

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

And thus was the work accomplished; and with a result not to be wondered at. The Arabs had been brave enough over their rich prizes, but they had lacked the sinew and force of the attacking party. In fact, upon foot, hand to hand, and front to front, either Julian or his lieutenant might have been a match for half of them.

"Those two rascals are not worth pursuing," said our hero, as he noticed that Hobaddan was looking after the fleeing Arabs. "Let them go. We have gained all we sought."

After this Julian turned towards the females. Ulin saw him coming, and, with no thought save that of tenderest gratitude, she moved forward to meet him.

"Heaven bless you, kind sir!" she said, as she extended to him her hand.

"Sweet lady," returned the chieftain, fervently, "talk not of blessings to me. Let me be the one to call down blessings. I know to whom I owe my life and my liberty. Hobaddan has told me all. Oh, let me bear ever with me the blessed privilege of remembering thee in my prayers to God!"

Tears gathered in the eyes of the maiden, and her lips trembled; and when she spoke her voice betrayed the deep emotion that stirred her soul.

"Indeed, fair sir," she said, with her hand still resting in his, "you should not deny to me the privilege which you claim for yourself. If you can feel pleasure in cherishing a holy gratitude, I can feel the same. When I remember the dreadful fate to which the Arabs had doomed me, I cannot forget the blessings which are due to the kind power that delivered me."

"As you please, lady," replied Julian, letting go her hand. "The thought that thou art blessing me will be a blessing indeed. And here is our fair Albia," he continued, turning to the bondmaid—and a close observer might have seen that he thus turned in order to subdue emotions that were rising to trouble him. "I do not forget that some blessing belongs to you."

"I have served my mistress," said Albia, modestly. And then, perceiving that a change of subject would be a relief to both parties, she added, "We owe you so much, sir, that you will be forced to accept my grateful blessings with those of my lady. And now, if I may dare to interrupt you, will you tell us how you chanced to discover us?"

"It was very simple, lady," replied Julian, directing his answer to the princess; "and though seemingly an accident, still I cannot help thinking that some kind spirit must have superintended the work. When we left Damascus we took a course slightly different from this; but on the way we met a poor traveler who informed us that he had been robbed. He did not tell us that the robbers were Arabs, and I fancied that they might be some of my own people. Fearing this, I determined to follow them. Their course was a crooked one, and when I finally reached the grove of date-palms, I had made up my mind to search no more. We were asleep in the grove, and Osmir awoke just as a party of horsemen were leaving the spring. He ran out and discovered that the strangers were Arabs, and that they had two females with them."

The chieftain directed the slaves to drag the bodies of the dead Arabs together, and take from them the gold and jewels which had been taken from the princess, and then to cover them up in the sand; after which he requested Hobaddan to examine his wound. It seemed to be but a slight puncture, just below the collar bone, upon the left side, and as it was bleeding but slightly, Julian concluded not to have it probed. A simple compress stanching the blood, and it was thought that there could be no danger.

When the slaves had done their work, the chieftain approached our heroine, and asked her whither she wished to go.

"I will see you safe to your journey's end," he said, "even though it be to the gates of Damascus."

"I go not that way, sir," she replied. "I wish to find the cave of an old hermit named Ben Hadad."

Julian started as he heard this; but he quickly recovered himself.

"Do you know that old man?" he asked.

"No, sir—I never saw him; but he was a friend to my mother and I think he will be a friend to me."

"Ah—do you go out from Damascus to find a friend?"

"I pray you, sir, ask me no questions. If you know where Ben Hadad lives, and it would not trouble you too much, I freely accept your escort."

"Noble lady, I not only know his place of abode, but my own course lies directly that way. If we start at once and meet with no further obstacle, we may reach it by the rising of another sun."

"The sooner we start the better," said Ulin; "and I can ride a long time without resting."

"We will ride as fast and as far as our horses are willing," added Julian, as he turned to prepare for the move. In a few minutes they were mounted, Ulin and Albia once more taking

the horses that had brought them from Damascus; and when all was ready, the chieftain and his lieutenant led off, leaving Shubal to ride with the females, while Osmir and Selim brought up the rear.

