	have a run round the garden h
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.	"Delightful!" agrees Robin. have only my locket to put on. T
As the little white hearse went glimmering	Shall I do?"
The man on the coal cart jerked his lines, And smutted the lid of either eye,	I think her perfection, and fr tell her so, at which she laugh

And turned signs; And the street car driver stopped and

His hands on his shoulders and gazed

As the little w

up street Till his eye on the long track reached the sky-As the little white hearse went glim-

mering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering

by-A stranger petted a ragged child In the crowded walk, and she knew not

why, And he gave her a coin for the way she smiled; And a bootblack thrilled with a pleas

ure strange As a customer gave back his change With a kindly hand and a grateful sigh, As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by-

A man looked out of a window dim. And his cheeks were wet and his heart was

dry-For a dead child even were dear to him ! And he thought of his empty life and said: "Loveless alive and loveless dead-Nor wife nor child in earth or sky !" As the little white hearse went glim-



CHAPTER I (CONTINUED).

While I am laughing at the det cr mined and even aggressive way in miration, as she darts from bed to bed, which this announcement is made, there comes a loud ring at the hall door. Aunt Louisa looks at me, and gives me a knowing little nod-John sighs-and I try rather unsuccessfully to look unconscious. I have only been engaged for a fortnight, and am not of late to put up with divided attention. quite used to the situation yet-this is why I want Robin to come and stay with me. I want some one at hand in for my button-hole, and, see, I have whom I can confide. Aunt Louiss is pulled a whole handful! Have I done very kind and very well-intentioned, any harm?" but she is a trifle too practical to be "Of course not," I reply, laughing sympathetic; and of course I cannot at her consternation. "Nobody wants even mention my love to John-it the flowers; they look pretty growing, would seem quite cruel and heartless. but flowers are such a bother to arhis firm tread and deep-toned voice, he house. Aunt Louisa does not care for brings with him a gust of the outer them much, and I am far too lazy to freshness. His features are not finely attend to them regularly." chiselled, like those of my brother, but he has a frank genial face, bronzed by continual exposure to the ele- solemnly. "You are just smothered ments. Alas for my future peace of in sweet blossoms until you have ceased

The.'e! ankly

hs im-

"Now, Bee Bee"-Bee Bee' is her pet name for me\_"don't talk nonsense or begin fishing for compliments. I haven't a single good feature in my face, and you know it; whilst youwell, you have a Grecian nose and a rosebud mouth and everything else Blanche." that is adorable."

"Yes, and not an atom of expression," I remark discontentedly.

"On the contrary, I have seen you look frightfully cross at times," answers Robin honestly. "But really," she continues, smiling as she re-arranges one of the saucy little curls that cluster round her white forehead. "I can't see the use of quarreling with our faces; it is a great waste of time this lovely morning."

Then she gives me another hug, not quite so overpowering as her first specimen-or perhaps I am becoming used to it-and, arm linked in arm. we go down the broad staircase and through the glass side-door into the garden.

We live in a rambling old house covered with flowering creepers. The grounds are quaintly laid out, and the flower-beds overflowing with old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers.

"I never saw a garden like this before," cried Robin, her eyes full of adgathering here and there stray blossoms, until she holds in her hand quite a bouquet.

"What are you going to do with them?" I asked, feeling a little jealous of the flowers; for I have not been used "Oh, dear!" cries Robin, full of contrition. "I only meant to gather one

As Harry enters the room now, with range; we very rarely have any in the "Bee Bee, excuse me, but I really

think you are a heathen!" says Robin mind, this lover of mine is in the to appreciate them. Listen! Does

"In that case," I say, trying to take

an interest in that which so evidently

affords her pleasure, "let us arrange

some at once for the breakfast table.'

Robin settles her flowers to her satis-

Our work is only just finished in

she looks so full of spirits and anima-

"I hope Blanche will be able to find

"I hope Blanche won't try," she re-

plies, with a merry shake of her head.

