

LEO IS FAILING FAST.

ALARMING REPORT OF THE POPE'S CONDITION.

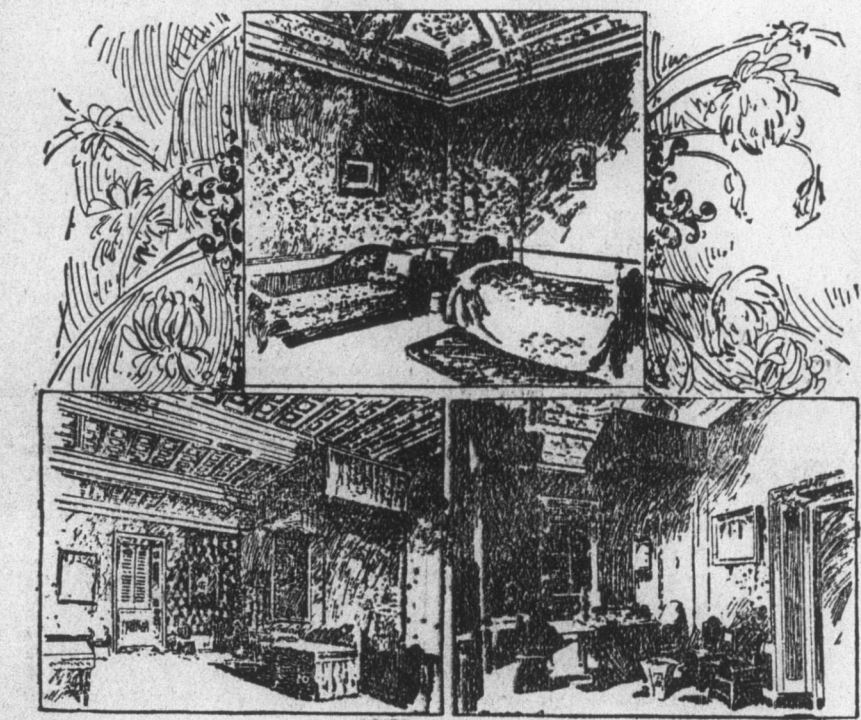
Prediction Made that He Will Not Live a Winter Out—How the Pontiff's Aged Spent—Vitality Centered in His Brain.

Day with the Pope. Although it is not true that the Pope is dying, it is learned that his strength has rapidly declined during the last few months. His entourage is of the opinion that he will not survive the winter, and it is added that all his vitality seems to be centered in his brain. In speaking of the pontiff's failing health, it is well to give a brief review of his daily life. The Pope usually rises at 7 o'clock, his chamber door having been previously unlocked by



LEO XIII. AS HE IS TO-DAY.

his faithful body servant, Centra. At night Leo XIII. locks the door of his bedroom with a key which never passes out of his hands, a second door being locked by Centra when his holiness is in bed. The Pope is thus practically a prisoner at night, but Centra is generally within call. This servant is a person of the greatest influence at the Vatican; the pontiff relies upon him implicitly, and his trust is well placed. As soon as the Pope is dressed by his valet in his white woolen casack and wadded silk gown, he recites the prayers in his bedroom, passing directly afterward into a neighboring



THE POPE'S BEDROOM. THE POPE'S DINING-ROOM. THE POPE'S STUDY.

