

ZEB KNEW THE HOWL

IT INTERRUPTED A DISCUSSION ON THINGS BIBLICAL

The Old Possum Hunter Tells About a Wildcat Scrimmage and How, After He Thought He Had the Old Woman Licked, She Silenced Him.

Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis. "One evening," said the possum hunter of Tennessee, "as me an the old woman sot smokin our pipes on the doah-step an feelin at peace with the world, she suddenly says to me: 'Zeb, do yo' know why the preacher didn't stop with us when he was 'long yere two weeks ago?' 'Bekase he stopped with Jube Taylor,' says I. 'He stopped that, but he wasn't gwine to till he heard what yo' had said. Then he got mad an wouldn't step foot over the doah.' 'An what did I say?' 'Yo' was blowin round that yo' didn't believe the whole swallered Joner. 'Fenred that yo' wanted to start a fuss with somebody. What's that whole an Joner got to do with yo'?"



"MEBBE THE WHALE SWALLERED JONER." "What's the matter that what's good 'nuff for Elder Hopkins an everybody else round were ain't good 'nuff for yo'?" "But I ain't a-belleve in the story. How's a man gwine to live right on arter he's bin swallered by a whale?" "That's none of our business," she says. "But I'm makin it my bizness," says I. 'What don't seem likely to me I ain't gwine to believe in.' 'But yo' might keep shet about it an not raise a fuss. Who air yo', Zeb White, that yo' disputes the Bible?' 'That started the row,' said the old man, "an we had some purty hot words. I said I didn't believe the story, an she said she didn't care whether I did or not, an we was sassin away when we heard a cry on the hillside. It was sunthin like the cry of a child, an the old woman gits up an listens an says: 'Zeb, that's a leetle child wanderin about in the bresh. Jest hoot two or three hoots to draw it this way.' 'The cry come ag'in, an then I knowed what it was. It wasn't no lost child, but a prowlin wildcat. I hadn't heard one fur two y'ars, but I was dog sunn of the game. I'd hev told the old woman, but she got mad bekase I wouldn't hoot an called me names. When the third cry comes, she says to me: 'Zeb White, that must be Joe Baker's leetle boy Jim, an he's wandered two miles away from home. If yo've got a heart in yo'r bussom, yo'll go up the mounting an find him an bring him down in yo'r arms.' 'I ain't huntin fur lost boys,' says I as I fills my pipe. 'Then I am. I'll go up thar myself.' 'Better not.' 'But I will. Befo' the Lawd, but I don't know what's come over yo', Zeb. Fust yo' go an deny that the whole swallered Joner, an then yo' won't move hand or foot to save an innocent child from perishin. Mebbe yo' air gittin ready to turn Mormon an run away from me? 'I ain't takin wild varmits fur lost boys,' says I as the screen come ag'in. 'It's no wild varmint. It's the voice of leetle Joe Baker, an he must be skeert almost to death of the darkness. Yo' sot right yere like an old mewl, an I'll go up an find him. I'm thankin the Lawd yo' hain't got no children of yo' own.' 'With that she grabs up a stick an starts up the hill. While I knowed that a wildcat was roam'n round, I didn't think the old woman would come to any hurt. I hoped the cat would yell out an skeer her, an so it vas ten min-its bef' I follered on. She vas vent pushin through the bresh an callin to Joey, an now an then the cat cried out in answer. I was don a heap of laughin to myself when the old woman calls back to me. 'Come on, Zeb! I've dun found the child!' 'Then bring him along,' says I. 'I can't. He's up a tree. Zeb, did yo' ever hear of a lost boy climbin a tree?' 'Not skassy, but mebbe they do it.' 'An his eyes are shinin like two coals of fire. I never knowed that lost children's eyes looked that way at night.' 'I knowed the cat had clumb a tree an was lockin down at the old woman, an I had just opened my mouth to cry out an warnin when the cat bitted an browled an rattled the bark with her claws. That was 'nuff. The old woman an gin a yell an started to run, but at the fust move she fell over a log. I reckon that cat must hev bin mighty mad 'bout sunthin, fur she screamed out an jumped to the ground an in two jumps vas on the old woman's back an usin her teeth an claws like sin. I grabbed up a club an mixed in, but at the fust blow the club broke, an the cat turned on me. Lemme tell yo' sunthin 'bout wildcats. If yo' was to be pitched into a hole on top of fo'teen feet, it wouldn't be as bad as a full grown wild-

THE FIRST INDIA INK

IT WAS ACCIDENTALLY MADE BY A CHINESE ALCHEMIST.