"I think there is no more dreary work

just potter about and amuse myself. ]

shall be perfectly happy. May I?

Please don't make a stranger of me, or

"Who could?" asks my aunt, glanc-

Just at this moment John enters the

ing back with a smile into Robin's frank

night. As I perform the introduction,

I note how they scan each other nar-

upon her thoughtfully and solemnly,

expression half wondering and-can it

be?-half mirthful. Tney simply bow

How different that meal is from our

As a rule, our conversation never gets

whilst her keen hazel ones fill with an

Robin makes a little grimace.

So we return to the house; and

to you."

to her lips.

the past.

home party.'

face.

I have never been in Devonshire before. I feel like Christopher Columbus when he landed in the New World. I have everything to see."

"Take an egg," I say, pushing the stand towards her. She looks somehow as if she could

manage one, though I know perfectly well she has only just finished a large plate of ham. "I am perfectly ashamed of my appetite," declares Robin, as she cracks the shell with a compunctious sigh. "You don't seem to eat anything,

"No," I answer carelessly; "we are not great people at breakfast."

"Or luncheon, or dinner," adds aunt Louisa impatiently. "The fact | Ecclesiastes. He afterwards gave out the is, both she and John have spoilt their appetites by strong tea. It will be quite a treat to have some one to keep me in countenance at my meals." she

continues, smiling over at Robin; "for those two ethereal creatures, who are content with tea and toast, look on me, I know, as a dreadful gourmand." "Oh, auntie!" I exclaim, whilst John also mutters some confused words

of dissent. "I am too old-fashioned to try living on air, or to become a vegetarian." continues aunt Louisa, who, now that she has started an ally, seems determined to give us a bit of her mind.

"But we are not vegetarians-at least, I am not," I protest. "You are both of you next door to

it," asserts my aunt stoutly. I am just wondering how I can change a subject which always leads to a useless war of words, when Robin | interrupts most opportunely-

"Do you ever dream, Miss Crick?" "Do I ever dream?" repeats aunt Louisa, suspecting poor Robin of a "I suppose you mean, do I suffer from indigestion?"

"No; I don't think dreams are, as a dream nearly every night of my life,

from our imagination." emphatic nod of his head.

My brother, as a rule, does not take inine conversation, so that aunt Louisa and I sit and stare at him in open asher attention in his direction.

"I am glad that you agree with me," she says. "Most people will insist that dreams and eating are connected, and it is such a prosaic solution to the the midnight exploration goes on. Nehe-miah on horseback rides through the fish

## THE TABERNACLE PULPIT. Dr. Talmage's Discourse on "The Moonlight Ride."

The Glorious Rebuilding of the City of Jerusalem.

What Jerusalem Was to Nehemiah, the Church of God is to You.

Skeptics and Infidels May Scoff at the Church, But Their Imprecations Availeth Not.

BROOKLYN, March 17.-At the tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded the seventh chapter of

hymn beginning, Grace!'tis a charming sound. Harmonious to the ear. which was sung by the vast congregation with magnificent effect. The subject of

Dr. Talmage's sermon was "The Moonlight Ride," and the text, Nehemiah ii, 15: "Then I went up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned." He said:

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city-past Rome than present Romeruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel, and rosetted stone and mulion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aright, Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, y moonlight looking upon the ruins. covert meaning in the observation. | foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of

the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body guard. I hear the rule, caused by indigestion, because I clicking hoofs of the horse on which dream nearly every night of my life Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding and my digestive organs are in perfect | through that gate amid the debris of once form. Surely dreams must spring great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the masonry where he cannot "Decidedly," assents John, with an pass. Now he shies off at the charred tim-bers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate vas named. Heavy hearted Nehemiah! the slightest notice of our trivial fem- | Riding in and out, now by his old home deso lated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering ram and conflagration. tonishment, whilst Robin at once turns | The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting

