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LOST IN THE NUBIAN DESERT.

AN ADVENTURE IN AFRICA.

Colonel Damrell, the clubman and traveler, has just returned from the Soudan, etc.—Society Journal.

Seeing the above in a metropolitan weekly and being desirous of renewing acquaintance with an interesting old friend, for he always had a new experience of thrilling interest to exploit, I hastened up to his favorite club, and, between puffs of Havana perfectos, I obtained the following account of a weird predicament, which I give as nearly verbatim as my memory allows me:

"The desert!" exclaimed the colonel, rapturously. "Ah, my boy, standing on the brink of the great Nubian sand seas, one is transfixed. The sun was just peeping over the barren cliffs beyond the Nile, tipping them with a dull fire, when the order came to start. My heart leaped. I forgot all dangers, and thought only of adventure, of new sensations. The chief guide gave the word, and we mounted, giving civilization, home, the very world itself, it seemed, a single backward glance.

"There were five of us, with guides and men; and it was the third day of last March that we started over the difficult trail from Korosko, taking the southward trail toward Absoh, leading through the very bowels of the Nubian sands. Our objects were diverse. My own was to discover some rare antiquities of which I had heard rumors, but the principal interest on the part of the others was to rediscover the abandoned gold mines of Absoh. Knowing that the Nubians are confirmed in their indolence and utterly unacquainted with the modern methods of prospecting, the two experts of the party—one a Californian and the other an Australian—both thoroughly familiar with gold-bearing regions, felt convinced that with patient effort, there was a possibility of unearthing a fortune, and the exciting experiment was at least worth the trial.

"For four d[ays the c]aravan [illegible] along the barren [illegible]ing El Murrah, or springs of bitter water, and all went well. Then the journey, which for the first day or two was full of varied novelties, began to grow painfully monotonous. To make matters worse, the geerbah skins, which were used to carry fresh water from the Nile, were daily growing flatter. The wells of El Murrah were saline and heavy with brackish sediment, and, though the camels drank of the water without suffering ill effects, the men who indulged freely were seized with intense gripings. Two days southward from the wells a strange incident occurred.

"Our way led over the beaten camel trail, centuries old, and yet every month the tract was obliterated by the drifting sands. Now and then we scarcely knew our way save that the route was pointed out to us by the wreckage of former caravans which had shed the sick and exhausted by the wayside, both man and beast, leav- [illegible] er stops; and if the poor native cannot plod on, no halt is made for his recovery. The consequence is, that the farther one progresses, the more skeletons of men and beasts point the uncertain way through the drifting sands, and the sight is surely most depressing.

"My camel was not a particularly fast one. He had a habit of lagging behind, so that once or twice a day the caravan was compelled to halt and wait for me to come up, like a lost vertebra of a skeleton reptile. On this occasion, while somewhat behind the party, a fine young gazelle crossed my path not a dozen rods ahead, dashing with sudden fright into a little ravine which appeared to be closed at the farther end, so that apparently he was made a prisoner. Rifle in hand, I leaped from my camel. Eagerly I made my way through the hot, ankle-deep sand to the little ravine, following it up some distance, ready to bring down my game. To my surprise however, I found that there were several turns beyond, and soon saw that my chase was bootless. Dejectedly I made my way back to my camel, which had not stirred, and seemed only too glad for the little respite from the racking toil of the march. Taking a good draught from my geerbah of water, and also filling my canteen, I drew the beast to his knees, as is customary when mounting, so that by placing my foot upon his neck, by his upward movement of the head he would raise me, enabling me to step into the cushioned seat between the humps. As I was fixing my foot on the camel's neck, however, the sudden raising of his head caused a knife to slip from my belt in such a way that it grazed the beast's flanks, giving him a slight but stinging flesh wound. Up he started, and so suddenly, with that quick upward throw of the body, that I was pitched clean over his humps, and fell headforemost in the sands. Then, to my consternation, with a queer snort of rage, the camel made a little circle, and with his head thrown up like an ostrich pursued by a hunter, he bumped along at a rapid pace over the trail in the direction of the caravan.

"In vain I shouted, in vain I shrieked all the Arab coaxings and imprecations that I knew. Then, quite exhausted, I squatted in the sands, alone, panting, enraged, and desolate, watching my mount fade to a speck on the horizon. I grew resigned, however, feeling that within three or four hours at most my comrades would be returning for me.

"I shall never forget the first sickening sense of loneliness that oppressed me there in the great desert, apparently abandoned of heaven and earth. I had no food and only a little water. I knew that it was days and days by camel journey from any succoring hand, and that I was now completely at the mercy of the nomadic bands of robbers which invest the rocky ravines, and would, moreover, be beset by the jackals and vultures the moment I showed signs of fainting under the scourging sun. The strain grew maddening. For a long time I bore it; and then, no longer able to fight with the demon of silence, and haunted more than ever now by the presence of human and animal skeletons half buried in the drifting sands, I arose and plodded on. But little did I dream that there was yet a more dreaded enemy than vultures, leopards, or even the predatory robbers soon to encompass me.

