A NEVERIS

pullight, sore, hen fades the last faint gleam of our

mg #6. love guides the helm; Then swiftly sails my

Weary years,

ore your face As years ago it beamed upon my own; se limpid eyes, Whose lovelit smiles were once

I feel your hand So gently smooth the stray locks from Methinks I bear

You say, "The past is all the pre-

. bt me dream The while in mem'ry's castle that I dwell, I dread to waken, lest I break the spell.

I bear a ernah. My fragile bark, the seething waves close o'er, as but the wreck

Of that bright dream upon Reality's Shore.

QUAKER DETECTIVE.

E were five passengers in all; two ladles on the back seat, a middle-aged gentlems and a Quaker on the middle, and typelf on the front.

The two ladies might have been mether and daughter, aunt and niece, everness and charge, or might have estained any other relationship which makes it proper for two ladies to travel erether unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was orightly and talkattive. He soon breck up an acquaintance with the la-Mea, toward whom, in his seal to do. rather overdid, the agreeable bowe smiling, and chattering over his Soulders in a manner suggestive, at time of life, of a "erick" in the neck. No was evidently a gay Lothario.

The Quaker wore the uniform of his and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credby doing, to simple "yeas" and "mays." As for myself, I make it an Myariable rule of the road to be merea looker-on and listener.

Soward evening I was aroused from of those reverles into which a wang man, without either being a poet a lever, will sometimes fall, by the crupt query from the talkative gen-

"Are you armed, sir?" "I am not," I answered, astenished,

doubt visibly, at the question. "I am sorry to hear it," he replied, for before reaching out stopping-place

will be several hours in the night, we must pass over a portion of the send on which more than one robbery reported to have been committed. The indies turned pale, but the stran-

did his best to reassure them Not that I think that there is the dightest danger at present," he remmed; "only when one is responsible the safety of ladies, you know, meh a thing as a pistol in reach would materially add to one's confidence. Your principles, my friend," addressthe Quaker, "I presume, are as which opposed to carrying as to using ernal weapons?"

'Yea," was the response. "Have the villains murdered any of Beir victims?' the elder lady nervousinquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with-with plundering them?" added e younger, in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable centleman hastened to give assurance; and as we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, nothme worse than robbery can befall us."

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessmes in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in efforts to mise the spirits of the company, and succeeded so well by the time night set in that all had quite forgotten, or mly remembered their fears to laugh

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hourse. Perceiving which, he mok from his pocket a package of newly invented "cough candy," and after passing it first to the ladies he beinat himself to the balance, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of high enco miums on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on its being taken by suc when a shrill whistle was heard, immediately the coach stopped while two faces, hideously blackened, presented themselves, one at each win-

"Borry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow two ladylike screams from the back sest; "but business is business," and ours will soon be over if things go

moothly."
"Of course, gentlemen, you will spare, as far as may be consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies?" appealed the polite pas-cenger, in his blandest manner.

"Oh, certainly; they shall be first atended to, and shall not be required to have their places or submit to a scarch. so their conduct renders it neces

ing in the light of the mach lamp, "be so good so to pass out your purses watched, and with other trinkets as may be accessible without much tree

and were no further mole

One by one the rest of us were selled to get out, the middle-aged gen tleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a Chesterfield.

My own affair, like the sum I lost, was scarcely worth mentioning. The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly nanued over ais pocketbook and watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables said "Nav."

A Quaker's word is good even among thieves, so, after a hasty "good-night," the robber thrust his nisted into his nock et, and with his two companions, one of whom held the reins of the leaders. was about taking his departure.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in tone more of command than request, "Stop! what for?" returned the other, in evident surprise.

"For at least two good reasons," was the reply, emphasized with a couple of Derringers cocked and presented. "Help!" shouted the robber.

"Stop!" the Quaker again exclaimed, "and if one of thy sinful companions advances a step to thy relief, the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains

The robber at the opposite window and the one at the leaders' heads thought it a good time to leave,

"Now get in, friend," said the Que ker, still covering his man, "and take the middle seat; but first deliver up thy

The other besitated. "Thee bud better not delay; I feel the spirit beginning to move my right fore-

anger. The robber did as he was directed. and the Quaker then took his place by his side, giving the newcomer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was half frightened out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prow

"You're a rum Quaker, you are. Why, you don't quake worth a cent."

"I am not a 'Shaking Quaker,' if that is what thee means."

"Of the 'Hickory, or rather the 'Old Hickory' stripe, I should say," retorted the lively man; but the Quaker relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation lagged.