the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastli-ness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northern storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a map's conver-sion if he is not converted in the old fash-ioned way-John Bunyan's way. John Westley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way. A dentist once said to me, "Does that hurt?" Said I, "Of course it hurts. It is in your business as in my profession. We have to hurt be-fore we can help." You will never under-stand redemption until you understand of another: stand redemption until you understand ruin. A man tells me that some one is a member of the church. It makes no im-pression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the new fashioned way. If he fashioned way he will not stand. That is all there is about it. A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel your addition of the first stone at her." Obtain the first stone at her." ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a is no reason why any one in this house, by sinner?" If he says, "Well, I-yes," the reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruinsdess! in by the gate of his affections, out sick! Nehemiah was homesick. Are you by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say: "God be merciful to me a sinner: and before he has stabled his horse he will ake his feet out of the stirrups, and will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel,

crying, "Have mercy on me, O God, according unto thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies: olot out my transgressions, for I acknowl edge my transgressions and my sins are ever before thee." Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million doltars and impenitent in his sins and says, "You're a pau-

per." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man who priding himself on his independence and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an il limitable ruin." Satan sometimes says me, "Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repent-ance in it! Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach humanitarian gospe. with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about redemption?" I say, "Get the behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five souls the right way than twenty thousand the wrong way. The redemption of the gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are "If any one, though he be an angel sick." from heaven, preach any other than this," says the apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the

can be the ringing of trowels. Again. My subject gives me a specimen of busy triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cup bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand So it was. The hall of that palace place.' was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each illar sixty-feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But. my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The Temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to re-Some build. I wish I had never been born, wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of abscence. He gets his passorts. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and pataiotism of the people, and in less than two, tail to amputate. months, namely, in fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness. My friends, the whole temptation is with you, when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say, "I have lost my property, and 1 never can repair my fortunes." You say I have failen in into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that feet 9 inches; of women 5 feet 4 inches. resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush One inch of height should add two you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for better use. Oh that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up ail broken hearted people to rebuild. Whipped, weight is between 50 and 80. went right on. The Italian betrayed, Paul martyr Algerius sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her baby on Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: Give me a class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me. and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock this afternoon, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia-a parlor pictured and statuetted-there will be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock for many years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for many years? I knew it in this way. GREED CURED BY CHRISTIAN WORK. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears to day. There seemed to be no use of opraying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outery in the room drowned out all the had caught. I answered evasively the first day you came out you came to the prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorthe pulse. row. They did not forget their trouble. If set combrace, "why you are as much to each other across the table, for my that I had caught it. Then my hand in ruins as ours was years ago, like Nehe-brother is always reserved and cold to was stung quickly and sharply, as by miah, you walked around and looked at it. noon into Laurel Hill you would find a His daughter was going to Europe. ed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour all these years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, afternoons mothers ten Sabbath weather; but on the present occasion said next. 'Why do you meddle with there seems a perpetual flow of small spirits? If you had not let me go I talk. Robin, who never in all her life would have burnt through your hand.'

when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said. "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned greviously-sinned until you have Secretary Colman, head of the agricultural department, is a mesmerist and ventriloquist of remarkable power. He entertains himself and friends with exhibitions of his curious gifts.

sinned greviously-sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation "What a wonderful painter Rubens vas!" remarked Merritt at the art galary. "Yes," assented Cora. "It

s said of him that he could change Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell-Fell like a snowflak., from heaven to hell-Fell, to be trampled as fifth in the street-Fell to be scoffed at, sp t on and beat; Praying, cursing, wishing to die, Seiling my soul to whoever would buy. Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead. a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke." "Why," spoke up little Johnnie, in disgust, "my school teacher can do that." Do not give up. One like unto the Son

Two ladies from the west happened to scrape an acquaintance while waiting for connecting trains at the Broad street station recently. "How long has your husband been Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land! dead!" asked one. "About a year," Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penni was the reply. "You are still a widow!" "Yes. His estate ain't Nehemiah was poor. Are you home broken hearted? Nenemiah was broken settled yet .- Philadelphia Record. hearted. But just see him in the text,

Fleating Fuz.

