THE GOLDEN ISLAND,

—BY—

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

ROBERT had finished his education at the old school in the village, where his father and mother lived, and he was now of an age when a healthy and strong boy with a true spirit of developing manhood and independence wants to learn a trade. The village in which the boy's parents lived was but a small one, and outside of the tailor and the shoemaker there were no tradesmen living there. All the rest of the men, Robert's father among them, were farmers. Now, Robert did not like the life of a farmer. It was too quiet and too much like slavery to him. Not that he despised a farmer, however. He was a good son and he loved his father dearly. But Robert was of an enterprising, active disposition, and the uneventful existence of a farmer did not suit his restless character.

When his school time was over, therefore, he resolved to learn a trade. He did not know which one he would like best. He meant to find that out after while. So one beautiful morning he packed his valise with the most necessary things a man wants when he goes on a long journey; then he went to his father and mother and bid them goodby.

"Where are you going, Robert?" both exclaimed with astonishment, as they saw the young man standing before them, equipped for a journey.

"I am going away to learn a trade," he replied. "This place is too small for me, and there is nothing to do here for a boy as I am. I am going into the city for a couple of years, where I can learn a trade and make a name and fortune for myself."

The old people saw that their son was determined and they thought it better to let him have his own way. So they wished him God speed and good luck and told him not to forget his parents and come back after some time. Robert promised that and then he departed.

He had traveled for many a day and many a month, but still he had not found the business he liked. He had been working with several masters, but somehow or other Robert grew tired of his job and left. One day he was sitting on the bank of a beautiful lake and noticed a boat gliding over the smooth surface of the waters. There was a man sitting in the boat who was feathering the oars in a leisurely manner, while the boat continued to float noiselessly along. Robert looked at the man and his boat for a long time, when he murmured to himself:

"Well, now, rowing must be the most pleasant thing in the world. The man seems to enjoy the fun amazingly. I wonder whether he would allow me to have a row with him. I will call him and hear what he has to say."

He shouted out and beckoned the man in the boat toward him. When the owner of the boat heard Robert he came ashore and invited him to accompany him. While the oars were dipping the water and the boat was quietly moving along over the beautiful lake Robert told the man all about himself.

"So you did not like to be a farmer; what would you like to do then? Have you not been able to find a trade suitable at all?"

"No, sir," replied the young man, "I have not been able to find a job that I would like. What I have to complain of most, is that everything seems to be hard work and I don't like that. I would be glad to learn anything where I had the opportunity to make a lot of money without any trouble and exertion. But hard work I do not like, it makes me tired so quick."

"Oh! oh!" said the boatman, "that is the way you feel about the matter. You are lazy, I should say. Look here, my boy, any trade is a good one, if you only work at it hard enough, and with an earnest intention to make a success. All work is equally ennobling to the man who labors honestly and diligently. Now I think it will be a very good thing for you if I give you a lesson that will be of service to you for all your life." The boatman had no more than uttered these words when Robert suddenly noticed that the boat began to roll and to pitch. The young man anxiously grasped at the side of his seat to prevent himself from falling into the water. But the motion of the boat increased more and

more. The waves ran over each other and rolled up mountain high. It was too much for Robert; he could not hold himself any longer, for an immense wave came with terrific force against the side of the boat. It turned over, and the young man fell into the lake. Soon the waters swallowed him up, and they closed in over him like a lid on a box.

Unconsciousness overcame him immediately after he fell into the water, but he awoke again and to his utter astonishment found himself on dry land. It was a peculiar place, the young man thought. The ground was hard and rocky, but still there were lots of trees growing everywhere. A beautiful light shone over all the land, but where it came from Robert could not imagine. The sky above was as blue as the azure heavens that expanded over the beautiful fields around his native village. But he could not see a sun or a moon, or even a star, above him. The young man was bewildered. He stood and looked at his surroundings as if he were enchanted or dreaming.

Suddenly he was awakened from his reverie by the approach of three men all dressed in red clothes, with black turbans on their heads. Neither of them spoke a word. They walked straight up to Robert, and while one of them took hold of him by the neck the others caught him by the legs. Then they carried him away, and all the resistance and expostulation on the young prisoner's part was in vain. The three men held him as tightly as if his limbs were screwed in a vise, and did not stop until they came to a large building. This structure was of wood, but in front stood a very comfortable chair, in which Robert noticed the boatman with whom he had been rowing on the lake not long ago. He lifted his hand to the three men and they stood still before him.

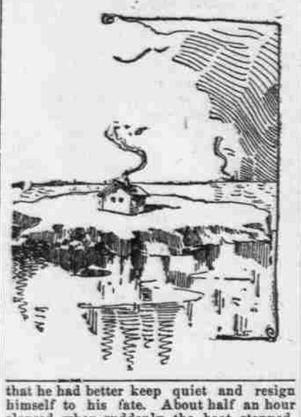
"Now put the stranger down!" he commanded of the three in red, and when Robert stood on the ground the man in the chair beckoned him to come forward.

