ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise Seems like a crown upon my life, to It better worth the living, and to raise

Still nearer to your own the heart you love all good and noble souls; I heard One speak of you but lately, and for Dnly to think of it my soul was stirred

tender memory of such generous I love all those who love you; all who owe Comfort to you, and I can find regret Even for those poorer hearts who once could know

And once could love you, and can now Will you be jealous! Did you guess be-

'oved so many things? Still you the Dearest, remember that I love you more, Oh, more a thousand times, than all the

OUR ROBIN

CHAPTER VII (CONCLUDED). "Oh, my foot! I had forgoten." "Let me ring for assistance," says

Harry, approaching the bell. "Don't dare to touch the bell!" she cries excitedly. "Why have you two forced yourselves here into my house without invitation? Go, both of you, and leave me. How dare you stop here abusing and catechising me? Go, I say-do you here?"

"Yes," answers Harry doubtfully, and pulling at his short moustache. "Had we better leave her?" he asks me, in an undertone.

I feel utterly incapable of offering an opinion on the subject; but our mutual indecision is of little consequence, for at this moment the door opens, admitting an elderly woman gown, and a look of terror on her somehat careworn face.

"What is the matter-what has happened?" she asks, gazing with natural perplexity on the group before her. "I thought there were burglars in the house-are there?"

"No," I make response, feeling infinitely relieved by her opportune appearance. "You may thank her" -pointing to the figure on the sofa-"that your slumbers have been-"

"Hold your tongue!" cries Alice sharply; and then she addresses herself to the stranger. "There is nothing on earth the matter, Mrs. Wheller; only I have been for a stroll on candles, begins to divest herself of her love, and to have the same meaning but chariots of fire. the grounds, and these highly imagi- wraps. native people took me for a ghost, and would turn them out-I can't."

"In self-defence," says Harry, while the indignant blood surges over his hot face, "I must correct that statement. The lady lying there has -as you may easily see-got herself up with the view of intimidating an over-sensitive friend of mine. Night after night she has personated a spirit, until we were forced to devise some method for putting a stop to her mad

"Mad pranks indeed!" echoes Alice, starting up on the sofa, while her dark eyes seem literally to emit flashes of spirit. He confided to me everything only for my own pastime and to prove the weakness of his mind that I personated Lucy? If so, you are vastly mistaken. It was revenge! I have meditated revenge for years, only wondering how I could compass it. He himself put the stick into my hand with which I have chastised him. I near the old summer-house, when he took it into his head that I was a spirit -Lucy spirit. Was it likely that I would throw away so grand a chance of scaring him? If you had only left me alone, I would have killed him his eyes to the folly of his conduct in with sheer fright. Why not? He killed my sister Lucy; he put the skates on her feet which lured her to

her death. A life for a life is justice." While Alice pours forth this wild torrent of words, Mrs. Wheller gazes in distress from one to the other. When at length Alice sinks back exhausted on her pillows, the companion steps up to us softly, and lays a hand

"I think you had better go," she says, in a low troubled voice. "It seems a most extraordinary affair from beginning to end, and I don't as yet quite understand it; but I think you my tone. But I am afraid your advice fam'ly, Nanshy.' had better go."

in the direction of the open window; but Mrs. Wheller steps before me and closes it, securing also the shutters as she does so.

"I will let you out at the hall door," she says, with a glance which intimates | the shade of a friendly weeping ash, that she has a few words to say to us Jack sweeps aside its branches and before we start. As she leaves the room she closes the door behind her.

"I am quite unnerved by this extraordinary occurrence," she says, when she joins us: "nor can I understand any sane woman playing such a paltry

"Perhaps she is not sane," suggests

don't think that; she is sane enough," answers the companion, with | brightly. a decided nod. "I am afraid we can't put it down to anything but malice. She always was most eccentric, and her mind has got into a morbid state with always dwelling on one mournful subject. We have been abroad for years, and are starting pretty right about my poor old again shortly; only she had a great friends"-glancing down at the pile of fancy for spending a few weeks here books under his arm almost affectionpefore her departure. She has a presentiment that she will never return

to England." "You should get he away from here

as soon as possible." "Of course, and I will guarantee"with a faint smile-"that she sha'n't ing back a few paces as Robin holds play the ghost again."