13

riding along the sacrileged grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's A gentleman, addressing the schol ars of a large school observed among pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight the decorations an American flag, and falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse said: "Children, can any of youtell me shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you why that flag was hung there?" "To see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, nide the dirt," quickly responded one but the courage, the hope, the enthusiasm sharp boy who had assisted in makof a man who knows that Jerusalem will be ng the preparations for the occasion.

> A woman who went out to Burmah is a missionary converted a native

is soon as she arrived, and then married him. When the next batch of female missionaries arrived, the male natives took to the woodsmiles north of Lancaster, Ky., owns a again illustrating the axiom that "self-preservation is the first law of

> Charitable old lady (to little beg. gar girl)-"There's some bread for

you. It's a day or two old, but you tell your mother to take three or four fresh eggs, quart of milk, a cup of sugar, some good butter, and a half grated nutmeg, and she can

"And how are ye feelin' ter day, Mr. O'Rafferty?" "I niver felt so poorly in all me life, I'm too poor to buy the necessaries of life. If I had millions it's ivery cint av that I'd give to be a rich man." it renewed with its former zeal its "If I owned the whole wurld I'd be chase after its tail. It would engage willin' ter give it away for a little in these gyratory movements several times a day, snapping off small bits of piece of land an' a cabin that I could its tail, and growling and barking as if call me own.

"I'm goin' to be a soldier, ma,

ly around in the middle of the room endeavoring to catch its tail.

ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs before there

rebuilded. I pick you up to day out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath

## are the everlasting arms. Devoured Its Tail.

Mr. James N. Aldridge, a well-known bachelor of Marksbury, a village a few

handsome bull terrier, of which he is very fond. He had trained it carefully, nature. and taught it a number of interesting tricks, one of which was to spin rapid-

In its earlier exercise the dog would simply eatch its tail in its mouth playfully and without injury. Later it would seize the appendage with such violence that the hair was pulled out make an excellent pudding of it. and the blood began to flow. Mr. Aldridge then tried in various ways to break the dog of the habit, as he was annoved at the blood stains around the house. At one time he tied it out in the barn with a stout cord, and he kept it there for a week. But when released

Navy! And very proud the Navy your aunt dislike flowers? should be of such a gallant officer, is my thought when I glance at his curly golden beard and tall stalwart form. Before he has been two minutes in our midst, our usually quiet walls are echoing with mirth and laughter. My disposition is naturally quiet; but Harry's high spirits are intectious; and, if I have not the power of creating cheerfulness, I can at least reflect it. I do not let my lover's jokes fall flat, which |-I dote on them!"-and she carries they inevitable would do were only the bunch in her hand enthusiastically aunt Louisa and John present. .

He tells us the news of the day. drives my Persian puss wild by imitating the note of various birds, and then-just when he is at the most telling point of an amusing story-I notice that John rises and moves quietly from the room.

Harry only remains for twenty minutes, yet I feel ten years lifted from hall chairs, and we chat incessantly of my shoulders by the time he leaves.

"I wonder," muses aunt Louisa aloud, as soon as his back is turned - time; for aunt Louisa enters the room "I wonder very much how it was that just as Robin retires from placing them Harry came to choose you? He is so on the breakfast table. She turns to lively himself, and you, my love, are meet my aunt with such a winning such a quiet little thing."

"Indeed I am not! On the contrary, I consider myself very lively," is my nettled and over-truthful answer. "That is" -correcting mself-"I aunt's greeting; and her tone is as full should be lively if I had a chance; only of soliciate as if she had known Robin one can't very well be facetious all for years. alone."

"I should think that your friend, Miss Wolstencroft, and Harry are tion that aunt Louisa pursues doubtlikely to become great friends," con- fullytinues aunt, thoughtfully. amusement for you; we are a very quiet

"Well, yes, I suppose so," I acquice after a moment's reflection.

