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MAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

When a fellow's kind of wobbly and uncertain on his feet,
And has to work like sixty for to get both ends to meet—
When he's got a mighty account and has to [illegible]
They don't come 'sayin' "Old chap, I'm the only friend you're got!"
And "Remember that we're brothers," and that kind of toommyrot—
No, indeed!
And they don't get jealous over you when friends are what you need.

If a fellow's kind of lonesome and would like a friend or two
Just to come around and jolly him when things are lookin' blue;
If the shirt that he's wearin' is the only one he's got,
And he never showed the public that he's really on the spot,
They don't come crowdin' round him, nor stick out their hands and say:
"We're your friends, old man, we love you; we've the same blood, anyway!"—
No, indeed!
But they watch to give the boot to you when friends are what you need.

When things have got to coming to a fellow wants 'em to,
When his pockets are all bulgin' and his clo's are fine and new,
When he steps out proud and lordly and ain't got a thing to fear,
There's a sudden change comes over folks that used to wink and sneer.
They come runnin' then to tell you that they're all your friends, and say
That they've always been dead anxious for to help you out some way—
Yes, indeed!
Friends are always mighty plentiful when friends ain't what you need.

THE PROFESSOR'S REVENGE.

"Prof. McVint regrets that, owing to his absence from town, his lecture on 'The Aspirate in Greek' is unavoidably postponed."

This was the notice that greeted the crowd of students as they surged in one mass to class room No. 20 on the morning of June 5, some two or three years ago.

"Hello! what's the meaning of this?" said Pennington. "The old fellow was here as late at 10 o'clock last night, for I was with him at the science picnic yesterday, and it was after 10 by the time we got back. He's gone off mighty quick!"

"Perhaps he hadn't time to get his lecture ready," suggested one.

"More likely his mother is dead," said another.

"Ten to one he's in love, and gone off to pop the question," added a third. At this there was a general laugh, in which you would have joined if you had known the professor. Tall, lean and angular, with a decided stoop, and eyes that were screwed up almost to vanishing point, he was hardly the personage with whom to associate any idea of the tender passion. His age, too, was against him, though no one knew exactly what that age was. If you [illegible] walking home from col[illegible] esplanade you [illegible] with enthusiasm as he [illegible] beauties of the Greek particles [illegible] your mind and said the [illegible] be 30.

Anyhow, he was not popular. His dry Scotch humor was not appreciated—it very often bit too deeply into the feelings of his victim to be pleasant, and all who came beneath the lash of his tongue bore him no small grudge for what he made them suffer. Then he lived absolutely apart from college life, not even mixing with the other members of the staff. Consequently he knew little of what was passing around him, and was given credit for knowing still less.

He had never been known to miss a lecture; even when one morning he found on his arrival at college that his class room had been burned out in the night he calmly remarked to the crowd of students near the door, "I think, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission, we will deliver our lecture in the corridor." No wonder, therefore, that there was no small stir when this historic notice stared the world unblushingly in the face.

"I wonder what it can be," said Eva Miller to her friend Jemima Bates, as they turned slowly from the class room door and walked away down the corridor. "Poor man, I am afraid there is something wrong; and he has no one to look after him or do things for him. It seems a very lonely life."

"Oh, he is perfectly happy in his work," replied Jemima; "he doesn't want any one to look after him." Jemima judged all men (and women) by her own feelings, which is a dangerous thing to do.

"I don't know," said her companion doubtfully. "However, it's no concern of mine, so I'm off to the tennis field instead."

Had she only known that it was a very great concern of hers she would have given the matter a little more thought.

The previous day, as young Pennington had said, had been the science picnic. Much to the surprise of everybody, the professor finally accepted his invitation—though he wrote first of all declining. A perusal of the list of invited "arts" was the cause of his change of mind. The fact was Prof. McVint was in love. It had taken some time to convince him of the fact, and he had argued it out pro and con with himself in every imaginable way. But from the conclusion he could not escape; whatever his premises, the deduction invariably came out: "Therefore, I love her."

