

GEMS OF LITERATURE

Carlyle on the Value of Work.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works, in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest gospel in this world, is know thy work and do it. "Know thyself," long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at and work at it like a Hercules that will be thy better plan.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it! How, as the free flowing channel dug and torn by noble force thru the sour mudswamp of one's existence, like an ever deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for nature herself accredits that, says Yes to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt of what, ever kind, can be ended by action alone."

Yes, all manner of work, and pious responses from men or nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will be diffused thru immensity, inarticulate, undiscoversible except to faith. Like Gideon, thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether, under the wide arch of Heaven, there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind immensities, what from the poor unkind localities and town and country parches there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature; work is of a brave nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's": a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, hears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave sea-captain, Norse sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalist sea-king of all; it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee unpenetrated veil of night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told) are not entirely there on thy behalf! Me seems they have other work than floating thee to wa d—and the huge winds that sweep from Ursa Major to the tropics and equator, dancing their giant waltz thru the kingdoms of chaos and immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cackle skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them; see how thou wilt get at that.

Religion, I said; for, properly speaking, all true work is religion; and whatsoever religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor. Admirable was that of the old Monks, "Laborare est Orare, Work is Worship."

Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but inextinguishable, forever enduring gospel; work, and therein have well-being. Man, son of earth and of heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold

it till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee? What is immortal, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wherever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy, attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject, not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-wool, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with His unspoken voice, fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the silence of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning stars does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called day. For the night cometh wherein no man can work.

"All true work is sacred; in all true works were it but true hand-labor there is something of divineness. Labor, wife as the earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who are thou that complaineest of thy life of toil? Complain not, I say, up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workers there, in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred band of the immortals, celestial bodyguard of the empire of mankind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of time: "To thee heaven, the severe, it not unkind, heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return home, in honor to thy far-distant home, in honor; doubt it not—in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepest death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain."

TSAR'S SECRET TREASURE

Lodged in Various European Banks, "Daily Dispatch"

The report that Nicholas II, has presented from his private purse, for the reinforcement of the fleet, no less a sum than £22,500,000 will be received with incredulity by those familiar with the affairs of the Russian imperial family. It is extremely improbable that the czar could raise such a sum, even by mortgaging his vast private domains, the capitalized value of which is estimated not to exceed £70,000,000.

The czar theoretically can take from the imperial revenue such sums as he requires. But since 1902, when Count Reutera insisted upon budget publicity this right has been restricted by practical considerations. At present the total sum annually allotted to the ministry of the imperial court is 16,000,000 rubles, or £1,900,000. Out of this sum have to be supported a number of very extravagant grand dukes.

On the death of Alexander III, ten years ago, certain Russian revolutionaries published at Leipzig a detailed statement of the dead ruler's wealth. Four million pounds, according to this statement, was lodged in various English banks, £2,500,000 being in the Bank of England; £3,500,000 was in Germany and France. In Russia, in the form of gold hidden in various places, was no less than £12,000,000. The latter sum bore no interest; and the total possessions of the czar in money and securities came to a little less than £20,000,000.

Nicholas II has probably added nothing to this vast hoard, says the "Daily Dispatch." It is, at any rate, known that when, in 1896, M. Witte suggested that a reduction of the czar's takings from the revenue would have a good effect on public opinion, Nicholas showed that his income barely covered expenses. In one year he paid £250,000 to liquidate the debts of the Grand Duke Sergius and two minor relatives.

The mystery is where is the £12,000,000 in gold hidden? All Russia believes it to exist. A widespread belief is that part is in London. A widespread belief is that part is in the treasury office in the Moscow government-general's house, and that the government-general has no means given to piety, visits the monastery once a month. M. Sevretsky, who spent seven months in a dark casement of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the north bank of the

Neva, declares that fifty million roubles in gold is concealed there. During his detention another captive attempted to escape, and in his attempt to do so on the waters of the Neva into his subterranean prison and was drowned. After the water had been pumped out Sevretsky watched for several days armed men carrying small, but obviously heavy, cases up an upper story? As no state gold is kept at the fortress he concluded that the mysterious money belonged to the czar; and this presumption was confirmed by another prisoner, who counted the boxes, and told Sevretsky that they contained at least five millions sterling.

REMARKABLE PROPHECIES.

Some Discoveries and Inventions that Were Anticipated.

It is scarcely realized that so great a number of the most remarkable discoveries and inventions in recent times have been singularly anticipated by poets and other men of letters in centuries gone by. Of this entertaining fact, says The Pittsburg Dispatch, numerous illustrations might be cited from such sources as the Bible, Homer, Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Goethe, Tennyson, etc.