A few hours past noon they stopped in a pleasant grove, where pure fresh water bubbled forth from a basin of white sand; and here they made a dinner of bread and fruit while the horses rested. Julian spoke with the princess and asked her how she bore the fatigue of the journey; but his manner was free from any shade of familiarity. She in turn asked concerning his wound, and expressed the hope that it might not prove serious. When he had gone, Albia remarked:

"The more I see of that man, the more do I love and honor him. He is no common man, my lady."

"I shall always remember him with gratitude," returned Ulin, gazing down as she spoke.

"And I," added the bondmaid, earnestly, "should like to remain with him, and serve him always."

"You are generous, Albia."

"Because I am but a poor slave, and can only pay such debts with grateful service."

"No, no, Albia—a slave no more. When we left my father's house you stepped forth free. You are my companion—not my slave."

The girl caught the hand of her mistress, and bathed it with tears.

"Free!" she murmured. "Aye—free to serve you now and evermore! Still, dear lady, there is a holy satisfaction in feeling that the servile badge is stricken off. Your poor slave loved you truly, and you may be assured that she will love you none the less now that she is a slave no more."

Shortly after this, and while yet Albia was drying her eyes, Julian called up the horses, and made ready for another start.

Late in the evening they reached the bank of the Pharpar, and once more stopped to rest. The cave of the hermit was only a few leagues distant, and could be easily reached by midnight. For himself the chieftain did not care. He wished the princess to act her own pleasure.

The cave of Ben Hadad was in a deep valley, where the river wound between two long, high hills; and thick woods shut it out from the heat of the noon-day sun and from the gaze of the stranger. A good path led to it from the plain, though a person needed acquaintance with the way in order safely to follow it. Julian was surely used to the path, for he threaded its various windings without any hesitation, and at length drew up before a bold face of rock, beneath an overhanging shelf on which was the entrance to Ben Hadad's cave. It was too dark now to see all this plainly, but those who had been there before knew very well where they were. A loud call from Hobaddan soon brought a lighted torch from the cave, borne by a black slave.

"What ho, Ortok; where is your master?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Ho, ho—it is Hobaddan."

"Yes, you grinning rascal, it is I; and it is also Julian; and, furthermore, others are with us. Where is Ben Hadad?"

"He is in his bed, sir, sound asleep."

"And where is my—where is Ezabel?"

"She is also asleep, sir."

"Then call them at once. But hold—lead us into the cave first."

The negro came out with his torch, and while Hobaddan stopped a few moments with the slaves to look after the horses, Julian led Ulin and Albia into the cave. It was a broad, high chamber in the solid rock, and the light of the torch revealed the fact that there must be other chambers beyond.

In a little while a tall, broad-shouldered old man, with hair and beard as white as the breast of a swan, came forth from a distant passage, and almost at the same time an aged woman came from another direction. Julian quickly approached them, and spoke a few words in private and then said, aloud:

"These ladies, good father and mother, seek your aid and protection. Ask them no questions tonight, for they are worn and weary, and need repose. On the morrow they will tell you their story." He then approached the princess.

The old woman, when she saw Albia's face, recognized her at once; and as she gazed upon the beautiful features of the princess, the latter said:

"Good mother," replied Ulin, "I shall tell you the whole truth and then you will know just how much protection we need."

And thereupon she went on, and related all that had transpired to the present. She told how she had consented to be the wife of the king—and then she told how, in her bereavement, she began to dread and fear the man she had promised to marry.

The woman took Ulin's hand, and pressed it warmly between her own.

"Dear child," she said, with much emotion, for she had been deeply moved during the recital—"you could not have told your story to one who could have better understood it. I not only sympathize with you, but I will

protect you, if need be, with all the power I possess; and I assure you that our good Ben Hadad will join me with all his heart. You did right in fleeing from the wicked king. I know him well, lady; and I believe you have not only saved yourself from an unhappy fate, but you have saved Horam from committing more crime. Thus much we understand; and now, my dear Ulin, if I may venture upon the inquiry, what do you propose to do in the future?"

