

# MANCHESTER



# ENTERPRISE.

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Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER

## STATE NEWS

### THE STATE'S WAR CLAIM IS TURNED DOWN BY AUDITOR.

### THE NEEDS OF THE CYCLONE-SWEPT DISTRICT ARE STILL VERY PRESSING.

### SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT ON TRIAL FOR CAUSING THE DEATH OF A PUPIL.

#### Missing Two Months.

George Shetterly, aged 68, a resident of Pokagon, has been missing from his home for nearly two months, and Kalamazoo officers have been asked to investigate his disappearance on the theory that he has been murdered.

Some time ago Shetterly bought a farm from a man named Phillips near Pokagon, and on April 29 left the home of his brothers, near Bertrand, where he had been visiting, to go to Bertrand and take the electric car to Niles, and thence to his new place. He was last seen some distance from Bertrand by a farmer named Washburn, who he talked. Last week his daughter in Dowagiac learned for the first time that he had never arrived at his farm, and notified the sheriff. Since the old man carried \$100 in gold in his pocket, she believes that he has been waylaid, robbed and murdered, and his body concealed in the swamps near where he disappeared.

#### State's War Claim.

Gov. Warner has received from the comptroller of the United States treasury a check for \$31,683.04, final payment on account of Michigan's Spanish war claim. When the first settlement was made the federal authorities rejected items aggregating some \$22,000. Subsequently congress enacted a law providing for the reconsideration of certain of these rejected items, and in accordance with this Michigan put in a claim for \$88,247.35. The auditor of the war department allowed \$31,683.04 of this claim and last November forwarded a check for this amount.

Acting on the advice of the attorney general, Gov. Bliss returned the check and took an appeal from the auditor's ruling to the comptroller of the treasury. That official has now sustained the auditor and returned the check in final settlement of Michigan's claim.

#### They Need Lumber.

Advised received by Gov. Warner from the cyclone-swept districts of Tuscola and Sanilac counties indicate that the response to the governor's recent appeal for assistance for the victims of the disaster have not been as widespread and generous as was hoped for or as the situation demands.

Gov. Warner expressed the hope that the people of the state will bear in mind the fact that about 150 houses, barns and other farm buildings, together with miles of fence and other farm property, were utterly ruined, and that the need of aid is most imperative. The greatest need is for lumber, fencing, household goods, etc. All contributions should be sent to A. A. McKenzie, chairman of the relief committee, Cass City, Mich. All railroad companies will transport contributions free of cost.

#### Coldwater Schoolboy's Death.

The case against Supt. Victor M. Staley, charged with causing the death of Philip Miller, a pupil in the fourth ward school, began Monday afternoon.

Supt. Staley asked for a change of venue. This was denied by Judge Yapple. The case excites interest in the city second only to that of the noted Katie Ludwick case, one year ago.

Milo D. Campbell and E. E. Palmer, who defended Katie Ludwick, are Mrs. Miller's attorneys, and H. H. Barlow & Son are the attorneys for the defense.

Mal. Wm. H. Kell, U. S. A., retired, has been relieved by Dr. J. A. C. at his own request.

Three Rivers doctor saved Mrs. August Sobek after she had swallowed carbolic acid because of home trouble.

The Bay City Alkali Co. has completed an organization with \$200,000 capital to manufacture alkalies by the Solvay process.

Mrs. Clara Rydorp, who graduated from the Grand Haven high school last week, had the distinction of having neither her school nor her during all of her years in the public schools of the city, nine and a half years in all.

P. C. Whitman, of Battle Creek, while riding his wheel, collided with A. M. Bishop, also a wheel. A bottle in Whitman's pocket was broken, causing a serious gash in his abdomen.

Wa. H. Decker, aged 21, of Muskegon, sole support of his widowed mother, died from fearful injuries, and S. L. King, aged 46, secretary-treasurer of the Grand Rapids Carved Moulding Co., is in a critical condition as a result of a collision with a motor car.

The jury in the case of the death of Timothy Lalonde, of Sainte Marie, brought in a verdict of accidental drowning. The relatives still insist the young man was murdered at Beaver Park the night he went there with a load of soldiers from Fort Brady.

John D. Nester, of Sycamore township, besieged his seven horses to his six sons. His daughter was to select one cow from the herd, and her brothers were each to give her \$10 to offset their rearing all the horses.

