

THE REVIEW.

—BY—
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There is only one black member of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-fifth Congress and his name is White.

Whey, practically a waste product of milk, is to be made a source of great profit by means of a recent discovery that the very best quality of white sugar can be made from it. A factory at Eagle, Wis., is now being operated successfully by the new process.

Another "insane" murderer has been acquitted at St. Louis. He immediately proved to the jury that he actually was lacking in sound judgment by jumping to his feet and thanking the jurors for their verdict. The man may have been a little "off" but he proved that he had still some vestiges of sense and common gratitude by his little speech to the astonished jurors, who ached for another chance at him.

An exchange says that every publisher in the State should publish the fact that burnt corn is good for hog cholera. It was first discovered by burning a pile of corn belonging to a distillery. It was thrown to the hogs and eaten by them. Before that a number of them had been dying every day from cholera, but the disease immediately disappeared. It is so simple a remedy that it can easily be tried.

Not content with regulating the hen and the rate of interest on money the Kansas rural legislator has turned his attention to bachelors. According to the bill introduced bachelors over 22 are to be taxed annually and all bachelors over 30 are to be sent to the penitentiary. As no appropriation is asked for to build additions to the penitentiaries it is believed that the bill, should it become a law, will prove to be very much of a dead letter.

Until 1693 the Dutch church of St. Nicholas, within Fort Amsterdam, was the only place of worship within the boundaries of what is now New York City. The city now has more than 600 church buildings and \$90,000,000 worth of church property. The great Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now building, will be one of the most remarkable church edifices in the world, and will equal in size and splendor the historic cathedrals of the old world. J. Pierpont Morgan recently contributed \$500,000 to the building fund of this society to carry on the work which has been progressing slowly. The final cost of the building can not be accurately estimated, but it will exceed \$10,000,000.

The opening of the spring trade in the wholesale districts of the larger cities is always regarded as a reasonably reliable index to the whole season's business. Judged by this standard it would seem that better times are surely at hand. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, one of the most conservative and reliable of newspapers, in speaking of the business situation, says: "The spring of 1897 has proved a red-letter season in the city's commercial history. St. Louis has a large Southern trade, and this moves somewhat earlier than Northern trade. The buyers from the extreme South have, as a rule, made their purchases and left for home. And these purchases were much heavier than any they made in years past. The general feeling of prosperity which prevails in the South and West has caused the merchants to lay in exceptionally large stocks."

Work has been resumed on the Panama Canal. Three thousand men have been quietly employed under a new management. These laborers are from Jamaica and it is believed they will withstand the enervating influences of the Isthmian climate much better than other people. But little has been said in the newspapers, for several years, about this project, but the French stockholders in the enterprise have all this time been prosecuting the swindlers that ruined DeLesseps and stopped the work seven years ago. Several of the plunderers have been compelled to disgorge millions of their ill-gotten gains and a new order of things has been instituted. A new company was legally organized in Paris in October, 1894, just in time to save the concession. DeLesseps's dream of a Panama Canal, long believed to be purely visionary by Americans, may yet become a reality.

"No form of vice, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to un-Christianize society than evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom of childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone. What is it (evil temper) made of? Jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sullessness—these are the ingredients of the dark and loveless soul. In varying proportions, also, these are the ingredients of all ill temper. Judge if such sins of the disposition are not worse to live in, and for others to live with than sins of the

body. There is really no place in Heaven for a disposition like this. A man with such a mood could only make Heaven miserable for all the people in it."—Drummond's Addresses.

The Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch of the reigning house of Russia has recently become "stage-struck" and imagines that he is the star Shakespearian actor of the age. He has organized an amateur theatrical company to present Hamlet and took the leading role to his own satisfaction and to the great amusement of the audiences on whom he inflicted his transcendent efforts. He next took in hand "Romeo and Juliet." But, not liking Shakespeare's own conclusion of that grand play, he altered it to his own ideas, and gave it a happy ending. "Juliet" wakes up just in time to prevent "Romeo" from taking the fatal drug, the lovers are married and live happily ever afterward. The grand duke, who is a man well on toward 50 and the father of a family of six children, naturally insisted on playing the role of Romeo, and, notwithstanding the inordinate reverence that is accorded by the courtiers and officials at St. Petersburg to the members of the imperial family, they experienced the utmost difficulty in repressing a smile when they beheld this long-faced, long-shanked grand duke, whose scrawny figure is far better suited to the role of the Apothecary in the play, ranting through the part of Juliet's young lover, his appearance being rendered additionally comical by the glasses which the shortness of his sight compels him to keep forever perched upon his nose. The grand duke is believed to be undoubtedly insane, but people must show him proper respect. An "invitation" to attend one of his performances is equivalent to a command in St. Petersburg that dare not be disregarded.