Do many readers know, for example, that Solomon symbolically described the circulation of the blood nearly 3000 years earlier than Harvey made his famous discovery? Wonderful, too, is Lucretian's prediction, humorously narrated in his "Vera Historia," written in the second century, of an aerial ship, whose sails inflated by a whirling impel the vessel thru space to the moon! Surely a forecast of the airship of M. Santos Dumont, the intrepid Brazilian aviator. Along the same line may be mentioned the airship portrayed by Bertrac, the French scientist, in his "Voyage to the Moon" (1850), a genuine precursor of the balloon flights of Montgolfier in the nineteenth century.

Several writers of antiquity presaged the marvelous possibilities of electricity prior to Faraday's applications, tho they were only aware of the one fact of the action of amber, which they called "electron," when rubbed upon light bodies. Thales (600 B.C.) and Theophrastus, and also the Chinese philosopher, Kinopho, in the fourth Christian century, graphically wrote of it. These were the old world anticipations of Queen Elizabeth's physician, Dr. Gilbert, "the father of modern electrostatics," who, as one of the investigators of the older electricity, gave it shape and prepared the way for the wonders of Oring and Armstrong. No less must credit be accorded Galileo for his definition, two centuries and a half back, of the electric telegraph in his "Systema Cosmicum," and, similarly, to the mysterious Etruscan people, who foretold, and probably put into operation, the lightning conductor, ages ere Franklin was born.

Amazing, too, in the realm of astronomy, have been the anticipations by home-bred letters of Dean Swift, 177 years ago, in "Gulliver's Travels," descriptive of the discovery of two satellites of Mars by the Luptan astronomers may be regarded the most classical instance. The dean allows to the astronomers of Lupta the honor of the discovery, and, surprising to state, Professor Hall of the National Observatory, Washington, announced in 1877 his discovery that Mars had two moons, the hitherto unknown to astronomers, the singularity of the phenomenon makes the anticipation a strangely fascinating one. Voltaire in his "Micromegas" unquestionably indicates the possible existence of these remote moons. It is not improbable that Swift was acquainted with Voltaire's work.

Among the various striking anticipations of scientific invention Sir Isaac's record of the wireless telegraph takes high place. The Italian historian and theologian, Strada, relates how two friends were said to have corresponded by what to-day is called wireless telegraphy, the chronicle of which may be found in Addison's Spectator, and so the learned Italian author, nine three centuries ago pleasantly writes of what was actually performed in 1902, when Marconi conveyed messages from Cape Breton to Cornwall.

The telephone had its anticipant in Robert Hooke, 1664, an inventive genius and master of philosophical mechanics. As regards the phonograph it appears that Babbage, in his ninth "Bridge-water Treatise," insisted on the permanence of all spoken words, whereupon his friend, Henry Reed of Philadelphia notified him that his theory had been anticipated as far past as the fifteenth century by Chaucer, the "Morning Star of English Poetry." In Chaucer's "House of Fame" there is an astonishing parallel to Babbage in the anticipation of Edison's phonograph. Nor should Babel's story be forgotten concerning the "frozen words" which indicates that the prince of humorists had something akin to a prophetic vision of the phonograph.

Equally interesting is it to note that Edison's kinoscope was not only foreseen by George du Maurier eight years in advance of its appearance, but the artist predicted that the wizard would invent a machine which would do for light waves what the phonograph did for sound waves. In the year 1888, 10 years after du Maurier's prophecy in "Punch's Almanack," Edison depicted the new invention, at which he had worked since 1887.

Rabelais, in another direction, in his fifth book, played the seer respecting a modern invention, viz. the "moving platform," a leading attraction at the Paris Exhibition in 1889, by which a passenger stepping on a traveling road was carried to his destination without

further effort. Did not Mark Twain propound a like fancy to this when he took passage on a Swiss glacier? Quite recently the traveling road has been under experiment in the suburbs of Paris and may possibly supplant omnibuses and railways, altho students of history tell us that when the persecuted torch-bearer of science, Friar Roger Bacon, in the fourteenth century, said that some day carriages would move without horses and ships cross the ocean without sails, he was laughed to scorn as an addle-brained monk, and driven into exile.

The mechanical world has had quite a crowd of prophecies, beginning with the Marquis of Worcester's "Century of Inventions," 1655, embracing forecasts of telegraphs, steam engines, flying and calculating machines (the last named a pioneer of Babbage's puzzling creation), dynamite shells, torpedoes, iron-clads, etc. More specifically, Lord Bacon, in The New Atlantis, predicts submarine boats as well as "some degrees of flying in the air," while "rare" Ben Jonson foreshadowed the modern air-cushion, and credited the Dutch, in advance, with the invention of the future Holland submarine boat.

