

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

"The clover," said the humming-bird,
"Was fashioned for the bee;
But never a flower, as I have heard,
Was ever made for me."
A passing zephyr puffed, and stirred
Some moonlit drops of dew
To earth; and for the humming-bird
The honeysuckle grew.
—Harper's Weekly.

JIMMIE'S AMBITION.

BY LESTER L. LOCKWOOD.

"Hello, Jim! What's up now?"
"Chicken coop—that is, it will be when I manage to get a few more nails in."
Sam Simmins vaulted the low fence, and, standing with his hands in his pockets, watched Jim a few moments. Then he gave an amused whistle. "I say, Jim, there's nothing like having conveniences to work with. Now, if I were to build a chicken coop I should be silly enough to use new wire eight-pennies and a steel-tipped hammer; but I daresay I'm quite behind the times, and that assorted sizes of bent and rusty nails and a slippery stone to drive them in with are the latest improved implements—a sort of renaissance in carpentry, eh?"
"Not exactly," replied Jim, laughing, "but it gives you a chance to air that French pronunciation that you had to stay for after school for last night. So there's some good comes from my impoverished resources; after all, that was the phrase I struck on yesterday."
"Don't Miss Lamb put us through the definitions and pronunciations for all they are worth, though? Father says if this thing keeps up he'll have to buy a new dictionary before the year is out—such wear on it, you know. But, to resume the original theme, what are you going to put in your coop when it is done?"
"That is also Miss Lamb's doing. You see, she knows all about my poultry craze—knows I'm saving up to go into the chicken business, I mean—and yesterday she showed me a chance to begin. The folks where she boards are regular chicken cranks, you know—fine stock, incubators, and all that. Well, yesterday she heard Mrs. Jansen says that she had a hen so determined to set that she couldn't break her up, and that she'd sell her very cheap to get rid of her. So Miss Lamb told her about me, and she offered to sell me the hen and a setting of fifteen eggs—all good stock, too, mind you—for \$1. Don't you call that a lay-out now?"
"Tis, for a fact. And you happened to have the dollar?"
"Yes; I've saved up \$1.15, and if I can get the coop done I'm going after school tonight for the hen."
"And I suppose you will buy a bicycle with the proceeds? But that doesn't explain why you are using rusty nails and a stone hammer."
"Why, you see, our hammer is lost, as usual. Some of the children are always getting away with it, and I can't afford to spend my extra 15 cents on nails. That has to go for chicken feed, and I don't know when I'll have a chance to earn any more. So I'm drawing these nails out of the boxes on the kindling pile. They are really mine, you know. I worked for them at Mr. Lake's grocery last vacation."
"Going into business on a strictly cash basis, eh?"
"Yes, sir—ee! That's my ticket, every time."
"Been reading the life of Rockefeller and all those penurious-boy millionaires, I suppose?"
Jim flushed.
"Well, that's the way to begin, anyhow," he said, sturdily, wrenching at a stubborn nail with the cold chisel; "but I do wish they wouldn't always lose the hammer."
"Why don't you wait till it turns up?"
"Too much risk. You must 'make hay while the sun shines,' you know—in other words, set hens while they're in the notion."
"Going into the poultry business with one hen is too slow for me. I'm going to Klondike as soon as school is out, and when I strike it rich in mines you'll be putting away with an old clucking hen and a half-dozen scrawny chickens."
"All right," responded Jim, cheerily. "It may be slow, but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."
"Which, being translated, means 'a hen in the coop is worth two mines in the ground,' I suppose?"
"That's about the size of it. But I say, Sam, before you start for Klondike won't you please hand me that stone lying at your feet—the smooth one that looks like a petrified potato? This loose granite chips off so."
"It does look like a potato—the white elephant variety," said Sam, tossing the stone to Jim.
"Thank you. This will make a fine hammer—so hard and smooth."
"Ha! Ha! Ha! I should say so!" for at the first stroke on the rusty nail the stone broke in two, one-half falling to the ground and the nail head grazing Jim's hand. As he turned