"The first warning that I had of its terrible approach was the soft obscuration of the sun, which stood so straight overhead that it cast my form in a circling shadow about me just to the tips of my toes. A sort of silken mist floated before the coppery sky. Then this thin cloudiness seemed to descend, the wind arose, and the sirocco grew heavier and more oppressive. I bowed my head, pressing forward with increasing difficulty now. Up from the limitless southwest the dreaded scourge was closing down upon me. 'My God!' I mummured at last, losing courage at the sound of my own voice, 'It is a simoon!'

"The wind was rising in a gale. I heard the roar of the sand blast from afar. These gusts of hot, white atoms grew sharper and fiercer now; and if I hod worn a King Arthur coat of mail, I scarcely think it would have been proof against that volley of deadly dust. It penetrated my clothing till I felt the layer of it chafing the flesh at every movement. My nostrils were clogged so that breathing became more labored and painful. My ears were stuffed up so that it deadened the increasing whistle and roar; and though my eye were almost closed, the awful volley seemed to penetrate the very lids. Then I finally succumbed, falling to my knees, and at last prone upon my face, covering my head [illegible] the ample folds of [illegible].

"For a [illegible] here in the thick, drifting [illegible] monotonous shriek of th[illegible] lulling me to sleep. It was not a refreshing repose, but one filled with frightful nightmares and monitions of evil. Once in a while the shrill cry of a lost jackal or a desert bird broke the abhorrent spell, but the sound brought no cheer. After what seemed to be a dangerously long time, I awoke, recovering from this sort of daze rather than sleep, and looked vaguely about me. Shaking the sand from my burnouse, I took my watch. It had stopped, the dust having penetrated it and clogged its delicate machinery. I stood up, and brushing the sand from my eyes, peered over the trackless plain. Nothing but a dead grim waste of whiteness; but, thank Heaven, the storm was abating. I vaguely remembered the direction of my course, although the trail was now wholly obliterated, and started bravely on. But so chafed and faint was I that I soon found all effort torture, and at last sank in my tracks with a moan.

"For a long time I lay in a sort of stupor. Then I heard a voice. It was more human than any I had heard in the loneliness of the desert, although it was a moan of anguish rather than a call of rescue. I rose and turned sharply in the direction of the sound, and soon perceived a kneeling, swaying figure at some distance. The thought of a human being, let him prove whatever he might be, made my poor heart leap. I came closer, and was amazed to discover that the swaying figure was that of a half naked and more than half-blind slave boy. There was a moveless shape half-buried in the drifting mound before him. I uncovered it, amazed to find that it was a Nubian sheik lying upon his face, quite dead.

"When the slave realized the presence of another human being, he fell groveling at my feet as if I had been an angel come from heaven. His mouth and tongue were swollen with fever, and I pressed the canteen to his lips, but he could not drink. He was chattering wildly in a language I did not understand, raving, and more than half demented. The sheik had been robbed of everything worth carrying away, the scoundrels leaving him only his burnouse and a small skin of water, which was already flat and dried into a chip. The poor traveler must have died from exhaustion, for there were no wounds upon his person save a few scratches on the wrist where the slave boy had tried to suck a drop of blood from his dead master to keep himself from perishing. As the slave was more used to the tortures of the desert, naturally the sheik had succumbed first.

"Meeting with such companions in misery, for a little time I almost forgot my own perils and suffering. Slowly the slave lad revived under my simple ministrations. Then I got somewhat of his story. The sheik's caravan had successfully resisted attack upon the march, but the two had become separated from the company, and being overtaken were robbed and left to die. All this had taken place more than three days since; and the slave had kept up the lonely and maddening vigil by his dead master with almost sublime heroism. Knowing that my comrades would soon be retreating to recover me dead or alive, as soon as the slave was able to walk we took the burnouse from the dead sheik and started back toward the trail. The way was very difficult and slow, and I was compelled almost to carry the emaciated lad bodily. On we plodded till the darkness settled about us, and then making ourselves as comfortable as possible, we lay down side by side and watched out the night.

"The next morning, although the slave boy was in much better physical condition, I felt that I myself was fast succumbing. I arose once or twice and tried to make a little circle over the sand mounds to get my bearings, but soon gave up the enigma. I figured matters out with the calculation of a physician. I had water enough to last us another day or, for myself alone, two days. I almost wished I had not happened upon the slave now, for it might be that my own life would be sacrificed in this deed of charity. Then I drove the selfish thought from my heart. If one perished, we should both perish. He had been a godsend, giving me companionship, and how did I not know that he had not saved me from something worse than death—from madness. With brotherly care I divided the water drop by drop—water more precious than blood. The slave was grateful—pitifully so at what he perceived to be my sacrifice. When he saw that I was going to pieces, however, he not only refused to lap up these precious drops of salvation, but actually thrust out his arms to me with the offer of his own blood to save me. This touched me very deeply. I had opened my canteen and saved his life for a little while, and now he was ready to open his veins to save mine!