"My thoughts in that direction have been vague and troublesome," replied the princess. She spoke frankly, for Ezabel had won her entire confidence. "I have reflected upon the subject, and my mind has found but one resting place. I must remain away from Damascus until the king is dead. I can think nothing more. Where I abide I care not, so long as I am safe from harm."

The princess fell upon the woman's neck and blessed her; and after a little time she became calm, and wiped the grateful tears from her face. Her next question was of Julian. Had he yet left the cave?"

"No," replied Ezabel; "nor will he leave it at present! He is wounded in the breast, and—"

"Wounded!" repeated Ulin, catching suddenly at the word, and turning pale. "Is it dangerous?"

"No, not dangerous, lady; but he must have rest and nursing. It is more serious than he at first thought; but if he is careful, there will be no danger."

"Oh," cried the maiden, in a tone of relief, "I am glad it is not dangerous. If he had suffered on my account, the joy of my escape from Horam would have been sadly darkened."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ezabel bowed her head, and pressed her hands upon her brow. There was certainly some deep and sudden emotion moving within her, for her frame trembled, and incoherent whisperings fell from her lips.

"Julian will not suffer," she said, when she at length raised her head. "Ben Hadad has examined his wound, and it can be easily healed."

"You have known Julian for some time," pursued Ulin, musingly.

"Yes. I have known him from childhood, and my son has been his constant companion."

"Your son?"

"Ah—perhaps you did not know that Hobaddan was my son."

"I did not."

"Well—such is the fact. Hobaddan is my only child. He was a strong youth, with the stature of manhood, while yet Julian was an infant; and from those early years the two have been always together. In the beginning Hobaddan was the guide and protector; but in later years, since Julian has reached the age and strength of maturity, my son has been content to call him master."

Julian is much feared in Damascus," said Ulin.

"The king fears him," returned Ezabel, quickly; "and he has occasion for fear; but no poor man fears him. However, I will not take it upon myself to excuse Julian's faults. He may have sinned; he may have pursued his revenge too far. Let those who have suffered what he has suffered condemn him if they can."

"He has suffered much, good mother?"

"More than I can tell, my child."

"He is of Damascus born?"

"Yes."

"And—perhaps—of honored family?"

"The blood which runs in his veins is as pure and noble as ever supported a human life. The king himself can not boast a nobler origin; aye," continued Ezabel, with startling earnestness, "and even now, with the whole story of his life up to this present hour, stamped upon his brow, he is nobler, and better, and purer, than the lords of Damascus. He is a man, and his heart is true; and I love him for the generous, devoted love there is in his soul."

(To be continued.)

INDIVIDUALITY OF A CHILD.

Children Derive Many Traits from Their Faraway Ancestry.

No two children, even in the same household, are alike. Twins, born in the same hour, and externally bearing lineaments which possess such close resemblance that strangers do not know the little ones apart, are often very dissimilar in disposition and mental traits. Who can tell what peculiarities, derived from some faraway ancestor—a little child has inherited? This wee maiden, unlike either parent, may be repeating in her temperament, her looks, and her ways a great-grandmother long since vanished from the earth. Each mother for each child needs to make a special study, and she need not be surprised to find herself so often baffled and at her wits' end to solve certain problems, and to manage in certain unlooked for contingencies. If she will take the trouble to keep a record of her children, setting down in a journal day by day the interesting incidents, the small happenings, and the conclusions at which she arrives, she may be able by-and-by to assist other puzzled mothers. Of one thing the mother may be very sure, and that is that time is well spent which is devoted to the intelligent understanding of what is really for her child's good.

The little one whose life is ruled according to fixed hours, who is cared for wisely and nourished on the best food, who has plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air, the right kind of clothing is kept free from excitements and disturbances, and espoused in an atmosphere of tender love, will thrive and grow, and show in every movement the happiness of his environment.

DR. MANCHESTER'S SERMON

Delivered at the McKinley Funeral in Canton.

A SWEET AND TENDER STORY.

McKinley's Devotion to His Invalid Wife—How the Dead Statesman Became a Christian—The World's Grief Over Our Nation's Loss.