"Young man," he said, "you have told me that you do not like work, but you are fond of lots of money. You shall have just what you want, and I hope you will enjoy it."

After he had spoken he made another sign to the three in red, and again they took hold of him and carried him away. None of them ever spoke to him. They continued their walk quietly, but at a good pace. At last they arrived at a broad river, where they found a boat moored. The three men carried Robert into the boat, then they pushed off and in a few moments were gliding over the waters.

"Where are you taking me to?" inquired the young men of the three mysterious looking boatmen, but they did not take the slightest notice of his question. They continued rowing as if they had not heard anything.

"If you do not tell me where we are going I will jump into the water and drown myself!" shouted Robert, and he got up to get ready for a leap into the river, but before he could accomplish anything one of the oarsmen caught him by the neck, threw him into the bottom of the boat and tied him to one of the seats. He realized now



that he had better keep quiet and resign himself to his fate. About half an hour elapsed, when suddenly the boat stopped. The three men pulled their oars into the boat. One of them unloosened Robert, then the three took hold of him and lifted him out of the boat on to shore. The next minute they pushed off again and Robert was left alone.

He looked around and found that he was standing on solid gold. At first he could hardly believe his eyes. He stooped down and examined the ground. "True enough!" he exclaimed, "all pure gold!"

Then he went along to see whether it was everywhere the same. The result of his investigation proved this: Robert was on an island about two miles square, composed of solid gold. The surface was as smooth as a table. Not a tree grew anywhere. In fact Robert saw nothing but the sky above him, gold beneath him. He walked somewhat farther into the island when he came to a house, which was built of golden coins of all the countries of the world. He noticed the corner beams were all made out $50 gold pieces. The walls were made of English sovereigns, the window sills of German 20-mark pieces and the sashes of 10 and 20 francs. The roof consisted of golden shingles and the panes in the windows were of transparent gold. Robert was amazed. He opened the door of the house. In the first room he found a table, chairs sofa, all made out of golden coins from Russia, Spain and Italy. Then he walked into another room. Here was a table of gold again, covered with the most delicious viands, venison, vegetables, in fact anything to please the most dainty palate. Wines and other liquors of various kinds and brands were there, from ginger ale to the best champagne. All these things were real. There was no gold on them, although they were on golden dishes.

"Well, now!" cried Robert, "this is not so bad. I guess I will try these things."

Then he sat down and enjoyed himself in true epicurean style. When he was thoroughly satisfied he got up and examined the rest of the house. He found gold everywhere; in every room and cupboard, nothing but gold. Even the bed was golden, and he found it pretty hard to lie on.

Robert, for a day or two, thought himself in Paradise. He had plenty to eat—and good things to eat—and he had loads of money. What else did he want?

After a week, however, he became already tired of his life. He had nobody to talk to. He had nothing to spend the time with, and eating he could not always be at. To occupy himself he began one day to walk around the island and see how many steps it would take. But that soon became monotonous, too. Then he remained in his house. He now counted how many gold coins there were in each corner beam of the house. But that did not take him long, and again he had nothing to do. He racked his brains to think of something to occupy himself with. At night, while laying on the hard bed, he could not sleep, because he had eaten too much. In the morning he got up wretched and miserable. After a month he was almost crazy, and he resolved to jump into the water which surrounded the island. So he did. But as soon as he made a jump into the water the waves receded, and Robert lit with his back on the hard bottom of the sea. He hurt himself awfully, and as he could not drown himself, he went limping back to his golden house.

"Oh, that I were back home again," he cried one day. "I would work with my father on the farm as hard as any laboring man."

No sooner had he said so than the boatman of the lake stood before him.

"Well, how do you like a life of ease with lots of money? I suppose you are happy now?"

"No; not at all," replied Robert. "I wish I had something to do to spend my time. I do not care a fig for all the gold in the world."

"All right, my fine man, come along with me and I will give you a job."

He took the young man back to the river, where a boat awaited them. They rowed back to the country where the boatman lived. Arrived there he said to Robert:

"Now, I will see whether you are really fond of work. If you are I will reward you well. Come along. We have had a battle here, and there are 1,000 bodies lying near here on a battlefield. If you will promise me to bury them all, I will make you not only a rich but also a happy man."

Robert promised, and he went at once to work on the battlefield to dig graves for the fallen warriors. It took him a long time to do it, and it was hard work, but still he was more satisfied with himself now than he was when he lived on the golden island.

When his task was accomplished, the old boatman shook Robert joyfully by the hand. "All right, my boy, now come with me and receive your reward." He led him to the boat in which they first rowed together on the lake, and in a few seconds they were back again on the smooth waters. Robert did not know how it had happened, and he did not care. When the boat got ashore, the boatman gave Robert three trees.