his hand over to examine the scratch the broken surface of the stone caught his eye. He gave a loud whistle.
"Look here, Sam. Stop your laughing and see what is inside your white elephant potato."
With that keen interest in "specimens" which is the natural birthright of every Rocky Mountain boy, Sam stepped eagerly forward.
"Geode?"
"Not much! Nothing so common as that. I never saw anything like it."
"What do you reckon it is?"
Jim shook his head, turning the stone from side to side and letting the sunlight play over its surface and reveal its delicate beauty, for in the heart of the common brown stone lay a circular ribbed hollow lined with mother-of-pearl and in one side of this polished nest was a cluster of crystals.
"It must be the impression of a fossil shell," said Sam, eyeing it intently.
"Why, yes—of course."
And Jim stooped to pick up the other half of the stone.
"Yes, here it is. Did you ever see anything so perfect? Some spiral thing that seems to go way down into the stone. Just look at the coloring, will you? Rainbow tints, every one! And—see?—here is the hole where that little bunch of crystals was broken out, and the inside of the shell, or animals—whatever it is—is lined with crystals as far down as you can see."
"Jim, you're in luck. You can sell it at the museum, and for a good price, too."
"No, I shall give it to Miss Lamb for her cabinet. I owe her something for her starting me in business."
"I do believe Jim, you'd give away your head if it was not well fastened on your shoulders. But come, there's the first bell and we must hurry."
Miss Lamb's admiration of the fossil was all that he could have desired.
"I cannot tell you what it is," she said, "but I am sure it is something too rare for you to give away. It ought to have a considerable money value. I cannot accept it from you until I have ascertained its worth."
"All right, then," said Jim, winking at Sam. "You can sell it if you wish, and all above \$5 that it brings you may give to me for my chicken house."
"It's a bargain," said Miss Lamb, laughing, "and the \$5 shall go to the Children's Fresh-Air fund."
The following Saturday Miss Lamb took the specimen to Professor Black, an eminent geologist.
"A turrillite!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Where did you find it?"
Miss Lamb told him the story.
"Well, well, well! Now, I might go on breaking open stones with my geologist's hammer till the end of time and get nothing for my pains, while this unlettered boy, by a chance blow—why, this is really the finest specimen of its kind that I ever saw! Such a perfect fracture—the whole thing so complete! See how perfectly the two pieces fit together—not a fragment gone!"
"There you are. Just a common stone again. You can scarcely see the crack. Why, Miss Lamb, if I had that in my cabinet I would not take \$100 for it."
"Will you give that for it?"
"Do you mean to say it is for sale?"
"Yes, the finder is a poor boy and would make excellent use of the money. He is going into the chicken business, and that sum would give him a good start—buildings and all. I tell you, professor, Jim Jones has real luck and principle."
"I judge so from the novel way in which he was using this rare stone," giving it affectionate, professional little taps.
"Yes, I will give you \$100 for it and thank you very much besides."
The professor wrote his check, gave it to Miss Lamb and locked the turrillite in his choicest cabinet.
Of course Jim could hardly believe his good luck, but you may be sure he was quite reconciled to it. By the time his modest chicken house was finished and a dozen glossy black Langshans strutted proudly in their grassy run the old Brahms was off with ten healthy chicks and was given the most comfortable quarters and the choicest food that the yard afforded. Miss Lamb and Sam Simmins were invited on a special Saturday to inspect the new buildings and stock. They both smiled when they saw a neat arch over the gateway upon which was painted:

TURRILLITE CHICKEN RANCH,
JAMES CONN,
Proprietor.

of a move on me he will beat me getting a bicycle yet."
"Struck it rich—that's pretty good, Sam. Yes, it was literally a rich strike, that of the turrillite on the rusty nail."—Chicago Record.

EUROPE'S HERMIT SOVEREIGN.

Prince of Liechtenstein Has Been Invisible for Forty Years.

Hidden away in the exquisitely picturesque and magnificent castle of Eisgrub, in Moravia, and an old world ruler has just celebrated in solitude the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the throne. He is not insane. On the contrary, he is one of the most intellectually brilliant as well as the most kind-hearted of European sovereigns. Yet during these forty years he has been practically invisible to the world. No one save his only brother and his confidential secretaries and servants know even what he looks like, and his subjects, like the rest of the people on the continent, can only form conjectures as to the nature of his appearance.

This hermit ruler is the reigning prince of Liechtenstein, an independent sovereign, who, theoretically, is still in a state of war against Prussia. For, when, in 1866, the various sovereign states of Germany were called upon to array themselves either on the side of Austria or of Prussia, the Prince of Liechtenstein cast in his lot with Austria, boldly declared against Prussia, and put on a war footing his army of about 300 men.

After the conclusion of the campaign Prussia concluded peace with the various states that had taken part in the conflict. But somehow or other the principality of Liechtenstein was overlooked or forgotten by Bismarck, and as if his attention had been drawn to the matter it would have resulted in a demand for indemnities, the prince naturally forebore to call the attention of Prussia to the neglect. No peace having been concluded, therefore, between the two countries, they are theoretically still in a state of war.

Few people are aware of the reason for this mysterious seclusion of the Prince of Liechtenstein, who, in spite of the smallness of his dominions, is one of the very wealthiest rulers of the world. The fact of the matter is that he is afflicted with an intestinal ailment of such a character as to debar him from the society of his fellow-creatures, and to render his isolation necessary.

