

STORY OF JONAH.*

It was in the month of April, many centuries gone by, before America had been discerned by mortal eye. All nations were uncivilized from Bering Sea to Spain, from Sodom to St. Petersburg and half way back again. About this time Herr Jereboam was ruler of the land and went about his kingdom with a coach and four-in-hand. The grossest wickedness was rife—all men defied the law—and it was said to Jonah—"You must go to Nineveh, and tell the people high, and low, of certain wrath to come—bring every man and child to terms before you strike for home." But Jonah didn't like the deal—He sought a softer snap—and, after searching till he found the latest railroad map, he thus addressed his weeping wife: "My dear, I think it best for me to go foreign parts and take a few weeks rest. Tomorrow, if the weather is propitious, I will sail from Joppa—do not worry. I will write you every mail; the truth is, dear, I must escape from taking any hand in spreading civilizing light through this benighted land. Let some one else, with stronger frame take the allotted task, and give me two months stroll abroad is everything I ask." At half past ten the boat pulled out, with Jonah safe on deck; soon, fast asleep, he little dreamed of danger and ship-wreck. A storm came up, the winds blew fierce and waves rolled high and deep, the rigging creaked and sailors howled, but Jonah lost no sleep. At last the captain, water-soaked and filled with mighty fear, looked down and saw the sleeping man and hollowed in his ear: "Hi, there! wake up, you sinful wretch, and tell us why you snore. I half believe your presence is the cause of all this war among the raging elements—come, get a move on you! wake up, turn out, and lend a hand to help the worn out crew!" He stretched and gaped and yawned aloud and rubbed his sleepy eyes; then looked around with undisguised amazement and surprise. Reflecting on the state of things he caught on in a minute, and sadly said, "Here, gentlemen, this boat, while I am in it will never have a moment's peace—there's but one thing to do—throw me into the brine—I'll die to save the rest of you!" Four stalwart sailors buckled in and, with a heave-o-he, the mortal form of Jonah threw ker-plunk into the sea. A hungry catfish sized him up and, with distended jaws, approached and gulped him down without a thought of whom he was. Imprisoned in the stomach of this monster of the deep, poor Jonah sat him down awhile to meditate and weep. He thought of all his past career, of how he tried to sneak away from honest duty, and a tear bedewed his cheek; and there and then he promised, if he ever got on shore, he'd labor in the vineyard of his master evermore. Meantime the fish was taken sick and seemed about to die—the dinner of three days before would not digest, and why? The reason was self-evident; it was no earthly use to think that sin and clothes could be dissolved in gastric juice. Forthwith the fish approached the land, within a league or more, gagged once, heaved twice and landed Jonah safe upon the shore. And Jonah kept his promise, for he started out to preach, proclaiming joyful tidings to all men within his reach. Success was with him from the start; he never lost his hold till every soul in Ninevah was safe within the fold. Now, mark the change! When trouble overtakes a modern man, and no escape seems possible by any earthly plan, like Jonah, he will promise better things if one more chance is given as an answer to his humble "song and dance." But let the wave of trouble spew him out upon the strand, and all his resolutions are as shifting as the sand. Since then when April comes about and people congregate upon the river banks to fish and heavy yarns relate, both old and young have striven to concoct a fishing tale more taxing to credulity than Jonah and the whale. Bix.

CAUSE OF FINANCIAL PANICS.

In a recent review article on financial panics J. W. Bennett gives as his interpretation of the phenomena that the annual interest charges on the capital employed are in excess of the annual increase of wealth. He places the interest charges of the past decade at thirty billions, and he states that the increase of wealth for the same period was only twenty-two millions. As a necessary consequence, he says, whenever the capitalists call in the principal there is a collapse; but the fact that many persons are creditors as well as debtors puts off the final accounting. In addition, there is the in-

terest on public debts, and the general costs of government, amounting to nearly nine billions in a decade, making in all seventeen billions of dollars as the sum which the assets of the citizens of the United States fall behind their indebtedness every ten years. What wonder then, he asks, that the business of the country has to go periodically into the hands of a receiver in order to straighten out its accounts and begin anew? Creditors are obliged to take part of their claims, as there is not enough to pay the whole. Debts are cancelled and a new start is made. The wealth is lent out again; interest is paid again until the burden gets too large and another crash comes. This explanation of the causes of financial panics serves to point the moral that there is something radically wrong in the system of charging interest on loans. Mr. Bennett's maxim is that labor alone is productive, that wealth has within it the essential quality of decay, not of growth, and that if the borrower provides against decay, and returns the capital intact, he amply compensates the owner for the loan.

POTPOURRI.

Life is such a pitiful thing that its tragedies would move a heart of stone, and we often wonder if even the gods at the mill do not sometimes water the grists with their tears.

We shall see a gleam of the millenium when the fellows who are so handy with moral advice to other folk, begin to make personal applications.

That woman makes me tired!

Well I should say so. She'd tire out anything with less endurance than gutta serena.

Heaven knows what she's made of; I'm sure I cannot conceive.

Once in so often she comes to Lincoln on a shopping "exertion," and I figure as the calf for the burnt offering. I've tried to be polite, but I'm done.

She can forswear my friendship, call me names, heap ignominy on me in any way, if she'll just never say "shopping" to me again.

Wait till I tell you.

We went to Herpolsheimer's. She had come to town to buy a China silk dress. In five minutes we had every piece of silk in that department on the counter.

She chewed corners of that silk; she raveled out threads, she crossed it between her fingers and then said, "I believe we'll go down to Miller & Paine's." We went. The worn out clerk looked after us as though he hoped we'd stay. She performed the same way there. The clerk's amiability did not hold out as well as the one in Herpolsheimer's.

She was chewing about the seventh corner, when he abruptly asked, "Do you want a dress pattern madam?" "I'll see," she calmly answered, then turning to me, "Let's go to another place and look." I was mortified, ashamed, mad; I was getting to hate the very sight of her, but I had control enough to follow her out, with a sickly smile on my face, and we found Krug's.

Performance No. 3; time 30 minutes. And then—"I believe I like Herpolsheimer's silks best after all." What! Face that clerk twice in one day with that woman?

Not if I have my senses left. I take her to the entrance and leave her—tell of an appointment I must keep that moment with my lawyer, then get away and travel fast for fear she'll catch me again.

Talk about dry goods clerks. I'd want a salary of ten dollars a day.

She gets 'round to the house in time for supper, fresh as a lark. I was worn out—limp. "How about the dress?" I asked. "Well, I didn't get one; they were'n't so very cheap after all. I think I'll send up to Morse's."

Her purchases consisted of four pair of hose, six handkerchiefs, and three yards of black gimp, and—my day. She didn't pay for the latter; I had that bill to settle. She said she'd be in again in June and I've got a quarantine card handy to tack up if I discover her in time.

AUGUSTA L. PACKARD.

Mrs. Languish. "Tired! Oh, so tired all the time!" Mrs. Smart. "Well, so I used to be until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine, and now I don't know what it is to have that tired feeling. Try it, my dear; only be sure you get Ayer's."

New dress goods—new wash goods, just received at Herpolsheimer & Co.'s

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