

THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENSCHOTER & GIBSON, Eds and Pubs.
LOUP CITY, ILL. NEB.

Stockholm University has granted the first degree of Doctor of Medicine given a woman in Sweden to a Frau-jein Anna Stecksén.

Tennessee cotton planters are sending out large orders for turkeys in an effort to save the crop from destruction from grasshoppers, which have appeared this season in enormous numbers. This turkey eats all the time he is awake and prefers grasshoppers to anything else, while a grasshopper diet results in wonderfully fine turkeys.

A story from Scranton, Pa., says Rev. Mr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon of Boston, has been made trustee of a most remarkable fund, Mrs. Ella M. Amerman, who died recently in Massachusetts, bequeathed a fund of \$10,000 to Mr. Dixon in trust, the income to be devoted to the care of her two horses and her pet dog. This will be admitted to probate in Scranton.

After consulting with substantial colored men in all parts of the country, Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., has decided to assist in the organization of a National Negro Business League. The object of this organization is to encourage colored people, through the central organization and local organizations, to enter all avenues of business. The first meeting will be held in Boston on August 23 and 24.

Mississippi and Georgia have abandoned the system of hiring out convicts, but have employed them to advantage on farms, especially in raising cotton. This form of employment has been found to work the least injury to free labor and to assure the best returns. Both states have made a profit out of their convict farms, and the farms have been freed from the hardships and cruelties to convicts inseparable from the lease system.

In December, 1899, the Hon. Sho Nemoto brought forward a bill, in the lower house of the imperial diet of Japan, forbidding the smoking of tobacco by persons under 18 years of age, imposing a fine not only upon offenders, but also upon those selling to such persons. The bill was referred to a committee. This committee, after a full discussion of the merits of the question, reported favorably, making the age 20 instead of 18. On the 19th it was passed, most of the leading members of the house heartily approving the bill. From this it is easy to reason why Japan is becoming the great nation of the far east.

It took so much money to pay the salaries of municipal officials in St. Joseph, Mo., that there was little or none left for new streets and other improvements. The officeholders wanted to meet the emergency by increasing the taxes, but the mayor thought he saw a better way, and filled many of the high priced offices with business men and others who could afford to serve without salaries. Then, we are told, the street department "boomed." It does not follow that this would always be a wise thing to do, but there is no question of the soundness of the general principle that limiting one's expenditure may serve the same purpose as increasing one's income.

Through the death of David Dwight Wells of Norwich, Conn., Harvard University, Williams College and the City Library of Springfield, Mass., will each receive \$37,000. Mr. Wells was born in Norwich. He was an extensive traveler and had a wide reputation as a playwright and author. For several years he lived in London, England, being assistant secretary of the American Legation during the second administration of President Cleveland. It was while living in England that he secured the material for his most successful book, "Her Ladyship's Elephant," which was published some time ago, and also for his most recent work, "His Lordship's Leopard," which has appeared within the last few months.

Discussing a bill in the house of commons for the legislative reform of the drama, a distinguished English statesman insisted that reform could come from but one source, public opinion. Improper jests and songs, if men and women would avoid laughing at them, would speedily fall into disuse. As a good example of the force of public opinion, the American commissioners to The Hague Peace Conference last summer refer to over one thousand telegrams, letters, and memorials of sympathy received by them. The fact that the whole American nation was backing its commissioners had a most important bearing in the council, and was the means of completely reversing the attitude toward international arbitration of one great European nation.

A convict in Sing Sing prison, who was in the bird business in New York, and has made the taming of birds a study, has, while temporarily engaged at work outside the north prison wall, caught and tamed a young robin. The bird comes to him when he whistles to it and perches itself upon his finger. Sometimes it goes with him to his cell at night, and perches on his book-shelf. It is entirely at home in the prison. In the morning it goes out with him and stays around while he is at his work.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DRAWN A LESSON FROM A NOBLE WOMAN'S LIFE.

To Those Engaged in Alleviating Human Distress—Self Sacrificing Work Assured of a Rich Reward Hereafter—Praise for the Needle.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfisch.)
Dr. Talmage, who is still traveling in northern Europe, has forwarded the following report of a sermon in which he utters helpful words to all who are engaged in alleviating human distresses and shows how such work will be crowned at the last; text, Acts ix, 39, "And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Joppa is the most absorbing city of the orient. Into her harbor once floated the rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples of Jerusalem were built, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the building and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully into her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them, and as she goes out the lane eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a high paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home and sees his little boy well clad and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp. Dorcas brought the oil. In another place a family that had not been at table for many weeks are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why have we not seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate telling the stages of a king's disease is more anxiously waited for than the news from this benefactress. Alas, for Joppa there is wailing, wailing. That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm, wherever there is hunger and no bread, wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes and frantic gesticulations as they cry, "Dorcas is dead!"