Like Many Other Things Which Have No Relation Whatever to Their Names, India Ink Has No Connection With India.

For many thousand years India ink has been to the artist and to the artisan the vehicle for the creation of much that is interesting and instructive and beautiful in the world of art, and it has a rather extraordinary history. Like many other things which have no relation whatever to their names, India ink has no relation whatever to India. The Irish potato, it is said facetiously, is so called because it was found first in Peru. Therefore India ink may have been so named because it was made first in China, where the bulk of it has been made ever since. Also, like most other things of practical utility to mankind, India ink was not an invention, but a discovery—that is, the individual who produced it was not the inventor, but the discoverer, without the remotest intention of doing anything sensible or useful. About 8,000 years before the Christian era a Chinese alchemist, Tien-Tschien by name, while experimenting upon some nostrum for the eternal preservation of life or upon some formula for converting dirt into gold—matters not what—accidentally concocted black substance in the form of a liquid paint or varnish. This concoction was the first India ink. The black pigment which forms the base of the ink was the soot obtained by burning lac and pine charcoal. This soot was powdered finely and mixed with some kind of size or glue. Fish glue, or isinglass, was used as well as bone or horn glue, and sometimes, in making the finer qualities of ink, pearls were added in glue. Sometimes dried ox tongue was added to give the ink a purple tint, and the bark of the pepper tree was used to produce a tinge of blue. The ink was carefully molded, dried and packed in wormwood leaves with lime or ashes until well seasoned. It is not stated whether sepia, the coloring liquid of the cuttlefish, was added to the ink originally or not; but, as the best India ink in use at present has a brownish tint, as if mixed with sepia, it is evident that sepia is used now in the manufacture of the ink. Sepia alone is used frequently in China in preference to the black ink. As soon as it was discovered that India ink was likely to be serviceable to mankind it was perceived by the imperial diet to be a dangerous innovation upon the established custom of "not" having it to use. The emperor had got along very well without India ink prior to its discovery, and it was Chinese public policy "to let well enough alone." Therefore the use of the ink was declared to be sacrilegious, and its manufacture was prohibited. Apparently there were "millions" in India ink in those days, for a sharp competition in its production arose, and this was the beginning of trouble for artists and draftsmen. The market was glutted with worthless grades. At first the ink was apertine in quality, and the lampblack used in it was ground into an impalpable powder so fine that it was as foetid as vapor and possessed in itself an odor of musk. Later, when competition corrupted its production, coarser and cheaper pigments were substituted for the fine ones, and the ink was artificially perfumed with musk in order to disguise its inferiority. The Chinese are passionately fond of musk, and India ink was used by them not only as a writing material, but also as a flavor for their choicest beverages. A little India ink rubbed in water was considered then a delicious drink, but modern India ink can hardly be recommended as a safe medium for interior decoration of that sort. We are informed by the distinguished historian that all "good" India ink is inhabited by gods. (In China there are so many gods that it is difficult to find lodgings for them all; they are billeted, therefore, upon any convenient article, such as a stick of India ink.) From this startling disclosure of the historian we might be justified in presuming that all "bad" India ink is inhabited by devils. This view of the matter would account for the multitudinous trials and tribulations which beset the unhappy draftsman who tries to make a drawing with poor India ink, for certainly in unmitigated wickedness and total depravity India ink has few equals and no superiors.