Clinton Wilcox, a wealthy bachelor of Morris, known throughout Elkhorn county, recently died. When his attorney and heirs attempted to open his safe containing some of his valuable papers, no one could be found who knew the combination, so an expert from Detroit was called in.

The action of the senate in voting Secretary Gifford \$500 for indicating the Senate Journal, is coming in for some criticism. A member of the house pointed out that Chas. R. Farnum of the house, will receive \$1000 for doing the same journal, a task that involves much more work.

The heavy rain and half-storm of Sunday night damaged Muskegon county farm roads to the extent of three miles of damage. William Shuster's barn was lifted and carried 10 feet away, a cow in the barn, being washed away by the trip. On the Ogemaw farm of Frankfort, the chimney fell, valued at \$10,000, was blown down.

Please notify me. Opportunity, what day will you be passing my house. There are so many tests ahead and I am by nature a coker. New Orleans Pictures.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

It is nothing hard for a man not to like the rich father of a girl as much as he likes her.

A man should be a mighty shark, who when he goes swimming does not give up his private shark to give up to his private shark.

### IN THE STATE.

Richard Stewart, a Battle Creek laundryman, was sandbagged and robbed of a \$150 diamond ring, a \$100 gold watch and \$18 in cash.

The recently completed census shows that Lansing has 34,851 residents, an increase of 22 per cent since the census was taken in 1900.

A boy 14 years old stole a rig belonging to Patrick Green, of Monroe, that was hitched on the street. The rig was traced to Saginaw, but there lost track of.

On account of the trouble between the Consolidated Mining Co. of Bay City, and its employees the four mines of the company have been closed and 300 men are idle.

Hancock will hold a special election July 10 to vote on bonding the city for \$18,000 to secure funds to purchase baseball park and secure the erection of a \$50,000 hotel.

Charles Odell, aged 92 years, the third white settler in western Michigan, died at Muskegon. He had lived in Muskegon 52 years. A widow and one son survive him.

Kalamazoo Jewish residents are planning to hold a big celebration next Thanksgiving to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the landing of the first Jews in America.

Oscar Dunlap, aged 17, of Detroit, went to sleep on the tracks of the Michigan Central, near Mattawan, and awoke in eternity. Dunlap was tramping with three other young fellows.

Edwin Armstrong, aged 40, and unmarried, leaped from a boat as he was crossing Crooked lake with some companions, and cried: "Here goes nothing!" He was a heavy drinker.

The explosion of a 1,000-gallon tank in the basement during a fire at the Muskegon county courthouse caused a panic among the 50-odd inmates and a property loss of over \$75,000.

The court has ordered the drain commissioner to proceed with the straightening Paw Paw river. It will cost from \$30,000 to \$40,000, and was bitterly opposed by some of the tax payers.

Here is a fact that city folks should remember when they are poking fun at the "country Reuben." Farmers compose one-half of our population but they only commit 2 per cent of our crimes.

John L. Vasher, of Walcott, whose case puzzled several doctors, died last week. A postmortem examination brought out the fact that his heart was crowded out of place due to a recent accident.

Five horses, two cows and one calf were cremated in the burning of a barn on the farm of W. C. Haiger, near Pontiac. Large quantities of grain were also burned and the loss will reach \$2,000.

Mrs. Peter White, wife of Hon. Peter White, the noted pioneer in upper peninsula lumbering and mining, died Monday morning after an illness of several months. Mrs. White was 70 years of age.

Fully 12,000 people from Chicago were in St. Joseph Sunday, and 98 couples were married during the week. The rush is thought to be due to the rivalry Michigan City has tried to establish as a Gretna Green.

C. P. Cooley, of Kalamazoo, one of the largest harness manufacturers in southwestern Michigan, has closed his factory. He says auto and trolley lines have ruined the business, and only work harnesses are in demand.

The Grand Rapids Morning Herald has changed bands again. Ralph H. Booth of the Detroit Tribune, former proprietor of the Chicago Journal, now becomes president of the Herald Publishing Co. and principal owner.

Gov. Warner's cottage at Cass lake is nearly finished and the family will take up their residence there for the summer in about ten days. The governor says he expects to spend about one-third of his time there this summer.

