of Jesus was the death of, a God.—William Jay. everyone, however, has so clearly defined a set of associations as the gentleman whom we quote below. we quote below.

An interesting study might be afforded by a comparison of the objects suggested to other minds by the same names: "Byron reminds me of a splendid tiger lily; Keats, of golden wine. When I think of Milton, I see a vast cathedral. When I think of Wordsworth, I see a long, solitary avenue of other minutes."

Ir is a blessed thing to be a man to whom God has not only given means, but so large a heart, so beneficient, so brotherly that his frui-tion of his good fortune is as wide as the thou-sands who share it, and the reversion as secure as the heaven in which it is treasured.—Hamil-

ABOVE all things speak the truth. You word must be your bond through life .- Halibi



THEY BLOOM IN THE SPRING. last spring I was troubled with boils; one

BULS

The Cure of Obstinate and Chronic Cases of Blood Disorders that could not be reached by any other medicine is accomplished with Surdeck Blood Bitters, from sits combination of curative properties unknown to other preparation. It expels all impurities from the blood, from the common pimple to the worst Serofulous sore, imparts a good appetite, insures good direction and builting.

My neck and cheeks were covered with larg timps, and sores, that looked like ring worms, ame out all over my body. I have taken three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, and they are fast disappearing. MRS. GEO. L. TWIST, Box 214, Corning, N. Y. My husen



For eight years I was a surprise. Hearing of Burdock rom them since. -

SOLD BY DEUGGISTS GENERALLY.