

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

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BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)
But when the 2d and 3d of May had come and gone and still not a speck was visible upon the vast expanse of ocean around them, he took a more serious view of the matter, and thought it his duty to speak about it.

"Johnstone," he said, when the others had retired for the night, "have you taken your bearings today? Do you know where we are?"

"Yes, sir; within an easy day's sail of the island."

"Then we shall have been twelve days coming a thousand miles. How's that?"

The other was silent.

"I told you," Dick continued, "that I should hold you answerable; now I give you warning that I'm not satisfied so far."

"I'll warrant you'll be satisfied enough by this time tomorrow," grumbled Johnstone, in a low voice.

Estcourt turned away, pretending not to hear this remark, which, however, in the sense in which he took it, struck him as being a just enough remark.

That night the wind rose again, and the sky next morning was once more completely overcast; about noon wet squalls began to strike the ship.

When the rain ceased for a time, toward sunset, Johnstone came down to the saloon to tell them that the island was in sight.

Dick and Camilla went up together on deck.

"There," he cried, as he stepped from the main hatch, "she's on the larboard bow. I knew the fellow had gone wide of his course."

And in fact the island, which should have lain before them to the right, was visible just upon the left-hand side of the line of the bowsprit.

Camilla scarcely heard his exclamation. She was standing motionless, with one hand on the capstan to support herself, gazing aloft at a small flock of birds that were wheeling swiftly round and round the topsails.

Dick turned to speak to her, and started to see the look of bewilderment upon her face. He followed her glance upward, and was even more amazed.

"St. Helena!" he murmured. "Great heaven! what can this mean? And he ran downstairs to find Johnstone, shouting for him by his name.

The voice of M. de Montaut answered him from the captain's cabin; the door was ajar, and he stepped hastily in.

On one side stood Johnstone and the colonel, on the other side lay the captain's berth; it was empty.

"Where is Worsley?" he cried, in fresh astonishment.

Johnstone laughed; the colonel held up his hand to rebuke him.

"What does all this mean?" Dick exclaimed. "We are at St. Helena!"

"My dear Estcourt," said the colonel, "I have long owed you an explanation; if you will come into the saloon I shall be happy to give it to you."

CHAPTER XIII.

DICK entered the saloon with an ominous foreboding that a struggle was at hand. M. de Montaut followed close behind him, and after entering locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Dick took no heed of this action. It could not have been aimed at him, for in strength of body he was easily the other's superior.

They sat down at the table opposite to one another. The colonel looked fixedly into his companion's face. It was essential that he should realize exactly the mood with which he had to deal. Dick frowned him with an uncompromising frown.

"Well," he said, "your explanation, sir?"

The colonel took his gravest air of courtesy.

"Some time ago," he began, "my sister-in-law and I found ourselves in need of a loyal friend. Chance threw you in our way. I esteemed, and she enthusiastically believed in, you. After careful consideration I invited you to help us."

"And you had your answer," replied Dick, shortly.

"For the moment, yes; and a great disappointment it was. But fortune has now given us another opportunity and we hope to be more successful this time in persuading you."

"Never!" said Dick. "Is that all?" And he rose from his seat as if to close the conversation.

A noise was heard at the door; Camilla was trying the handle.

"Is M. de Montaut there?" she cried. "I must speak to him at once."

"Certainly," replied the colonel, from within; "in five minutes' time, if you will excuse us for so long; we have matters of importance to discuss."

She turned away toward her own cabin, and he began again, inviting Dick with a polite gesture to resume his seat at the table.

"You may perhaps have overlooked the fact," he said, "but the situation is entirely changed since your letter of refusal was written. We were in safety there in London; here, at St. Helena, we are in peril of our lives; our train is fired, we must abide by the result; if you fall as now we are ruined."

Dick made an impatient gesture, but he sat on, and his face changed. The colonel pressed his point.

"For myself," he said, "I trust I may say that I am not afraid. I have es-

caped from prison more than once, and at the worst I can face death. But the thought of Camilla's fate is more than I can bear."

He paused, and then went on in a low, agitated voice:

"My friend," he said, "have you ever seen a French convict-ship? I have. It is many years ago, but the recollection of those stifling cages and the mass of scarcely human misery huddled behind the bars is a nightmare with me to this day." Dick's breath hissed inward through his teeth.

"Silence!" he said, sternly. "Not another word, or I strike!" The colonel did not flinch.

"Strike, and welcome," he replied, "if you think that will save her."