"I am afraid she has sprained her ankle badly," I say. "In that case she will have to keep | mind."

to the house." "Upon my word, I pity you your task," says Harry, with a shrug of his good sense not to contradict him.

superfluous," answers the companion assist at the coming ceremony." drily. "Miss Seymour likes me, and I am most attached to her, notwithstanding her eccentricities. We lead, as a rule, a peaceable, though somewhat Bohemian existence, wandering and then I further explain apologetiabout the continent."

"Well, we must be going," I remark, after staring for some moments in blank "Just so," answers Robin, laughing.
"Just so," answers Robin, laughing.
"Second Old Dated State of the little woman before me.
"Shall I carry some of those books?"

Shall I carry some of those books?"

One of them recently last his wife and look rather heavily laden."

The last of the hall door, which are look rather heavily laden." wonder at the little woman before me. heavy bolts of the hall door, which are look rather heavily laden. somewhat stiff. "Good nights" are ex- "No, thanks," returns my brother don't know which one he is."

changed, and we step out once more into the brilliant moonlight. "It is about the strangest affair I

houghtfully. "I wonder how Robin is getting on

During our homeward walk our minds are naturally occupied with the recent adventure, and yet so selfish is poor humanity in general, and poor engaged humanity in particular, that long before we reach the end of the Lovers' Walk our conversation has reure, and the consequent heart-brokenness on both sides.

We find Robin alone in the diningroom. She looks rather a desolate obect perched on one of the penitential straight-backed chairs, and my heart reproaches me for that loitering in the grounds.

"Where is John?" I question, in an eager whisper; our movemens must eeds be stealthy for fear of waking

"He has gone up-stairs to his room," answers Robin, in the same hushed

"Not to his study?"-in some sur-

"No, not to his study; and, Mr Rodman"-turning to Harry-"he told me to wish you good night on his behalf, and to say that he felt ashamed of his folly, and hoped you would not chaff him too unmercifully to-morrow."

"Oh, Robin!" I cry amazed. "Jack urely did not use the word 'chaff'?" "Well, no-I believe you are right;" acquiesces my friend tranquilly; "but he gave me a message which amount- The authentic story that Hercules ed to what I have told you."

Then Harry declares that he must be off; so we quietly let him out of the terranean is obviously a myth, attriwindow, and watch him till he disap- buting to the Phœnician god a change hastily wrapped in a warm dressing | pears round the stable angle, with Nell | wrought by a cataclym, which may at his heels. The groom is never ex- have been local or may have been coslate, he saddles his own horse, having lars refer to this geographical change been provided with a duplicate key to by which the Western Mediterranean and courage and latter are in the stable-door, for convenience sake. | was formed, that afterwards slowly

I follow Robin to hers, feeling anxious upon coins, and in Carthage upon

set dogs upon me, and chased me till lieved at the result to take much heed side of a temple, or of a conical stone hundred and eight years. The American I fell and hurt my foot. I wish you of the means employed to bring it associated with the worship of Astor-Hancock in Independence hall in 1776.

idea he would be desperately angry at mount to the winged globe, then the warriors, without money, without prestige. our interference."

"He is far too just a man for that," is-but I don't feel in the least inclined to laugh at your brother's confire. "Do you imagine that it was as we walked home, and, instead of told me of the dread, and yet longing, which seized him when he first believed he was holding intercourse with his lost love's spirit."

from his dream will affect his spirits most dreadfully," I remark-for in was wandering one evening at dusk truth a gloomy foreboding overhangs

"On the contrary," returns Robin, with confidence, "I think he will revive and become an ordinary mortalnow. The scene to-night has opened brooding over the past till it had become a monomania with him." "He seems to have been quite con-

fidential," I say, a little jealously. "He was," answers Robin, with marked emphasis; "and, though I hope, as a rule, I am not very dogmatical, I took the liberty of giving your brother a small piece of my mind abused the unwholesome literature he has been dipping into, to my heart's content, and ended by advising him to read Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' "

won't be of much use; I don't think "You are right," I answer, moving Jack ever reads poetry."

CHAPTER VIII.

Nevertheless I feel that Robin has the best of it, when, the next morning, as we are sitting with our books under enters, laden with ten or twelve volumes and carrying a spade.