Time sped, and, soener than we expected, the coach stopped where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had deferred a redistribution of our effects till we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat difficult before.

It was now necessary, however, that It should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postpone ment till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an approach of abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm, " 'business before pleasure,' and for business there is no time like the present."

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to me, still keeping his hand in a friendly way on the

I did so, but not one of the stolen ticles could be found

"He must have gotten rid of them in the coach," the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately effered to go and search

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the Derringers was leveled at his

"Stir a hand or foot and you are dead man."

The Quaker must have been awfully excited so as to forget both the language and the principles of his persunsion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand. with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement he went to work on Lothario, from whose pockets, in less time than it takes to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amasement of the ladies, who had begun in no measured terms to remonstrate against the shameful treatment

the gentleman was receiving. The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle-sged friend-who didn't look so near middle-aged when his wig was off-was the chief. The robbery bad been adroitly planned.

The leader of the gang had taken possession of a seat in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping-

The result was that both, for a sea-"did the State some service."-True Fing.

The Blue Lobster Is Rare. One of the very rarest of all marine creatures, the "wandering fish" not exepted, is the crustacean known as the ndigo lobster. During the years 1800-1 the lobster men of New London, Conn., caught five of these wonders, two of in the Fisher Island sound. Lobsters of that variety are so exceedingly rare that it is not known that more than two of that kind had ever been captured before is the history of the world. The capture of two blue lob-sters off the coast of Mains in 1804 was OWNS A RARE CUIN.

One of the Three 1804 Dollars Pop

L. E. Altwein, of St. Joseph, Mo., is now the happy possessor of an "1804" si'ver dollar. The value of this rare coin, only three of which are knows to be in existence, is \$1,000. Mr. Altwein secured it from an Illinois man. with whom he has been negotiating for a long time. It will be a valuable addition to his collection, which is considered one of the best in the United States. The history which attaches to the dollars coined in 1804 is peculiarly interesting. Out of the 7,000 which came out of the United States mint all but a few disappeared in a lump. In the year 1798 the United States

went to war with Algiers. The differences were finally settled by the United States agreeing to pay \$800,000 for the liberation of American seamen who had been imprisoned, and \$23,000 for the promise of Algiers to leave American merchantmen alone. In 1801 war broke out between Tripoli and the United States. In 1804, this last war be ing then still in progress, the United States frigate Philadelphia was seized off the coast of Tripoli. On board this ressel was a sum of money aggregating. \$23,000, destined for Algiers, in payment of a portion of the war indemnity. The night after the Philadelphia was seized Commodores Prebble and Morris sailed into the harbor, with sixty men on board their vessels, and recaptured the frigate. The \$23,000, which included nearly all of the 7,000 1804 dollars, had, however, been taken from the vessel. The sum was never recovered and the silver is probably still lying in some marbled Moorish eastle, carefully guarded among the heirlooms of some semicivilized orient al potentate.-Kansas City Journal.

ground.

QUED STOPE

In Hungary whisky is distilled from turnips, maize, potatoes and molasses. In some parts of Africa slaves are still the basis of all financial reckon-

The body of a man weighing 154 pounds centains forty-six quarts of

The steam power of Great Britain represents the combined strength of

1,000,000,000 men. When once filled in, a Moslem grave when once filled in, a Moslem grave being in complicity with wickedness, a never reopened on any account. To Whichever way he does they would how avoid the faintest chance of its being at him. thus defiled, a cypress tree is planted after every interment, so that the cemeteries resemble forests, and are quite decorative.

The most awkward man in the world without doubt lives in Tennessee. He recently shot a dog, and in explaining the accident to the dog's owner shot him. Later, in showing how the tragedy occurred, he shot the coroner. He has been liberated now for fear he will try to explain it to somebody else.

The theaters in Japan have a novel which are positively non-transferable. When a person wishes to leave the theater before the close of the performprints upon the palm the mark of the raphy in the dust he looks up and finds establishment.

While cowhide has long been used for various purposes, though its place has now been taken to a considerable extent by other and cheaper leathers, it is used, for example, in making superior suspender tips, and its use in making military belts is familiar. For this purpose it is made up with the flesh side out, and the belts are whitened, as occasion may require, with chalk or pipe clay.

How Bleeplesaness May Be Cared. Among devices found to control insomnia the Medical Register mentions the following: The sound of water dropping slowly and steadily into a pan occupies and quiets the brain. This is count sheep going over a fence, and do an expression be permissible. A former victim of insomnia cured himself by keeping the eyeballs looking down. Another kept rolling them in one direction with good effect, repeating, meanwhile, spirations by the mouth and expirations by the nostrils, conceiving the sir as currents, have been found effectual. All intellectual exercise should be stopped half an hour before bedtime. A tumbler of milk, instead of the usual copious draughts of water, taken during sleeplessness, will often help to overcome it.