"On the morning of the second day I gave up hope, and began a rambling letter to my friends in case they should ever find me. Even this little exertion overcame me, and after a few scrawls I gave up the task. Hours of complete unconsciousness in the broil of the sun came oftener now. Again the slave lad's long suffering on the desert served him well. I realized that he would survive me by a day, or perhaps more. I gave him my effects, weapons and all, making him understand that in case my friends came my belongings were to be turned over to them, and that the slave himself should be rewarded. Then I sank in my dust bed falling into a sort of coma.

"I was aroused by the crack of a rifle. The lad had used my weapon well, bringing down a small antelope with a single shot. Too weak to rise, I turned my head and watched the boy crawl over to his prize. After what seemed to be the struggle of his life, he dragged the deer toward me. Then I closed my eyes with a prayer of thankfulness, and soon felt th[illegible] blood of the gazelle, [illegible] the bullet wound on [illegible] my swollen lips [illegible] cal, I revived [illegible] slave was now [illegible] as I had saved [illegible] showed [illegible] seem, the [illegible] ooting of the [illegible] ather a depres[illegible] influence upon the [illegible] champion. The poo[illegible] sed to partake of the [illegible] which he had vouchsafed [illegible] he grew weaker. Delirium [illegible] and I was compelled to use [illegible] strength to force the raw food i[illegible] his mouth, and all to no purpose. Can any one realize how my heart was now pricked by a consciousness of the heroism of this Nubian slave during these terrible hours? Ah, the vigil was long and bitter—through torrid days, and nights black as only Nubia knows them, with death and desolation encompassing us on every hand, the prowling jackals and the starving tigers calling fiercely to one another at the smell of blood, only awaiting my sinking into sleep to plunge into the carnival which should end all for me. In order to rob the night of its terrors and the day of its madness, I strove with my poor patient, who was fast ebbing into the last slumber, with none to succor, none to restore. I felt that with him gone I should lose all hope, all wish to live. We seemed like the last two surviving human beings of earth, and I chose that he, the child of Nubian darkness, and I, the son of Western day, might go hand in hand together.

"On that last day of my desolate watch the sun was sinking over the limitless sand ocean, and I thought to see it no more. I tried to pray. Ah, what had all these bitter days been but one living, blood sweating prayer—one cry borne up as from the pits of deepest Tophet into the responseless heaven! I became prophetic now. The past seemed to become clear and unclouded, the future transparent and filled with loveliest visions. I knew this to be the beginning of the end, and so sank back resignedly, even welcoming now the cup I had so long shrank from with weak and waning terror—the blessed hemlock of oblivion.

"Suddenly, along the borders of the afterglow on the horizon, I saw a dark object stealing up like a phantom, bathed in the glory of celestial twilight. The sight was so supernatural that it stirred me strangely; but I soon perceived that it was no phantom of my wasting mind, but a reality—a blessed truth. Soon that moving object took the proportions of a serpent moving toward me—on, on, slowly, solemnly like a penitent's procession toward a pagan temple; and then realizing at last, I moaned aloud, 'It is the caravan! Thank God, it is the caravan!' and so sank back unconscious.

"When I revived long after, there was the cool mouth of a flask pressed to my lips and strong, tender arms were about me. I opened my eyes. 'Comrades' was all I could murmur; but they heard it and there was a shout of triumph.

"'My God! We thought you dead long, long ago,' I heard them cry brokenly. 'What could have saved him till now? It is a miracle—a miracle!'

"I tried to speak, but there was no breath within to give my heart utterance. I turned and drew the burnouse from the brow of the still figure at my side. 'Save him!' I cried, though my voice fell in a whisper. 'Save him; for it was he who saved me!'

"But they only shook their heads. One glance told the truth. My poor slave lad, my rescuer, my solace, my one joy in darkness and sorrow had moved out on that long, bleak pilgrimage through the Unknown Desert that knows no return path, yet with the glory of departing day wreathed about the still ashen forehead the saintly halo of a hero and a brother."—New York News.

Knew How.

"Old Hunks told you more of his business secrets in five minutes than he has ever told anybody else in five years. How did you worm it out of him?"

"I didn't do any worming at all. I just patted him on the back and let him purr.—Chicago Tribune.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Bartow Philosopher Cautions His Hosts of Correspondents.

MANY LETTERS SHY OF STAMPS

Warns Endless Chain Promoters and Schemers to Give Him a Wide Berth—Some True Northern Friends.