"I have come to ask you both to a funeral," he says, smiling a little nervously and tapping the bright steel end of the tool against the slender trunk of the ash.

"What kind of a funeral, and in what manner are we expected to attend?" demands Robin, glancing up

"Well, certainly not as mourners," with a look of thought stealing into his eyes-"merely as witnesses. The fact is, I have been thinking over your advice, Miss Wolstencroft, and I have come to the conclusion that you were ately; "so I am going to dig a big

hole and bury them. "Do let me have a peep first. off the funeral till to-morrow," pleads

"On no account!" replies Jack, fallout an eager hand. "You do not know what you are asking; it would be most dangerous to your peace of

I do not think Robin believes this oracular statement; but she has the Throwing down her book she rises with "You are very kind, but your pity is a laugh, declaring herself delighted to little Tommy wishes you'd die.

> "You will have to excuse me,"I say, for at this moment I become aware that Harry is rapidly making his way between the flower-beds to our retreat; cally-"There are so few mornings

left. you know." "Just so," answers Robin, laughing.

resolutely; and in my secret heart I come to the conclusion that he is afraid to trust Robin with the volumes ever knew in my life," remarks Harry lest womanly curiosity should lead her to peep between the forbidden leaves. So Robin and Jack disappear

with John," I murmur with sisterly through the trailing branches of my arbor, and a few moments later Harry enters from the opposite direction. "Oh, Harry," I say eagerly, when our somewhat lengthy greeting has come to an end, "do you know last night has worked wonders for Jack? Robin has actually persuaded him to give up those horrid old books over verted to Harry's approaching depart- which he was always poring! I shouldn't wonder if she induced him. before long, to take some interest in

the pursuits of ordinary mortals." "I wish she would persuade him to marry her," remarks Harry, with a meditative smile in his kindly eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) The Dollar Mark. Some discussion has been entered upon with regard to the dollar mark. There is no question that it comes from the Spanish dollar, and that with them it was a reference to the pillars of Hercules, which he was supposed to have set up at Calpe as a sign that beyond was the mighty ocean, and that man could go no futher than these pillars. The Spaniards triumphing in the new world which they had gained from Christopher Columbus, placed upon their Mexican dollars these pillars as a sign that they had gone beyond the confines of the old world. All this is conceded, but the discussion is upon the meaning which the Phœnicians gave to these emblematic pillars. burst open the mountain ridge that separated the Atlantic from the Medipected to wait up for Harry. When mical. But in no case could the pil-After securing the dining-room united itself with the Levant or Eastshutters, Robin and I creep cautiously ern Mediterranean. For the pillars up the moonlit staircase; and as we are obviously a symbol of a Kabirel reach the landing the hall-clock strikes | triad, and by themselves are partly two. Instead of repairing to my room, | meaningless. They are found in Tyre as to how John may have taken the coins, and from the other symbol it is denouement of his spiritualistic meet- clear that there were two Hercules, who were the champion gods of those "Is John angry with us all?" I ask who worshipped the sacred tree, which eagerly, as Robin, having lighted her is thought to be a symbol of infinite as the winged globe. The two pillars "No; he seemed too infinitely re- stand invariably in the coins on each I know it by the history of the last one eth. Astoreth is the same as the The colonies without ships, without ammu "That is a good thing. I had an sacred the, and if this symbol is tanta- nition, without guns, without trained two pillars are the same as the two serpents on each side of that symbol. On the other side, the mightlest hation of the earth, the largest armies, and the grand-est navies, and the most distinguished says Robin seriously. "Do you know, This would explain that Tyrian coin, Blanche," she continues, after a mo- which has on its obverse a tree around ment's pause-"I can't tell you how it | which a serpent is coiled, and it would also explain the caduceses, the rod around which two serpents are enduct, though it is of course very ridic- twined. On the Etruscan tombs the ulous; but he was himself so thorough- two Hercules are generally painted on ly in earnest, so thoroughly convinced each side of the entrance, one with that he was in communication with a lion's skin and club, the other with a goat skin and club. Little is known of the secret rites of Samothrace, laughing. I actually cried when he where the kabiri were worshipped, but we do know that one Hercules was typified by a white goat and the other by a black goat. It is conjectured that Castor and Pollux represent the two Castor and Pollux represent the two "I am afraid the brusque arousing kabiric Hercules of Italian mythology, but the subject is wrapped in great obscurity. What adds to this is the perplexing fact pointed out by Ignatius Donnelly, that in the Mexican museum is a large bronze coin similar to the Tyrian one in some respects. There is certainly a tree with a serpent twined around it. This would lead to the extraordinary deduction

> continent. At the Theatre.

that Tyrian art was derived either

from the Mayas or the Talotecs of this

"Absalom," said the wife, settling herself firmly in her seat, "you have gone out between the acts three times already. If you intend going again you will have to climb over me. I shall not budge.'