Peace! The term peace implies many things not commonly considered when the word is uttered. Peace as usually understood signifies a state of national repose, of troops in barracks and forts instead of behind earthwork or on the march or in the tented field; of a lack of battles and skirmishes, of a time when the mortality of armies is solely caused by disease, and death by ordinary means; of a time when nations calmly negotiate for advantage and prepare for the next conflict of arms. Peace there is in other forms quite as important to the individual: Domestic peace—where all the sights and scenes of daily life are a succession of joys and pleasures; where every day brings renewed affection and hope for future blessings; where health and wealth bring added zest to a life already full of beauty and of bliss. Peace of mind—where conscience seldom chides for sins committed nor reproves for good deeds left undone; where time has healed the wounds of the past and healed the sore spots on the heart; where day and night flit by serene, as silvery clouds float in a summer sky. Peace of the heart—where envy enters not nor rankling hate can ever hold full sway, where only benignant thoughts of a soul at rest can control, where malice and anger are unknown and unseemly strife never strikes a discordant note; where love for all mankind alone can reign supreme. Peace of the soul—of a soul that is calm, that firmly relies upon the divine promise and looks onward and upward to that goal beyond our mortal ken and stakes its all upon that "peace that passeth all understanding," a peace that can not be shaken by trivial misfortunes; a peace that is founded on a faith beyond the power of human reason to shatter. That all mankind may be at peace with themselves, with the world and with their Creator is the wish of every generous mind, to the end that that ideal time may soon be ushered in when "Peace like a dove" shall descend upon warring nations and brutal pugilists and contending factions and grasping corporations—and upon every man, woman and child in every relation and condition of life.

The Prisoner's Hat.
At a certain court of justice an awkward blunder was made by the prisoner in the dock. He was being tried for murder and the evidence was almost wholly circumstantial, a chief portion of it being a hat of the ordinary "billycock" pattern that had been found close to the scene of the crime, and which, moreover, was sworn to as the prisoner's.

Counsel for the defense expatiated upon the commonness of hats of the kind.

"You, gentlemen," he said, "no doubt each of you has just such a hat as this. Beware, then, how you condemn a fellow creature on such a piece of evidence," and so forth.

In the end the man was acquitted.

But just as he was leaving the dock he turned in a respectful manner to the judge and said: "If you please, my lord, may I have my 'at'?"—Comic Cuts.

Another Trouble.
"Before we were married you used to bring me candy every evening; now you never do."
"Yes, and before we were married you used to divide your candy with me; now you give it to the children."—Detroit Free Press.

Retuting a Slander.
Lollie—I think it slanderous to say a woman can't keep a secret.
Maude—And I. There's the question of age, for instance. I've never told anybody I'm 22.—Philadelphia North American.

DEBT TO GREECE.

THE WORLD INDEBTED TO THE HELLENIC KINGDOM.

Its Paramount Influence on Language, Art, Heroism, Sculpture, Architecture, Literature and Medicine—Dr. Talma's Sermon.



the Greeks and to the barbarians." He said:

At this time when that behemoth of abominations, Mohammedanism, after having gorged itself on the carcasses of 100,000 Armenians, is trying to put its paws upon one of the fairest of all nations, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest, for every intelligent person on this side of the sea, as well as the other side, like Paul, who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks. The present crisis is emphasized by the guns of the allied powers of Europe, ready to be unlimbered against the Hellenes, and I am asked to speak out. Paul, with a master intellect of the ages, sat in brilliant Corinth, the great Acro-Corinthus fortress frowning from the height of 1,686 feet, and in the house of Gaius, where he was a guest, a big pile of money near him, which he was taking to Jerusalem; to the poor.