"When you get home plant them in your father's garden. They will all bloom and bear fruit. One will give you happiness, the other long life and the third competency. That is all a man wants in this life."

Then the boatman disappeared, and Robert went home, where he planted the three trees, and found everything as he had been promised.

Beauty in a Blush.

Boston Courier.]

A natural blush showing itself through a clear complexion is like the tint on the petals of the moss rose, something that cannot be imitated by art, and at the same time one of the most beautiful things in nature. And yet there are young women who write to story papers asking for a cure for blushing!

KILLARNEY'S HILLS,

Charming Lakes and Historic Isles Captivate a Word Painter.

SOME FUN WITH A TOURIST.

How a Dispatch Contributor Secured a Tip From a Countryman.

CHARMS THAT ARE OVERLOOKED

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

KILLARNEY, IRELAND, April 15.—There is a curious similitude between the outlook of great minds, and one peculiarity in the outlook from the peaks of high mountains. The great mind elevates all lesser minds, facts and objects to the noble heights of its own generous comprehensiveness and abnegation; while the higher one ascends a mountain, in proportion, more lofty do lesser surrounding peaks, and the more insignificant does your own gained ascent, appear. The reverse of this, in descent, is as true of mountains as with mind and men.

I had no just conception of the grim and mighty cliffs of Carrantuohill when with the sky I was above them; but in the long descent to the valley of Coom-a-dhuv, which brought me on the Killarney side of the Macgillicuddy Reeks, for the first time a sense of awe possessed me. Their base skirts the western shore of the Upper Lake. Anywhere along this the towering mass rises almost perpendicularly 3,400 feet overshadowing the island-dotted lake. The black crags here and there push through the white commingled clouds and snow, giving at times an appalling sense of apprehension lest the next glance you give they may topple down upon you; and this grewsome feeling is intensified as now and then glimpses are caught of Carrantuohill's accompanying peaks which appear and disappear through the changing mists above.

A GRAND PANORAMA.

Opposite, to the east, the scene is almost duplicated across the lake. Mangarton Mountain, upward of 2,700 feet, and Toro Mountain, over 1,700 high, neither capped by snow, but the peaks of each similarly wreathed in fleecy clouds, loom and glower from their heights, or show dark and forbidding escarpments above billowy swells of forests, reaching from the valleys below. Exactly between these two noble groups lies Upper Lake Killarney, like a sapphire set round with emerald whose edges are peaked with reliefs of cameo in black and white. After a wide detour I crossed the little Owenreach river, a boisterous singing vagrant here, and climbed across hill and heather, finally reaching the great highway called the "Prince of Wales route," leading from Glengariff to Killarney, where this magnificent road first turns the mountain side, giving the tourist by long-car, or legs, the first view of the surpassing panorama which at one sweep comprehends the great mountains on either side and the witching lakes between. This is certainly the most entrancing view at Killarney; it is by all odds the most entrancing prospect in Ireland; and I do not believe a more beautiful sight can be found in the whole world.

While sitting upon a ledge of rocks beside the highway, resting in the sweet April day and dreamfully contemplating the scene before me, I was pleasantly disturbed to afterward first know by actual experience the substantial rewards of a vagrant's life in a tourist land. The long car, filled with tourists and a small mountain of hampers piled above the "well" between the hanging side seats, lumbered up the southern ascent from Kenmare, and came to its customary halt to enable tourists to enjoy the unsual prospect. Among the passengers were a couple of Etonian under-graduates and an English milord and milady with their children and servants, all of whom were in an aggressive-defensive attitude of silent scorn toward an innocent pair from our own loved land. The latter were a little bald, nut-headed gentleman with a bent, poddy body, suggesting a polished pebble set in the end of a banana, and his good, honest American wife, twice his height and four times his girth. The man was the embodiment of nervous activity and enthusiasm; the woman of adipose and repose; and both, having duly paid their "booking," were placidly oblivious of the ethical injuries they had inflicted all the way from Cork upon their fellow-travelers.

WAKEMAN'S LITTLE JOKE.

Everybody alighted but the calm American woman. In serene composure she watched her side of the long-car settle nearly to the ground; but she kept her seat.

"Come down, Maw, do," urged the little man, bringing into instant use a pair of field-glasses, each tube of which was as large as the "Lone Fisherman's" stage telescope. "Maw, this is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!"

At the sound of these last three words milord winced, milady elevated her eyebrows, the Etonians readjusted their eyeglasses, and the servants looked dignified and grave.

"No; guess I'll let well enough alone," murmured the little man's large wife.

"Maw, this is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!" repeated the American, sweeping the scene with his glasses, filling the English delegation with another series of shudderings and backing into me as he spoke.

"You'll step on that man there, Paw, if you don't use your eyes," cautioned the wife from the long-car.