The little son of Prof. E. G. Holmes, principal of the Bear Lake schools, fell on a rusty knife, with which he was playing in the yard, and the point penetrated the ball of one of his eyes. Physicians have slight hope of saving the eye.

Mrs. Effie March, of Jefferson, has made a deposition that Mrs. Mary Stockdale made a will a few years ago revoking all former wills, including that which gave her \$300,000 estate to Detroit and Buffalo hospitals, and charities.

Mrs. Matilda Cooper, of Traverse City, has been awarded \$1,000 damages in the circuit court against a bookkeeper, for having sold to her son, who was drunk, liquor while he was drunk, thereby contributing to his death.

Mrs. Sarah Smith, aged 57, of St. Joseph, was found dead in her peach orchard and, as her clothing had been torn and chewed by a cow, it was thought that she had been killed by the animal, but physicians say she died of heart disease.

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Obert C. Moore, aged 55, a druggist of Muskegon, was crushed to death in front of George Stover, James Alling and Brown. His wife was badly injured by a schooner crushing a bungalow in which they sought shelter from Sunday's storm. The fire department was called to Muskegon and the wreckage.

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## WAR NEWS

### PEACE ENVOYS TO MEET IN WASHINGTON EARLY IN AUGUST.

### THE JEWS IN WARSAW ARE IN REVOLT OVER LODZ MASSACRE.

### THE CITY OF LODZ RESEMBLES SHAMBLES FROM BLOODY BUTCHERY.

### Vicksburg Bank Affairs.

The affairs of the Vicksburg bank it would seem got in to a tangle through losing deals of President E. L. Page in cotton. No figures have been given out by the bank's officials showing the amount of shortage, but it is well established that when this is done the amount will be well up in the thousands. Farmers and mechanics constitute the bulk of the depositors and they are greatly excited. Business men continue to stand by the bank and only a day or two ago they deposited \$3,000 to help bolster up the institution. The village is hard hit, all its funds having been deposited in the bank. It is found that there is only \$34 in the village treasury, \$18 of which is in the form of a check on the defunct bank.

Cashier Kepp, who is blamed for not knowing the condition of the bank, says: "How could I be blamed for ignorance in this failure, in view of the recent developments?" Only recently I came across a case where Mr. Case had been in Kalamazoo and taken with him \$18,000 in paper on which he realized a loan of \$10,000. Sixty days later, when the loan became due, he returned to Kalamazoo, renewing the loan and leaving \$13,000 worth of paper as security and paid one of the notes for \$5,000 to R. J. Williamson, of the Kalamazoo Savings bank. It was gilt edge paper, and he never credited the transaction on the books of the bank, and I never knew of it until I went to Kalamazoo to check up our account."

On Saturday John F. Young, William L. Lederer and Joseph McElvain, three creditors, filed a petition in the United States court in Grand Rapids asking that the bank be declared bankrupt. The petition states that the liabilities of the insolvent concern total \$300,000; that the bank has but a small amount of cash on hand and can pay but a small per cent of the claims against it. It was further stated in the petition that the president was ill, that the cashier, Charles Kepp, had asked that he be declared a personal bankrupt; and the president, E. L. Page, not be disturbed by creditors.

The petition further states that the bank on June 22 purposely paid the following sums, knowing that the bank was on the verge of collapse: To Edwin C. Day, \$3,300; Alice Barr, \$1,500; W. W. Niles, \$3,000, and other sums aggregating \$17,000. Thereafter the bank closed its doors and did not further business. Judge Wanty appointed Steven B. Munroe, of the Kalamazoo Trust Co., as receiver.

#### Trouble in Warsaw.

The Jewish districts of Warsaw are now in full revolt. The shops and stores are closed and traffic has ceased. The street cars have been overturned to form the nucleus of barricades. Great crowds assembled in the streets and the ugly temper of both the populace and the troops threatens to break out in bloodshed at any moment. Thirty-four battalions of infantry are stationed in the town.

The city has the appearance of a military encampment. Infantry and Cossacks are bivouacked in the streets and patrols are circulating everywhere.

Barricades have been erected at the corners of Ogrodowa and Zelazna streets, and occasionally the crack of a rifle is heard as strikers shoot at men going to work.

Monday's conditions are the result of a proclamation issued Saturday night by the Social Democratic party of Poland and Lithuania, calling out workmen as a protest against the Lodz massacre, and declaring that in order to show the solidarity of their brethren and to protest against "the new and incessant crimes of the emperor's government," all Warsaw must stop work.