THE HOME OF THE PLAGUE. Why the Pestilence is Bred in Chinese Cities. One who has seen any of the towns and cities in China wonders little why disease and plague are prevalent. A correspondent who traveled in China writes that he once went to Fuchau, a town near the east coast, which is approached by way of the river Myn, one of the most picturesque waterways in the whole of the Celestial empire. Ships have to anchor at the customs pagoda, from which persons are conveyed to Fuchau by sampan or steam launch, the distance being about ten miles. Fuchau is considered one of the most filthy and overcrowded towns in China, and a person landing there cannot fail to notice the fact immediately he sets foot on shore. Everywhere there are teeming masses of dirty, ragged and half starved-looking Celestials. The streets (alleyways would be a better term) are only about eight feet wide, and all meted or paved with irregular lumps of stone and rock. On each side there are stagnant gutters, which emit most hideous odors, causing one to hold a handkerchief to his nostrils the whole time he has to traverse the roads. In the terribly hot weather the Chinese place a plank of wood from his doorway on to the street, across the gutter, and takes his night's sleep, perhaps without a covering, perhaps in the clothes he has not had off for weeks. Nearly every building is a shop, and outside every three or four streets (alleyways) there are some places holes full of it—which add to the sickening stench of the gutters. Every now and again one hears loud shouting in front of gutters, which is nearly every day all on foot must clear the way for some chair carriers, who are carrying upon their shoulders some important personage. The sight on the main bridge spanning the river cannot be accurately described. Each side was crowded with stalls with goods of every description—dirty looking, tumble down affairs. Cripples and beggars were numerous, and there were also beggars of every three or four streets (alleyways) on the roadway, dying. There is a law in vogue in Fuchau that the first person who shall touch a man who has died in this manner shall bury him. Very few, however, receive burial. If they are on the bridge, the person who is unfortunate enough to touch the dead one waits until dark, and then, as the Americans say, "dumps" the departed into the river. Bodies are courted every day floating among the shipping or half buried in the mud when the water is low.—London Leader.

SELECTING A JURY. Queer Faculty That Lawyers Sometimes Seem to Possess. "Selecting a jury seems to be a matter of intuition with some lawyers," said a prominent member of the bar, "and those who are most successful at it are often unable to give any reason. 'That man will be against us,' or 'That man will be for us,' they say, and make their challenges accordingly, but if you ask for any reason, they are non-plused. It is a most valuable faculty in an attorney, and, boiled down, is of course nothing more or less than unconscious deduction from acute observation. 'One of the cleverest men in his line I ever knew in my country was the old lawyer in whose office I studied. 'That man,' the colonel," as we called him, could spot a case of potential hostility in selecting a jury was next door to miraculous. I was sent on one occasion he was representing a railroad company in a damages suit brought by a man who claimed to have received severe spinal injuries in an accident. His hurts were not visible to the eye; but, according to his story, he was in continual agony. 'One of the jurymen was a solemn-looking chap who was in the grocery business. While the colonel was questioning him he noticed a little chain hanging out of his upper vest pocket. 'What's attached to that chain?' he asked abruptly. 'A pocket thermometer,' replied the jurymen. Without assigning any definite reason the colonel tried desperately to get the man off, but the judge passed him. 'The jury gave a stiff verdict for the plaintiff, and it developed that the grocer had been his chief advocate. 'I knew he would oppose us as soon as I heard about that thermometer,' said the colonel after he carried a pocket thermometer in his pocket. 'I was a hypochondriac, and, as our defense was based on the theory that the plaintiff's injuries were entirely imaginary, the argument naturally gave this chap of a pocket thermometer an opportunity of talk applied to himself.' 'Did you figure that out on the spot?' I asked. 'No,' he said, 'but I felt it in my bones.'—Exchange.

SOMEONE'S BEST. Success of Those Who Take This For a Motto. A homely rhyme found in an old fashioned jingle book imparts a sound philosophy: Thoughtful little Mary Wood Always did the best she could. Let us follow Mary's plan, Always do the best we can. At the first glance this looks very easy, still, most of us know that there are days when we do not by any means attain to so high a standard. To do one's very best implies that one has a conscience that will not be satisfied with half measures, that one has more than the average amount of good health and that one's ideal is a lofty one. Most of us start off splendidly when we begin anything new. The real testing time comes when the novelty is worn off and we are tired and begin to carry the load wearily. The old proverb, "A new broom sweeps clean," would never have been spoken if the invariable custom of the world had always been to do the best on all occasions. The great cathedrals of Europe were built slowly through the ages by men who did their best. The great explorers and investigators in science have done their best. Whatever the work, if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. The person who has a reputation for accuracy and for punctuality, whose work is always thorough and whose name stands for the best he can do, never need fear that he will not find room at the top.—Harper's Bazar.

THE CYNIC. When a man retires from business, it means that for the rest of his life he will be in somebody's way. When a man appears wheeled a baby buggy, the general sentiment of the public is that it serves him right. After your friends marry your visits with them consist chiefly in hearing of their children's smart sayings. It is the case with many families that they buy a Bible only because the neighbors will find it out if they don't own one. A man doesn't object to telling his wife often what he likes to eat, but he thinks the fact that he told her ten years ago that he was fond of her should be sufficient for today. The girl who puts on her prettiest clothes and starts out to catch a husband should be warned that that is what her mother did once, and see how she looks now!