The Miracle of Peter.

They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of the place, stopping with a tanner of the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead. What demonstration of grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amid the excited crowd, so he orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of him who is the resurrection he cries, "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart flutters; the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes; the eye opens; she sits up!

We see in this subject Dorcas the disciple, Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the lamented, Dorcas the resurrected.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not charmed and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needle-work of this woman I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of tomorrow, I charge you in the name of God and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, O women, that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for

God and being at peace with him. When the trumpet shall sound, there will be an uproar and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amid the rising of the dead and amid the boiling of yonder sea and amid the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ—calm notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the glidings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventide with laughter and shouting, "Dorcas the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

Praise of the Needle.

Further, we see Dorcas the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plow. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity, and beneficence. It adorned the girdle of the high priest, it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle, it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon, it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's backlog and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the gospel, it has overcome the host of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer are constructed.

Amid the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of the charities of the needle. This woman was a representative of all those who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute, bearing that gospel which is sight for the blind and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman, and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of the city of Joppa were to be relieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying, "Hush your miserable howling!"

Woman's Benevolence.

I am glad there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box. The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine-stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII. of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the sanitary and Christian commissions or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain the women of the north met the women of the south on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas, the benefactress.

I come now to speak of Dorcas, the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in the town of Joppa! I suppose there were women there with larger fortunes, women, perhaps, with handsomer faces, but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean sea, dashing against the wharfs at that seaport, than there were surges to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmixed. There may be a very large funeral, there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse, there may be some high sounding eulogiums, the bell may toll at the cemetery gate, there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place, but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated. It is only a gumbler ceasing to find fault. It is only an idler stopped yawning. It is

only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar, while on the other hand no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God cries out like the prophet, "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen!" Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning because Dorcas is dead. When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave, there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her, but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because when they lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities? There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum, but in the damp cellars of the city and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Resurrection of Dorcas.

I speak to you of Dorcas, the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was and said, "Arise, and she sat up!" In what a short compass the great writer put that, "She sat up!" Oh, what a time there must have been around that town when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What a clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected!

You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to fifty years of age, serving God, and then dies we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No, his influence on earth will continue till the world ceases. Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self-denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is 15 years since she went away. Now the spirit of God descends upon that church, hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that Christian woman, who went away fifteen years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected!

After awhile all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others, some one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be, but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb, and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep!

NEW KIND OF FLY.

Spider, Fooled by Tuning Fork Dance on It.

An astonished, but apparently satisfied spider, was one upon which a gentleman recently made an experiment. The result of his investigations is told in Public Opinion. While watching some spiders one day, it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He had a strong suspicion that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. Selecting a large, fat spider that had long been feasting on flies, he sounded the fork and touched a thread of the spider's web. The owner was at one edge of his web, and the thread selected was on the other side. Over his wonderful telephone wires the buzzing sound was conveyed to the watching spider, but from his position he could not tell along which particular line the sound was traveling. He ran to the center of the web in hot haste, and felt all round until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding. Then, taking another thread along with him as a precautionary measure, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. At this point he found out his mistake. He retreated for a short distance, and stopped to survey this new buzzing creature which should have been a fly, but was strangely unlike any insect he had ever seen. At length, apparently convinced that the object at the outer edge of his web was more suitable for amusement than for an article of diet, he got on it again and danced with pleasure. It was evident that the sound of the fork was music to him.

Jones—"That bald-headed man is using hair restorers. He must be contemplating matrimony."—Johnson—"Very likely he's just got a divorce."—New York Journal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, JULY 29—LUKE 9: 28-36.

"This Is My Beloved Son; Hear Him!"— Luke 9: 35—The Conference of the Glorified Three—The Voice from the Cloud.