"Bless me, yes;—wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Peasantry right here in the mountings. See here, Pat," he continued, addressing me, "you good-for-nothing dynamite Irishmen don't deserve this wonderful kentry, darned if you do!"

"Thrue for yez, yer honor," I replied humbly.

"See that, Maw?" with a wink to his wife. Thinks I'm one o' them high rollers. Well, well, well! Pat, here's a—a—guess its a half crown, or something 'r other. There, now, brace up. Go to my country. Get a clean shirt. Be a—a—well, 'git there!'"

"God bliss yer honor!" I responded, thanking him heartily. "May the top o' yer head never folly yer hair!"

"Maw!—say, Maw? Did you hear that? Irish wit, by Golly! Well, well, well! Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Live long 'round here, Pat?"

"Indade did I. For ages."

"Wonderful!—"

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

The English contingent winced; the worthy man gave me another shilling; and his good wife from the tilting long-car wished the little man "wouldn't make such a fuss over every poor creature in Ireland,"

"Well, well, Pat, what's the name o' that mounting?"

"Carrantuohill's the same."

"Some sort of—er—story—er—legion about it, I s'pose?"

"Divil doubt that, sor. But wan stud there at first. St. Patrick was carin' for two hills. So one fine mornin' another stud beside it."

"Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed the American, writing the same down on a business-card as big as his hand, while his traveling companions writhed again. "And that further one?"

"Toro, sor. Toro bekase that's a wild boar, and ye'll find 'em there this blissed minute with tusks 'on 'em the length o' yer arm, sor."

"Goodness gracious! But that is wonderful. Maw, did you hear that? And that mounting over there, Pat?"

"Mangarton, sor."

"Jess so. Kinder Dutch, hain't it? S'pose some Dutchman settled there, long while ago, eh? Wonderful how these things stick to places!"

He had me there, and I should have broken down entirely if milord, with a loud guffaw in which the undergraduates joined, had not ascended the car, and with ill-suppressed snorts and indignation, ordered the driver to proceed. This took my little friend from me on the run; but after his able-bodied wife had dragged him from the ground to his seat on the long car, and held him in it by one arm, he turned and, gesticulating enthusiastically with the other and the field glasses, yelled from the rapidly disappearing vehicle: "Come to my hotel, Pat. Don't know the name. Best one, anyhow. Want to know more about this wonderful kentry. Make it all right. Darned if I don't!"

A POINTER FOR TOURISTS.

I should recommend to all tourists who intend visiting Killarney, to come to this region as did the kind little man and his calm big wife—by railway from Cork to Bantry and Glengariff, and thence by long-car through Kenmare, over one of the finest roads in Great Britain. For over ten miles of this highway, from the point where I sat and exchanged Irish information for English silver, the entire three lakes are for a time wholly in view; all their grandest scenery is thus enjoyed; and much of that which is entrancing in detail is possible of idle and pleasant inspection. This is true of no other accessible and leisurely traveled way in the vicinity of Killarney. It is not even possible from the peak of Carrantuohill, as this is too remote from much that is exquisitely beautiful requiring closer study.

It is not a half hour's leisurely row from end to end of Upper Lake Killarney. Yet half a month could be well expended enjoying its beauties and grandeur. Completely distinct from Middle and Lower Lakes in the character of its scenery, the wildest grandeur surrounds it, and yet the most exquisite and tender beauties are nestled in its bosom and along its winsome shores. The 12 islands within it are almost, without exception, nests of verdure. On every side mountains pierce the clouds. Between these and the shores there may be seen every manner of conformation of land, rock, running stream and softening forest, creatable by imagination or securable by human sight. One cannot tire of it. Passing from Upper Lake into Long Range, which carries its waters to the north into its two companion lakes, the world-famous Eagle's nest rises almost perpendicularly 1,700 feet. Its base is spread with the richest foliage; but its grand facades and jutting cliffs are bare. Here the eagle breeds and wheeling screams above these glens of untellable beauty; and here is undoubtedly the most wonderful echo in the world. Buglers accompany tourists to wake the silvery notes; Crocker records six perfect answers; and my own boatman's vocal call, a curiosity in itself, came back to us in surprising repetitions and wondrous sweetness.

LOWER LAKE ATTRACTIONS.

The chief characteristic of the Lower Lake is simple and tranquil beauty. While undoubtedly as fascinating in this respect as any other sheet of water in Great Britain, nowhere does the element of grandeur enter into it. Its nearest approach is at its southern entrance at Glena. The mountain range extending northwest along the western rim of the lake here reaches closest to the shore, shutting in lovingly the bay and glen with a mountain-glen of surpassing loveliness. Around the witching peninsula and sweeping into the southeast is another bay of transcendent beauty, above whose shores upon a little knoll, though quite hidden within the dense forest foliage of the Herbert demesne, is Muckross Abbey. Sacred are its memories, enchanting its surroundings, and incalculable the prose and poetic descriptions which the beautiful old ruin has evoked. This is equally true of "sweet Innisfallen" island, nestling like a bird of emerald plumage within the blue waters, midway between the eastern and western shores. There are no such oak and ash trees, hollies and evergreens in all Ireland as upon this enchanted islet. Here were written the celebrated "Annals of Innisfallen," now in the Bodleian Library, and the ruins of its once famous abbey are scatted everywhere beneath its gigantic evergreens and flowering shrubs.