And then I wonder vaguely what induces aunt Louisa so frequently to make remarks which clash somehow with one's feelings. It is not want of heart, I am sure; it must be simply on earth than being amused. If I may want of tact.

## CHAPTER II.

Robin is tired enough after her I shall be almost miserable;" and she twelve hours' journey, and accepts looks coaxingly up into aunt Louisa's with alacrity aunt Louisa's proposal that she shall go to bed at once; so I see little of her on the evening of her arrival.

The next morning however I am up betimes, quite half an hour earlier room. It is the first time that Robin than was my wont. When dressed, I and he have met, for he was fastened tap at Robin's door very softly, to in his study when she arrived last know whether she is awake.

"Come in," cries her cheery voice; and entering I find myself clasped by rowly; his large gray eyes are fixed a pair of powerful young arms and nearly smothered with kisses.

"Oh, dear," I exclaim, as, breathless, I extricate myself from her energetic embrace, "why you are as much to each other across the table, for my that I had caught it. Then my hand perienced such a hug as that since I strangers. leftschool."

"Robin opens her laughing hazel ordinary morning repast at Podmore! eyes very wide. beyond demands for food and a few

"Why," she says, in tones of wonder, "I thought you told me you were aimless observations respecting the engaged!" "And so I am," I answer smiling,

beautiful mystery of dream-land." "Dislike them? Oh, no! I don't suppose any sane person could dislike them.

were announcing an authenticated fact, "Well, then, if you don't object, J shall keep the house full of flowers second opinion. during my visit. May I?" Robin looks at him hard for a few "Certainly, if it will be any pleasure

moments; then she says in her clear, "Any pleasure!" repeats Robin, with hearty, reasoning tones-"Oh, I don't go so far as that! Suresperkling eyes. "Why, I love flowers

dreams inspiration! The imagination, set loose, simply takes a little canter on its own account, without Dame Reason to keep it in check. We travel physical away into fairy-land every night, and went right on, standing on the wall, it freshens us after the daily struggle trowel in one hand, sword in the other, with our matter-of-fact world." John looks disappointed.

"Then you don't believe that dreams faction in a quaint old dragon vase, are prophetic?" he asks. whilst I sit beside her on one of the "As a rule, certainly not." answers

Robin, in some astonishment, "though courageous, it is my belief," she continues thoughtfully, "that in some instances people are warned by dreams, even as they were in the days of old.'

"My dear-what gross superstition!" interposes aunt Louisa, evidentsmile, and so evidently expects a mornly shocked. ing kiss, that, to my surprise, she gets

"I am sure that is not superstition," answers Robin simply. "I know sev-"Are you quite rested, dear?" is been prepared for a great blow by be-My friend answers in the affirmative: dream."

"Oh, stop, please!" interrupts my aunt, shivering. "You make me shudder with your nonsense. Of course, sometimes the things one dreams of may really happen; but, if so, it is a mere coincidence.

"I quite agree with you that the generality of dreams count for nothing," returns Robin brightly. Now take for instance my dream last. night-it could have no meaning?" "What was your dream?" asks John earnestly.

Robin smiles as she recalls it, and the smile breaks almost into a laugh as she begins.

"I suppose sleeping in a strange bed-room must have spurred my imthere was a mouse in the room."

all," interposes aunt Louisa scoffingly, "the house literally swarms with mice."

"But this was such an extraordinary mouse," objects Robin calmly. tiny luminous ball in my hand, and quavering voice, "What am I?" My answer was to the effect that I neither

gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, "Dreams are inspirations," says in and out, until the midnight ride is com-John, slowly and solemnly, as if he pleted, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body guard, declares the respebting which there could be no dead secret of his heart when he says, 'Come, now, let us build Jerusalem. What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew y one can't call all the nonsense one not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriate and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time, in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling

his rhetorical thunder, but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of prying, courageous, homesick, close mouthed Nehemiah My subject first impresses me with the