"Tha-thass right, Nanshy," said Mr. Rambo, approvingly, as he climbed "Your intentions, I am sure, are over her. "You shtay right here. I good, Robin," I say with some pity in | c'n (hic) budge 'nough f'r th' whole

A Modern Instance. "Madame, are you a woman suf-

ragist?" "No, sir; I haven't time to be." "Haven't time! Well, if you had the privilege of voting, whom would you support?"

"The same man I have supported for ten years."

"And who is that?" "My husband."-Nebraska State

A Family of Physicians. "Who is your family physician, Freddy?" asked Mrs. Hendricks of the Brown boy.

"We got none." said the boy. "Pa's homeopath, ma's an allopath, sister Jane is a Christian scientist, grandpa and grandma buy all the quack medicines going, uncle James believes in massage and brother Bill is a horse doctor. I tell you, sir, we're in bad

A Deadly Parallel.

"I can't see why there should be such a craze for Russian literature," remarked Hanover Squeer: "Why should people want to know so much about a country that nobody would care to live in?' "Ah, my boy, you forget," returned

is so popular that you can buy paper copies for twenty-five cents."-Puck. More Than He Bargained for. The Pastor-You remember me,

Barker Carper, "that 'Dante's Inferno'

don't you, Polly? The Parrot—Remember you? I reckon I do. You're the copper-toed heretic who preaches so long that good

(And it wasn't many long days before his mother learned that Tommy had been giving that bird daily lessons) .- Time.

Their Lot Equally Sad. First Old Bach-"I wonder who that melancholy looking man is?" Second Old Batch-"His name is

ELECTRICAL DISCOURSE

The Fomous and World Renowned Brooklynite Enlightens the Masses.

The Rev. Talmage Used for a Subject. "The Lord Opened the Eyes of the Young Man and He Saw All."

BROOKLYN, April 28,-At the Tabernacle to-day, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached a sermon appropriate to the coming centennial. The vast congregation sang the hymn beginning:

Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred juys. Dr. Talmage's text was II Kings vi, 17: "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." He said.

As it cost England many regiments and two million dollars a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the king of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion-perhaps 0,000 men to take Elisha. During the night the army of Assyrians came around the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the man ser-vant of Elisha rushed in and said: "What shall we do? there is a whole army come to destroy you. We must die, we must die." But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and saw the mountains all around full of supernatural forces, and he knew f there were 50,000 Assyrians against him here were 100,000 for him; and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his affrighted man servant, the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire; and warriors of fire with brandshed sword of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalrade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." I have often spoken to you of the Assyrian perils which hreaten our American institutions, but ow as we are assembling to keep contennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses

You will notice that the Divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John when they come to describe the Divine equipage, a ways represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered conflagration. It is not a chariot like kings and conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and compressed fire. That means purity, jus chastisement, deliverance through burning escapes. Chariot of rescue! yes but chariot of fire. All our national dis enthrallments have been through scorch ing agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through

tribulation nations rise. Chariots of rescue, But how do I know that this Divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? commanders, and resources inexhaustible and nearly all nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing as against im

mensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the quarreling of the generals, and through the jealousies at small success, and through the winters which surpassed all predeces sors in depth of snow and horrors of congealment. Elisha surrounded by the whole Assyrian army did not seem to be worse off than did the thirteen colonies encompassed What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The Green and White mountains of New England, the his men endured the frozen feet, and the gangrened wounds, and the exhausting "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Washington imself was a miracle. What Joshua was n sacred history the first American presi dent was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in different things, but he excelled them all in roundness and never saw his like, and probably never wil see his like again, because there probably

never will be another such exigency. He was let down a Divine interposition. He was from God direct. I do not know how any man can read the