28. "About an eight days." Matthew says after six days. Luke counts the parts of days before and after the six entire days. "After these sayings." The announcement of his coming death and resurrection in our last lesson. The prospect before him may have shadowed his own spirit. "He took Peter and John and James." It was the same favored three who had gone with Jesus into the room where he raised Jairus' daughter. "And went up into a mountain." Matthew says, "a high mountain apart," far from the madding crowd. "Scholars are coming to the unanimous conclusion that the mountain was Hermon," whose top is nine thousand feet above the sea. "To pray." As usual with Jesus in all crises—was he at that time that "in the days of his flesh he offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying tears" (Heb. 5: 7). 29. "And as he prayed." Greek, "in his praying," during his prayer, and in answer to his prayer. "The fashion" (or appearance) of his countenance was altered. Matthew says he "was transfigured before them." "And his raiment was white and glistening." R. V., "dazzling." Matthew says, "white as the light," and Mark, "so as no fuller on earth can white them." The inner light shone through his garments. 30. "There talked with him two men." Human beings. "Which were Moses and Elias." The Greek form of Elijah. These persons were really present. It was not a vision—Schaff. The implication is that the disciples not only saw the appearance, but recognized in the persons Moses and Elijah, as is evident from Peter's proposition (v. 33)—Abbott. "Who appeared in glory." In their glorified bodies; something like that of the transfigured Jesus, but with less radiance. "And spake of his decease." Of his exodus (in the Greek), his going out of this evil world, as the Israelites from the bondage of Egypt. "Departure" is the same time, the ideas both of death and ascension. "Which he should was about to accomplish at Jerusalem." By being crucified as he had foretold them just before (vs. 21-27), and rising again from the dead.

32. "Were heavy with sleep." Through their hard climb, and a long season of prayer, but they overcome the drowsy influence and kept awake. "When they were awake." R. V., "were fully awake," which phrase "is one word in the original, and means having watched through, having remained awake, for they had overcome the force of sleep."—Thayer's Gr.-Eng. Lex.

33. "As they departed." Were departing. Lit. in their departing. "Peter." With his natural impulsiveness. "Master, it is good for us to be here." The experience was good, and would make him a better and more useful man all the rest of his life. "Let us make three tabernacles," or booths, woven from the branches or bushes, like those used at the Feast of Tabernacles. "Not knowing (realizing) what he said." He had not time to think what was best, to see all the effects of his plan, and how little it could do toward accomplishing his desire that they should remain and prepare for the inauguration of the glorious Messiah. "While he thus spake." Here was a wise answer to a foolish prayer, denying the petition in order to grant the best answer. "There came a cloud." A bright cloud (Matthew), like the Shekinah of old, betokening the immediate presence of the Father—Sadler. Like the pillar of cloud and fire in the wilderness, the shining cloud on Mount Sinai; the dazzling cloud that once filled the tabernacle and the temple. "And overshadowed them." The whole company, for "they entered into the cloud." "It was first above them, and then seemed to descend over them and envelop them."—Sadler.

35. "And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, 'This is my beloved Son.'" God now gives his testimony. "Hear him." He is worthy of your attention and obedience. He is my messenger, and speaks the truth, the truth you need. 36. "And when the voice was past," the disciples fell on their faces in great terror (Matthew). Jesus came and "touched them, and said, 'Arise, and be not afraid.'" Then they looked up, and "Jesus was found alone. And . . . told no man in those days." As Jesus commanded them, "until the Son of man be risen again from the dead" (Matthew). Because (1) they could not fully understand its meaning until then, so as to tell it aright, as to Jesus' nature, his death, his resurrection, the future life. (2) Those to whom they told it could still less comprehend its full meaning, and would misunderstand and pervert it. (3) It would give the disciples ability to comprehend Jesus as raised from the dead, and to feel the reality of his perpetual presence after his resurrection. Its chief value would be at that time.

"The Descent from the Mount."—When the disciples came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, they found themselves in a wicked world, confronting its evils, and with abundance of common work to do and daily battles to fight. The first thing they met was symbolical of the work this experience would help them to do—a demonic boy, whom the other disciples could not relieve, but from whom Jesus cast out the demons. (1) They were to take their heavenly experience with them down into the sinful, suffering world below. It was not to be a mere life-a-dream, a vision, but a power to transfigure life and men. (2) The blessing was not lost because the experience did not continue. The transfiguration was a power, a comfort, a help all the rest of their lives. (3) To retain the value of the experience, it was necessary to go down from the mount and use it in making the world better. It was by shining in the darkness that the light would retain its radiance.

Thackeray Her Ideal Girl
In Lewis Melville's recent life of Thackeray is a diverting description of the first meeting of the great novelist and Charlotte Brontë. She had formed an ideal and expected him to live up to it, and austere little genius that she was, was inclined to be angry with her favorites if their conversation or conduct fell below her ideal.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

There are 1,143 women clergymen in the United States.
Never despair; but if you do, work on in despair.—Burke.
Proverbs are the fruits of long experience conveyed in the fewest words.
Any man, however great, will find his match in a little stick tipped with brimstone.
Cigarettes are smoked almost exclusively in Germany, Austria, Russia and Greece, and generally through Europe.