#### CERTAIN DEFEAT.

Russians Are Sure Oyama Will Win Battle.

The military experts of Russia take anything but a hopeful view of Gen. Linevitch's situation. They do not believe he can be surrounded, but apparently do not consider the possibility of a Russian victory. Linevitch's retirement to Harbin and the isolation of Vladivostok seem to be regarded as foregone conclusions, when Field Marshal Oyama strikes.

#### Knotted the Priests.

Seventy priests, who met in Georgia, Russia, recently and brutally knotted. The outrage has resulted in an interdict like that pronounced in the middle ages, of refusing to solemnize baptism, marriage or any rite of the church until redress is given by the whole orthodox church, of which the Georgia church is part.

#### Why Wallace Galt?

John F. Wallace, chief engineer of the Panama canal, and member of the commission, has resigned both these positions, the salary of which is \$30,000, to accept a \$60,000 office with a New York corporation. Mr. Wallace's retirement to Harbin and the isolation of Vladivostok seem to be regarded as foregone conclusions, when Field Marshal Oyama strikes.

#### CONDENSED NEWS.

P. H. Loud, of Pittston, S. C., has invested a machine to lay bricks with almost human intelligence and with a rapidity that disconcerts human hands 75 per cent.

John D. Rockefeler, after making his fortune in oil, has sold his oil interests to Standard Oil Co. and is now engaged in the manufacture of oil products.

John D. Madgett, of Atlanta, Ga., produces a diary which shows that in 14 years he and his wife have been dead for 13 months, and three others who had long ago severed their connection with the society were still on the payroll. The discovery was made through a study of the records of the Supt. of Insurance.

Prof. Levi, Milan, says he can cure tuberculosis by means of iodine.

Civil Engineer Walker, of the navy, is being investigated—not for graft, though it is alleged he was too severe with contractors who did the work on the Charleston navy dock.

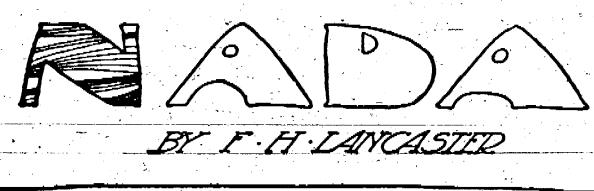






## In a Day

Night reed and swayed, the day came through.  
The light fell clear on bush and tree;  
And it was morn in Italy.  
A goatherd drove afold his goats,  
And as he went his merry notes,  
Met answering song from every spray.  
With eye a scornful maiden came,  
More lovely than the dying day;  
She set his careless heart afame.  
Then laughed and went upon her way.  
Day's crimson died into the dark,  
And one in shade were hill and tree;  
Hushed was the song of boy and lark,  
And it was night in Italy.  
—Robin Flower.



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"Caramba!" And then the assistant manager having vented his only Spanish swear word fell back on English.

"What the deuce is that din?"

Under the window were three women. One raked riot from an instrument or torture, one sang in voice of brass-bound barrenness and one stood weeping.

"Shoot the syllabus," he exclaimed softly. "If you be the musical voices and sweet guitar of Spain, may the devil fly away with your prospects. But why doth the fair one weep?"

As there was no one in the office to answer this question, and as he was quite new to Porto Rico, Pendleton set to work to piece out the song—if such it could be called—for himself.

He knew Spanish—book Spanish—but the music and the voice were too much for his translating. He shouted impatiently to them to stop the music and go slow. The older women obeyed, delighted to have attracted the attention of the rich American; all Americans are rich in Porto Rico, and the younger woman pushed her face farther into her hands. Whether she wept or whether she just stood listening to that doleful song, a true tale, he fancied, seeing how she seemed to bow beneath the shame of it. A sorry case, even for a native of Porto Rico if it was true. Pendleton hailing from a particularly prosperous section of the States was new to beggars and their wives. Besides, he could not possibly work with that demon-like din going on under his window. He went out into the street and to the woman who was weeping—or pretending to.

"See here," he said in abrupt American fashion, "what is your name?"

"Nada," she told him.

"Nada," That means nothing."

"It is my name, señor."

"It suits you," reflected the young man grimly, for she did appear to be as near nothing as any human being could be: worn to the bone with privation, barely covered with the short supply of rags that did duty as clothing.