He entertains large parties of guests at his various castles during the shooting season, and likewise in his palace at Vienna during the carnival week. But while his guests are never permitted to wait for anything, and are simply overwhelmed with delicate attentions, they never set eyes on their host throughout the entire time they are underneath his roof, and if they have anything to communicate to him they must do so by letter.

It is a very sad life, and yet that it has not rendered the prince a misanthrope is shown by his boundless charity and philanthropy and by the number of his scientific studies and the works which have won for him the honorary membership of the Imperial Academy of Science of Austria. He is close upon sixty years of age now.

His next heir is his brother, Francis, now Austrian ambassador to St. Petersburg, and who will succeed not only to his vast estates, but likewise to his sovereignty of Liechtenstein and to his dukedom of Troppan.

New Form of Telephone Service.

M. Mongeot, under secretary of state for posts and telegraphs in France, has matured a plan for the extension of the telephone service. This plan contemplates the notification of any person, whether renting a telephone or not, that some one wishes to talk with him at a given public telephone booth. Within a radius of twenty-five kilometers the charge will be five cents, and must be paid by the sender of the message. The charge will be increased for any distance over twenty-five kilometers, but will in no case exceed ten cents. The message will be a regular form, somewhat as follows: "You are notified that Mr. X., living at —, requests that you will come to the telephone booth No. — at — o'clock." Each message will be numbered in the order of its receipt, and the number will entitle the recipient to the use of the booth at the time specified.—Paris letter to the Electrical World.

Commodore Sartori and Dewey.

The late Commodore Sartori, says the Philadelphia Record, was a warm friend of Admiral Dewey. Before the great battle of Manila Admiral Dewey wrote a letter to the aged Commodore, giving in detail his impression of the task that would be expected of him if war was declared. When the news of the battle was received the Commodore, despite his age, romped about the house like a schoolboy, and called upon everybody near to bear witness that he had predicted the total defeat of the Spanish fleet as soon as Dewey made a start. After the battle the victorious admiral wrote another letter to his old friend, telling how it was done. This letter was cherished by the old Commodore as his most precious possession, and he never tired of reading it aloud to those who expressed a desire to hear it.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A London physician, Stanley Kent, claims to have discovered the specific bacillus of smallpox, after five years of experimenting.

A tantalizing fact pointed out by an English astronomer is that Herr Witt's new planet between Mars and the earth was, in January, 1894, in a more favorable position for observation than it will be again until 1924.

A German physician, Dr. Riegel, has made some important discoveries relating to internal diseases, by making patients swallow a miniature photographic apparatus, and taking pictures of the interior of the stomach.

Dr. Joseph Carne Ross, physician to Ancoats hospital, Manchester, England, writes in praise of a decoction of cinnamon as a cure for influenza. The treatment must be begun within twenty-four hours of the beginning of the attack.

It is well known that the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the earth is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, equivalent, that is, to a pressure at the lower end of a column of mercury about thirty inches high, or to the pressure of a column of water thirty-four feet high.

Careful weighing shows that an ordinary bee, not loaded, weighs the five-thousandth part of a pound, so that it takes 5000 bees to make a pound. But the loaded bee, when he comes in fresh from the fields and flowers, freighted with honey or bee bread, often weighs nearly three times more.

ART AND SCIENCE.

The Porter Know More Than the Professor About Shears.

An article in Coruhill on the simplicity and ignorance of great men, says that Professor Huxley delivered a lecture at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for which numerous diagrams were required. Old Alexander, the porter of the institution, and a favorite among the members of the society, was helping the professor to hang the diagrams, but the screen was not large enough, and the blank corner of one would overlap the illustration of another.

The professor declared that he would cut off the margins, and asked Alexander: "Bring me a pair of scissors; but alas! they would not work, and the learned man threw them down in disgust."

"Vera guid shears, professor," said Alexander.

"I tell you they won't cut," exclaimed Huxley.

"Try again," said Alexander. "They will cut."

The professor tried again and called, angrily:

"Bring me another pair of scissors."

Sir William Armstrong stepped forward at this point and ordered Alexander to go out and buy a new pair.

"Vera guid shears, Sir William," persisted Alexander, and he took them up, and asked Huxley how he wanted the paper cut.

"Cut it there," said the professor, somewhat tartly, indicating the place with his forefinger.

Alexander took the paper, inserted the scissors and cut off the required portion with the utmost neatness. Then he turned to the professor, with a significant leer and twinkle of the eye.

"Seecane an' air' dinnay gang thegither, professor," said he.

Huxley gave way to laughter, and so did everybody present, and of course the scientist paid the fine of his stupidity in a sovereign.

Some one expressed amazement to Alexander that he should dare make freedom with Huxley.

