

CHAPTER II.

REFERS TO A NOTABLE CHARACTER.

SPARKS, as a rule, are looked upon as a race of useless and disreputable fellows. Their course is usually erratic. They fly upward, downward, forward, and backward—here, there, and everywhere. You never know when you have them, or what will be their next flight. They often create a good deal of alarm, sometimes much surprise ; they seldom do any good, and frequently cause irreparable damage. Only when caught and restrained, or directed, do sparks become harmless and helpful.

But there is one Spark in this world—a grand, glowing, gushing fellow—who has not his equal anywhere. He is old as the hills—perhaps older—and wide as the world—perchance wider. Similar to ordinary sparks in some respects, he differs from them in several important particulars. Like many, he is “fast,” but immeasurably faster than all other sparks put together. Unlike them, however, he submits to be led by master minds. Stronger than