Kind friends, please forbear. I know that the time for compositions and debates and essays is near at hand, but I am sick and cannot help you this spring. I am weak and don't want to strain my mind. I haven't been out of the house but twice in three months. My wife and the doctor watch me and won't let me go. A few weeks ago I slipped off to my daughter's one pleasant evening and had to be hauled back in a buggy, for it is up hill to my house, and I was weaker than I thought. You see, I had a sunstroke last June and have never recovered from it. Every night, if the weather is bad, I have to get up about midnight and sit by the fire and cough for an hour or two. But I can answer letters and have from a dozen to a score every day. It pleases me to answer the letters of the young folks, for many of them need help. I know that I did when I was away off at school. My father was [illegible]w to help school teacher and knew [illegible] me. He wrote nearly all of my junior orator's speech and I got credit for it, though I only crossed the t's and dotted the i's and put my name to the end of it. But there are hundreds of boys and girls who have no help and I am sorry for them, and so for many years past I have tried to help them. Some of them just want a little help, a few ideas, but others want the whole thing. In fact, one boy asked me to write him two so that he could take choice. Many of them forget to enclose a stamp and my postage account got to be such a burden that, as Rip Van Winkle said, "I swore off" and quit answering such letters. It is bad manners to write to a man on business that does not concern him and expect him to pay the return postage. I receive many long manuscripts with request to read and criticise and return and tell where to have published and what the writer will probably get paid for them. I have two on hand, just received—no stamps enclosed—one is a grammatical curiosity. Hardly a line tnat does not contain bad grammar or a misspelled word. It takes nearly half a line for the word "spectacles" and it has fourteen letters in it. The word angel is spelled angle, and yet the writer expects to get paid for the story.

The other manuscript is an inquiry into the race problem—no stamps—and it contains seventeen questions for me to answer. Another long letter on fool's-cap writes of the good old times and says in conclusion that if I will answer he will write again and put his name to the next letter. There is no name to this. He is an Irishman, I reckon. One other request I wish to make about letters. Please place [illegible] plainly at [illegible] plainly at the bott[illegible] I have passed a letter all [illegible] the family trying to decipher the signature. Sometimes I have cut the signature off and pasted it on the back of the reply, thinking that probably the postmaster at the writer's home would recognize it. If the postoffice address is omitted and the postmark on the envelope is blurred, as it frequently is, it is impossible to know where a reply should be sent, and if I guess at it and guess wrong it goes to the dead letter office. Now, you young people must not forget these little things, for they are important, especially the stamps. Sometimes we literary men are greatly perpexed to know what to do with some letters. One more request. Do not write to me at Atlanta. I do not live there. My home is in Carterville, and I thought that everybody knew it by this time. I have living here over twenty years.

And now let me ask the good charitable ladies who seek to do something for some good cause to send no more endless chain letters to me. They are a nuisance and have annoyed me greatly. I thought that when that common cheat and swindler, Joel Smith, of Monticello, Fla., was broken up and arrested the endless chain business had stopped; but of late it has revived and I received three last week. One of them started in Canada for a so-called missionary work and got all the way down to Louisiana and from there to me, wanting me to copy two letters and send ten cents in Christ's name, and under no circumstances to break the chain. Well, I broke it and shall break every one that comes to me, and I shall burn the letters, for they never contain any return postage. Some years ago the good ladies of Fredericksburg, Va., wrote to me, saying they wanted about $300 or $400 to place head stones to the graves of 260 Georgia soldiers who were buried there. I made an earnest appeal to our people and asked for a dollar from each good man or woman, and I raised $200 in three weeks. Adjutant General Phil Byrd sent me $8 all the way from New Brunswick. I bought the marble, all lettered nicely, from the northern men who own the works at Marietta—bought them at one dollar each, which was less than the cost, for the company said they helped to put our boys there and they ought to help mark their graves. The railroads shipped them free. There was no endless chain in that business. Three thousand neglected confederate graves at Marietta! Our boys, our dead, buried on our soil, died in defense of their homes, their state, their people. On the other side of the railroad are about as many who were trespassers on our soil—vandals who came as invaders with arms and torches, and their graves are marked with costly marble and adorned with gravel walks and flowers and evergreens, and there is a grand entrance to their city of the dead, all done by the national government, and a keeper employed. And yet it is now settled we were right and they were wrong. Oh, liberty and union! what crimes have been committed in thy name.

But Secretary Root seems to be a good man and is going to help us make up the roster, the muster roll of our living and our dead. Maybe he will get a little closer to us and help the Marietta women to make their confederate graveyard just as elegant and ornamental as the one on the other side. Why not try him? Dead soldiers are not enemies to each other, and if theirs could speak maybe they would say, "Give us your hand, brother." Is it not about time for our women to make an appeal to the government for aid in this patriotic work? Not only for Marietta, but wherever our soldiers are buried. Marietta has many northern visitors who spend their winters there, and it seems to me if they brought along a heart and a soul with them, they would go to these ladies and say, "Here are ten dollars. Please mark ten of those graves for me." But I reckon most of them just bring their bodies and leave their hearts at home.

Why not do as our Mr. Granger did? Just as soon as our ladies started a move to build a monument to General Young and our Bartow heroes, he was the first to ask the privilege of subscribing $25 to the [illegible]. He has gotten it all back already [illegible] our good [illegible] and gr[illegible]. He brought his [illegible] with him when he moved down here, and his wife brought her whole soul. She is always doing something for somebody.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

HAZARDS TO HEALTH.

Undue Exposure to Winter Weather Dangerous to Life.

The majority of persons in the temperate zone delight in winter because of its sports and amusements. It brings with it, however, grave hazards to health and a train of discomforts, some petty and others serious, but none of which is generally recognized as affecting the health; yet their alleviation and cure are often difficult.