apartment, which has been arranged as an oratory. Here he is robed in sacerdotal garments by his private chamberlains, Mgr. Cagiano da Azevedo and Mgr. Bisletti. Mass is then celebrated, to which no strangers are admitted save on Sundays. The service occupies three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which time Leo XIII. returns to his bedroom, where Centra brings him the first of the numerous meals of soup and chocolate upon which he sustains a body described by a French writer as "so thin and meager that it seems to have escaped from one of the passions with which Crivelli and Mantegna decorated the walls of the Vatican." If he has decided to give audience to any of the numerous pilgrims always in Rome, he receives them in the library after his frugal repast. Supporting himself against a long table in the middle of the room, the Pope talks for some minutes with each of his visitors, asking their name, their country, and the history of their family. Although his manner of speaking is slow, its tone betrays the keen interest he bestows upon the various trifles. In addition, his memory is marvellous. He never forgets a face, and remembers the name of every Roman Catholic who has done the church signal service. To American and to English visitors he talks of the well-known men of their countries with the same certainty of his facts that would mark his conversation with one of his compatriots of Carpineto. In the course of the morning Cardinal Rampolla, the pope's secretary of state, brings his master the political news of the day. This being discussed and arranged, if it be Tuesday or Friday, the household accounts are gone into and paid. The expenses at the Vatican are very heavy, one authority estimating them at £1,000 a day, but when the immense number of cardinals, chamberlains, servants and the personnel of the many papal institutions who live within the walls of the palace are remembered, it does not seem to be an outrageous cost. The pope is a keen man of business; not one item of expenditure escapes his eye, and he pays the bills from a coffer the key of which never leaves him. In the matter of carrying keys about with him, the pope has reminded more than one person of Goethe, who invariably had his keys, especially those of his library, hung round his waist, like a girdle. At mid-day the audience is given to crowned heads or distinguished men. If the visitor is a sovereign the pope receives him in the throne room, surrounded by his cardinals, who retire as soon as the potentate has been introduced. Lunch of the simplest fare follows, the menu consisting chiefly of eggs. This ended, the pope takes the air in the gardens of the Vatican in a carriage, being carried to the garden in a chair through the galleries of the library. Escorted by two gendarmes

and preceded by an officer, the carriage proceeds at a slow trot through the long walks bordered with oaks, six chair-bearers following on foot, as best they can, until a cascade overlooking St. Angelo is reached. Here the pope alights, and leaning on the arm of a chamberlain, or supporting himself with a cane, inspects a vine planted by himself at the foot of the Citta Leonina tower, the new battlements upon which have recently been added by the architect Vespignani by the pope's orders. This vine is said to be dearer to the pope than all the wonders of the Vatican. He gathers its fruit with his own hands, and last year it yielded a fair quality of wine. Next to the vine the cultivation of roses is the pope's greatest pleasure.

His holiness frequently spends the better part of his day in the tower, reserving the upper story for himself. No one is allowed to enter it save himself, and should cardinals or princes desire urgent audience, they are received in a lower room hung with red silk. Leo, despite his advanced age, takes little rest, and works as industriously in the cool upper chamber of the Leonina tower during the hot hours of the Roman afternoon as he does in his study during the morning. From his windows he can see the city, lying beyond the walks and alleys of the Vatican gardens, in the slumberous heat, tier upon tier, with the San Angelo fronting the Tiber, a relic of the temporal power once wielded by the pontiffs.

With sunset the pope's airing is over. As day slowly fades from the sky the chair-bearers in their red liveries appear at the door of the tower and carry him back to his carriage, and thence through the Raphael chambers and the galleries of the library to his private apartments, away from his vine and his roses, from the sunlight and fresh air, to the gloominess and seclusion of the palace. Having recited the rosary in company with one of his domestic prelates, the tireless pope sits down at his writing table and works until Centra attends him to bed, and the long day is done. Such is the major portion of the pontiff's life.

Origin of the Bell. The ringing of the religious significance of the bell is not far to seek. Primeval man discovered that noise would frighten troublesome or dangerous animals. There are plenty of stories of how bears, for example, were put to flight by unearthly yells. I have often seen

entire stamped in that way in the West. When the noise is unusual few animals can resist its terrifying power, especially if they are taken unawares. Primeval man, governed by his imagination, thus came to regard certain noises as having a supernatural character, and so introduced them into his worship. As he advanced in knowledge he improved his means of making them until he developed the bell. He discovered also that noise is a source of enthusiasm, and for that reason he employed it in his worship. Many a time at a revival or camp meeting I have heard the preacher exhort those at the mourners' bench and around it to pray louder and sing louder, himself giving the example, all for the sake of enthusiasm. The bell in worship, pagan as well as Jewish and Christian, is traceable to the effect which noise has on the mind of man and animal, if the animal has any mind.—Pittsburg Times.