idea what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cup bearer in the palace of Areral instances in which people have taxertes Longimanus, and one day while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the kind said to him, "What is the matter ing forewarned in the shape of a with you? You are not sick. I know you must have had some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was knocken down, how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the temple had been dishonored and defaced; how that the walls was scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that

agination to unusual activity. I dreamt we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of "It may not have been a dream at God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it is your own fireside. The

church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked When, after many futile efforts, I against. If there have been times when succeeded in catching it, it turned to a you have been carried into captivity tiny luminous hall in my hand and by sickness, you longed for the church. sickness, you longed for the church, asked me, with a low laugh, what I Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and house of the Lord. When the Temple was a wasp; so I dropped my captive with- and in the moonlight you stood listening if out delay. It fell upon the floor, where you could not hear the voice of the dead it rolled to and fro, asking again in its What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a conknew nor cared. 'I am a spirit,' it vention of goody goody people, but all the said next. Why do you meddle with impression they have ever made on your

in pursuit of some deadly foe. Mr. Aldridge, unwilling to see the dog maim itself further, bound the stump tightly with a cloth, over which crawled into bed, "and fight in wars but the merest apology in the shape of inch in length. It used to be eight inches long. The shorter the appendage became the greater the difficulty the dog had in reaching it with his

mouth, until now it is only in movements of almost incredible swiftness which the laws now require to be

Average Humanity.

Her Private Code.

very much amused at the question. The average weight of male adults is 130 pounds; of women, about 110 pounds, says the Medical Record. The average height of American re-

don't want to tell." The examiner cruits is about 5 feet 9 inches. The said she need not worry. average height of well-built men is 5

## Queer Dreams.

pounds to weight. The specific gravity From the London Telegraph.

of the body ranges from 0.950 to 1.030. There are a great many people who The heart weighs 260 grammes in woare firm believers in dreams, and men and 330 grammes (101 ounces) in men; the average weight is 292 who are not ashamed to admit it. grammes. The period of maximum and a great many other people who

will not plead guilty to what they The amount of blood in the body call foolish superstition, and who one-thirteenth the weight of the body, are yet more or less impressed by a or five or six quarts, or eleven or bad or good dream. To the latter twelve pounds. A man dies when he order, according to a paper pubhas lost a fifth of his blood. The heart lished at Tientsin, a gentleman bewith each contraction ejects six ounces of blood from each ventricle, longed who some years ago buried at a pressure in the left ventricle of his father in a temporary grave one-fourth of an atmosphere. The while the tomb in course of construcheart sends all the blood round the tion for his remains was being finishbody twice every minute, or in about ed. When completed the removal from thirty-five contractions. A deadly one spot to the other took place; poison ejected into a vein kills in but on the temporary grave being fifteen seconds, on the average; injectopened it was found filled with waed under the skin, in four minutes. A ter and the coffin was decayed.

cubic milimeter of blood contains 5,-This being the state of things, the 000,000 blood cells in men, and 4,500,undertaker hastily packed up the 000 in women. There are 300 red cells bones, placed them in an urn and reto every one white blood cell. The red cells have an average diameter of interred them. The same night the one-thirty-two-thousandth inch, the son dreamed that he saw his father in great displeasure, and, awaking white cells of one-twenty-five-thousandth inch. The specific gravity of from his dream, he fell asleep again the blood is 1,055. The frequency of to have it repeated. This happened the pulse in the new born is 150; in for several successive nights until at infants of one year, 110: at two years, ength he mentioned the circumstance 95; at seven to fourteen years, 85; in o his friends, for, though no believer the adult man, 72; woman, 80. The in dreams, his mind was troubled. respirations are one-fourth as rapid as One of his acquaintances suggested

that perhaps his father's spirit objected to being removed; another hinted that more likely all the bones had not been collected, and this last He is a very rich man, but a million- hint led to a search and the finding aire will always make up a telegraphic of a bone which had escaped notice. code to save money. It would be noth- It was at once interred with the rest ing to him if she sent one hundred in the urn and since that night the words, but he will always get as much | son's slumbers have been undisturbas he can for nothing any way, and he | 3d, the ghost, his grievance settled, will have a telegraph code. I don't appearing no more.