It would raise the average of health significantly if the vast importance of precautionary measures could be impressed upon the public and attention drawn to the fact that these so-called petty discomforts are a menace to health.

There is a misunderstanding as to the benefits which cold weather confers. If in autumn and spring persons took the same amount of exercise and breathed as deeply as cold compels them to in order to maintain the normal heat of the body, they would find these seasons congenial to health. Most persons know that freezing is as inimical to life as burning, but they seem to think that any degree of cold short of freezing is beneficial, and one hears pernicious talk about its stimulating effect, pernicious because it induces many persons to do foolhardy things.

Cold is beneficial only when, through the demand for oxygen to feed internal fires, the lungs are stimulated to their full duty. The circulation of the blood should be correspondingly accelerated, and it is as lo[illegible] body is kept warm. But the moment the hands, feet, nose or ears become stingingly cold harm is done, and if, through insufficient clothing, this chill involves the limbs and extends to the shoulders or other parts of the body the danger is proportionately increased and may be the incipient cause of pneumonia, fevers or other disease.

A chill disturbs the capillary circulation, and in women this is so sensitive that its slightest disturbance may cause cutaneous disorders. Frequently the seeds of a winter's discomfort are sown during the first frosty evenings of autumn. Many take keen delight in the sharp tingle of the air, but the benefit of its stimulating ozone is lost unless the body be protected from chill. Often the hands or feet become stringingly cold, and within twenty-four hours a burning irritation is felt in some part of the limbs. Because the hands are more commonly exposed than the feet the irritation is usually felt first in the upper arms, extending to the wrists or involving the thighs and ankles in exact measure to the exposure.—New York Herald.

Charming New Orleans.

If you should take your map of the United States and run your finger far down its surface until it rested upon the largest city in all the beautiful South, the one which is the second largest export city on the American continent, and the metropolis of a vast inner empire which holds two civilizations, one French-Spanish, one American, both slowly, very slowly, merging through the centuries; or, better still, if you should stroll along the streets on a sweet March day, peering into its curious quarters, watching the beautiful little children and the dark-eyed men and the gaily dressed women and all the throngs of people, city people who can never long remain away from the green fields and the noble old trees and the scent of the roses—then you could not fail to hit upon this charming old place, New Orleans—in many ways the most interesting of all the cities in America, the beautiful city that lives outdoors.—St. Nicholas.

No single paper in Lippincott's Magazine, so it is stated, has ever gained the popularity accorded to Eben E. Rexford's article on "Village Improvements," published in April, 1901. Societies in the west made it the subject of study, and it is still called for. This has brought Mr. Rexford to produce another paper on the same theme, though varied in its application, which appears in the March number of Lippincott's Magazine and is entitled "Rural and Village Improvement Societies."

The people who [illegible] while the [illegible].

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT AND CONVINCING DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. PARKHURST.

Subject: Growing in the Things of the Kingdom of God—The Idea Lies Close at the Foundation of His System of Production and Administration.

NEW YORK CITY.—Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, preached Sunday morning on "Growing in the Things of the Kingdom of God." The text was from II. Peter iii: 18: "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

To grow; growing in the things of the kingdom of God; that is our matter this morning. It is a great Bible word, "grow"; particularly a great gospel word. The word incarnates the idea of life, and of life that is swelling, crowding apart the shell and crushing up in the direction of becoming a tree; knocking down walls and breaking forth into territory outlying. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly," more and more of it, life doubling and quadrupling upon itself.

That is one of the ideas that lie close at the foundation of God's system of production and administration—life, and more and more of it. Everything is for the sake of the things that grow. What cannot grow is for the sake of that which can—scaffolding along which the living walls can be built, trellis up which the growing vines can clamber. The first two days of God's great week were only a sort of creative prelude, getting things ready, the seas collected, the land dried off, in readiness for the fish that live, the grass and the trees that grow—and man; scaffolding and trellises prior to the temple and the vines.

It was a strange moment in our long history when the first live thing began to be, something that was no rock, no mineral. And the old torturing problem is, where it came from—out of the ground? Out of God's hand that had been holding it till th[illegible] moment came? Out of the air [illegible] down from some other globe [illegible]nced harvesting before our [illegible]ed? Which? [illegible] the mome[illegible] it al[illegible] God must have [illegible] minute, as the Gene[illegible] He did when at last the[illegible] man, something that God [illegible] see His own great divine [illegible] to Him in a small human refle[illegible] before that supreme hour struck thing[illegible] gone on reshaping themselves and reshaping themselves; but reshaping is not growing. The glacier in every step of its frozen journey reshapes itself, but the glacier does not grow. The great hills, the earth itself, take all kinds of shapes from century to century, from aeon to aeon, but they do not grow; but the corn grows, and man grows—at least sometimes; some men.