He Knew. The teacher of the Sunday school class was telling the little boys about temptation, and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?" "Yes," from the class. "And you have seen the paw of a dog?" "Yes."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?" No answer. "The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is angry; but what does the cat do?" "Scratches," replied the boy. "Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?" "Whiskers!" said a boy on the back seat. And the teacher that ran round the class brought the lesson to an end.—Boston Courier.

To Rest the Eyes. A medical journal says that in the continued use of the eyes, in such work as sewing, type-setting, bookkeeping, reading and studying, the saving point is in breaking off work at short intervals and looking around the room. This may be practiced every ten or fifteen minutes. By doing this the muscular tension is relieved, the eyes are rested, and the blood supply becomes better.

The Purse. For several centuries the purse was almost worn fastened to the girdle. A cut-purse got its name from the fact that rather than take the time to loose the purse from the belt, where it was secured by buckles, he cut the straps.

MALICIOUSLY FALSE.

REPUBLICAN MISREPRESENTATION OF CLEVELAND.

New York Platform Makes a Groundless Charge—Real Enemies of American Industries Are McKinley and His Followers.

The Real Enemies of Industry. The platform adopted by the New York State Republican Convention makes the silly protectionist charge that President Cleveland is an enemy of American industry. This groundless assertion is repeated by the New York Press, which claims that it is justified by the President's tariff message of 1887, and that in a speech delivered in 1892 President Cleveland again declared himself opposed to the manufacturing interests of the country.

There is not the slightest excuse for these malicious inventions of the Republicans. The pretense that opposition to granting special favors to monopolies means enmity to industry is too absurd to be believed by even the credulous followers of McKinley.

Instead of attacking our industries, President Cleveland has always objected to protection on the ground that high tariffs hamper industry and injure both employer and workmen. The strongest indictment which he brought against the McKinley tariff was the undeniable fact that it imposed heavy burdens on the raw materials of many important industries, thus checking the establishment and growth of factories in which those raw materials might have been converted into finished goods. Nor did he fail to point out that the result of trade-restricting tariffs is to lessen foreign commerce by decreasing the opportunities for our industries to find a market for their surplus products. It was because of high taxation on the materials of industry that the business men of the country joined with the farmers and workers in electing him President by a sweeping majority over the protectionist candidate.

The real enemies of American industry are William McKinley and his superstitious followers, who want to tie the manufacturers' hand and foot with restrictive laws, and to restore a policy which but a short time ago plunged the country into poverty and suffering. Not satisfied with the ruin wrought in 1893 and the first half of 1894, these agitators are clamoring for another opportunity to again wreck the manufacturing interests of the country. They make no concealment of their intention to check the prosperity of the woolen industry by imposing heavy taxes on wool. They wish to shut out foreign iron ores, which are now so necessary to our iron and steel manufacturers. They are resolved that our great furniture industry shall no longer have the benefit of free lumber. And so on through the list of industries.

Republicans would do well to stop talking about enmity to industries. The people know that the Democratic policy means shackles and burdens for both trade and manufacturing. False charges against the tariff reform leader will not blind the public to the acts of the late Republican administration.

B. Harrison, Tariff Reformer. "It is plain here," says an Indianapolis dispatch to a Chicago Republican organ, "Mr. Harrison's friends will refuse to shoulder any responsibility for the McKinley tariff, and in the event of his nomination by the next Republican convention the campaign will be made on the question of tariff reform largely." Harrison among the tariff reformers! Saul among the prophets!