THE WANDERING ALBATROSS.

It Calls to Mind Coleridge's Poem "The Ancient Mariner."

The stately creature first attracted attention as it beat imperceptibly against the wind from the distant horizon, traveling in great circles toward the ship that it always had in view, says the Cornhill. Who can gauge the sight of an albatross? The eyes can be focused at will to penetrate incredible ranges, and a fragment of food cast upon the waters will rapidly allure it from distances far beyond the powers of human sight. To see the enormous bird thus circle round the ship, with wings fully expanded, though well-nigh motionless, is certainly one of the wonders of nature. The only muscular action visible is a slight tremor at the extreme points of the wings, a vibration so rapid that it cannot be detected without the most careful observation. There is no suggestion of force employed in the flight, but simply that movement which sailors understand by the word cant—a tilting of the body out of the plane—which serves to give both power and direction in space. In very calm weather there is a heavy flapping of the wings; in ratio, however, as the force of the wind increases, so muscular action disappears until a gale finds the albatross poised above the ship in midair with an easy grace which is inexplicable. Lying upon my back on the wheelbox, I have with glasses riveted the eyes of such a bird as it hovered steadily above the mast of the ship. The green irides showed that curious expansion and contraction which is the special character of bird sight. Except for a faint tremor, the wings moved not from the horizontal position; the feet were tucked away beneath the tail, and an expression of gentle confidence gave the impression of a friendly, sociable nature.

Dim ideas of Coleridge and "The Ancient Mariner" floated through my mind as I gazed in silence; there was an easy shot and the rifle was close at hand, but the murderous act was not committed. The same albatross accompanied us for days; however the wind might rage or the ship toss at the mercy of the waves, it remained in close attendance, conveying a sense of perfect rest, though hardly, if ever, still. In this lies the great secret of its attraction, and the evolutions in space are followed by the traveler with an interest that never dies.

FAMOUS FOR HONEY.

Ap Industry of Palestine in Biblical Days May Be Revived.

Biblical and other histories say that Palestine was famous for its honey in ancient times, says the New York Sun. The natives still raise a great deal of honey, but their methods have been crude, they have secured the honey only by destroying the bees and therefore their business has not been profitable. Of late years, however, their methods have been improving and the industry is now developing with the use of modern appliances. This great movement was wholly due to a Jewish family named Baldensperger that went from Switzerland in 1849 and settled near the famous pools of Solomon, seven miles south of Jerusalem. It was not until 1880 that this family made their real start in the bee business, and now, according to Consul Merrill, at Jerusalem, they are famous in their line of industry. In 1883 they carried out the novel idea of transporting their bees from one locality to another to give them fresh pasturage among the blossoms. The first experiment was to transport the hives to Yafa, a distance of twelve miles, to give the bees the benefit of the orange blossoms there. Women carry the hives on their heads all the way, each woman carrying a hive. Their product goes to Germany, Switzerland, England, and a little to France. The average yield per hive is about 100 pounds of honey, and the product is taken from the hives only during the four working months beginning in April. While ago an American named Howard heard the story of these prosperous bee raisers of Palestine while he was in that country. He visited the family and purchased from them a number of queen bees, twelve of which were still alive when he reached home, and he sold them here for \$15 apiece. In this way the bees of Palestine have been introduced into America. The Baldenspergers extract the honey without killing the bees and have taught their methods to a good many of the natives and also the Jewish "olonists who have gone to Palestine. Through the efforts of this family it is likely that Palestine will again become famous for its honey.

Beginning of a Great Career.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked the elderly philanthropist, pausing in his morning walk. The boy who had been digging at the edge of the wooden sidewalk turned a tear-stained face upward and responded: "I'm huntin' fur de penny I dropped t'rough a hole in the walk. My maw'll whup me if I don't find it." "Is that all?" the good man rejoined, feeling in his pocket for a coin. "Dry your tears, little fellow. Here's another just as good, and here is a nickel to go with it." With the warm feeling in his heart that invariably accompanies the performance of a good deed he passed on. The next day, walking abroad at the same hour, he observed a boy digging at the edge of a wooden sidewalk. "What's the matter, little fellow?" he asked. The boy turned a tear-stained face upward and said: "I'm huntin' fur a half dollar I dropped t'rough a hole in de walk. Me maw'll whup me if I don't find it!"