The body grows, at any rate; that is the rule. It not simply exists—a mineral does that, a block of stone does that—but it lives, and, from infancy up, with a life that is more and more a life—blade, ear, full corn; which is the physical side of that verse in John, "that they might have life and have it more abundantly." And not only is there the kind of growth that makes the individual more and more richly a live thing, on the way from infancy to mature manhood, and more completely and beauteously human on his animal side, but the race as a whole appears to have been progressing in that respect till we may suppose that man, as the last forty or more centuries show him—is about as good a thing physically as he can be; the sort of human animal that God had in His eye when first He went about to produce man. We have reached the limit in point of stature and presumably in point of refinement of organization.

Arrived at this stage, any new growth that the race might make would have to be a striking out into some fresh channel. The body being a finished body, the rising current of life in man—in the growing man—will, perforce, seek some new issue for itself. No longer needed to make for him a more highly organized body, the waxing tide overflows into the shaping of a more finely organized mind. The life is there, the growing life is there, and so when one thing is finished another thing has to be taken up, and when, in the course of long year of development, man had become perfect as an animal he started in upon the course of making himself perfect as an intelligence.

That is what he is doing now, and it is inexpressibly wonderful what he has already achieved in this direction. The race cannot contemplate itself in respect of the advance made within historic times upon lines of thought and research without be[illegible]ing itself with feelings of admiration verging close upon reverence. It is not easy to under[illegible] how one can take account of the stea[illegible] advancing line of progress made by man into the domain of truth, the truth of the physical world at any rate, without becoming aware of a certain impulse, a certain infilling of life from somewhere that inundates wider and wider patches of newly reached area, as the rising tide, inflowing from the sea, rolls with each recurring billow farther up on the sloping beach. How many thousand years it has been since man commenced to think, theorize and discover nobody knows, and the Bible does not tell us, but up to date the record is a tremendous one, and there is no limit in sight. All of this is telling us what a wonderful thing it was that God did when He started the race on its career of growth and conquest. Whether you think of the way in which the human eye has penetrated into the stellar spaces and read out in terms of every day English the thoughts that at the beginning of time God wrought into the glittering fabric of the heavens, or whether you think of what at shorter range has been effected by the study of our own globe and of the laws that pervade it, of the forces that actuate it and of the ways in which its mysteries have been solved and converted into commonplace utilities, the story is one and the same all the way through. All these discoveries of course celebrate the splendid omnipotent wisdom of a God that could make such a world, but they celebrate the magnificence of the human creature that could, in point of intelligence, grow far enough toward God to be able to make the discoveries, ferret out the purposes of things, think out in common words the thoughts that the Creator put into things, and go on year after year, century after century, millennium after millennium, forever widening the area of knowledge and creating for human thought an empire steadily advancing upward, outward and downward upon lines laid down by the infinite mind.

It is certainly easy to say, and it is very common to say, that the realities of the spiritual world are things that cannot be confidently gotten at. Just as certainly was it an easy and very natural thing for the denizens of the olden centuries to say, or at any rate to think, that the great lights that shone in the heavens could not be gotten at, or that a man could not hold instant and intelligible intercourse with his distant neighbor 3000 miles across the sea, but such intercourse is now matter of history, and as to the heavenly bodies that were once but an impossible and uninterpretable vision, the human mind up to a certain point contemplates them to-day with as assured and as steady a thought as that with which it marks the flight of a bird or the flutter of a leaf.

In the realm of the spiritual, on the contrary, not a great deal has been achieved yet that the spirit of man can encourage itself with or that it can found great expectations upon and profound anticipations. So far as such matters are concerned we are not much farther along in the realities of the world spiritual than the world was along geographically in the days when Columbus was wondering if there were not more beyond the shores of Spain than the fifteenth century yet knew of, or much farther than the world was along astronomically when David shepherded his flocks and musingly watched the stars hovering above the Judean hills.

And we should be stimulated in the direction of coming into closer quarters with the sublime facts of the spiritual world—God, and all the eternals, if we would keep closer company with those impulses of ours, those spiritual appetites, that instinctively lean and extend themselves in the direction of that suspected but unknown world. There is not an impulse yet detected in our nature, whether physical or mental, that has not been found in course of time to be co-related with something outside that precisely matches it.

Thirst means that there is water, and the water is there waiting. The eye means that there is light, and the light is there waiting. The budding interrogation in the child's mind means that there is truth, and the truth is there waiting. So far as we have yet gone the inward impulse has shown itself to be an infallible prophecy of an outward reality that perfectly fits it. And those great longings of the soul that swell within us in our best and freest moments, so great sometimes as to be beyond our power to articulate, these, too, it is foolish and stupid in us to treat as less trustworthy and infallible than are the quieter appetences of the intelligence or the coarser instincts of the body. There is no safe creed that does not start in with a confession of faith in one's own superb self—superb in the sense of being gifted with powers that put him in direct relation with the rocks under him, the air about him, the great God overhead, and the eternal realm of Spirit, human and divine. And that gives a man something to go upon. It at once makes the farthest star in the heavens a proper object of inquiry, and lays out before him a highway into the heart and centre of the kingdom spiritual.