The Indianapolis statesman may refuse to shoulder responsibility for the McKinley tariff, but he cannot shirk responsibility for his own utterances before he was President and during his Presidency. The country has not forgotten the ex-President's definition of the "ideal condition." He told the farmer's when he was swinging around the circle, that this was the condition in which they would carry their produce to the factory in the farm wagon and carry home the manufactured product. And he professed to be in favor of a tariff which would bring about that condition. Such a tariff would induce even that of Mexico. It would have to be made practically prohibitory and applied not only on every State line but every county line, and not only on every county line but every township line. That would be the ideal tariff to produce the ideal condition.

Perhaps it is the question of tariff reform along these lines upon which the campaign will be made in the event of the nomination of Harrison next year by the Republicans. If Mr. Harrison is in favor of any more liberal sort of tariff reform he has never made the fact known since his appearance on the stage of national politics a quarter of a century ago.

A Forced Issue. One or two of our Republican contemporaries seem to find it necessary to remind the party in this State with which they are connected that the main issue is the tariff issue, and that it is undesirable to have the discussion switched off from that track and devoted to a variety of State concerns. We dare say that those who are stumping the State in the Republican interest find it necessary to discuss those subjects which seem likely to interest their hearers, and that if under such circumstances the tariff is practically given the go-by it is because these orators are discovering that, so far as popular interest is concerned, the tariff is distinctly a back number. They may, in a few perfunctory sentences, affirm the need of a restoration of McKinleyism, but having done this, and having noticed the apathetic manner in which such statements are received by the audience, the clever stump orators who have their hands, so to speak, on the pulse of their hearers, find that to continue on this theme is to run the risk of having themselves voted bores; hence, to the grief of some of our contemporaries, who sleep, eat, drink and live in the atmosphere of protection, they let the subject drop and take up a number of very much more attractive themes.—Boston Herald.

Frank, Indeed. Chairman John R. Tanner has just loose from Senator Cullom as a Presidential candidate. He says the delegates from Illinois in the Republican national convention have for years "frittered away their strength for impossible favorite sons" (meaning Cullom), and that now they should unite with other great States not to secure a presidential candidate, but to "obtain recognition" of the President when elected. The proposition is intelligible in its brutal force and audacity. Hereafter the vote of Illinois in Republican conventions is not to be at the disposal of Cullom nor anybody else as a Presidential candidate, but is to be auctioned off to the best bidder for the offices and spoils of the administration. That is frank, to say the least.

Why Wheat Exports Have Been Small. Protectionist papers are trying to make capital out of the fact that our exports of wheat have not increased in proportion to the exports of manufactured goods. With the usual Republican dishonesty they claim that the falling off in wheat shipments is due to the Wilson tariff, and that instead of opening up new markets for farm products the Democratic policy has had the contrary effect.

It is hardly possible that any farmers can be run back to the support of the protectionist by such shallow arguments. That the reduction of tariff duties has nothing whatever to do with the assured foreign demand for our wheat, must be evident to every one who knows anything of the conditions under which our surplus wheat goes abroad. These conditions are the size of the crops in other countries and the price in this country as compared with our competitors. Lower duties certainly did not make bigger crops in Europe, or lower prices for wheat in other countries. On the other hand, it is certain that protection does shut out wheat out of foreign markets.

First, by the protection tariffs on wheat levied by France, Germany, Spain and other European nations. Another way in which protection injured our wheat growers was by depriving foreigners of our markets for their goods. Forced to sell in India, Russia and the Argentine Republic, the manufactured articles sold in this country previous to the adoption of the McKinley tariff, Great Britain and other nations naturally developed a trade in wheat with those countries. The result is that a large quantity of the wheat formerly supplied by the United States now comes from other sources. And this is a sample of how protection helps the farmer.

Canned Goods Industry Prosperous. President Seager of the Western Canned Goods Association reports that the past season has been an unusually active one for the canning business in this country. In quality as well as quantity this year's pack of corn will be greatly superior to last year's. Much larger quantities of both peaches and tomatoes have been canned in the East, and the quality is said to be excellent. Similar reports are made as to apples, peaches, beans, peas, cherries, berries and other fruits.