when I grow up," said Bobby, as he

he smeared tar. But the dog soon tore and battles." "All right, Bobby, this off and continued the strange and now go to sleep." In the morning cruel mutilation. So frequent and she shook him for the fourth time savage have these attacks been of late and said: "Bobby, you must get that nothing now remains of the tail up; the idea of a soldier lying in bed at this hour!" "Well, ma," said a torn and bleeding stump, a scant half Bobby, "I've changed my mind about being a soldier. Some amusing incidents happen at the civil service examinations

that he succeeds in nipping it with his passed by candiates for official poteeth. He never attempts this except sitions and elerkship. It was at an when spinning around in the manner examination in Boston that a described, and it is thought that he young woman found herself confrontwill not discontinue the habit until ed with this question: "Are you there is no longer any portion of his of good moral character?" She was

> and in doubt how to treat it. Calling the examiner to her desk, she said: "I have the reputation of being of good moral character. But you know 'reputation,' is what God and the angles know of us, and that I

	"but not to a Polar bear.""	talk. Robin, who never in all her life	would have burnt through your hand.'	fices for it to-day than for any other institu-	call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is	know, though. Perhaps he thought	appearing no more.	
		before has taken so long a journey	Then the shining ball gradually paled,	tion, and if it were needful you would die	a man who has lost his property. He does		No. 41 Million Comment	
	style of young man; I can picture him		flickered and went out. That was the	in its defense. You can take the words of	not go to hard drinking. He does not de- stroy his own life. He comes and says:	a thing by telegraph as ladies ordina-	Nicotine Whims of Statesmen	
	-just so!"and, taking my hand, she	traveling componions Hon descrip	end of my dream." laughs Robin. "and	thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand for-	"Harness me for Christain work. My mon-	rily do in conversation, and that would		
	-just so:and, taking my nand, sno	tion of them is onlinening and since	I think you must all agree that it was	get her cunning " You understand in your	ev's gone. I have no treasures or earth. 1	t t		
1.0	raises it slowly to her lips, sinking	tion of them is enlivening, and given	about as senseless and devoid of a sec-	own experience the pathos, the homesick-	want treasures in heaven. I have a voice	him of aganomy	control manpion has a queer	
	meanwhile on her left knee and plac-			ness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of	and a heart to praise God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed-he		habit. He does not chew or smoke to	
	ing her right hand sentimentally on	which adds piquancy to the common-	Ond meaning as any dream could be.	around the ruing of his beloved Jerusalem	has triumphed. Oh. I wish I could persuade	one word he would understand what	any extent, but he is fond of pinching	
		place incidents of life. Before break-	Decause is not given to jou to	Again my text impresses me with the	all the people who have any kind of trouble	she telegraphed, whereas, if he left her	off sections of a fine cigar, powdering	1
	"That is not in the least the style of	fast is half over, a most unprecedented	read its meaning," says John; and, a	fact that before reconstruction there must	never to give up. 1 wish they would look	to express it her own way he might	it in his hand and anothing it II	
2.5%	soung man," I return with dignity;	thing occurs. Aunt Louisa's tea-cup	shade paler than usual, he rises from		at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehe-	never have found out what she meant.	will sit in the clock monthly it. He	
1	.and If you are going to make fun of	is twice interrupted on its way to her	his chair suddenly, and leaves the	mos not his horse stabled in the midnight!	might rode might cut to pieces all your dis-	He left her to make out the code. She	enn soa tha Dussilastia la	151
2.3	my engagement, well, I won't tell you	lips by a fit of laughter.	preaklast table.	Let the police of the city arrest this midnight	couragements and hardships and trials.	made one quite to the point on all im-	can see the President's desk and	