He began to notice it first in this way: into his mind as he was busy in the preparation of his lectures, there would creep the surreptitious thought, "What will she think of this? How will she take that?" Then he found himself thanking Providence that by its kindly ordering the lady students sat in the front row during lectures, and, therefore, more within range of his somewhat limited vision. The next thing that he was conscious of was that he was hunting high and low in his room for a pair of glasses far stronger than those he generally used and not at all necessary for mere reading purposes. Two or three times he lost his place in his notes and stood confused and put to shame before the class, a thing that had never happened before in all his experience. Finally he came to the conclusion that the tie which he had been wearing when the senior student was a freshman, and which he had worn ever since, was a little the worse for wear and must be replaced, and that, while in the long suspension broke fully on his mind. Such a wholesale resolution could mean but one thing.

Thus it came to pass that on nothing the name of Eva Miller among those invited to the picnic the professor suddenly changed his mind. He was a man of few words and prompt deeds. He would fix the luck that very day.

To describe his feelings during the drive to the scene of action would be impossible. Strangely out of place in the middle of the carriage swell, dignifying his own opinion and yet so bold as to amaze himself, the professor sat alone and neglected in a corner of the brake. The kindness of heaven, however, aided a little by the cunning of man had placed the object of his adoration almost opposite him. So, while he gazed blankly into space, and was suspected by any one who gave him a passing thought to be elaborating a new treatise on "The Particles," he could all the time feast his eye unobserved on the vision of beauty not two yards away.

Lunch eaten, the whole party broke up and scattered in all directions, as parties will do till the end of time. Now was his opportunity; he would follow the group containing his idol at a little distance, and surely he would get a chance of speaking with her alone before long. Keeping the group in sight and himself out of it, he dawdled and hung about, as is the way of people who are doing their best not to overtake a friend a little way ahead. He walked forward, then back a bit, then on again, then back, then stood stock still for a few moments, pretending to use his watch as a compass, and then, finding that some one had been watching his maneuvers with unfeigned interest, bolted straight ahead as if he were shot from a gun. In less than two minutes he was upon the [illegible] alas! his eyes had placed [illegible] again, and he was [illegible] what did he [illegible] Eva and Jemima Bates?

Having tried to explain his sudden swoop down on those unprotected females, and having dismally failed therein, he turned aside, sick at heart, and entered a small plantation of young trees. A narrow footpath led through this, and as he neared the stile that opened on the fields beyond he saw two figures leaning against it. Another moment showed him Eva Miller and young Pennington deep in conversation and oblivious of all around. Quietly and unobserved he turned back, and on reaching his rooms that night he told his landlady he had to go away by the early train for two or three days. Hence that notice on the class room door.

The professor's dream was over; there was but one thing left—revenge, and the professor settled down to plan and scheme how best to obtain it. Pennington was reading with him for a classical scholarship at Oxford, so the professor saw the way quite clear. Instead of one hour extra in the evening, he gave his pupil two, and sometimes even more, out of his own valuable time. He looked up all his old notes and helps, and lent them to his enemy; he corrected all his work with especial care and went to the trouble of writing out model answers for his pupil to copy. In short, painstaking and thorough as Prof. McVint had always been, he had never taken such pains or used such thorough methods with a pupil before. Nothing was too much trouble for him. "At any rate," he used to murmur to himself, as deep in his heart he nursed his revenge, "if she can't marry me she shall marry one of the best students Oxford and this place ever turned out."

And when eighteen months later the news came that Guy Pennington had pulled off the top "schol," at Balliol the professor's revenge was complete, and his satisfaction knew no bounds.

"Congratulate you most heartily, McVint," said Dr. Smithers, the physics demonstrator, "one of your best successes; won't Miss Miller be glad!"

"Oh, nonsense," returned the professor, "no credit due to me at all. A fellow with brains like that could get anything, no matter who prepared him. But"—with a sign—"I'm very glad for her sake."