But the highway into the heart and centre of the kingdom spiritual is not a road that is being numerously traveled. We are about as far along on that road as Columbus was on the way to the Western Continent when he was still heaving anchor in the harbor of Palos. But the road is as feasible and passable as the waterway of the Atlantic. And the world is going to get there. The religious impulse, the passion of the divine is in us for a purpose. God is knowable and He is going to be known. Spiritual things are discernible and they are going to be discerned. There is such a thing as the life eternal and there is such a thing as having a realization of that life, having it here, too, as a matter of clear and definite experience. We are not saying anything just now as to the nature of the highway that leads into the midst of the spiritually discerned realities that compose that kingdom, nothing just now about the steps a man takes in treading that highway. The only impression I am studying to leave this morning is that there is a continent of reality as distinct from the continent of every day interest as the Western Hemisphere of our globe is distinct from the Eastern; that we are endowed with faculties which to the degree in which they are developed [illegible] ex[illegible] make the matters of that remoter [illegible] certainly distinguishable and [illegible] appreciable to the earliest [illegible] explorers; that spiritual discernment has just as solid a meaning in its relation to things spiritual as ocular discernment has in its relation to things material, and that it is capable of yielding results that are just as convincing and satisfying, and he as solidly planted in the assurance of the man that has become spiritually cognizant of them; that the soul is endowed with the faculty of a vision that is as true as the vision of the body, independent of bodily vision and a thousand times more richly and wonderfully gifted.

Men are interested in houses, lands, clothes, money, markets, commerce, science and art, but there is not much interest in religion. There is interest in the matter of being saved, whatever that may mean, but desire to be saved is no more religion than the desire to be gotten out of the water when you have fallen overboard is navigation.

This does not mean that there are not a good many who have an inkling of the meaning of the spiritual kingdom, something as men at sea gain a suspicion of distant land by observing the impalpable blanket of mist that hovers about it. It is not much in itself, and yet it is a great deal, because of the much that it is capable of widening out into. It is a kind of spiritual coast line which, seen from afar, appears to be but a filmy thread, but which is for all that the solid edge of a solid continent.

Nor does that which we have been saying mean that there are not those who have already traveled a good stretch of distance into the midst of things, the spiritual verities, that make out the spiritual world. In all departments of life and in all directions of growth there have always been men who have outrun their fellows, pioneers in the enterprise of discovery, giants in research who have stood high and looked over the shoulders of their contemporaries, who have lived in the same world as they, but at the same time lived in a larger world than they. In the w[illegible] of religious thought and experience [illegible] call such men prophets. A prophet, properly speaking, is not so much a man who is able to see what is going to be as he is one who sees more widely than others the things which are now. There is such a thing, even in matters of science, as coming so into accord with the spirit of scientific truth as to be able to see with a firm and fast vision where eyes less sympathetic have failed. Exactly the parallel of that has been true over and over again in that other world of truth mysteriously hidden that is our special concern this morning. And, as I say, we call such ones prophets. And there are prophets now as in the old days—men and women whose spiritual steps are more than abreast with their own days. They know what they see, they realize what they feel, and it is as feeble and infantile for those whose eyes have in them a feeble light to deny the uncovering that has been made to these prophets and prophetesses of a longer and purer sight, as for you and me to slur over with ironical contempt the revelations brought back to us by those who have climbed farther than we into the heights of the material heavens.

But that is the way history grows; that is the way the world becomes larger—a few prophets, pioneers in the van, and the rest plodding on behind—some not even plodding, some no nearer millennium than when history started out. Of course, the great prophet of all prophets, the great seer of all seers, was Jesus Christ. It would seem that to His eye the things of the heavenly kindom were as near and as distinct as were the long hidden mysteries of the solar system distinct to the vision of Copernicus. He did not reason, Christ did not, nor conjecture, nor guess; He saw. When He told of God, of the soul, of the life eternal, He spoke of that which He knew and testified that which He had seen. He came not as a delineator. While He was telling things to people He saw the things that He was telling them. There is nothing in the Bible about supposing, but there is a great lot in it about seeing.

Like all the great verities this one we have been handling this morning grows upon us with the handling. It has made us feel, some of us, that we are out at sea still, and that instead of having yet planted a firm foot upon the solid territory of the continent eternal we are only inspecting what rather looks to us on the whole to be coast line, and instead of pushing our boat up, come no nearer to actually landing than to get our sea glass out and spend our odd moments in trying to make out whether what we try to focus our glass upon is land, mirage or imagination. In the meantime the continent is there, the winds blow athwart it, the sun warms it, the stars smile down upon it.

A whitewashed reputation doesn't endure any longer than a whitewashed fence.

Senator Hoar's Joke.

Senator Hoar told a joke in the Supreme Court.

The Senator was arguing a case. He said a point raised reminded him of the man who was arrested for stealing forty cowbells. The man said he didn't steal the cowbells. That they were in the barn and somehow the cows got them on their necks.

"That might do for one cowbell," said the judge, "but no forty cows in creation acquire a taste for music at the same time."

The Supreme Court smiled grimly. Senator Hoar chuckled audibly. The marshal of the court wouldn't let the spectators do anything.—New York World.