This satisfactory condition of an important industry is largely due to the Democratic reduction of 50 per cent in the tariff on tin plate. The immediate effects of the McKinley tariff have been the serious hampering of the canning industry by the great increase in the cost of tin plate. At the same time the high tariff hard times, by decreasing the purchasing power of the people, caused a general falling off in the demand for the canners' products. With cheaper tin, and with an improved market for their goods, owing to increased employment and higher wages, the business of the canners is booming. If they read Republican papers they will learn that they are being ruined by tariff reform. But protectionist theories are never disturbed by such little things as facts.

Political Campaigns and Woolen Mills. For campaign purposes the woolen industry is certainly in a very deplorable condition; but it is otherwise doing fairly well. The Springfield (Mass.) Republican, an excellent authority, says: "Sales of wool at Boston last week reached the unprecedented amount of 11,914,000 pounds. This does not represent the mills to be in a very depressed state. In fact, even the tariff calamity people say the woolen goods market is in a better position than it has been, and the mills are mostly doing well."—Philadelphia Record.

He Doesn't Want to Hear of It. The shipment of five hundred tons of wash-metal product, which has just been made to England by the Youngstown Steel Company, "is the first consignment of a large order, and in sending the metal to the old country Youngstown's industries competed against the world." Youngstown, it may be added, is in the eastern part of Ohio. Unfortunately, it is so far from the State capital that Governor McKinley may never get to hear of this auspicious shipment.

Not Ruined as Promised. The imports of hides and skins for the eight months ending with August show an increase of \$13,000,000, or more than 100 per cent above the imports of the corresponding eight months of 1894. This increase is due in part to the shortage in American hides, but it shows that the business of making shoes is going on with increasing activity under a tariff which McKinley thought would ruin the country.—New York World.

Stepping Out of the Frying Pan. One of ex-President Harrison's friends claim that the man who signed the McKinley bill was wholly blameless for any bad political effects resulting from it in 1892. Was Harrison a party mankin or was he President?—Springfield, Mass., Republican.

Hard for McKinley to Explain. Every factory in Cleveland, Ohio, is working day and night to try to catch up with the orders that they are behind on. This is a little rough on McKinley, and is an argument that it is hard for him to answer when he pleads for high protection.—Peoria Herald.

Volumes of Argument. Among the interesting contributions to the discussions of the day the continued volumes given out by the busy industrial chimneys must not be overlooked.—Philadelphia Times.

WILLIAM MORRIS, POET, DESIGNER, AND PHILOSOPHER.



There is no so little understood a man in the literary world of London as William Morris, who has been spoken of lately in connection with the post of poet laureate. It is because he is so many-sided a man that he is known neither by his countrymen nor by Americans. If he were only a mere poet it would be easy to write of him—to make an estimate and properly classify him—but he is a larger figure in life than he is in literature, and he therefore belongs to the future rather than to the present in the way of criticism. He is spoken of indiscriminately as a socialist, as a designer of furniture and wall paper, and as a poet. At Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, he designs

esthetic wall papers for which he is deservedly famous, and the Kelmscott Press, which he conducts, is noted for the beautiful books which it produces. An American woman, Emma Lazarus, wrote of him a few years ago: "For himself he eschews wealth and luxury, which are within easy reach of his versatile and brilliant talents, in order that for a few at least of his brother men he may rob toil of its drudgery, servitude of its sting, and poverty of its horrors." Though he seems to be set nowadays on winning laurels as a designer and publisher, William Morris has a long and brilliant record as a poet. His first book of verse, "The Defense of Guinevere and Other Poems," was published as far back as 1858.

JOINED TO A CORPSE.

An Incident in the Life of Queen Victoria's Mother-in-Law.