In this letter to the Romans, which Chrysostom admired so much that he had it read to him twice a week, Paul practically says: "I, the apostle, am bankrupt. I owe what I cannot pay, but I will pay as large a percentage as I can. It is an obligation for what Greek literature and Greek prowess have done for me. I will pay all I can in installments of evangelism. I am insolvent to the Greeks." Hellas, as the inhabitants call it, or Greece, as we call it, is insignificant in size, about a third as large as the State of New York, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up in height, with its mountains Cylene and Eta and Taygetus and Tympherus, each over seven thousand feet in elevation, and its Parnassus, over eight thousand. Just the country for mighty men to be born in, for in all lands the most of the intellectual and moral giants were not born on the plain, but had for cradle the valley between two mountains. That country, no part of which is forty miles from the sea, has made its impress upon the world as no other nation, and it today holds a first mortgage of obligation upon all civilized people. While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settlement of the intricate questions which now involve all Europe and indirectly all nations, it is time for all churches, all schools, all universities, all arts, all literature, to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

In the first place, we owe to their language our new testament. All of it was first written in Greek, except the book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramaean language, was soon put into Greek by our Savior's brother James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermons ever preached, the best letters ever written, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in Greek. All the miracles in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The story of Bethlehem and Golgotha and Olivet and Jordan banks and Galilean beaches and Pauline embarkation and Pentecostal tongues and seven trumpets that sounded over Patmos have come to the world in liquid, symmetrical, picturesque, philosophic, univocal Greek, instead of the gibberish language in which many of the nations of the earth at that time jabbered. Who can forget it, and who can exaggerate its thrilling importance, that Christ and heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks, the language in which Homer had sung and Sophocles dramatized and Plato dialogued and Socrates discoursed and Lycurgus legislated and Demosthenes thundered his oration on "The Crown?"

From the Greeks the world learned how to make history. Had there been no Herodotus and Thucydides there would have been no Macaulay or Bancroft. Had there been no Sophocles in tragedy there would have been no Shakespeare. Had there been no Homer there would have been no Milton. The modern wits, who are now or have been put on the divine mission of making the world laugh at the right time, can be traced back to Aristophanes, the Athenian, and many of the jocosities that are now taken as a new had their suggestions 2,300 years ago in the fifty-four comedies of that master of merriment. Grecian mythology has been the richest mine from which orators and essayists have drawn their illustrations and painters the themes for their canvases, and although now an exhausted mine, Grecian mythology has done a work that nothing else could have accomplished. Boreas, representing the north wind; Sisyphus, rolling the stone up the hill, only to have the same thing to do over again; Tantalus, with fruits above him that he could not reach; Achilles, with his arrows; Icarus, with his waxen wings, flying too near the sun; the Centaurs, half man and half beast; Orpheus, with his lyre; and more have helped literature, from the graduate's speech on commencement day to Rufus Choate's eulogium on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth.

Furthermore, all the civilized world, like Paul, is indebted to the Greeks for architecture. The world before the time of the Greeks, had built monoliths, obelisks, cromelechs, sphinxes and pyramids, but they were mostly monumental to the dead whom they failed to memorialize. We are not certain even of the names of those in whose commemoration the pyramids were built. But Greek architecture did most for the liv-

ing. Ignoring Egyptian precedents and borrowing nothing from other nations, Greek architecture carved its own columns, set its own pediments, adjusted its own entablatures, rounded its own moldings and carried out as never before the three qualities of right building, called by an old author "firmitas, utilitas, venustas"—namely, firmness, usefulness, beautiful. Although the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens is only a wreck of the storms and earthquakes and bombardments of many centuries, and although Lord Elgin took from one side of that building, at an expense of \$250,000, two shiploads of sculpture, one shipload going down in the Mediterranean and the other shipload now to be found in the British museum, the Parthenon, though in comparative ruins, has been an inspiration to all architects for centuries past and will be an inspiration all the time from now until the world itself is a temple of ruin." Oh, that Parthenon! One never gets over having once seen it.