nistory of those times without admitting that the contest was decided by the upper Then in 1861, when our civil war opened many at the north and at the south pro nounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large states against small states. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many generations against the recources o generations, it was the prayer of the north against the prayer of the south, it was onehalf of the nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the nation in armed indigna tion. What could come but extermination At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States forces was a man who had been great in battle, but old age had come with many infirmities, and he had a right to quietude. He could not mount a horse, and he rode on the battle field in a carriage asking the driver not to jolt it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest, on the southern side was a man in mid-life, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of war-riors, himself one of the heroes of Cheru-busco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years passed on and the scroll of carnage unrolled, there came out from both sides a heroism and a strength and a de termination that the world had never seen marshaled. And what but extermination could come when Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from north and south, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed! Yet, we are a nation, and yet we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the conflict. The upper forces of the text. They tell us there was a battle fought above the clouds

on Lookout mountain; but . there was some-Again, the horses and chariots of Goo came to the rescue of this nation in 1876, at the close of a presidential election famous for devilish ferocity. A darker cloud ye settled down upon the nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution not between two or three sections. but revo-lution in every town and village and city of the United States, seemed imminent. The prospect was that New York would throttle New York, and New Orleans would grip New Orleans, and Boston, Boston, and Savannah, Savannah, and Washington, Washington. Some said Mr. Tilden was elected; others said Mr. Hayes was elected; and how near we came to universal massacre some of us guessed, but God only knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteous-ness of infuriated politicians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces of the text. Chariots of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard and the flash was not seen, yet all through the mountains of the north and the south and the east and the west, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavalry of God galloped by. I tell you God is the friend of this nation. In the awful

excitement at the massacre of Lincoln when there was a prospect that greater slaughter would open upon this nation, God hushed the tempest. In the awful excite-ment at the time of Garfield's assassination, ment at the time of Garfield's assassination, God put his foot on the neck of the cyclone.

To prove that God is on the side of this ation, I argue from the last eight or nine reat national harvests, and from the national health of the last quarter of a century, equidemics very exceptional, and from the great revivals of the Church of God, and from the continent blossoming with a sylums and reformatory institutions, and the sylums and reformatory institutions, and fauna, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien, the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all Christian. and the scene of Christ's per-

ouraged more than I can tell you as 4 see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turn into doxologies, and that which was the Good Friday of the nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morn of its resurrection. Of course God works through human instrumentalities, and this national betterment is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot box. By the law of registration it is almost imposssible now to have illegal voting. There was a time—you and I remember it very well— when droves of vagabonds wandered up and down on election day from poll to poll, and voted here, and vote there, and voted everywhere, and there was no challenge; or, if there were it challenge; or, if there were amounted to nothing, because nothing could so suddenly be proved upon the vaga-bonds. Now, in every well organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with severest scrutiny. I must tell the registrar my name, and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the state, and how long I have resided in the ward, or the township, and if I misrepresent fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot box. Is not that a great advance! And then notice the law that prohibits a man voting if he has bet on the election. A step further needs to be taken, and that man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink, or cash paid down, the suspicious cases bliged to put their hand on the Bible and swear their vote in if they vote at all. So through the sacred chest of our nation's

suffrage, redemption will come. God also will save this nation through an aroused moral sentiment. There never has been so much discussion of morals and immorals. Men, whether or not they acknowledge what is right, have to think what is right. We have men who have had their hands in the public treasury the most of their lifetime, stealing all they could get their hands on, discoursing eloquently about dishonesty in public servants, and men with two or three families of their own, preach ing eloquently about the beauties of the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness is thrust in the face of this nation as never before, and to take a part in our political contests. The question of national sobriety is going to be respectfully and deferentially heard at the oar of every legislature and every house of representatives and every United States senate, and an omnipotent voice will ring down the sky and across this land and back again, saying to these rising tides of drunkenness which threaten to whelm home and church and nation: "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

I have not in my mind a shadow of disheartenment as large as the same housefly's wing. My faith is in the upper housefly's wing. God forces, the upper armies of the text. God is not dead. The chariots are not unwheeled. If you would only pray more and wash your eyes in the cool, bright water fresh rom the well of Christian reform, it would be said of you, as of this one of the text: "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and charlots of fire round about Elisha.