The following is the full text of the sermon of Dr. C. E. Manchester at the McKinley funeral in Canton Thursday. Our President is dead. "The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the wheel broken at the fountains, the miter broken at the diadem, the mourners go about the streets." "One voice is heard—a wail of sorrow from all the land, for the beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. How are the mighty fallen! I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Our President is dead. We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed, and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said, 'It may be that God will be gracious and merciful unto us.' It seemed to us that it must be his will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed. Thus, alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came the tidings of a defeated science, of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object to the earth. We seemed to hear the faintly muttered words: 'Good-bye all, good-bye.'



REV. DR. C. E. MANCHESTER. It's God's way. His will be done." And then, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

Passes On to Be at Rest. So, nestling nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time, and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat. Our hearts are heavy with sorrow.

"A voice is heard on earth of kinfolk weeping. The loss of one they love; but he has gone where the redeemed are keeping. A festival above."

"The mourners through the ways and from the steeple. The funeral bells toll slow; but on the golden streets the holy people. Are passing to and fro."

"And saying as they meet, 'Rejoice, another. Long waited for is come. The Father's heart is glad, a younger brother. Has reached the Father's home.'"

The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. The inspired penman's picture of Jonathan, likening him unto the "Beauty of Israel," could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament of our fallen chieftain. It does no violence to human speech, nor is it fulsome eulogy to speak thus of him, for who that has seen his stately bearing, his grace and manliness of demeanor, his kindness of aspect but gives assent to this description of him?

Loved by All Who Knew Him. It was characteristic of our beloved President that men met him only to love him. They might, indeed, differ with him, but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner none could fail to love the man. The people confided in him, believed in him. It was said of Lincoln that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply embedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people, but it is true of McKinley in a larger sense. Industrial and social conditions are such that he was, even more than his predecessors, the friend of the whole people. A touching scene was enacted in this church last Sunday night. The services had closed. The worshippers were gone to their homes. Only a few lingered to discuss the sad event that brings us together today. Three men of a foreign race and unfamiliar tongue, and clad in working garb, entered the room. They approached the altar, kneeling before it and before the dead man's picture. Their lips moved as if in prayer, while tears furrowed their cheeks. They may have been thinking of their own King Humbert and of his untimely death. Their emotion was eloquent, eloquent beyond speech, and it bore testimony to their appreciation of manly friendship and of honest worth.

Soul Clean and Hands Unsullied. It is a glorious thing to be able to say in this presence, with our illustrious dead before us, that he never betrayed the confidence of his countrymen. Not for personal gain or pre-eminence would he mar the beauty of his soul. He kept it clean and white before God and man, and his hands were unsullied by bribes. "His eyes looked right on, and his eyelids looked straight before him." He was sincere, plain and honest, just, benevolent and kind. He never disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty and met every responsibility in the grand and unflinching way. Not only was our President brave, heroic and honest; he was as gallant a knight as ever rode the lists for his lady love in the days when knighthood was in vogue. He went out with the light of the nation looked on with tear-dimmed eyes

Some of the Abuses of Reading. What are the abuses of reading? These: 1. Hhurried reading without concentration. 2. Reading for mere entertainment without reflection. 3. Reading when we ought to be doing some other thing.

Governor Loves Fine Horses. Governor Geer of Oregon is a lover of fine horses. He has given a great deal of time to this fad and is now said to be the best judge of horses in the state.

as it saw with what tender conjugal devotion he sat at the bedside of his beloved wife, when all feared that a fatal illness was upon her. No public clamor that he might show himself to the populace, no demand of a social function was sufficient to draw the lover from the bedside of his wife. He watched and waited while we all prayed—and she lived.

Tender Story of His Love. This sweet and tender story all the world knows, and the world knows that the whole life had run in this one groove of love. It was a strong arm that she leaned upon and it never failed her. Her smile was more to him than the plaudits of the multitude and for her greeting his acknowledgments of them must wait. After receiving the fatal wound his first thought was that the terrible news might be broken gently to her. May God in this deep hour of sorrow comfort her. May his grace be greater than her anguish. May the widow's God be her God. And she er beauty in the character of our President, that was a chapter of grace about his neck, was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unswerving. It was his steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the fatherhood of God and in his sovereignty. His faith in the gospel of Christ was deep and abiding. He had no patience with any other theme of pulpit discourse. "Christ and him crucified" was to his mind the only panacea for the world's disorders. He believed it to be the supreme duty of the Christian minister to preach the word. He said, "I do not look for great business-men in the pulpit, but for great preachers."