Queen Victoria, who is one of the most uncompromising of reigning monarchs in her intolerance toward those who are divorced, is herself the daughter-in-law of a princess who was divorced by her husband under singularly sensational circumstances. The mother of the prince consort was a lovely woman—it was from her that he inherited his good looks—and was the last descendant of the dukes of Gotha, whose dominions may be said to have constituted her marriage portion, since they were incorporated with those of Saxe-Coburg at the time of her union to the duke of that petty sovereignty.

A drunkard and a profligate of the most coarse character, the duke treated his young and beautiful wife with disgraceful brutality; so much so, indeed, that the imperial diet felt constrained to interfere in her behalf, while the good people of Coburg showed their sympathy with their blonde and blue-eyed duchess by smashing every window of the husband's palace and by almost lynching his Polish favorite, Count Schimmbowski.

At length the duchess could no longer bear her treatment and eloped from Coburg with a young cavalry lieutenant of the name of Baron von Hanstein. The duke at once sued for a divorce, which was granted, and the young mother was never permitted to see her children again until just before the Prince consort's marriage, they being

decently laid to rest, and as the pension was continued he had no reason whatsoever to regret the theft.

MRS. PEARY.

Wife of the Famous Arctic Explorer Talks of Their Polar Voyage.

Mrs. Peary, wife of the famous Arctic explorer, declares herself as having had more than enough of the polar regions, and is determined that her husband shall never repeat his travels in those frigid lands. When asked what experience stands out most prominently in connection with the unusual life while exploring, Mrs. Peary, without a moment's hesitation, said: "Our hunting the walrus. It is the only occasion in my life when I was so frightened that I would have welcomed death as a relief. We were out in a boat with Dr. Cook, 'Mat' and some natives. Mr. Peary had broken his leg, but was steering the boat, his legs, in splints, stretched out before him. We saw the walrus coming toward us, and when the natives said 'Shoot at them,' we took our rifles and did so.

"Then followed a scene too terrible for words. The bullets had only entered the hides of these animals, enough to infuriate them, and they came forward enraged and with one determination—to turn over the boat. They placed their long tusks on the gunwale and attempted to tip us out. I crouched at the bottom of the skiff, loading the rifles, so that the men would not have to wait a second. The sea was crimson with their blood, and for a few mo-



MRS. PEARY.

brought up altogether by their grandmothers. Soon after recovering her liberty, the duchess married the companion of her flight, and spent the remainder of her days partly in Switzerland and partly in Paris, where she died.

She bequeathed to her husband, for whom she had previously obtained the title of Count of Poelzig, a considerable yearly income from the revenues of the duchy of Gotha on the one condition that he would never part with her corpse, not even for a single night, and stipulated that if he spent twenty-four hours under any roof than that where her embalmed remains happened to be, the pension should cease at once. So the unfortunate count married the mummy of Queen Victoria's mother-in-law around with him for years, long even after one morning at Paris he was horrified by the discovery that the casket had disappeared. After much investigation he found that it had been stolen by emissaries from the court of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with a view of having it

ments I did not know whether I should be shot by the excited men or drowned by the walrus. We killed about seventeen, and have some of the tusks. But don't let me talk about it any more."

The Greatest Adulterant. Glucose, it appears, is the greatest of all adulterants. It is used for making cheap candy, sugars, jellies and syrups. Apple sauce is pumpkin boiled in cider. It is said that cheap confectionery and liquors are the articles most injuriously adulterated. Candy commonly contains much fusel oil and other poisons. Strawberry ice cream—a plate of it—often contains almost more fusel oil than five glasses of poor whisky. It is colored with red aniline dye. Licorice drops are usually made out of candy factory sweepings. Wine is frequently nothing but water with a percentage of crude alcohol from grain or the refuse of beef refineries, colored with burnt sugar, flavored with oil of cognac and given an agreeable woody taste with a little catechu.



Among the prophets of to-day, Which men are aggrandizing, The greatest profit, so they say, Is that called Advertising.