"Yes," answered the doctor, breezily, "she always was proud of her brother. Good morning, McVint!" and he was gone like a shot. The professor stood rooted to the ground. Her brother! Her brother! What could it all mean?

And then was seen a sight such as never before was witnessed by gods or men. Students on their way to college stopped, amazed. Amiable old gentlemen out for their constitutional forgot their amiability, and swore horribly as they were rudely hustled and pushed aside; elderly females screamed, "Hi! Stop thief!" butchers' boys whistled and cackled; servant girls craned their heads out of windows; little dogs barked and yelped for pure delight; and all the universe stood still, as Prof. McVint, gathering up the skirts of his ample gown, flew down the length of the esplanade in pursuit of the unsuspecting Smithers.

"Brother, did you say," he burst out, as he caught that worthy by the arm; "did you say he was her brother?"

Smithers stared blankly at him for a moment. "Oh, I had forgotten," he said, looking around with an annoyed air. "What a fuss about nothing! Of course I said brother though he is really only her first cousin. Pennington's mother died when she was born, and the doctor married a Miller. I thought everybody knew that. But what difference does it make?"

That was a question the professor declined to answer. What difference? Why, this difference—that before 10 o'clock that evening the professor had told some twenty of the epitaphs of the stile (among other things), and she had laughingly said: "You poor dear, and so you really thought Guy and I were lovers. You do write professors don't know everything. And so Guy we have wasted thirteen months!"

What the professor said in reply, history does not record.—Black and White.

SCOOPING UP FISHES

Lured by a Headlight, They Are Poured on Board in a Steady Stream.

The houseboat Atlantic, built expressly for the purpose of catching fish by drawing them to the net by means of a light, lies at the foot of Henry street. The Atlantic hails from Norfolk, Va., and was brought up here to have steam power installed.

Her owner and master is Capt. W. E. Cole, the patentee of a unique method of applying the long-known fact that a light attracts fish. Last season the Atlantic operated in the waters near Norfolk, and proved a veritable gold mine to her owner. The novelty of the plan excited the curiosity of the guests at the hotels at Old Point, and Capt. Cole took them out for the night when they would have a chance to see the Atlantic's strange apparatus at work. As many as fifteen passengers could be taken on these trips and they paid the running expenses of the boat.

"You see," said Capt. Cole, "the idea of attracting fish by means of a light is nothing new. Stand under a light near the water and you can see for yourself that the fish flock to it. They may retreat from the light, but as soon as they reach the dark they will return again."

To draw the unwary fish to his boat Capt. Cole had a powerful headlight, of 4000 candle power placed in the bow near the water. Experience has proved that a headlight similar to those used on locomotives is the best suited for the purpose. The past summer Capt. Cole tried a searchlight, but it threw its rays parallel and they lay "like a log on the water."

The headlight spreads the rays over a wedge-shaped surface. All the while the fishing is going on the Atlantic is driven through the water at the rate of four or five miles an hour.

In front of his craft Capt. Cole has another boat which floats the far, or wide end of a funnel-shaped net. The net he used was 18 feet at the mouth, tapering back to about 2 feet, and four feet high. The rear or narrow end of the net is supported by a stage, which gives a place for the workmen to stand, for the apparatus needs several men to attend it. Behind the narrow end of the scoop net is a receptacle into which the fish fall. From there the catch can be dipped up with hand nets and passed to the men on the rear boat, who sort over the fish throwing back those under size and storing the rest away.

By propelling the boat when the fishing is going on a constant stream of fish, drawn to the trap by the light, is forced out of the end of the net by their efforts to reach the light and the motion of the vessel. When the invention is got to work the fish pour in like hailstones, and it requires eight or ten men to dispose of them.

To facilitate the handling of the catch Capt. Cole has invented a sort of conveyer, similar in principle to the machines used to elevate coal, ore, dirt or other material. Capt. Cole's invention is made of net, and lifts the fish from the rear end of the scoop to the boat behind. By placing paddlewheels in front of his vessel, which is driven through the water by her engines, the power that drives the conveyer is obtained. If it is impracticable to use this device, power from the engines can drive the conveyer.—Baltimore Herald.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Specimens of four, five, six, seven, eight and nine-leaved clovers have been presented to Queen Alexandra by a Welsh lady.