Ever a True Christian. It is well known that his godly mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the gospel, and she believed it to be the highest vocation in life. It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal knowledge of Jesus which guided him in the performance of greater duties and vaster than have been the lot of any other American President. He said at one time, while bearing heavy burdens, that he could not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God. William McKinley bet in prayer, in the beauty of it, in the potency of it. Its language was not unfamiliar to him, and his public addresses not infrequently evince the fact. It was perfectly consistent with his own doing and his personal experience, that he should say as the first critical moment after the assassination approached. "Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done," and that he should declare at the last, "It is God's way; his will be done." He lived grandly; it was fitting that he should die grandly. And now that the majesty of death has touched and calmed him we find that in his supreme moment he was still a conqueror.

Lessons from the Sad Event. Let us turn now to a brief consideration of some of the lessons that we are to learn from this sad event. The first one that will occur to us all is the old lesson that "In the midst of life we are in death." Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening. "He fleeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay." Our President went forth in the fullness of his strength, in his manly beauty, and was suddenly taken by the hand that brought death with it. None of us can tell what a day may bring forth. Let us, therefore, remember that "No man liveth to himself and none of us dieth to himself." May each day's close see each day's duty done.

The great lesson that we should heed is the vanity of mere earthly greatness. In the presence of the dread messenger, how small are all the trappings of wealth and distinction of rank and power. I beseech you, seek him who said, "I do not care for the world, and the world careth not for me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." There is but one Savior for the sick and the weary. I entreat you, find him, as our hero found him. But our last words must be spoken. Little more than four years ago we bade him good-bye as he went to assume the great responsibilities to which the nation had called him. His last words are left us as a warning. "Nothing could give me greater pleasure than this farewell greeting—this evidence of your friendship and sympathy, your good will, and, I am sure, the prayers of all the people with whom I have lived so long and whose confidence and esteem are dearer to me than any other earthly honors. To all of us the future is as a sealed book, but if I can, by official act or administration or utterance, in any degree add to the prosperity and unity of our beloved country, and the advancement and well-being of our splendid citizenship, I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end. With this thought uppermost in my mind, I reluctantly take leave of my friends and neighbors, cherishing in my heart the sweetest memories and thoughts of my old home—my home now—and, I trust, my home hereafter, so long as I live. We hoped with him that when his work was done, he would be crowned with the crown of life, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the home he had loved.

Sadness of the Home-Coming. He has, indeed, returned to us, but how? Borne to the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and placed where he first began life's struggle, that the people might look and weep over so sad a home-coming. But it was a triumphal march. Have vast the procession. The nation rose and stood with uncovered head. The people of the land are chief mourners. The nations of the earth weep with them. But, O, what a victory. I do not ask you in the heat of public address, but in the quiet moments of mature reflection, what other man ever had such high honors bestowed upon him, and by so many people? What pageant has equaled this that we look upon tonight? We gave him to the nation only a little more than four years ago. He went out with the light of the morning upon his brow, but with his task set, and the purpose to complete it. We take him back a mighty conqueror.

"The church yard where his children rest, The quiet spot that suits him best; There shall his grave be made, And there his bones be laid. And there his countrymen shall come, With memory proud, with pity dumb, And strangers far and near. For many a year and many an age, While history on her simple page The virtues shall enroll Of that paternal soul."

The bloom on fruit is said to be nature's waterproofing. Where it is rubbed off damp accumulates an decay soon follows.

LITTLE CLASSICS. Believe me, upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simple grow which cure the heartache.—Longfellow.

Those are really highest who are nearest to heaven; and those are lowest who are the farthest from it.—Sir John Lubbock.

Economy may be styled the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the mother of liberty.—Dr Samuel Smiles.

IT CURED A BAD HABIT.

The Smart Practical Joker Had the Tables Turned on Him.