	a word about Harry!"	John says nothing, but continues to		rider out on some mischief. No. Nehemiah	Give up! Who is going to give up,	portant matters. She selected the	snuff cigars for an hour at the time.	
		consume his dry toast in solemn	Louisa, in her calm practical tones	is going to rebuild the city, and he is mak- ing the preliminary exploration. In this	all his troubles hushed! Give up!	word herself, wrote it all out and	Senator Daniel of Virginia also has	
	in authoritatively, and dropping her	and the second s	"we had better set some traps in your	gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south.	Never think of giving up. Are you borne	handed it to him when she left. He	a nicotine fad. It is to indulge in a	
	mocking tone. "I must hear every		noom <sup>33</sup>	All through the mins The mins must be	down with poverty! A little child was	locked it in his desk and it was all	a nicotine fad. It is to indulge in a "dry smoke." That is, he keeps an unsmoked or haf smoked in	
	detail from beginning to end-what		"Traps! On no account; I am not	cumbered before the work of reconstruction		night	anomoked of han-smoked cigar in	
			in the least afraid of mice. It must		the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up,		his mouth all the time.	4
	he said, and what you said, and every-	Bream of contempt in their enpression	have been their scratching I suppose.	stay converted is because they did bot first	while holding her dead mother's hand, and	her. It consisted of one word, "Laugh."	Gen. Samuel Thomas of the Brice-	1
		nothing motor	which gave rise to my dream."	ovniore the ruins of their own heart. The	said "On. I do wish that God had made	He laughed. It seems to be something	Thomas-Seney syndicate got into	
			"Doubtless," I agree. "We are	reason that there are so many professed	more light for poor folks. My dear, God	quite pleasant. His code was at the	this habit as a compromise between	
	think I to myself; but I only remark		Doubliess, I agree. He are	Christians who in this day he and forge and	will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne	house. He went up there in the best	smoking and not smoking, and the	
	aloud, "You seem to have recovered	evident approval at my friend's rosy	overrun with mice; that is why we	nonitentiary, 15 because they do not learn	down with the bereavements of files is the	of humor. He got out the code and he	result was a surgical operation to	
	from the fatigue of your journey."	cheeks. "I quite expected you to be	Reep such a number of outer	the ruin of their own heart. They have not	house lonely now that the child is gone:	read: "Laugh-Send me \$500 San	remove a tumor-like growth that	1
	"Quite so," assents Robin, "though	knocked up by such a long journey,	(IO BE CONTINUED.)	found out that "the heart is deceitful above	Do not give up. Think of what the old sex-	Francisco Chronicle.	appeared on his lips just at the place	
	from Yorkshire to Devonshire is a	and meant you to spend all the morn-	The second se	all things, and desperately wicked. They	ton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in		where he always held his unlighted	
	huch greater stretch than it looks on	ing in bed."	mi - more and malations arist ha	and they built religion as a sort of exten-	the cemetery-so much more care than on	The cost of living in this country is grad-	rigar The doctors told him to	
	he map."	1 Second and the second in the second of the second s second second sec second second sec	tween us, and we are cemented by the	sion as an ornamental cupola. There was	the larger graves, and the old sexton said,	nally becoming cheaper. A man can now	att an and a la a la all the state	
	"Are you ready to come down?" I		a sit the share and when	a capeton the trankle	"Sir, you know that 'of such is the king- dom of heaven,' and I think the Saviour is	Pet HIS DOOLS DIRCACH IOLD COILS and HIS	alone has not to the second se	
	seeing that her toilette is about	the second se	a the test at lat me of the handlog	with a good deal of modern theolo-			aione, but not to carry an unifited	
	somplete. "Because, if so, we will	quite devoid of curiosity! Remember.	he vainly tried to let go of the handles	gy is that instead of building on	growing around these little graves." But	ald	ogar in ms mouth.	
	sombreter needed in so, we with I		of a magnetic battery.					
					철말 것 같은 것 같은 것 같은 것 같은 것 같이 같이 같이 같이 없다.			