From the summit of the grim old castle ruin a delightful outlook can be had; but the chief interest in the place lies in the fact that the once almost impregnable place was the last in Munster to surrender, and that needlessly, in 1652, when 5,000 Munster men laid down their arms because of an old prophecy that the place could not be taken until ships of war—an impossible thing—should surround it. General Ludlow provided boats holding 120 men each to reconnoiter by water for a convenient landing place, and upon seeing these and the suppositious fulfillment of the prophecy, the besieged incontinently surrendered.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE,

a long, tortuous valley, threaded by the torrent-like river Loe, which expands into several weird lakes, above all of which tower fierce and forbidding crags; a score of water-falls and cascades, any one of which are superior in beauty to our famed Minnehaha; countless mountain ascents, and innumerable witching glens and valleys, not to speak of the dirty little town of Killarney itself, are all to visit and enjoy; and there can be no bound set to time thus needed.

But there are two or three qualities in the charm of Killarney of which I have seen no mention, and which, to me, seem to comprise that indescribable, intangible something which holds the world-traveler to this spot as his first and last idolatry in nature. One of these is the ever present films of cloud ceaselessly stretching their witching reaches across mountains and mingling with the forest undulations themselves. Let the upper skies be never so clear and radiant, these soft and ghostly painters are ever at work weaving their tender spells. Another is a rare and infinite contrast, though ever-blended seeming, in all the marvelous foliage of this sylvan spot. And still another cannot be told. It is alone felt. It is the heart throb that the soul gives back to nature in her sweetest form and mood; not in elation, but a strange placidity and tranquility which gently balances between melancholy and exaltation; the ineffable tenderness between a loving nature and the nature-loved. These are the true witch-wands of Killarney, which even in a dumb, yet sure, way make the tongue of the sodden peasant eloquent in the true Irish bull he utters musingly:

"Killarney indade! Faith there's none like it but itself!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

HE WASTED HIS GUM.

Story of a Drummer's Courtship and Its Unhappy Ending.

Savannah News.]

A wealthy gentleman of Jefferson county, who can truthfully boast of being the possessor of as pretty a daughter as can be found in a day's journey, was very much carried away with a dashing young commercial tourist who had been attentive to the young lady for some time. He remarked that he was a real nice fellow, and gave all the encouragement a young man wanted. Now, the drummer had been using all his wits to stand in with the old man, and had kept him well supplied with chewing gum, presumably to make the tie of friendship more adhesive. Things moved along smoothly until a week or so ago, when the young lady gave her admirer the mitten. The old gentleman, a few days later, received from his drummer friend a bill for chewing gum to the amount of $5.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

Twelve Million Children Being Taught the Evil Results of Drink.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Twelve millions of children are reported to be under instruction in public schools on the influence of alcohol and other stimulants as well as narcotics. Total abstinence is favored in all cases by this instruction, and there is no doubt but the next generation will come forward with a prejudice against drinking habits. All the New England States, with New York, Pennsylvania and Delaware, as well as ten Southern and three or four Western States, have laws compelling temperance education.

The Territories, also, are controlled by a United States law to the same effect. This work is slower than prohibition, but it is surer and safer.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

—ON—

MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Georges Ohnet, perhaps the most popular of French novelists, has just published a powerful story which invades the realm of religion and deals with materialism from the standpoint of fiction. Dr. Rameau, the hero, is an atheist, who is at last brought to be a Christian by the recoil of his own materialistic ideas—by their disastrous working out in his own family.

The Doctor falls in love with a charming girl who is a Roman Catholic. They are married. The years pass. He robs her of her faith; and she retorts by robbing him of his honor. Her frailty is known by an old physician intimate alike with husband and wife, who reproaches her for her departure from virtue.

"It is he," cries she, "who is responsible for my shame. How can he call it a crime for me to yield to the forces of the senses—he who believes only in matter? For him human beings are guided only by their instincts. He put them on a level with a brute. By what should I be held back? By the sentiment of duty? But this sentiment is conscience, and conscience is the soul. You know well he does not believe in it. My ears ring now with his sneers at my poor mind full of superstition, as he calls it, when I have attempted to defend my faith. He has broken down all the barriers that would have restrained me. The commandments of my God prescribed fidelity and respect; he has declared that no God exists and the heavens are empty. My mother instructed me from infancy that one must be pure and good in this life in order to be recompensed in eternity; he has proven to me that nothing remains after death."