Water is so scarce in the Japanese island of Oshima that it is the custom for a bride to take a large tub of drinking water with her to her new home as a kind of dowry.

On the south coast of England there is a hotel in which a tropical temperature is constantly maintained by means of steam pipes. The guests are mostly pensioned officials and officers who spent so many years in India that they cannot endure the climate of England.

The most crooked railway in the world is one from Boswell to Friedens, Pa., the air line distance being five miles. The road doubles on itself four times, and at one point, after making a loop of about five miles, the road comes back to within 300 feet of itself on a grade 50 feet lower.

A peasant in the Swiss canton of Zurich, on a recent morning, found in his stable a stork that had apparently been left behind by his companions on their way to Africa. The bird, which seems to feel quite at home with the other animals, goes out for a walk when the sun shines, returning to the stable in the evening.

Chinese doctors are very particular about the distinction between physicians and surgeons. A Chinese gentleman was struck by an arrow which remained fast in his body. A surgeon was sent for, and broke off the protruding bit of the arrow, leaving the point embedded. He refused to extract it, because the case was clearly one for a physician, the arrow being inside the body.

A Viennese engineer has constructed a small sailing yacht made entirely of sheets of an Austrian daily paper. The yacht is 15 feet long and three feet wide, is decked all over and is provided with a centreboard. The hull, deck, masts, sails and rudder are all of paper. The inventor has made many trips on the Woerth See, in Carinthia, and has proved that his paper boat can sail rapidly and safely even when the water is rough and the wind high.

Braver.

"Do you think that women are as brave as men?"

"Braver," answered Miss Cayenna. "You will observe that the scientists who keep talking with terror about the tsetse fly's bite are all males."—Washington Star.

An Illinois boy has been known to follow a skip for two months without being seen to slight.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Jollies Senator Mark Hanna Anent That Ex-Slave Pension Bill.

IS SIMPLY A GAME OF POLITICS

With Stoical Fortitude Bartow Man Relates an Exciting Experience With Fire and a Hot Water Bag—Is Resting Easy.

"Timeo Danaos dora ferentes." That's what the Romans said when the Grecians brought them presents. "Beware of the Greeks when they come with gifts." I suspected Mark Hanna when he introduced that bill. He is a Greek and he is from Ohio. Beware! But he made a bad break. He was trying to get ahead of Teddy, and failed. Bring in another horse, Mark. We were willing for your folks to pension our old darkies, but your bill would have salivated half the population, and included the 30,000 you stole from us before the war. Our old negroes are the best we have got. They are still humble and trusty. My wife brought three shuck foot mats from one yesterday and got another to put a split bottom in a chair. We would rejoice to see these old negroes handle some pension money. An old woman got $24 yesterday for her husband's service, and I asked her what he done and she said he kept the officers company in chickens all the way from Chattanooga to Savannah. My cook, Aunt Ann, said the colored people were powerful fond of chickens, too, and if her old man could not get a chicken any other way, he would go to town and buy one.

But it now looks like Teddy's hand has busted on the race problem. He can't solve it. The north is worse puzzled over it than ever, and Secretary Root has spoken out in meeting and says that social equality and officeholding has to be abandoned. Bishop Turner declares that the whole problem is in a more unsettled condition than it has been in thirty years, and they must be sent back to Africa. That is all right, but we want those who brought them here to be made to take them back. Confiscate Faneuil Hall and sell it out for enough money to build one ship, and name it the "Jolly Bachelor," which was the first slave ship that brought them here. Load it down with a cargo of bucks and buckesses under thirty years of age. When Turner begins to ship 'em from this part of the country we want to pick 'em. There are about fifty trifling vagabonds hanging around this town and we can't kill 'em off with the smallpox or anything else. Two of our doctors went to the nigger school to vaccinate 'em and took the police and locked the doors, but the coons all jumped out of the windows and some ran under the house and some ran home and some hid in a hollow log or behind fences and the doctors did not get half of them. But we are getting along fairly well with our negroes, our household servants, the cooks and washer women and their children. They were all brought up here and vaccinated. Negroes in daily contact with white employees give no trouble. They are respected and industrious. They do not want to go to Africa and they are not going. It is this restless, floating population that we want to get rid of. There are young white men not much better, and the Philippines just suits them exactly.