Great le Truth.

The late Mr. Froude once stated that he never found any Boer who was not truthful. A friend of his was visiting the Transvasi, and, to an ex-diplomat, who knows the people thoroughly, he expressed absolute reliance on the word of the historian.

"Well," said the diplomat, "I will give you proof to the contrary at this very moment." And, calling to an old farmer, who had evidently from his appearance, come into Pretoria from a feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temlong distance, he said, in Taal:

"Are you not the man to whom promised a present last Christmas?" "Yes," snewered the old fellow

where do you live?" "There is your truthful Boer: I neve saw the man before."

Japanese Symbol of Affection Instead of an engagement ring the Japanese lover gives his sweetheart or of beautiful silk for her sast.

Red-Haired English. It is estimated that one English p son in every twenty-four has red hair. Half the people work too much, while

that memorable day in Herod's temple h V this discourse Dr. Talmage gives stooped down and wrote on the ground. heroic treatment of a delicate subject How Christ Writes.

and applies to modern society the les son taught by Christ on a memorable oc casion; text, John viii., 6, "Jesus stooped down and with his finger wrote on the You must take your shoes off and put on the especial slippers provided at the door if you would enter the Mohammedan mosque which stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar had thundered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built, because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together, and doned world, a dead world. they would not equal that structure. covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering baluetrades and ornamented gateways. building of this temple kept 10,000 work men busy forty-six years.
In that stupendous pile of pomp and

magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about him when a wild dis turbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed a crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that he sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If he say, "Let ber die," they will charge him with cruelty. If he let her go, they will charge him with

Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which he was sitting and goes down on one knee or both knees, and with the forefinger of his right hand he begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that he settle this case of traregression, until he looked up and told them they might themselves begin the woman's assassination if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go shead, but be sure that the man who flings the first method of issuing pass-out tickets, missile is immaculate." Then he resumed writing with his finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what he had written, the scoundrels skulked away. he holds out his right hand. The door- ers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when keeper then, with a rubber stamp, im- Christ has finished his strange chirogthe weman all alone.

A Divine Judge.

The prisoner is the only one of the court room left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorney having cleared out. Christ is victor, and he says to the woman: "Where are the prosecutors in this ease? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you. Go and sin no more." ground. For do you realize that is the only time that he ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of The wisest being such a correspondence. the world ever saw, and the one who had more to say than any one who ever lived. never writing a book or a chapter or a paragraph or a word on parchment! Noth ing but the literature of the dust, and the principle on which we are told to one sweep of a brush or one breath of a

any sort of automatic thinking, if such | Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the 700,000 books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Calin Omar were used as fuel to heat the 4.000 with good effect, repeating, meanwhile, baths of the city, not one sentence had a certain word or number. Long in Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British museum or Berlin or Vienna or the learned reposi tories of all nations not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that he ever wrote he wrote in dust, uncer tain, shifting dust.

My text says he stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straigh up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust he must bend clear over. Are, he must get at least on one knee or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that he stooped down. His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from releatial homage to monocratic jeer. From had to fall to designate his landing place. back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galple. If in January you have ever stopsed out of a prince's conservatory that low zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celes-tial to terrestrial. How many heavens least three, for Paul was "caught up into

heaven to the second heaven and from second heaven to first heaven, grow second heaven to first heaven, down swifter than meteors ever fell, down amid stellar splendors that himself sclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the banquet of the thins to the basing of felt for the

breakfast on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. From the homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of 621/2 cents of tax to Caesar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The up-lifted wave of Galilee was high, but he had to come down before with his feet he could touch it, and the whirlwind that arose above the billow was higher yet, but he had to come down before with his lip he could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that went before and self abnegations that came after when on

Whether the words he was writing were in Greek or Latin or Hebrew, I cannot say, for he knew all those languages, but he is still stooping down and with his finger writing on the ground. In the winter in letters of crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers, in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and emblazon this world could we see Christ's caligraphy all over it! This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for a half second takes his hand off of it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a de funct world, an obsolete world, an aban-Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, Let there be snowflakes to enrich and says, Come, ye blossoms, and make redolent the orchards, and in September colors and swings them into the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without him was not anything made that was made."