"Ah, madam," interjects the physician, "remember how your husband idolizes you."

She meets this thrust with another outburst:

"What does he love in me? He enjoys possession of me because I am young. He is a materialist, and his passion is only for matter; nothing could be more abject, more vulgar and outrageous, than this desire. He would none of my dreams; he repulsed all my ideals. He wanted a wife as he wanted a dinner—no more nor less—and he took me. He has disgusted me, and therefore I repeat, not by hazard but deliberately, not to defend myself but to accuse him, that he is the cause of all."

Thus does fiction assail materialism. Are not its blows well directed? If there be no God, if the soul is a myth, if immortality is a fable, if conscience is a rhetorical flourish, why, then, was not that weeping culprit right? If we are as the beasts that perish, why curb our animal instincts and desires? The maxim of the epicurean school, Dum vivimus vivamus (let us live while we live) is the soundest, the only philosophy. Virtue is an empty name. The only tie between man and man and between man and woman is the tie of inclination. Relax this and everything falls to pieces. Just as soon as Dr. Rameau saw this, and felt it in his own experience, he drew out of his atheism as one might draw out of a quicksand, and made haste to regain the solid ground of faith, hope and charity. 'Tis a suggestive lesson.

Questions for Philosophers.

Skeptics are fond of asking questions. Well, it is easier to ask them than to answer them. But why should not Christians play Yankee, too?

See here, you philosophers, tell us now, if the Bible is the work of impostors, how were a huddle of ignorant fishermen able to extemporize the character of Jesus Christ, and to formulate a religion which surpasses all others? If the New Testament can be found in Æschylus and Epictetus and Confucius and Buddha, how is it that they did not produce the New Testament, and so save us the necessity of reproducing it? Where does Christianity get its transforming power? How does the faith of Jesus make Paul the Apostle out of Saul the persecutor, and a saint out of a Magdalen, and a Christian out of John Newton, the slave trader, and a hero of benevolence out of Jerry McAuley, the converted river thief?

Oh, playing Yankee is rare sport! When the philosophers have answered these questions, we will ask some more.

The World Moving.

Galileo was right; the world does move. A railroad is to be built from Jerusalem to Jaffa, on the Mediterranean, 31 miles distance, the ancient port of the Jewish Capital, and the landing place of the cedars with which the temple was constructed.

A Jerusalem Jew, Joseph Nabon by name, who is an Ottoman subject, has obtained from the Sultan a charter for this purpose. The charter holds good for 71 years. The estimated cost of construction is $250,000. So then hereafter civilization is to be domesticated in Palestine. The nineteenth century will arrive in those parts when the first locomotive puffs into Jerusalem.

Ideas Must be on Time.

A distinguished writer, in an article on "Success in Life," maintains that success is largely an affair of right emphasis. Attend: Some people find fault because a few have so much influence in politics, in business, in society, and even in church. They seem to forget that it is inevitable, and applies even in childhood and youth. In every school and on every playground a few dictate the policy, and lead in fun and hard work, in thought and action, because of the emphasis they place upon what they say and do. It is skill in emphasis that usually determines success. If it is known how anyone emphasizes life, it is easy to estimate the probabilities of success.

Emphasis in life is much like emphasis in reading. The first principle in each case is to emphasize ideas, not words. There is a radical difference between the two.

Superintendent George Howland, of Chicago, read "Evangeline" to one of the grammar schools of that city one Friday afternoon a year ago and I chanced to be present when the pupils read their compositions on the reading. A bright little foreign boy wrote: "I thought so great a man would read very loud, but he didn't. I thought he would emphasize it lots, but he never emphasized a word; but oh, my, didn't he picture the story, though! I shall see it as long as I live." This is a vivid illustration of emphasis upon ideas rather than words. This principle holds in life. Success depends upon magnifying essentials. Some people tire us in their talk because they dwell upon minor details about which we care nothing, while others fascinate us by giving the pith of a story so that we do not wish a word omitted.

This is a land and age of progress. A morning paper is of little value in the evening. No one reads the paper to see what the weather has been. An old story is termed a "chestnut," and the world has no use for it. The world pays a premium for ideas, but they must be "on time." A man's life must show on the face of it that every word and act tells, and that he has not done the best he will ever do.

Bountiful Nature.

It is a noteworthy and blessed fact that all the elemental and essential forces in nature are bountiful. Whoever had occasion to complain of a scant supply of sunshine? Or of its poor quality—unless he strained it through the atmosphere of a city where bituminous coal is burned? Where are the lungs which are deprived of their just quota of pure air—unless self-deprived by ignorance and stupidity? Whose are the lips that have never known the taste of water, and an abundance of it? "God giveth to all liberally, and upraideth not." And the abundance of these elements is equaled by their quietude and unpretentious usefulness. The sunshine comes to nature and human nature and says: "Here I am, ready and eager to vitalize you." The air comes and says: "Just open your mouth and throw back your shoulders—so. Now swallow!" The water comes and says: "Art thou athirst? art thou travel-stained? I bring thee refreshment and cleansing."