"No," said Dick, "nothing that I can do will save her; it would take the sacrifice of my honor, and that I can not offer nor she accept."

"Your honor?" said the colonel. "Surely it is too late to speak of that now."

"Why so? Why late?"

"Because it has long been compromised beyond retrieving."

"What do you mean?"

"My dear Estcourt," said the colonel, in his most serious and reasonable tone, "I see that you don't understand the gravity of your position. Let me put it briefly before you. You will remember that one day in March last I wrote a letter asking you to join in this expedition of ours, and naming a place of rendezvous in case of your assenting to my proposal. You kept that appointment, and were then and there introduced to your fellow-conspirators."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Dick. "You know I wrote the same evening to explain that mistake."

"Indeed?" replied the colonel, coldly. "It is odd that my servant never brought the note to me."

"No!" cried Dick, remembering the shadow on the blind in Bedford Square. "No, but I saw you take it from the letter-box yourself."

"Unfortunately," said the colonel, "I have no recollection whatever of doing so. If I ever did it, I feel sure that nothing will recall it to my mind, and as no one else seems to have known of the existence of the letter, I fear that this part of your argument breaks down for want of corroboration."

"No matter," retorted Dick, triumphantly; "I can prove, for all that, that I never thought of accepting, for I didn't get your letter until after I came back from Russell Street."

"Excuse me," said the colonel, "but your own servant has sworn that you opened it before 11 o'clock that morning."

"Sworn? My own servant? To whom?"

"To me. She mentioned the matter when I called for you one day before leaving town, and told me that you had scolded her and quarreled with your lawyer, Mr. Wickerby, about the seal of the letter, which she is certain you broke yourself."

Dick was silent, and turned in his chair with an angry and impatient movement. He remembered too well the overwhelming manner in which Mr. Wickerby had marshaled the evidence against him that afternoon, and was staggered to find how fatal had been his contemptuous disregard of that worthy gentleman's advice. Clearly the battle was going against him here, and he fell back upon his third line of defense.

"What is the use," he cried, "of arguing about that? If the truth were known, I believe you broke the seal yourself. But what does it matter now? The best proof that I scorned your reasonable offers is that I came away directly afterward on business of another kind."

"I see no evidence of that," replied the colonel; "you sailed without us, it is true, but you rejoined us at Cape Verd, and have come with us to St. Helena."

"Not of my own knowledge or free will. I sailed for the Cape, as every clerk in the Admiralty knows, and as this letter will show beyond dispute." And he took from his pocket the paper containing the instructions for his voyage and held it up.

"The colonel did not offer to read it. 'I am very much afraid,' he said, 'that this letter never saw the inside of the Admiralty; and as for his majesty's ship Niobe, I know that she is in the Madras roads, sound from stem to stern, with her full complement of officers and men.'

"Look here," said Dick, with ominous calmness, "let me tell you this. I came here innocent, and I am going back innocent. You have, by shameful devices and devilish cunning, brought me with you so far, but nothing you say or do or threaten can move me a hairbreadth farther. Without my help your plot will fail, as you yourself know well. And when you are in Malcolm's hands we'll see whether he'll believe you or me first."

The colonel did not betray it by so much as the trembling of an eyelid; but this last stroke of Dick's was a downright blow, and might, if not parried, mean the ruin of his whole fabric of ingenious policy. His manner, accordingly, became lighter and more indifferent.

"Come, come, my dear Estcourt," he said, "you are taking the matter too seriously. I don't think you realize what I am asking of you. I don't, of course, expect you to take any responsibility for our plan, or to do anything which could be censured as a breach of duty or the rules of your service. I only ask you, in the absence of Captain Worsley, to take command of the Speedwell for twenty-four hours, and bring her to anchor off the island here until tomorrow night. On Sunday morning we shall be ready to sail again. What we do in the meantime can not be laid to your charge—if, indeed, it were ever discovered—for you know nothing of our designs, as we would all bear witness in case of need."

Dick rose. "Colonel de Montaut," he said, in a stern, incisive tone, "I have

borne with you so far, and I am ashamed of my own patience. Every word you utter is a fresh insult," he exclaimed, with a sudden fury in his eyes; "and if you do not leave me instantly, before God I will avenge myself!"

The colonel unlocked the door without a word. With great alacrity he slipped out and locked it again on the other side. As he did so he heard a light footstep hastily retreating. He followed immediately, and was in time to see the door of Camilla's cabin softly closed. He approached noiselessly, and listened outside in his turn. She was sobbing, and if the colonel had not been somewhat flustered by his late unceremonious dismissal, so keen an observer would have noted that her sobs were the quick, half-laughing utterance of intense relief. But he was not now concerned with Camilla's feelings. He had Estcourt yet to conquer, and he went off in search of Johnstone to help him in the struggle.