But I am easy now, getting better—except on rainy days when the east wind prevails—the same old east wind that one of Job's friends complained about when he said, "Should a wise man fill his belly with the east wind." I am getting stronger in my underpins. Not long ago they were swollen so badly that away in the dead hours of the night, while I was nodding in my chair, I got up to see what time it was, I lost my perpendicular and my legs gave way and I fell in the fire with the chair on top of me. My wife heard the racket and jumped from her bed and pulled me out. I did not get burned, but bruised my shoulder where I struck the grate. And last night while I was suffering in the abdominal regions she got a hot water bag and placed it where it could do most good and I went off to sleep and slept the sleep of the just until breakfast time, when all of a sudden the bag burst and the hot water scalded me amazing before I could wake up. I bellowed for help and broke up the breakfast, for they all came running and had to strip off my garments and change the sheets and everything, and had liked to have skinned me as clean as a hog, for the water was still as hot as fire. And so between fire and hot water I consider myself an injured person, but my wife thinks the scalding did me good and increased the alacrity of my movements.

But I am still calm and serene again and enjoying the good reading sent me by my good friends, Dr. J. Wm. Jones and T. K. Oglesby. Both books are masterly vindications of the south, and between these two men I feel like I am poised between the pillars of Hercules. Every truth is double plated and every rivet clinched. Then there is my good old friend, Dr. Wark, of Winona, Miss., who stands in the breach and defends us from all assaults. We have not had since the war so much good southern literature as we have now. There are George C. Smith and Dr. Massey and Jim Calloway and Wallace Putnam Reed, who are full of memories of the good old times and the good old people. How sweetly did Dr. Massey's sketch of Judge William C. Dawson carry me back to my college days, when his boys, Oscar and Edgar, were my college mates and the good old man used to come to Athens to see them and fondle over them and used to talk to us in our Phi Kappa Society and gave us affectionate counsel. These biographical sketches of our noble men are most substantial reading, especially to those who, like myself, were the contemporaries of many of them.

But I must stop now, and rest. It will not do for an old man to scratch his scald sores quite while one will says, "Now, get up and walk about some," and I do it. She wants me to dance the Elephantiosis or the hussard Lope, and says I am getting better and better every day. But some of these old poems keep running in my mind:

"When he was in his prime
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the watchman on his round
Through the town.

But now his nose is thin,
And is pointing to his chin

Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh."

P. S.—I wish my good friends would write to Mr. C. P. Byrd for my book and not to me.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

If you have something to sell, let the people know it. An advertisement in this paper will do the work.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "RULES FOR SERVICE."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Teaches on What We Must Do to Our Reward at the Last—Not to Cry to the People.

NEW YORK CITY.—The distinguished and well-known evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, has furnished for publication the following sermon entitled "Rules of Service." It was preached from the text: "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier. And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully." 2 Timothy, ii: 4, 5.

It is not enough simply to perform what might be called good deeds, in the estimation of the world, for one might receive the applause of men, and miss his reward at the hands of God. Neither is it enough that one should be so given to service that he might win the applause of people everywhere. There is no special promise in God's word written for the man who is simply faithful in outward service. Paul must have had this in mind when he said: "Yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully." It is a good thing for the Christian to square his life, both public and private, his innermost thoughts, and the hidden man of his heart, by the word of God, to see if in any point he is falling away from God's plan and the Holy Ghost's guidance. When John, in Revelation, wrote, "Let no man take thy crown," he presented what to my mind is one of the most solemn subjects in all the Bible, namely, that one might be saved, have his sins forgiven, stand before God justified, be perfectly sure of being ultimately received into His presence, and be saved throughout eternity, and yet miss his reward and lose his crown.