"Is it true, what they say?" he jerked a motion toward the musicians.

"It is true, señor."

"You and your children are at home starving while your dog of a husband gambles at Ponce!"

A flash of indignation lighted her very large eyes.

"Domingo is a good boy, señor. He cannot buy bread to feed so many mouths."

"But I'll bet he can buy dulce enough for his own mouth," Pendleton snarled. "Why don't you work, then?" he demanded.

"I can get no work, señor."

"Why, I'll give you fifty cents a day to clean my office—Oh, cut that. Here's a dollar. Go get some decent clothes and then get to work!" Under the silver he had folded a five-dollar bill and as he retreated he saw Nada hurriedly hide the paper in her rags before her companions could sweep down for their thirds. They divided the dollar among them while Pendleton fed their blessings.

Nada was back in an hour quite clean and decent to sweep and dust

bright. "At any rate, there was one family in Porto Rico rescued from starvation."

Was there? A morning soon came when the children's eyes were wolfish with hunger, Nada again in rags.

"Where are your clothes?" Pendleton demanded.

Nada hid her thin face in her thin hands.

"Has your—husband come home? Ah? And he has gambled away everything you had. Ah?" he insisted.

"It is his bad luck, señor, his bad luck. Domingo is a good boy. It is his bad luck."

"I'll bad luck him," Pendleton de-

sired.

Pendleton found the body.

Clared wrathfully. But chilling his fire came the tolling of the plantation bells. Solemn and slow, and at the sound, each man gripping his trusty machete, ran toward his captain.

"Fire in the cane fields!" Pendleton shouted to his chief, but the chief was already at the door of the louver of fire.

"It's that Domingo Delgarde," he said hotly. "I saw him around here yesterday. Gambling all night! Now he has gone to sleep in the field with cigarette"—they ran from the office together.

Capitains and their squads were either already on the scene of disaster or hurrying there. Swiftly the long line of fighters stretched itself across the path of the fire. Like light the keen machetes flashed at their work. The lane opened through the thick-growing cane, acre after acre the well-trained workers swept onward and following them, came those appointed to fire against the fire. If any human being be caught now between those two lines of onrushing flame, may the Lord have mercy on his soul, for his body is doomed. It was Pendleton's first experience of a cane fire and his pulses leaped fiercely to the fierce excitement of it, the wild hurry, the danger. And yet over the roar of the fire, the crackling boom of the burning cane, the monotonous tolling of the bells, the shouts of the men and the nearby hum and ring of the flying machetes, Pendleton heard like a never-ending echo that wail of woman's woe that had broken sharply upon the chief's impatience—"Gone to sleep in the cane field with a cigarette."

Well, if the gambling husband of Nada had been the first thing burned by the fire he had started, there would be one less brute to take his children's bread and throw it to the dogs.

And yet I suppose if he did get caught in that hell over there she would be heart-broken." Pendleton reflected impatiently. "He is such a good boy." Not likely he was caught though. Not often anybody is caught in these fires. And, he shrugged shoulders that sweated, "naughts never in danger."

But some one was burned on the great hacienda of Santa Rita that day. Almost at the point of safety, within a stone's throw of the turning row that he had learned to call "callejon," Pendleton found the body. One loyal little heart would beat no more with faithful throb, one worn little body would struggle no more against famine. Bruised by last night's beating, pitifully thin, the scorched body lay where the meeting fires had caught it.

"She leaves six children," Pendleton said to the chief.

"Orphan asylum will take them," the chief answered grimly. He was a tenderhearted man. The thought that any one under his charge should have met such a death wrung him like anguish. "What in the deuce was she doing there?" he demanded.

"Looking for her dog of a husband," Pendleton said, huskily, for that poor little burned body was all that was left of Nada.

Sleeps With Four Sisters.

Roman Rivero of Mexico, eloped in succession with four sisters, deserting each in turn. His mother-in-law has had him put in jail.

## PENALTY PAID FOR FAME.

Renunciation Is Necessary for Genius in Literature.

Why is so much of our present literary output so unrelated to literature, so depressingly banal, so devoid of distinction, power and vitality? Is the answer merely that greatness is rare in all ages, and this chances to be a period of exceptional sterility? Or is it the result of the marked vulgarity of prevailing ideals? Not only our writers measure success by popularity, but the trend of criticism itself is to magnify the importance of a wide appeal.