Beautiful types of the intellectual and spiritual world! Suggestive symbols of the abundance and usefulness of thousands of quiet and unpretentious lives! "Old Izaak Walton," exclaims a charming master of English, "with his fishing rod and his quaint conceits, is read to-day, while hundreds of blustering orators, who made a great stir in the world while Izaak was quietly fishing, are as unknown as the buried grandees of Nineveh. Charles Lamb and Cowper and Coleridge and Hawthorne and Washington Irving are exerting an influence to-day upon every school boy's mind, while their cotemporaries in Parliament and Congress and on the stump, who could stamp and rave and tear passion to tatters, must be sought for with a magnifying glass. What a quiet, unpretentious meal that was in the upper room, and yet no royal feast ever exerted such an influence or will be commemorated so long! The call which Peter and John heard and obeyed, "Follow Me," was very quietly uttered and quietly heeded, but the destinies of the world apparently hung upon that call and that acceptance. Robert Raikes was a humble, common place man, but his Sunday school has done more to transform and strengthen the church than all the eloquent sermons of the last century. Thank God for these quiet influences which are at the same time so potent!

Original Suggestions.

PREACHERS sometimes confuse those whom they should confirm. Be simple, be direct, be short to-day. Imitate that wise chaplain who, during the civil war, used to preach to the regiment with his watch in his hand, lest he should forget time in the contemplation of eternity.

ARE you doing anything to make the world better, wiser, happier? If not, why not? The drones need no reinforcement. Idleness is the most successful recruiting sergeant in the world. The workers are always crying out for recruits—too often without response. Among them there is room and a function. Stand up and be counted.

THE devil tempts most men, but idle men tempt the devil.

WHAT is eccentric in one country is not eccentric in another. Eccentricity is a matter of latitude and longitude. To be quite correct one would need to take his bearings and carry with him a book of costumes and customs, graduated according to the distance from the first meridian.

Selected Thoughts.

WHEN I can just remember, each night before my mother put me to bed, I repeated on my knees before her the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed; each morning kneeling in bed I put up my little hands in prayer. These lessons I am now conscious have been of more value than all I have ever learned from my preceptors and compeers.—*John Randolph.*

WHAT is self-denial? Is it sackcloth on the loins? Is it a wooden block for a pillow? Is it lentil pottage for the daily meal? Is it a crypt or kennel for one's lodging? Ah, no; in all this flesh-pinching there is often a self-pleasing. But where the temper is up, to rule the spirit, and over a "manly revenge" to let Christian magnanimity triumph—this is self-denial.—*James Hamilton.*

THE restless merchant, he that loves to steep
His brain in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep
On bags of bullion, sees the immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but ingots keep him down.

LORD ROCHESTER, a short time before his death, gave it in charge to me to tell an acquaintance for whose welfare he was much concerned, that "even if no state of existence were to succeed the present, yet all the pleasures that he had ever known in sin would have been dearly bought with half the tortures that he felt in the recollection of them."—*Bishop Burnet.*

WHAT would I not give to call back to earth my mother but for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper, which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain. Oh, my friend, cultivate filial feelings—*Charles Lamb.*

A NAMELESS man amidst a crowd that thronged
the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love unstudied from
the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory
breath,
It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a
soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at
random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at
the last.

—*Charles Mackay.*

LUCKLESS AH LOVE.

A Chinaman Commits Hari-Kari and Girls Make Fun of His Skull.

Chicago Times.]

Ah Love was the first Chinaman to break the United States hari-kari law, and he committed the offense in Chicago in the summer of 1873. Unrequitted love led to the rash act. Ah loved a white girl to whom he was engaged, but shortly before the nuptials were to take place she experienced a sudden change of heart and returned Ah Love's letters and presents. Among the latter was a bottle of perfumery, a set of chop-sticks, a Chinese fiddle and a box of dried lizards imported at great expense from China, and numerous other trinkets.

The body was spirited away to Rush Medical College, where the students carefully studied his system and drew lots for choice cuts from his remains, the head falling to the share of a student who is now an M. D. with an office in the Chicago Opera House block. On a small black, wooden pedestal in this office stands a ghastly, grinning skull, all that's left of poor Ah Love. The skull is much given to grinning.

Not long ago the doctor loaned his treasure to a female college and the girls proved themselves capable of the most shocking vandalism imaginable. They scribbled poetry, cruel flings at Ah Love's unfortunate love affair, on his skull, and did other mean things. For instance, across the chin bone is written: "These are the lips that Sullivan kissed."