"Why, mon," said Alexander with great emphasis, "they bits o' professor bodies ken naething at a' except their buiks."

A Story of Ye Olden Days.

There is a proverbial phrase signifying that the wife is master in the household, by which it is intimated that "she wears the breeches." The phrase is both odd and common, and is only half understood by modern explanations; but in medieval story we learn how "she" first put in her claim to wear this particular article of dress. A French writer of the thirteenth century (Hughes Planchettes) relates some of the adventures of a couple whose household was not entirely harmonious. Sire Hains was the husband; Dame Anieus, the wife. After a quarrel one evening Sire Hains said: "Early in the morning I will take off my breeches and lay them down in the middle of the court, and the one who can win them will be acknowledged the master or mistress of the house."

Dame Anieus accepted the challenge. The battle was fought the next morning. It was a long battle, and it was bloody. At the end Sire Hains bore off the breeches, but the good dame had convinced the world that she was entitled to wear them in her own house.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bacteria multiply rapidly, and they do it in a curious way. A single one breaks itself in two, then each half grows until it becomes as large as the original.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "The Christian Home"—A Place For the Genesis and Rounding Out of Character—The Family Circle a Haven of Refuge From the World's Storms.

Text: "Let them learn first to show piety at home."—I Timothy 4.

During the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to the mountains, to the ocean steamers are thronged, but in the winter it is rather to gather in domestic circles, and during these months we spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior in all such circumstances. "Let them learn first to show piety at home."

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such grand opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character and that is the domestic circle. Let them learn first to show piety at home. If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach 3000 into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailor of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish will not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after a while gain, but the all absorbing question with you and with me ought to be, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me now and here to do?'"

There is one word in St. Paul's adjuration around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. That word is "home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the work stand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household discord never sounds its war-whoop, and deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the table, and a hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life is a tranquil lake. Piled on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is and he will tell it is want looking out of a cheerless fire-grate, kneading hunger in an empty stomach, the damp air chiving with curses. No Bible on the shelf, Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath waves rolling over the sea, and no festive of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Fetters for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the dew of a scornful despair. The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak now of home as a test of character. Home is a refuge, home is a political safeguard, home is a school, and home as a type of heaven. And in the first place, home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is dishabille. As a play actor may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he was a distillation of virtues, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous, and genial and good natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and froshets.

As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the part of the philanthropist, and set the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown. And when the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and expense completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia and went off for a few days of recreation and rest and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript, but without any discomposure or without any fret or bad temper he again picked up his gun and his pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who at the loss of a pencil or an article of rainwear will blow an long and loud and sharp as a northeast storm. Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have \$400,000 or \$500,000 of its circulation show up in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from the fens of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again, home is a refuge. Life is the United States army camp, the narrow road to Mexico—long marches with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap, and our head on the knapsack we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to march to the action. How pleasant it is to rebreath the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day seated by the still campfire of the home circle! Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and hulk aloak we put in the harbor of home, blessed harbor. There we get our repairs in the drydock. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The doorsill of the home is the waste where weary men are laden. There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being

charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may hope without being thought ungrateful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. For our earth pilgrim, no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and sweeter and more glorious than this world with no tent from marching, with no harbor from the storm, with no place of rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home!

Further, home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the insects thrown over their heads, and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every word of reproach and indignation will be fuel to this disposition of twenty or thirty or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and the result of it between ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would warm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, pour its rays into the hearts of your children. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse" or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and the "Children Amid Flowers," and the "Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper leaping and lamb's frisk and quail's whistle and garrulous streamlet, which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at and making its way down the mountain side, the skies hurried with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mad foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the rocks, and the wind whistling and lark's carol nor humming bird's trill nor waterfowl's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, and you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty, and with gladness let us take our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principles. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes whose inmates I confront the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, master, will you stand in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon His name. Oh, parents, when you are dead and gone and the moss covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promises wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and do not warn them against evil, and do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into idleness, and last make shipwreck of their immortal soul, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you!

Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children, and a history of the mortal and immortal life of your children? Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or pointing it with a groan.

One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around about me, in full room and hilarity and laughter, and I lounge, half awake and half asleep—I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the dities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness doted the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered about looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there. And I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said, "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered into the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most peacefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum, or a monument, or a white sarcophagus. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me, "We have no poor in this country." And when I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and the mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear. And I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I, and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the broad streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices, but then they went so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as a stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "Welcome, welcome the mystery all vanished, and I saw that they had the people of eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven, and I looked around and I said, 'Are we all here?'" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here. And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome we all together began to leap and shout and sing, 'Home, home, home!'"

The annual output of chewing-gum is valued at \$6,000,000.