"I never indulge the practical joke habit," said a gentleman who recently visited New Orleans, "and I have a good reason for taking no sort of stock in such things. There was a time in my life when I was fond of playing pranks, and I have turned some clever tricks along this line. But it has been several years since I made my last effort. It was living in a small town up in Arkansas and at the time was even boarding with an aunt who was even fonder of the practical joke than I was. Along about Christmas time a young man came out to the town in which I lived to spend some time with friends. He was a duds sort of a fellow and was just at that period of life when the gold watch and chain he wore impressed him as being the most important thing in the world. My aunt was quick to perceive his weakness. She hatched a plot. I was to slip into his bedroom and steal the watch and chain after he had fallen asleep. The night was fixed, and my friend retired about 10 o'clock. He always hung his vest, which contained his watch and chain and other valuables, on the bedpost at the head of the bed. My aunt knew exactly where I could find it, and about 10:30 I slipped stealthily into the room, found the vest and began to rifle the pockets. My friend raised up quickly, as he ran his hand under his pillow. Bang! bang! bang! I was shot. I was shot three times, with the revolver pressed almost against my breast. I could feel the holes in my back where the bullets had come out, and the blood was trickling down my spinal column. My aunt came rushing into the room. 'My God!' I said. 'Auntie, I'm shot!' She got the camphor bottle. I told her the bullets had passed clear through me and had rolled down into my shoes. They could stand it no longer, and to my amazement, my aunt and my friend broke out into perfect spasms of laughter, and by degrees the real situation dawned upon me. My friend had expected my visit. He had extracted the lead from three cartridges in the pistol at the suggestion of my aunt, and had turned the tables on me. Since that time I have played no jokes."

ARTIST'S SUMMER HOME.

On Top of an Oak Tree This Man Lives.

One could scarcely conceive a more unique plan for enjoying these intensely hot days than that adopted by artist D. Orrin Steinberger, whose home is a few miles north of Springfield, Ohio. Perched in a house fifty feet from the ground, in a majestic oak, secluded from the world, excepting the lowing cows in the field, a man whose pictures have demanded the attention of the nation spends most of his time. It is an ideal spot for his nest in the tree. The entrance to the nest is through a long lane of willows. The tree-top house is made of boards with saplings bound across the side for support and protection. There is an elevated step on the west side, where Artist Steinberger sits and paints and sketches at will. While thick foliage of the overhanging boughs form a protection from the rain, yet the rays of the sun penetrate even to a certain extent, and to keep this out a canvas has been stretched on the east side. There is room on the floor of the nest for a dozen people. To reach the house a block and tackle is used for the more timid, who are seated in a swing and pulled up through a trap door. The trip up affects the nerves of some, especially the ladies. Artist Steinberger does not use this means of going to his nest. He mounts a ladder made of two small saplings and goes up the tree from limb to limb a rapidly as a squirrel. He built this home in the tree for the purpose of regaining his health, going back to first principles. He drinks warm milk direct from the cow and breathes the pure air of the country. Since living here, his health has gradually returned, and he is now almost well.

"Old" and "Modern" in Norway. Many of the farms about Nystuen, Norway, have been cultivated for a thousand years. The buildings on some of them are 700 and 800 years old. Anything built within a century or two is considered modern. At Borgund, a few miles west of Nystuen, is a church that was built in 1150 or earlier. The antiquarians cannot determine the exact date, and it is mentioned in the official records of the diocese as far back as 1360. They are carefully preserved for all the intervening years. The use of window glass was unknown in Norway at the time of its erection, and the service probably consisted solely of the mass, chanted by candle light, while the congregation knelt devoutly in the dark nave. Beside the entrance are two runic inscriptions, carved in the logs in beautiful lettering. One of them reads: "Thorur wrote these lines on St. Olaf's Fair," and the other, "This church stands upon holy ground."

Electric Energy from Wind. Electric energy from the wind has been successfully obtained in both England and Germany, but it is in the latter country that it has been actually put into use. M. G. Couz, of Hamburg, used a windmill with a regulator, which would keep its speed constant, no matter what the speed of the wind was, and succeeded so well that there is a strong probability that it will be used in small villages in Germany and supply electric light and power at a low cost.