Marlowe has the reputation of anticipating the Suez Canal in the second part of "Tamberlaine the Great," Act 7, scene 3; and in a very thro going style the poet Drummond, in 1628, portrays the most powerful naval and military weapons in use to-day, for which nine three centuries ago he took out letters patent. Photography had its first prophet in Fenelon, in 1690, followed by Tiphaigne de le Roche's charming forecast in "Giphantie," published in 1780. As might be supposed, Shakespeare, the universal genius, indulged in a forecast of extraordinary significance in "Troilus and Cressida," 1609, where he anticipates by three quarters of a century Sir Isaac Newton's law of gravitation.

Could Not Be Hanged.

The St. James' Gazette says: "Within a week's time there will be at liberty a man who thrice defied the attempts of the hangman to take his life upon the scaffold. He had the rope round his neck and heard the burial service read and heard the signal given for the death. The trap would not act, nor would it at the second or the third attempt made within the next half hour. He was retrieved. There are many instances, modern, too, of persons having survived hanging, but none to equal this. As curious a case as any was that of the man who murdered a keeper on the late Maharajah Duleep Singh's Friswell estate and was sentenced to be hanged. The prisoner escaped the penalty on its being found that his neck was so malformed as to make the carrying out of the penalty impossible. They had rougher methods and no mercy when our fathers ruled. A certain James O'Brien was about to be hanged for murder, and knelt long in prayer. "Long life to you, Mr. O'Brien," interrupted Galvin, the Irish executioner, "hurry up with your prayers; the people are getting impatient outside."

An All Round King.

King Edward is a sailor by training and can splice a rope or climb the rigging as easily as many of his gallant lads in blue. But since those happy Britannia days he has, it is recorded, played a practical part in nearly every calling and trade in the empire. The King has brewed one hundred gallons of beer and been a tram driver. He has sold goods from a flower stall and run a printing machine. In one day he made twelve pats of butter, sailed his own yacht, experimented with a new rifle and delivered an address which showed his remarkable intimate knowledge of machinery. Here are a few

of His Majesty's trades and attainments in which at some time or other he has taken active and practical interest: etching, engraving, shipbuilding, bookbinding, motoring, boring, mining, hunting, acting, weaving, spinning, pottery and engine-driving.

Postage Stamps as Paper.

There are many instances, says The Evening News, of rooms which are papered with postage stamps, but one covered only with stamp forgeries is surely unique. This is the work of a well-known English stamp collector and no fewer than 70,000 of these frauds, which, if genuine, would be worth over £1,000,000, were used.

A Trifle Thin.

That dogged spirit of perseverance, says The Globe, which we are accustomed to claim as an English quality, flourishes also in Belgrade. A man of that town was digging a well the other day when some bricks and mortar fell on him from a height of 72 feet. After remaining for thirty hours in a doubled up position he was extricated. His first act on coming to the top of the well was to turn back to re-enter the well. He said he had forgotten his hat.

A Huxley Anecdote.

The Sun gives the following anecdote about Huxley. While at a dinner party one evening his hostess, thinking to engage his sympathy, remarked to him that so much did she object to the Athanasian creed that she walked out of the village church when the parson commenced reading it. "My dear lady," replied Huxley, "I should as soon think of leaving your table because I disapproved of one of your entrees."

FOREIGN NOTES OF INTEREST.

The Dominican Sisters are soon to leave their convent in the Rue de Charonne at Paris, and when they do an effort will be made to find the tomb of Cyrano de Bergerac, which is said to be in the convent. There is a picture of the poet there, but it shows the Gascon as a rather handsome fellow, and not with the hideous nose which Rostand gives him.

L. B. Harris, of Lyndonville, Vt., says that he has noted an interesting fact in regard to sheep: He has just imported some sheep from England, and the steamer by a rough passage. Altho passengers, horses and cattle alike were terribly frightened by the heavy rolling and pitching of the big ship the sheep paid no attention whatever, and contentedly chewed their cud thru all the tossing.

Christianity is now the prevailing religion of the world. Its adherents, according to Dr. Roberts, amount to 477,000,158. The next religious faith in point of numbers is Confucianism, with 250,000,000 adherents. Hinduism is third with 190,000,000 and Mohammedanism fourth with 176,834,372. Buddhism is given 147,000,000. The various smaller heathen faiths count up only 118,129,170. This is on the basis of a population of the globe of 1,420,000,000. In other words, the adherents of Christianity comprise just about one-half of the world's population.

A Russian timber dealer has discovered a valuable mine of oak. It is in a river of sixth Russia, in layers of three or four feet deep, scattered over 150 square miles, and its most striking feature is its variety of colors, supposed to be due to the variegated soil of the river bottom. Not fewer than twelve shades of pink, blue, yellow and brown have been noted, each log having its own uniform shade. The logs taken out have ranged from 40 to 200 feet in length and from 15 to 20 inches in diameter and it is estimated that more than 150,000, averaging 70 feet, remain.



Lottie Williams the popular comedy comedienne, who will be seen in Her Pretty Comedy Drama "Only a Shop Girl" at the Majestic this week.