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The grindstone of adversity is what makes a man sharp.

THE QUIET MAN.

I lingered o'er a checker game a night or two ago;
The one who played against me seemed to have no ghost of show;
I had a bunch of lusty kings that strutted all about
And bullied my opponent's men, who dared not venture out.
'Way over in a corner shrank a timid little man
Who stayed right in his station ever since the game began.
He watched my crowned heads marching by with banner and with song,
And seemed to be discouraged over standing still so long.
But pretty soon an opening occurred two blocks away,
And not another moment did that little fellow stay
He bounded o'er the board and took three kings in one fell swoop,
Then landed in my king row with a wild ecstatic whoop.

You've known these quiet fellows that just sat around and thought
And never made a noise while the other raged and fought;
The whole community had come to think of them as dead,
Or else so very near it that their hope of fame had fled.
The chaps with recognition for their portion pose and strut,
And seem to overlook the man who keeps his talker shut.
But some day, when most every one's lookin' t'other way,
This quiet fellow sees a chance to [illegible] into the play.
He reaches out and grabs things that the others had ignored;
He puts into the life game all the energy he'd stored
Through all the years of silence. So you'd better not forget
The still man in the corner, for he'll reach the king row yet.
—Los Angeles Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Tom—Is it all off between you and Emily? Jack—All off but the ring, and she won't give that back.

Wigwag—I always pay my debts. Harduppe—So do I, even though I may have to borrow the money to do it.

"Love me, love my dog," simpered Miss Yellow Leaf. "Oh, I haven't anything against your dog," replied Oldbach.

Ernie—They are very attentive to each other. Sadie—What will be the outcome? Ernie—It depends on his income.

Sharpe—He moves in the best society. Whealton—You bet he moves. His creditors won't let him remain in one place long.

Sillicus—Every man makes a fool of himself at least once in his life. Cynicus—Oh, I don't know. Some men remain single.

He—My dear, the bank in which my money is deposited has failed. She—What a mercy you've got your check book at home, love!

Blobbs—A bill collector called on Harduppe yesterday. Slobbs—I'll bet Harduppe borrowed money from him before he got away.

Midget—I heard the "fat lady" was indisposed. Is she any better? Sword Swallower—Oh, yes she is getting around in great shape.

La Montt—She said she could not live without him. La Moyne—Yes; and found out in two weeks that she could not live with him.

Lady—What will you do if I give you a meal? Tramp—I'll give yer all [illegible] in my suit, mum. Lady—[illegible] Yes, mum; I rode down [illegible] coal car.

Papa—Young man, you want to marry my daughter, and yet you will not give me a list of your friends for reference. Dunstan—Not much. They were all after the same girl.

"Halton courted the daughter of a collar manufacturer." "How did it turn out?" "Why, the girl gave him a turndown." "That was bad." "Then her father threw in a few cuffs."

"Our friend Polk hasn't much chance of getting the nomination he's after, has he?" "He says he's still in the race." "That's right; he's still, while all his rivals are moving away from him."

"If [illegible] called upon to perform an operation for appendicitis," asked the member of the examining board, "what would you do first?" "Ask for my fee in advance," replied the medical student.

Maiden Aunt—Yes; she is a woman with a history. Tommy—And I guess you are a woman with a geography. Maiden Aunt (in surprise)—Why so? Tommy—Because I heard papa say you had a face like a map.

"This young man thinks he can make his living with his voice." "Perhaps he can." "But there is an impediment in his speech." "That is nothing." "You mean to say he can become a singer?" "No; a train announcer."

Many Londons.

The area of London is of a vary[illegible] character, since it depends upon t[illegible] classification by the different gove[illegible]ing bodies. The London Manual [illegible] 1903, says that the name "Lon[illegible]" was formerly applied only to the an area, a little over one square [illegible] and the outside districts gr[illegible] without any homogeneity and [illegible] a common name until 1855, w[illegible] became officially known as the [illegible]polis. This area became in 1[illegible] administrative county of Lond[illegible] square miles in extent, and [illegible] includes the city, Greater Lo[illegible] the Metropolis, under the m[illegible]tan and city police, includes th[illegible] of the counties of London and [illegible]sex, and part of the counties [illegible] Surrey, Sussex and Herts. [illegible] square miles in extent, and [illegible] population of 6,581,372.

The metropolitan water ar[illegible] square miles in extent [illegible] nearest to Greater London in size. Northward it stretches [illegible] Hartford, 20 miles away, wh[illegible] northwest it contracts to th[illegible] boundry at Hampstead. The [illegible]is, for criminal jurisdiction [illegible] trict of the central criminal [illegible] not identical with the police [illegible] contains an area of 430 square miles, and a population of 5,200,000. Finally the London has its own limits, which may be curtailed or extended by the postmaster-general.—St. James Gazette.

The Silkworm in Spain.

Last year Spain's silkworm [illegible] amounted to 2,180,000 pounds. Of this total crop 77,600 pounds were used in making fishing nets, leaving 2,112,000 pounds, which produced [illegible] pounds of crude silk.