At the back of the head near the base is written:

"Woman's love is a bitter fruit
And however he bite it or sips,
There's many a man who has lived to curse
The taste of the fruit on his lips."

Directly under this verse is the ironical exclamation "Poor man!"

Just over the left ear is a stanza taken from Moore's "Last Rose of Summer:"

"When true hearts wither
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

The girls were evidently well acquainted with Ah's experience on the stage for the skull was plentifully sprinkled with "Alas! Poor Yorick," and "I knew him well, Horatio." But the cruelest stab of all was the last, a jerky little verse of six lines:

"Ah Love, you ought
Not to have shot
That sling into your shell;
Your immortal soul
Slid through the hole
And went—well, none can tell."

GIRLS WITH HEAVY BURDENS.

Astonishingly Heavy Weight of the Attire Worn by Ladies.

New York Graphic.]

Some girls I know have been weighing their clothes and the result is startling. Nobody would suppose to look at the delicate little flowers that they could trot around under such a burden. A fur-trimmed cloak came to 6 pounds, a reception dress, trimmed in jet, mounted to 8½ pounds, and a little snip of a dolman that did not keep its owner warm anywhere weighed 3½ pounds and cost $40. It was very pretty, and its jeweled passementerie was the source of its beauty and its weight.

Of course the moral thing would be to lie, and say the weight of these garments made them ugly, but then every woman would know better, and as long as she admires jet effects she will torture herself as a decent master would not oppress a slave carrying it. There are cloaks, charming ones, gotten up for wintryest weather, that weigh very little; some French houses have made a specialty of them, but they are pretty generally left to the appreciation of old ladies and invalids.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking.

Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, *Lewiston, Maine.*

567—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

I'm a curious little curled-up imp,
My back is like a bow;
And, tho' I've neither legs nor feet,
I'm always on the go.
In wagon and in carriage
I'm always to be found;
I never walk upon the earth,
But burrow in the ground.
I haven't an ounce of sense,
Of wit I've not a pound,
But with knowledge and intelligence
I always do abound.
In everything I have a place,
At beginning and at ending;
And, tho' I am a little elf,
There's much on me depending.
Without my help none would be gay,
Brave knights would be less knightly,
And every little winsome sprite
Be sure to be less sprightly.
Without my help the grave would rave,
And ghosts in hosts appear,
Bald-headed gents, sedate and grave,
Wigless, be filled with fear
To lose their wigs and goggles, too;
But, much more to be dreaded,
The gay, the grave, the girls and gents
Would surely be beheaded.
I've told you all I dare to tell
Without to you confessing
My name in full, which, you will find,
Is only got by guessing.

PITT.

568—PHONETIC CHARADE.

As I went out among the men,
I saw a boy whose name was ——;
And while I stood and watched them hay,
I saw a bird, it was ——;
I also saw a pretty wren
Come out and linger with the ——.
I turned my steps to the forest, where
Among the hazel I saw a ——;
And close to the border I did espy
A large and beautiful field of ——.
But night was coming, I had to run
To reach my home ere the setting ——.
Now put together all these things
And a noted man before you springs.

ARTIBUS LAURENTIUS.

569—THE ROYAL PRISONERS.

An old king, a beautiful princess and a page were imprisoned in a high tower to which there was but one opening, a window 150 feet from the ground. The only means of escape was afforded by a rope which passed over a pulley fixed to the outside of the tower and on each end of which hung a basket. Whenever one basket was at the window the other was on the ground below the tower. The rope itself was inclosed in such a way that a person in one of the baskets could neither help himself by means of it nor receive help from the other prisoners. In short, the only way the baskets could be used was by placing the heavier weight in the one than in the other.

Now, the old king weighed 195 pounds, the princess 105 pounds, the page 90 pounds, and they found in the tower an iron chain weighing 75 pounds. The weight in the descending basket could not exceed that in the ascending basket by more than 15 pounds without causing a descent so rapid as to be dangerous to a human being, although such a speed would of course not injure the chain. Furthermore, only two persons, or one person and the chain, could be placed in the same basket at the same time.

How did the party manage to escape, and take the chain with them? J. H. FEZANDIE.

570—DOUBLE ANAGRAM.

I.

Still *on, peal on,* O trump of his renown,
Whose sword carved out his pathway to a
Dark night, *pale noon,* were clouded by his
frown,
And future ages hand his glory down.

II.

By her *own telling* England honors one,
Chief among chieftains, unapproached alone;
His triumphs dwarf and shadow all beside;
Shall jay or *linnet glow* with eagle's pride.

III.

But one there was whose most ambitious mood
Saw nothing but his country's highest good;
Ah, how shall one who *has not wing* to soar,
Sing his great name, that lives forever more?

M. C. S.

571—AN ODDITY.

I have no tongue, and yet I talk,
Though first my words are few;
I have no feet, I cannot walk,
Yet run I can and do.
In figures I am posted well;
I'll point them out; their names I