This chapter is a note of warning and a heart cry to people everywhere to search their lives, aided by the Spirit, to ask God to deal very thoroughly with them even though this dealing may mean the cutting off of some very much loved sin or the giving up of some long cherished plan.

1. All service must be prompted by right motives.

It is not so much how the work appears outwardly that commends it to God—in this His judgment is given differently from that of man, but it is altogether a question as to what, back of it all, prompted the service. The giving of the widow's mite and its hearty acceptance by our Master is an illustration of this fact, for in the desire that prompted the gift was found that which was of ten thousand times more value than the gift itself.

One might preach the gospel and win hundreds of souls for Christ, and the motives that prompted the preaching be wrong. One might superintend a Sunday-school with much success, be a teacher of acknowledged ability, leal the young people's work in the church, be a chosen leader of the mission work, and upon all these positions have the seal of the approval of men and the plaudits of the multitude because of acknowledged success, and yet miserably fail at the great day of awards to receive one single crown for faithfulness—simply because the work was born in selfishness and carried on in pride. It was not done for the glory of God, but rather for the glory of man. One might build churches, and for his supposed generosity be highly esteemed of men, and yet receive a rebuke from the lips of the risen Christ. One might endow schools which God would use for the betterment of society and for the accomplishment of His own purposes or the working of His own plans, and yet have no recognition on the great day of awards. One might give his money to clothe the poor and feed the hungry; he might be known wherever the English language is spoken, for his charitable works, and when the great day of awards should come might hear the Master say:

"Depart, for I never knew you."

His soul is saved, but his life is lost. All of these things are true, because, while outwardly the service was wonderful and the success great, the motive that prompted it all was selfish. Jesus Himself has said that there would be some who should say: "Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?" Thus the teaching becomes more intense and the lesson more startling, for one might even think that he was shaping his life according to God's plan and yet most terribly miss the reward.

When Paul wrote his first letter to the Corinthians he said: "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. If any man's work shall be burned he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." This is very clearly, to my mind, a lesson to Christian workers in general, but to ministers in particular. The foundation is the same for us all—Jesus Christ, but the superstructure may be very different. It is a most solemn thought—one of the most solemn I know—that when the great day of fire shall come every man's work shall be tried, of what sort it is. The ministry of the man whom the world honored shall be touched by fire. The service of the Christian worker, from the first effort made for Christ to the last, shall certainly be tested. The teaching of the Sunday-school teacher, throughout his or her entire Christian experience, shall be brought beneath the searching light of the Son of God. The testimony of every Christian in every land shall be searched through and through. The life in the home, in the place of business, in the streets, at home or in foreign lands, by day and by night, shall be tested by the fire of God. If the work is burned, the man shall suffer loss, but he himself be saved, though as by fire. It is a tremendously solemn message.

I might have all the experience God has given me, as preacher, teacher, evangelist, father, husband, friend and then stand before God at the last with all my work swept away, going into His presence with the smell of fire upon my garments. God forbid. Paul had this fact in mind when he said (1 Cor. iii: 13, 15): "Every man that [illegible] shall be manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it is revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

This is very forcible, and that any man should be in danger of such an experience at the end of that great day.

2. We must take up our cross daily.

God never saw an unloyal man. It is possible that one may be saved, and yet allow sin to gain sway in control, but it is not possible for God to use that which is either unknown or [illegible] [illegible] God's plan, which provided of the Spirit to use us, may [illegible] it was to be the very [illegible] [illegible] the world to be [illegible] [illegible] for service, we shall [illegible] [illegible] God and God alone [illegible]

[illegible] such an experience. We are [illegible] God [illegible] [illegible] God never [illegible] [illegible] God [illegible] [illegible] God [illegible] [illegible] God