Christ writing on the ground. If you could see his hand in all the par ing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric, and again we would hear him say, as of old, "Consider the liles of the field, how they grow," and we would not hear in the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brown thrasher without saying: "Behold the fowle of the air. They gather not in barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth and a Dominic hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood but we vould hear Christ saying, as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon." could not dip the seasoning from the saltcellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt bath lost its savor it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden

under foot of men." What right have we to threw away one of God's Bibles-aye, the first Bible he ever gave the race? We talk about the Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest testament contains the les sons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testa-Moses was put affoat on the boat of leaves which was calked with asphaltum or reject the Genesis that was written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, not When Deity stoops down and writes on the ground,

The Bible In Nature would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the pa-per mill, but I would urge appreciation of Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun. "No," said he. "I have so much to sun. heaven." And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God we would not have time to go much farther than the first grass blade. I have no fear that patural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who after the telescope was invented would not look through it lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope.

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pellmell. Nothing will flay man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott of olden times was preaching he exclaimed, "For aught I know there may be a mur-derer in this house." And a man rose from the assemblage and started for the murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, But what did Christ write on the

The Bible does not state, yet as Christ never wrote smything except that once you cannot blame us for want-I am certain he wrote nothing trivial or nothing unimportant, and will you allow me to say that I think I know what he wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but, kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypo-crites who were a self appointed constab-ulary and having in his presence a perse-cuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sine, I am sure he wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating, and the one word was "hypocrist," and the other word was "forgiveness."

From the way these Pharicece and

scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air as Christ, with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them I know they were first-class hypocrites. It was as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are, twenty stout men arresting and ar-raigning one weak weeman! Magnificent

the city and fastened at the feet precipice, the scribes and Pharison of the autistication precipice, the scribes and Pass ed the satisfaction of each of dropping a big stone on her her was the style of capital punis they asked for. Some people have to the responsibility of saying that O never laughed, but I think as he never laughed, but I think as he saw those men drop everything, chagrised, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in he must have laughed. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read k. All of those libertines dramatizing indig-nation against impurity! Blind bats lec-turing on optics! A flock of crows on their way up from a carcase denouscing

Rebuking Hypocriny. Yes, I think that one word written Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the singer of Christ was the awful word hypocrisy. What pretensions to sanctity are the part of those hypocritical Pharisees! When the fox begins to pray, look out for your chickens. One of the cruel magnates of olden times was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form—"In the name of God, Amen." "Stop!" says the martyr. "Don't say in the name of God!" Yet how many outthe name of God!" rages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity! When in synods and conferences ministers of the gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind about a member, they alm

grace before meal. But I am sure there was another wor in that dust. From her entire manner am sure that arraigned woman was re pentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved him, and when he stooped down to write on the ground he wrote that mighty,

ways begin by being ostentatiously plous,

to the heavenly flavor of the prelude

the venom of their assault corresp

About to devour a reputation, they

that imperial word, forgiveness.

When on Sinai God wrote the law, he wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel inte the hard granite surface. But when he writes the offense of this woman he writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it, oh, he was a merciful Christ! I was reading of legend that is told in the far East ab him. He was walking through the streets of a city, and he saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said, "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another; "his ears are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said another; "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said, "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning the dead dog, said, "Why, this must be Jesus of Nasareth?" Reproved and

convicted, they went away.

Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true! Kindness in all his words and ways and habits! Forgiveness.

"ympathy for the Penitent. I must not forget to say that as Chris stooping down, with his finger wrote on the ground it is evident that his sympa-thies are with this penitent woman and that he has no sympathy with her hypo-critical pursuers. Just opposite to that is the world a habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for excertation and capital punishment? No, no! They everlook that in a man which they demn a woman, and so the world has had for offending woman scourges and objurgetion, and for just one offense she become an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomie for twenty years the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in high places. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeaner in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great cap itals upon ineffaceable marble.

For foreign lords and princes, where spectable circles abroad because they are walking lasarettos of abomination, seme of our American princesses of fortune wait and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forcles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like a foreigner, and I like an American, but the sickest creature on the earth is an American playing the foreigner. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them slike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in write the other in dust. "No, no," the world; "let woman go down and let man go up." What is that I hear plash-ing into the Hudson or Potomae at midnight? And then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel work grind right on.
But while I speak of Christ of the

his stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the the dust. It is the most tremendous of all literature. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nine-veh, he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompell have only been the unclasping of the lide or a volume of a nation's dust, when Admiral Parragut and his friends visited that resurrected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened, and a table was spread in that house which 1,810 years had been buried by volcanies. ernption, and Farragut and his g walked over the exquisite mession under the beautiful freeco, and it al seemed like being entertained by who eighteen conturies ago had turn