There is a difference between a gold and the grip, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.—Truth.

The Wife—How did you come to propose to me, John? The Husband—I wanted to be different from other men, I suppose.—Life.

All our Arctic explorers have enjoyed one important advantage; in their deadliest perils they always keep cool.—New York Ledger.

Brown—Our candidate says the salary of the office is no object to him. Jones—I suppose he has an eye on the perquisites.—Brooklyn Life.

"See here, you impostor, you've begged from me four times in the last ten days." "Huh! Yer ain't got no kick; yer ain't g'me a cent."—Chicago Record.

"My rich uncle is dead." "He left you something, did he not?" "Yes." "Good! What did he leave you?" "Penniless."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Going to live in the country, eh?" "Yes." "I suppose the city air doesn't agree with your family?" "Well, city air don't agree with my pocketbook."—Truth.

Merritt—Under the circumstances, why don't you go West and get a divorce? Cobwigger—Because if I had a divorce I might be fool enough to marry again.—Life.

"This is a hard world," murmured the young man. "Yes," replied she, "one doesn't realize how hard it is till one falls off a bicycle once or twice a week."—Washington Star.

Teacher—Can you explain how the world is divided? Willie (with very important air)—Between them that got it and them that would like to have it.—Harper's Round Table.

"No, Willie, dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."—Harper's Round Table.

Once more the genial candidate, Both gracious and astute, Puts up his campaign promises In packages to suit.—Washington Star.

Smith—I see that Jones was at that dinner the other night. What did he think of the speeches? Brown—When I saw him he was just going to read them in a morning paper.—Brooklyn Life.

"I suppose you have forgotten that you owe me \$10," said Phillips, severely. "No, I haven't," retorted Wilbur. "I meant to have done so. Give me time, old man, and I will."—Harper's Bazar.

She—My mother is so particular about the young men I go with. He—But she doesn't object to me, does she? She—Oh, dear, no! She says she knows you are perfectly harmless.—New York Herald.

Miss Ingenue (on a yacht)—Is there really a cable in the ocean? Sailor—Yes, mum. Miss Ingenue (with conviction, after studying the man at the wheel)—Then that must be 'the grip-man.'—Brooklyn Life.

She—Did you know that Miss Willowsnap has been taking lessons in Delicacy? He—Oh, yes; she showed me how to sit down the other night. She—She didn't show you how to get up, did she?—New York Herald.

The girl to her doting father brings Her love with a fond salutation; But as time goes on there's a change in things.—Judge.

She brings him a lover to boot!—Judge. Ethel Gotrox—Papa, you must let me marry Jack. He says he positively cannot live without me another day. Old Gotrox—This is more serious than I thought it was. I had no idea he was so hard up as that.—New York Herald.

She—Well, if I can't live on my income, and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage in our marrying? He (thoughtfully)—Well, by putting our incomes together one of us would be able to live, at any rate.—Harlem Life.

"That was very kind of your uncle to pay your debts." "Humph! I don't think so. He might have given me the money and let me pay 'em." "What difference would that have made?" "It would have re-established my credit."—Harper's Bazar.

"What we need to do," said the new director, "is to establish a sinking fund." "Humph!" said the old director. "When you've been in here a while longer you'll have more sense. What we need is a fund that can keep its head above water."—Harper's Bazar.

"You can trust the man who sings at his work," said the cheery citizen. "Yes," replied Slinker; "I wish some one would persuade the man who works around my wood pile two or three nights a week to sing loud enough for me to hear him."—Washington Star.

Why Nothing Happened. Once a careless man went to the cellar and snuck the candle in what he thought was a keg of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine, until the candle burned low. Nearer it got to the black sand—nearer and nearer, until the blaze reached the black sand; and as it was nothing but black sand nothing happened.

The people one enjoys meeting three times a day don't seem to be bound for heaven, and are not of the kind that are going to hell.