But there is another art in my mind—the most fascinating, elevating to the divine—for which all the world owes a debt to the Hellenes that will never be paid. I mean sculpture. At least 650 years before Christ the Greeks perpetuated the human face and form in terra cotta and marble. What a blessing to the human family that men and women, mightily useful, who could live only within a century may be perpetuated for five or six or ten centuries! How I wish that some sculptor contemporaneous with Christ could have put His matchless form in marble!

Yes, for the science of medicine, the great art of healing, we must thank the Greeks. There is the immortal Greek doctor, Hippocrates, who first opened the door for disease to go out and health to come in. He first set forth the importance of cleanliness and sleep, making the patient before treatment to be washed and take slumber on the hide of a sacrificed beast. He first discovered the importance of thorough diagnosis. He formulated the famous bath of Hippocrates which is taken by physicians of our day. He emancipated medicine from superstition, empiricism and priestcraft. He was the father of all the infirmaries, hospitals and medical colleges of the last twenty-three centuries. Ancient medicament and surgery had before that been anatomical and physiological assault and battery, and long after the time of Hippocrates, the Greek doctor, where his theories were not known, the Bible speaks of fatal medical treatment when it says, "In his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians, and Asa slept with his fathers."

Furthermore, all the world is obligated to Hellas more than it can ever pay for its heroics in the cause of liberty and right. United Europe today had not better think that the Greeks will not fight. There may be fallings back and vacillations and temporary defeat, but if Greece is right all Europe cannot put her down. The other nations, before they open the portfolios of their men-of-war against that small kingdom, had better read of the battle of Marathon, where 10,000 Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed over 100,000 of their enemies. At that time, in Greek council of war, five generals were for beginning the battle and five were against it. Callimachus presided at the council of war, had the deciding vote, and Miltiades addressed him, saying:

"It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or, by insuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortality of fame, for never since the Athenians were a people were they in such danger as they are in at this moment. If they bow the knees to these Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they will then have to suffer, but if Athens comes victorious out of this contest she has it in her power to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians, and the city will be betrayed to the Medes, but if we fight before there is anything rotten in the State of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair field and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in the engagement."

That won the vote of Callimachus, and soon the battle opened, and in full run the men of Miltiades fell upon the Persian hosts, shouting: "On, sons of Greece! Strike for the freedom of your country! Strike for the freedom of your children and your wives, for the shrines of your fathers' gods and for the sepulchers of your sires!" While only 102 Greeks fell, 6,400 Persians lay dead upon the field, and many of the Asiatic hosts who took to the war vessels in the harbor were consumed in the shipping.

But now comes the practical question. How can we pay the debt or a part of it? For we cannot pay more than ten per cent. of that debt in which Paul acknowledged himself a bankrupt. By praying Almighty God that He will help Greece in its present war with Mohammedanism and the concerted empires of Europe. I know her queen, a noble, Christian woman, her face the throne of all beneficence and loveliness, her life an example of noble widowhood and motherhood. God help those palaces in these days of awful exigency! Our American Senate did well the other day, when in that capitol building which owes to Greece its columnar impressiveness, they passed a hearty resolution of sympathy for that nation. Would that all who have potent words that can be heard in Europe would utter them now, when they are so much needed! Let us repeat to them in English what they centuries ago declared to the world in Greek: "Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

But there is a better way to pay them, and that is by their personal salvation, which will never come to them through books or through learned presentation, because in literature and intellectual realms they are masters. They can out-argue, out-quote, out-dogmatize you. Not through the gate of the head, but through the gate of the heart, you may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God, they are brought by the simplest story of what religion can do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you when you

lost your bright boy or blue-eyed girl! They have found life a struggle. Oh, tell them how Christ has helped you all the way through! They are in bewilderment. Oh, tell them with how many hands of joy heaven beckons you upward! "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," but when a warm hearted Christian meets a man who needs pardon and sympathy and comfort and eternal life then comes victory. If you can, by some incident of self-sacrifice, bring to such scholarly men and women what Christ has done for their eternal rescue, you may bring them in. Where Demosthenic eloquence and Homeric imagery would fail a kindly heart throbs may succeed. A gentleman of this city sends me the statement of what occurred a few days ago among the mines of British Columbia. It seems that Frank Conson and Jim Smith were down in the narrow shaft of a mine. They had loaded an iron bucket with coal, and Jim Hemsworth, seeing that must be certain death to the miners beneath, threw himself against the cogs of the whirling bucket and saved the lives of two miners beneath. The superintendent of the mine flew to the rescue and blocked the machinery. When Jim Hemsworth's bleeding and broken body was put on a litter and carried homeward and some one exclaimed: "Jim, this is awful!" he replied, "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