A high degree of excellence has never won quick or wide applause; witness Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Swinburne. It cannot be too often or too emphatically repeated that literature, real additions to the realms of letters, must forego cheap successes. A difficult and determined withdrawal from prevailing ideals is demanded of those authors who would fain see English letters reinstated in the realm of bartered glory. Before we can have another poet like Browning we must have another man content to do his work unknown for twenty years and willing to pay for his own publishing. Before we have a second Tennyson we shall have to have another man who shall as well understand that there are no cheap and quick methods of forcing the poetic faculty, that the heat of our thoughts come to us in a state of wise passivity and reverent waiting. The superficial and deeper parts of our nature do not function at one and the same time. A Mary and a Martha are not combined in their highest powers in one personality. Greatness demands renunciation. We cannot flap around with the daws and yet be an eagle with eye fixed on the sun. All really fine production, says Harper's Weekly, demands a definite choice and firm adhesion, and it bears no nearer relation to popular applause and liking than a frog in a swamp to a nightingale in an oak grove.

## DUST OF THE DESERT.

Largely Made Up of Shredded Royalty, Says Traveler.

A traveler in Egypt writes: "With all its heat and dust the desert has its charms. True, the desert dust is an affliction, for when certain evil winds blow the desert is shrouded in dust—vast swirling clouds, through which no eye can see. But when the dust storms have blown over and the desert is calm again you forget the dust. For the desert dust is dusty dust, but not dirty dust. Compared with the awful organic dust of New York, London or Paris it is inorganic and pure.

"On those strips of the Libyan and Arabian deserts which lie along the Nile the desert dust is largely made up of shredded royalty of withered Ptolemies, of faded Pharaohs, for the tombs of kings and queens are counted here by the hundreds and of their royal progeny and their royal retainers—by the thousands. Those desecrated dynasties have been drying so long that they are now quite antiseptic.

"Dust of these dead and gone kings makes extraordinarily fertile soil for vegetable gardens when irrigated with the rich waters of the Nile. Their mummies are also said to make excellent pigments for the brush. Ramses and Setos, Cleopatra and Hatasu—all these great ones dead and turned to clay—when properly ground make a rich umber paint highly popular with artists."

## Latest Physical Culture Fad.

Recently an American visitor in London complained in the press that English people blew their noses with singular freedom in restaurants and other public places. Thereupon one of the newspapers said: "The American visitor who is astonished at the Englishman's performance with the pocket handkerchief is evidently unaware that this very performance is the latest thing in physical culture.

Adenoids, the fashionable malady of the twentieth century nursery, is now said by many experts to be largely caused by insufficient blowing of the baby nose, and nose blowing forms a class exercise in most enlightened systems of drill. That American visitor should attend one of Fraulein Wilke's classes at the Southwestern Polytechnic, Chelsea, to see the "trombone blast" being done as elegantly as it can be done. He would be greatly edified by the spectacle of thirty or forty ladies in gymnastic costume all blowing their noses at the word of command."

Always.

Little play for me.

That have I trod all day.

Wearied hands.

That are tired of play.

Adorned white pearls,

And toiled wild currants.

You're dad's queen of girls.

To-night and alway.

Now dad's queen of girls.

Wearied of play.

Wearied of gold.

Lie sprawled on my breast;

And sweetly to rest.

As day reddens the west.

Drifts dad's best of girls.

Dear, for all time.

For all time and always.

With we're come along.

As you climb dear, to-day.

Up in your dad's lap.

When we're come along.

Or when weary of play.

Always to me.

All your life to your dad.

Laughing with glee.

Or sorry and sad.

For all time and always.

Your bright days and dream,

Your joy and your fear.

And make your dad glad.

—Houston Post.

Fortune from Small Beginning.

Charles M. Bailey of Baileyville, Me., has made from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 as a manufacturer of oilcloth. He began in 1847 in a little barn, and now his factory covers twenty-four acres of floor space. Mr. Bailey is 85 years old but works every day, and when necessity arises still takes his place at the bench with his employees. One man has worked for him over half a century.

Persian Poet.

Samad Khan, the recently accredited Persian minister at Paris, is known throughout Persia as a lyrical poet and a practical player on the sooran.