When the army of Antigonus went into battle his soldiers were very much discouraged, and they rushed up to the general and said to him: "Don't you see we have a few forces and they have so many more?" and he soldiers were affrighted at the smallness of their number and the greatness of the Antigonus, their commander, straightened himself up and said, with indignation and vehemence: "How many do you reckon me to be?" And when we see the vast armies arrayed against the cause of sobriety it may sometimes be very dis couraging, but I ask you in making up your estimate of the forces of righteousnessask you how many do you reckon the Lord God Almighty to be! He is our commander. The Lord of Hosts is his name. I have the best authority for saying that the chariots of God are twenty thousand, and the mountains are full of them.

You will take without my saying it that my only faith is in Christianity and in the upper forces suggested in the text. Political parties come and go, and they may be right and they may be wrong; but God lives and I think he has ordained this nation for a career of prosperity that no demagogism will be able to halt. I expect to live to see a political party which will have a platform of two planks—the Ten Com-mandments and the Sermon on the Mount. When that party is formed it will sweep across this land like a tornado, I was going to say, but when I think it is not to be de vastation but resuscitation. I change the figure and say, such a party as that will sweep across this land like spice gales from

Have you any doubt about the need of the Christian religion to purify and make decent American politics! At every yearly or quadrennial election we have in this of lies, and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large hes and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prurient. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long limbed lies and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some peo-ple believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. with humps like camels and scales like crocodiles and necks as long as storks and feet as swift as an antelope's and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready wound bobbers. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat

themselves in a presidential campaign. I confess I am ashamed to have a foreign er visit this country in such times. I should think he would stand dazed, his hand on his pocket book, and dare not go out nights. What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is, many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German and Italian and Swedish and French papers translate it all and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers. Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after a while. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade every four years, must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountain in oning the command, "Thou shalt not bear alse witness against thy neighbor," from the other mount making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than curs ing. Yes, we are going to have a national religion.

There are two kinds of national religion. The one is supported by the state, and is matter of human politics, and it has great patronage, and under it men will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of \$75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and canonicals, and roon for a thousand people, yet an audience of fifty people, or twenty people, or ten, or two.

national religion; but we want this kind of national religion—the vast majority of the people converted and evangelized, and then they will manage the secular as well as the

Do you say that this is impracticable No. The time is coming just as certain as there is a God and that this is his book and and that he has the strength and the honesty to fulfill his promises. One of the ancient emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counselors said was impossible, and I have to tell you to-day that man's impossibilities are God's easies. 'Hath he said and shall he not do it? Hath | there were two bunches of mountain he commanded, and will he not bring it to | bison, one of twenty-five head and the pass?" The Christian religion is coming to take possession of every ballot box, of every school house, of every home, of every valley, of every mountain, of every acre of our national domain. This nation, notwithstanding all the influences that are trying to destroy it, it is going to live. Never since, according to John Milton, when "Satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now. What a jewel it is—
a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this
planet! On one side of us the Atlantic
ocean, dividing us from the worn out gov-

ernments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific ocean, dividing us from the supersti-tions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic sea, which is the gymnasium in which the sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,-000,000 square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America

sonal reign on each if, according to the pectations of many good people, he shall at last set up his throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere, Christ or Satan, Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's bay to Terra deffuego, and the other from Behring straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all human com of a population vast beyond all human com putation? Who shall have the hemisphere: You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by put-ting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious and national move-

was the white marble watch tower of Pharos of Egypt. Sostratus, the architect and sculptor, after building that watch tower cut his name on it. Then he covered it with plastering, and to please the king he put the monarch's name on the outside of the plastering; and the storms beat and the seas dashed in their fury, and they washed off the plastering, and they washed it out, and they washed it down, but the name of Sostratus was deep cut in the imperishable rock. So across the face of this nation there have been a great many names written, across our finances, across our religions, names worthy of remembrance, names written on the architecture of our churches and our schools and our asylums and our homes of mercy, but God is the architect of this continent, and he was the sculptor of all its grandeurs, and long after through the wash of the ages and the tempests of centuries, all other names shall be obliterated, the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and the world shall see that the God who made this continent has redeemed it by his grace from all

its sorrows and from all its crimes. Have you faith in such a thing as that? After all the chariots have been unwheeled, and after all the war chargers have been crippled, the chariots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in triumph, followed by all the armies of neaven on white horses. God could do it without us, but he will not. The weakest of us, the faintest of us, the smallest brained of us, shall have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name, like the name of Sostratus, cut in imperishable rock and conspicuous for centuries, but we shall be remembered in a better place than that, even in the heart Him who came to redeem us and redeem the world, and our names will be seen close to the signature of his wound, for as to day he throws out his arms oward us, he says: "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hand." By the mightiest of all agencies, the potency of prayer, I beg you to seek our national wel-