What an illustration it was of suffering for others, and what a text from which to illustrate the behavior of our Christ, limping and lacerated and broken and torn and crushed in the work of stopping the descending ruin that would have destroyed our souls! Try such a scene of vicarious suffering as this on that man capable of overthrowing all your arguments for the truth, and he will sit down and weep. Draw your illustrations from the classics, and it is to him an old story, but Leyden jars and electric batteries and telescopes and Greek drama will all surrender to the story of Jim Hemsworth's "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

Then, if your illustration of Christ's self-sacrifice, drawn from some scene of today, and your story of what Christ has done for you do not quite fetch him into the right way just say to him, "Professor—doctor—judge, why was it that Paul declared he was a debtor to the Greeks?" Ask your learned friend to take the Greek testament and translate for you, in his own way, from Greek into English, the splendid peroration of Paul's sermon on Mars hill, under the power of which the scholarly Dionysius surrendered—namely, "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." By the time he had got through the translation from the Greek I think you will see his lip tremble, and there will come a pallor on his face like the pallor on the sky at daybreak. By the eternal salvation of that scholar, that great thinker, that splendid man, you will have done something to help pay your indebtedness to the Greeks. And now to God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost be honor and glory and dominion and victory and song, world without end. Amen.

Tubercle Infection.
Dr. Cornet, of Berlin, has lately insisted on the fact, observed by others, that the breath of tuberculous persons does not contain any bacilli, but that they are confined to the sputa, and that, their vitality not being destroyed by lactic acid, infection takes place only when they are diffused like dust through the air from sputa allowed to dry on the floor or in handkerchiefs. Dr. Beaumont reports a striking illustration from his large dispensary, where twenty-two clerks were employed for eight hours daily in an ill-ventilated room, living only a few cubic feet per head, so fewer than fourteen died of tuberculosis since the first, eleven years ago. They had been in the habit of expectorating on the floor, which was ill-laid and rough and swept each morning, the men often entering while the air of the office was charged with the dust raised by the process.

Worth Trying.
Softleigh (walking in the Boston public garden)—Look at that sign, "No Dogs Allowed in this Garden!" Friend—Well, what of it?
Softleigh—I'm going to have one of those on my place next year. The dogs have scratched up everything we have planted this season; and how nice everything looks here!

We do not understand why cheese is not more generally used as food by all classes. In England it largely takes the place of meat, which it supercedes, not only because of its cheapness, but its superiority. The poor quality of much cheese offered in market is probably the reason for the popular prejudice against it. We eat more meat in this country than any people in Europe, and cheese ought largely to take its place.

Sometimes when a very heavy grain crop has been grown the field is more easily prepared for wheat seeding by burning over the stubble. A few furrows should be plowed next the fences, to prevent the fire spreading where not wanted. Out stubble, however large, does not burn as easily as that of wheat. Its stalks is not so firm. In burning wheat stubble many Hessian flies will usually be destroyed, thus making it safer to sow wheat after wheat.

Sometimes after threshing cows turned into the barnyard at night, with access to a fresh straw stack, will pick at the chaff and eat enough to diminish their milk flow. It is this of them, rather than the diminished pasture, that lessens the milk yield at this season. We have known farmers to put a fence around the stack, so as to keep their cows from injuring themselves at it, as a simple minded person is said once to have put a fence around a very poor lot to keep his stock from grazing on it.—American Cultivator.

HE WAS WELL TRAINED.

Carl Dunder Was Laying Low to Get a Thorough Education and He Got It.

"Well! well!" exclaimed Sergeant Pundall in great surprise, as Carl Dunder softly entered the Woodbridge Street Station Saturday afternoon. "I thought you had started for Germany sure."

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Dunder, as he blew his nose with great complacency.

"But where have you been?"

"Sergeant, vvas I some greenhorn?"

"You don't look to be."

"If some cow meets me on der street would she take me for hay?"

"Hardly."