HE GOT A BOX. Susie—So Harry is going to take you to the theater, is he? Maude—Yes, indeed. Susie—Do you think he will get a box? Maude—Oh, he always does. Marshallows don't cost so very much, you know. Worrying is one of the greatest drawbacks to happiness. Most of it can be avoided if we only determine not to let trifles annoy us; for the largest amount of worrying is caused by the smallest trifles.

NO PAUPERS IN WICHITA. The board of county commissioners of Wichita county, Kan., has just abolished the poorhouse, there being no more paupers in the county. One old soldier is the only dependent person in the county, and he is being cared for by popular subscription, so the county may be said to be pauperless. Ten years ago there were over 500 paupers in Wichita county, but the crops have been so large since then that everybody has made plenty of money. No tramps are allowed in the county. They must work or leave.

INFORMATION. A guide, who was showing a party through the senate corridors of the national capitol, halted them before the statue of John Hancock, and, after they had admired it and its unique inscription, led them away with this final bit of information: "Hancock was a great man; you know, he wrote the Declaration of Independence." And not one of the party raised his voice in protest. HIS RELIGION AS A CLOAK. "I can't find words," exclaimed the moral man, "to express my disgust for the man who uses his religion as a cloak. He's everything that's bad." "He certainly is," replied the cynic, "to say the least," remarked the practical man, "for religion such as his is necessarily so flimsy he's liable to catch cold in it." Philadelphia Press.

ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, no matter where, the chances are that the clothespins used in hanging out clothes were made in America.

PLAYED IN HIS NIGHTCLOTHES.

How President Arthur Once Broke Into a Game of Poker.

Aug. 1, 1888, witnessed the opening of the exposition at Louisville, and the central figure was President Arthur. Upon his arrival on the soil of Kentucky the president was met by the then governor of the state, Luke B. Blackburn, and in response to a speech of welcome by him the president made a gracious reply. The train then sped onward through state until Louisville was reached. Here the president was met by a delegation of prominent men of the city, headed by the mayor, Charles D. Jacob. At night a banquet was tendered to the distinguished guest at the Galt House, at which he was called upon to respond to a toast. At about 11 p. m. the president, accompanied by the committee appointed to look after his comfort while in Louisville, started for the suit of rooms which had been set aside for him at the Galt House and, after a chat of about half an hour with the members of the committee, which composed some of the prominent men in Louisville's affairs, excused himself and retired. After the president had withdrawn one of the committee suggested that the party while away a couple of hours with a game of poker. No dissenting voice being raised, the cards and chips were brought forth, and the game was on. For a solid hour or more nothing could be heard but the clinking of the chips and the subdued voices of the players as the bets were made. When the game was at its height and the eyes and ears of the players were so intently fixed upon the cards and the betting as to be totally oblivious to their surroundings, a tall figure clad in a white nightgown appeared from behind the portieres of a communicating room and, coming up behind one of the players, gently tapped him on the shoulder. To the astonishment of this player, upon looking up he beheld by his side the president of the United States. The president said he had been lying in bed since the game began listening to the rattling of the chips and the betting which was going on in the adjoining room, and, though tired, he could not persuade himself to go to sleep until he had taken a hand in the game. With one voice the committee extended an invitation to the president to take a seat at the table and join in the game, which he did. Louisville today has the distinction of having once had a president of the United States while its guests were playing a game of poker with some of its leading citizens in its nightgown.—New York Herald.