Some time ago there were 4,600,000 letters in the dead letter post office at Washington —letters that lost their way—but not one prayer ever directed to the heart of God niscarried. The way is all clear for the ascent of your supplications heavenward in behalf of this nation. Bofore the postal communication was so easy, and long ago, on a rock one hundred feet high, on the coast of England, there was a barrel fastened to a post, and in great letters on the side of the rock, so it could be seen far out at sea, were the words "Post Office;" and when ships came by a boat put out to take and fetch letters. And so sacred were those deposits of affection in that barrel that no lock was ever put upon that barrel, although messages for America, and Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. Many a storm tossed sailor, homesick, got message of kinaness by that rock, and many a homestead heard good news from a boy long gone. Would that all the heights of our national prosperity were in interchange of sympathies— if fare would always be implacable." lown; postal celestial, not by a storm struck rock on a wintry coast, but by the

Raising a Pup.

A pup can be brought up in a great many different ways, just as there are more methods of killing a dog than to choke him to death on butter. Here's the very latest way to raise a pup. The youngest in a family of three, a boy of immense acquisitiveness and precocity, brought home a tiny Newfoundland pup the other day.

"Willie," said the mother, "that pup is too young-it is not more than a day old-you ought to take it back." "Oh, I know how to raise it, ma, replied the boy. "We'll feed it with a

bottle."

sisters, procured a large wine bottle, My star was shining behind a somwhich they partly fitted with milk and warm water. One of the giris carried the bottle-which was to the pup what a hogshead would be to you-and the boy held the pup's mouth open. Most of the milk and water went all over the pup's furry body. This style of feeding might have improved the dog's coat had it been persevered in but the dog would have died had not one of the small girls cried: "The right ter on a rag and let the pup eat the

So a rag was obtained and saturated dence in the rag-his omnivorous appe- where it was made, and try the ex-

to be fed through the rag. Then it was the boy's turn again, and with a wild yell of joy he shouted:

"Oh, I know the very thing. The medicine dropper.' So the physician's instrument for measuring minute doses was hunted up, and for hours every day since the dis- from the firm's wholesale agents in

ment from the dropper. same and growing apace. - Pittsburg | way. - Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Dispatch.

The Extermination of the Buffalo. At the present time, outside of the National Park, where about two hundred and sixty buffaloes are now harbored, there are not over three hundred, probably not as many, left in the whole United States. The survivors scattered in little bunches in several localities. There are about one hundred in Montana, or at least there were ing there are a few stragglers from the run back there for protection. In the other of eleven. These have probably been killed. There are none in Dakota, though eighteen months ago thirty were known to be that there were twenty-seven in Ne- 3,600 feet high." braska, and about fifty more scattered in the western part of the Indian Territory and Kansas. Those in Nebraska have since been killed by the Sioux. Of the thousands that once inhabited Texas, only two small bunches remain. Thirty-two head near the Ratons, in dle, and eight in the sand-hills on the Staked Plains north of the Pecos River. believed to be essentially correct. It was obtained from reliable and wellinformed persons throughout the West, and in part from personal observation during the past year.-Franklin Satterthwaite, in Harper's Magazine.

Spring is with us at last; but there are many cold days ahead for the government public.

Called Grant A Fool.