"If you vvas some confidence man would you try to play a game on me?"

"I don't think so. But what do you mean by all this?"

"Sergeant, I used to be like some cabbagehead. Eaferybody beats me. Eaferybody laughs at me, and I like to go back to Sherman. Dis vvas all shanged now."

"How?"

"Vhell, I keeps quiet for der last weeks and get posted. If somepody can make fun of me now I like to see him do it. I vvas right on to all der tricks you eafar heard of, and I can spot a sharper two blocks away. You won't haf to tell me any more to shump into der river."

"I'm rejoiced at the news. Now tell me who posted you?"

"A feller from New York. He takes me in a class all alone for \$15 per week. How vvas der, eh?"

And he threw up his right arm and made a long jump sideways, knocking a chair over and scaring a boy out of der year's growth.

"That's pretty good. What kind a movement do you call it?"

"Der vvas a nickel-plate movement to be practiced if a man shumps out of der alley to hit you with a sand-bag. When der club comes down you vvas feet away. Der probably safes my life one thousand times."

"Well, if a tief come around I can spot him like grease rolling off a log."

"How?"

"He carries his left hand in his pocket, and can't look you in der face. I can pick 'em out der street by der dozen."

"That's a good thing, and you ought to start a detective bureau. Anything else?"

"I should shmile! Sergeant, if vvas some pickpocket, where you let for my money, eh?"

"In your breast pocket."

"So? Ha! ha! ha! Der vvas another trick! I put my handkerchief here, and if a tief goes to rob me he gets my money."

"Y-e-s. Anything more?"

"Vhell, suppose I vvas in Chicago and a bunko man likes to make me a victim. If it vvas you, what would you do?"

"I don't know."

"Ha! ha! ha! It pays me to let der dot. It safes me thousands of dollars. I shust vink at him—so, and say: 'He vvas coons to-day?' and off he goes. Der makes him understand I vvas at der racket."

"I see. What else?"

"Suppose you vvas going home at night, and a robber steps out and wants your money or your life? He would you do?"

"Give him my money, of course."

"You would, eh? Ha! ha! ha! He shows who vvas a greenhorn! I shouldn't do der vhay. I should on my umbrella and hold it before me. My 'fire' as hard as I could. No robber can get at you if you hold an umbrella out. I know lots of der things, but I haf no more time to tell. I come down to gif you some complaints. Somepody stole \$25 from me last night, and der feller from New York vvas lost. He goes out to der around a leedle by himself, and der a stranger he vvas all mixed up and can't find his way back."

"Ah! Didn't you lose a coat, too?"

"Yes. It vvas behind der door, and somepody takes coat and money to der. Come this way."

He led him into the lock-up, and him at one of the cells and asked if he knew the occupant.

"Vhy, he vvas my trainer!"

claimed Mr. Dunder. "How he got in here? Vvas he some lost child?"

"He got your coat and money."

have the coat and most of der money. How do you tell a thief, Mr. Dunder?"

But Mr. Dunder didn't reply. He hair stood up, his eyes bulged out, he walked out of the station like a going somewhere in a nightmare.

Two Strange Accidents.

Probably no set of men perform duties better than the railway employees of the United States. Engineers, firemen as a rule are brave and cautious enough to stick to their whatever happens, and train-passengers are often saved from disaster through the coolness and courage of an engineer in the face of danger. Indeed, the exceptions are enough to be noted, and here are exceptions mentioned by the New Evening Sun: "One train starting over a bank. The engineer, some of the men jump. Then the breaks in two. The engine started with the cars that remain attached brakeman crawls forward over the er and stops the runaway. Next struck with the coincidence in case of a gale of wind makes a train unmanageable on a down grade. The nearer whistles for brakes. The engineer follows, and then the train crawls aft over the tender, sets brakes, and brings the runaway to a standstill.

"A good old New England lady described her mental experience of a runaway of the family vehicle as a carry-all. 'I trusted in Providence, said the honest soul, 'till the broke. Then I giv' up.' It does from the two train incidents cited that an abiding trust is safer means a policy than a hasty leap."

He Had Time.

Husband (during a quarrel)—I shall never meet in heaven.

Wife—Oh, yes, you may. Plenty of time for you to reform.