J. Q. ADAMS'S LAST WORDS. Made to Order by Request, said the Late Dick Thompson. "Not long before his death I called on Dick Thompson, for so he is best known, and I listened with unusual interest to his political reminiscences, dating from 1848, when he was in congress, and running on down to his retirement as secretary of the navy department," said Congressman Landis of Indiana. "I had asked him about John Quincy Adams when the latter was a member of the lower house. After he had answered he said: 'Landis, I haven't much longer to live, and I want to make a little confession to you. It is important perhaps, but I am the only one living who knows the secret, and I think I shall feel better to know I have told it. I was in the house when John Quincy Adams had the attack which resulted in his death two days later. I was one of the four who carried him into the speaker's room. He never regained consciousness. After his death we who had carried him out of the house met and questioned one another until each confessed that he had not heard Mr. Adams say anything after we picked him up. In those days the last words of great men had an interest which does not attach to last utterances in this age. And so it was agreed that inasmuch as Mr. Adams had no chance to say anything for himself we would make some last words for him commensurate with his worth. 'I was selected to formulate something suitable. It was no easy task, but I finally reported as his last words, 'This is the last of earth.' One of the four who had helped to carry him out replied, 'I am content.' These last words were not intended to be credited to Mr. Adams. The member who said 'I am content' meant that he was satisfied with my report, but I did not so understand him at the time. I thought the words were intended as a sort of amendment and added them. As they seemed quite appropriate, we concluded to let them stand, and there they are as they have been quoted for 50 years. 'Mr. Thompson was not a destroyer. He was not the man to mar, jostle or change, but he assured me that he wanted to be put right on his last business, as he called it, and I told him the story as he told it to me. I suppose Mr. Adams spoke some last words somewhere, but they were not the same which you and I have heard about in our time.' A Four Footed Strategist. "Bears?" said the member just back from a trip. "Yes, saw one. Wait till I tell you. Ball, the guide, wanted to go and look at a bear trap before we went down the river, and I went along with him. He had his ax, and I carried a gun. As we came in sight of the trap there was a bear. 'We've got him!' said Ball in the words of the Winchester Calendar. I was raising my rifle, but Ball said: 'Don't shoot! He's safe!' We walked up close, and the bear stood up. Ball aimed a crack at him with the ax, and the bear dodged one side and trotted off. He wasn't in the trap at all, and I forgot to shoot. Ball said—'Never mind.'—Forest and Stream.

A Significant Phrase. The phrase "Hear, hear," originally "Hear him," was first used in parliament, by some members of the duty of attending to the discussion, but gradually became what it now is, indicative according to the tone of admiration, accordance, indignation or derision.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Sufferer. "It is a great drawback to a young man to be loaded down with debt." It should say so. I'm awfully loaded down with what other people owe me.—Chicago Record.

The father of a bright baby can readily believe that smartness is hereditary.—Chicago News.

Envy is fixed only on merit and, like a sore eye, is offended with everything.

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"Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. It never disappoints. Erysipelas.—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. CHALMERS, Toronto, Ont. "Tired Feeling"—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not be without the medicine." Mrs. G. D. BURRIST, Central Norton, N. B. Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Poetry Defined. "What is poetry?" is now furnishing a topic for newspaper discussion. According to the almost unanimous verdict of American newspaper critics, poetry is what Alfred Austin doesn't write. A New Rhyme. From the land of stranger types, Almond eyed and queer and queer; From the land of lites and pipes They are calling for George Dewey. It is Likely to Be Reduced. Teacher—What is the population of China? Tommy Tucker—It's 400,000,000 unless our soldiers over there have had a fight with 'em. Along the Road. To make life easy to the end A man should have, I say, Some cash to spend and some to lend And some to tuck away. Necessary to Success. "I think I will adopt art as my vocation in life," said the dreamy young man. "But do you think art will do you?" asked his practical friend. Butts Supplied. "Have you a cigar?" the watchdog said. "Out in the back lot rats." "Sorry I haven't," the white goat replied. "But I have a few good butts." Degeneration. The changes of time are never more apparent than when a man looks at his feet and reflects that when he was a baby the women raved over them. Don't Save the Stones. He tried to kill two birds with but One stone and sighs today To think, with stones so plentiful, He let both get away. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Hacking. There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. It tears the tender membrane of the throat and lungs, and the wounds thus made attract the germs of consumption. Stop your cough by using the family remedy that has been curing coughs and colds of every kind for over sixty years. You can't afford to be without it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all inflammation is subdued; and the cough drops away. Three sizes: the one dollar size is the cheapest to keep on hand; the 50c. size for coughs you have had for some time; the 25c. size for an ordinary cold. "For 15 years I had a very bad cough. The doctors and everybody else thought I had a true case of consumption. Then I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it truly took a bottle and a half to cure me." F. MARION MILLER, Camden, N.Y., Oct. 28, 1898. Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best of medical advice, write the Doctor freely. Address Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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THIS CONTAINS THE DOCTRINE OF THE DIVINE