Private soldiers have their own pri-

vate opinions, even about the behavior of their commanding officers. and now and then they can not help expressing them. The historian of the Ninety-sixth Ohio Regiment cites an instance, at the siege of Vicksburg. At nine o'clock every morning, in full view of the forts, and always over the same course, General A. J. Smith could be seen riding the same black pacer at lightning speed. At that hour, therefore, the Confederate artillerists stood to their pieces, knowing they should have a chance to shoot at the "old white hat" which the General always wore. As a consequence, the boys came to expect a battle shower at precisely nine o'clock. General Grant, too, madehis staff, apparently paying no attention to consequences, individual or collective. At last he seemed to discover that his appearing with so many attendants caused an unnecessarv exposure of his men, and next day he came alone. This did not lessen the enemy's attentions, and on the following morningheappeared without insiginia of rauk, and mounted on a mule. He halted in the rear of the Ninety-sixth Ohio, surveyed the position in open view at the enemy, and, intent on knowledge, cooly drew his field-glass, took a steady survey, apparently not being aware of the well-aimed shot and shell that whizzed past or exploded above and around him. This play of fireworks over the soldiers in the trenches was a little trying to their nerves, and one of the men became thoroughly

indignant. "See here, you old fool," he shouted to the distinguished observer, who was only a few rods distant, "If you don't get off that mule you'll getshot! Some one informed the man who it was to whom he was administering

such peremptory advice. "Well, I don't care!" he retorted. 'What's he foolin' round here for, any-way? We're shot at enough, without takin' any chances with him. -Youth's Companion.

A Tramp Killed to give Sardon a Lesson.

Long before the world knew of his existence Victorien Sardou was passing one winter's night along a street in the Latin quarter. "I was asking myself,"he says, "if life was really worth so much useless labor, and Sardou was a prey to one of those moods of bitter discouragement, which make any folly possible, more particularly suicide. To escape the rain, which was falling in torrents, he stopped for shelter under a portecochere, which he left suddenly, instinctively, without knowing why, and a ragged tramp took his place. Just then there was a terrible noise. Sardou, who was going on, turned and saw that an enormous block ofstone

had fallen from a passing dray upon the tramp, killing him instantly. "I do not know what instinct," says Sardou, "made me quit the place which destiny had marked for some one's death. But it seemed to show me that I was not meant to die After some skirmishing this young poor and unknown-that I must fancier, aided and abetted by his two work, struggle and always hope.

bre sky!"

Paper from Wood. The discovery of the value of wood in paper making is credited to Dr. H. H. Hill, of this city. About forty years ago the doctor visited the paper mill at Vassalboro, and after lookway to do is to pour the milk and wa- ing over the machinery suggested the feasibility of using wood, and asking why the manufactures did not get a with milk, but the pup had no confi- few bales of excelsior from Augusta. tite had not yet arrived. He declined periment of making paper from wood. "It can't be done," said the manufacturers. "Have not you as much gumption as the hornets, whose nests are made of wood paper?" asked the doctor. The result of the conversation was a letter, some time later. covery that unfortunate pup has had Boston, asking what they were putits mouth held open to receive nourish- ting in their paper to make it so much better than it had been. It But the pup is getting fat all the was the wood, then first used in this

Sustaining Strength of Bricks.

Professor Baker, of the Illinois University, writes of the sustaining strength of brick work, "by actual experiments in a testing machine. the average strength, from fifteen exof this magnificent race of animals are periments, of piers laid in ordinary brick and common lime mortar, using the same care as that with year ago, some at the head of ordinary brick masonry is built. Dry Creek and the remainder at the stood a few pounds (I am writing head of Porcupine Creek. In Wyom- from memory over 1,500 pounds per square inch; which is equal to National Park, which, when chased, 216,000 pounds per square foot, or the weight of a column of brick 2,000 mountains of Colorado last summer Seet high; with ordinary Portland ement mortar, the strength was, for a mean of eight experiments. 2,500 and some odd pounds per square inch, which is equal to 360 .-000 pounds per square foot, or the there. It was estimated in 1887 weight of a column of brick masonry

When It Pinches Us.

"It is curious," remarks William Philpot, "to observe how much more enormous and outrageouswe are apt the northwestern part of the Panhan- to account a piece of dishonesty if we ourselves are pinched by it. These were seen and counted on the thought it sad, and a heinous thing first of April of last year. This esti-mate of the remnant of a great race is man in my neighborhood. man in my neighborhood was disnonest about an insurance business. But when I discovered, afterwards. that this same man had taken a prenium out of my own pocket and not paid it over, my indignation knew 10 bounds. Then I felt what a crime lishonesty was!"-St. Louis Re-