Epopee With Four Sisters.

Roman Rivero of Mexico, eloped in succession with four sisters, deserting each in turn. His mother-in-law has had him put in jail.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS LESSON.

LESSON ONE—JULY 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.—With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles—2 Chron. 32:8.

1. A Glance Backward.—After the interval of six months, spent in studying the writings of John, we return for six months to the Old Testament, whose history we are to complete. We shall trace the downfall of Judah, the captivity and the return, reviewing also the writings of the major and minor prophets.

II. The Situation in Judah.—Ahaz, the father of Hezekiah, was the worst of Judah's monarchs. Disregarding the appeals and rebukes of Isaiah, he introduced the worship of Moloch, and other heathen abominations. He shut up the great doors of the temple, and put an end to the temple worship. The Edomites and Philistines took away much of his territory. Israel and Syria joined to lay waste to his land. He called to his aid Tiglath-pileser II of Assyria, despoiling the temple and his palace to obtain the tribute his dangerous ally required.

16. "And his (Sennacherib's) servants spake yet more." See the fuller address in 2 Kings 18:19-35. "Against the Lord God."

17. "He wrote also letters." Or "a letter," as in r. v. margin and 2 Kings 19:14. The letter would reach Hezekiah directly, but the Rab-shakeh's speech only indirectly.

18. "Then they cried with a loud voice." r. v. "And they cried," summing up what occurred before the sending of the letter. "That they might take the city." The Rab-shakeh hoped to arouse sedition within Jerusalem, that the gates might be treacherously opened to him.

19. "Against . . . God . . . as against the gods of the people." r. v. "peoples," the heathen nations. "The work of the hands of man." See the fine amplification of this thought in Ps. 15:18 and especially Isa. 40:9-11.

V. Divine Help Sought: The Prayers of Hezekiah and Isaiah.—V. 20. The shameless plea of the Rab-shakeh had no effect; the people were silent and indignant (2 Kings 18:36), obeying Hezekiah's instructions.

20. "For this cause." The receipt of the threatening letter from Sennacherib, mentioned by anticipation in v. 17. The letter appears to have been written (2 Kings 19:8-10) after the Rab-shakeh reported his failure.

III. The Assyrians Invade Judah.—2 Chron. 32:1-8; 2 Kings 18:14-16. Under the brilliant Emperor Sargon, Assyria became the greatest power in the world. Sargon's successor, Sennacherib, however, was immediately confronted with the rebellion of Mero-dach-baladan, a restless Babylonian prince who had had friendly intercourse with Hezekiah. While Sennacherib was occupied in putting down this revolt, the time seemed ripe to throw off the Assyrian yoke. Isaiah, who had protested against the entanglement in the first place, saw the madness of the attempt, and strenuously sought to prevent it. But the whole land was afire with patriotism, and we bethide the man, even the king, who dared to oppose it."

Rogers. Hezekiah withheld the annual tribute due to Assyria, and his example was followed by Sidon in the north and Ashkelon and Ekron in Philistia.

Having utterly overthrown Mero-dach-baladan, Sennacherib turned fiercely upon his rebellious provinces in the west. Sidon at once surrendered before his impetuous onset. All Syria was terrified and submitted. The allies from Egypt, marching northward, were defeated. Ekron fell, and its chief men were impaled on stakes. Turning then against his chief enemy, Sennacherib captured in

swiftness the city of Lachish, about

thirty-four miles southwest of Jerusalem. The tribute was accepted, but the invaders pressed on.

IV. The Imminent Peril: Sennacherib's Challenge.—Vs. 9-19. Hezekiah's embassy and his payment of tribute had been a virtual confession of weakness. Sennacherib therefore made up his mind to subdue the kingdom utterly and transport its people to another country (2 Kings 18:32). Therefore he sent an insolent messenger to announce this purpose.

9. "After this." After Hezekiah prepared Jerusalem to withstand a siege, destroying the water supplies outside the city strengthening the walls, and setting his army in array. "Did Sennacherib?" See "Historical Setting." "Send his servants." His officers. "But he himself laid siege against Lachish." Lachish was evidently at this time one of the strongest fortresses of Judah.—Stanley.

10. "Whereon do ye trust?" Sennacherib's artful orator refers to Hezekiah's alliance with Egypt (2 Kings 18:21), the rival and foe of Assyria. "That