The colonel explained the position to him from beginning to end. "Now," he said in conclusion, "you see the one thing absolutely necessary. So long as he hopes to clear himself with Malcolm he will defy us. Once let him commit himself too far for that, and he is ours body and soul."

"What do you want him to do?" asked Johnstone. "You give it a name, and I warrant I'll make him do it."

"Yes," replied the colonel, "I think it is time that you tried your hand now. The game of skill is up, and we must see what force can do for us. I want him to write a letter to Admiral Malcolm asking for permission to anchor the brig off Jamestown for twenty-four hours. He needn't write the whole letter even. I can do it for him, provided he signs it. He can't draw back after that."

"That'll do," said Johnstone. "I'll see to it, never fear!"

"I'll have the letter ready after supper, then," said the colonel, as he went below; "and remember that if he refuses to sign when I ask him, I shall leave him to you at once; but of course you will avoid taking any irrevocable step until the last possible moment."

"I understand," answered Johnstone, with a grin; "obstinate as ever he likes, he shan't meet with a fatal accident, nor will the guardboat men set foot on board; after that I can't answer for what may happen. It's a long fall into the hold, and some folks are so careless of themselves."

The brutality of this jest displeased the colonel, who was above all things a man of taste; but he could not afford just now to be critical of his tools, so he let it pass without rebuke, and went to order supper.

The meal was served to Dick in the saloon, with Johnstone on guard at the door; to the colonel alone in the captain's room; Camilla, locked in her own, refused all persuasion to eat or drink.

A long time passed, and silence reigned between the decks of the Speedwell.

It was nearly midnight when Camilla at last heard her brother-in-law leave his cabin and call Johnstone. The two men spoke together for a moment in a low voice and then entered the saloon.

Dick started up as they came in; he looked tired and grim; his cheeks were sunken, and furrowed with lines that told of anger and determination.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "you have now thought matters over and are prepared to reconsider your decision. I do not wish to be unreasonable, and I am ready to meet you half-way; all I now ask is that you should demand permission to anchor from your old friend Sir Pulteney Malcolm. It is a most natural request to make, and in fact no more than is really necessary for the safety of the vessel in such weather as this."

Dick kept a scornful silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BICYCLE ETIQUETTE.

What Is Regarded as Good Form by Experts on the Wheel.

An authority on bicycle etiquette lays down the following rules: "In mounting, the gentleman who is accompanying a lady holds her wheel; she stands on the left side of the machine and puts her right foot across the frame on the right pedal, which at the time must be up; pushing the right pedal causes the machine to start and then, with the left foot in place, the rider starts ahead—slowly at first, in order to give her cavalier time to mount his wheel, which he will do in the briefest time possible. When the end of the ride is reached the man quickly dismounts and is at his companion's side to assist her, she, in the meantime, assisting her self as much as possible. This is done—that is, dismounting—in the most approved style by riding slowly and when the left pedal is on the rise the weight of the body is thrown on it, the right foot is crossed over the frame of the machine and with an assisting hand the rider can easily step to the ground. In meeting a party of cyclists who are known to each other and desire to stop for a party, it is considered the proper thing for the men of the party to dismount while in conversation with the ladies. As to the furnishings of the bicycle, to be really swapper it must be fitted out with a clock and a bell, luggage carrier and a cyclometer, the latter being an absolute sine qua non to the woman who cares for records."

Fine and Ruffled Lawn.

The use of fine and ruffled lawn has extended to the skirt and some new models are made to fall open in front over a petticoat of flounced lawn. A voluminous Louis XVI. beruffled fichu of the same lawn completes a gown that, except for the large sleeves would be characteristic of the close-shouldered period. Certain it is that if looseness of bodice and befrillment of skirt prevail, there will be a change in sleeves. For fashion has, after all, her idea of proportion, and she never detaches the swelling of more than one feature of a gown at a time.

Maine Claims the World's Hose Record.

The world's record is claimed by the Dingo hose company of Ellsworth, Maine, which the other day ran 213 yards to the engine house; then 233 yards with the hose reel, coupled the hose to the hydrant and nozzle to the hose, all in 1:01 1/2.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE PETTY ANNOYANCES OF LIFE" THE SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "Moreover the Lord Thy God Will Send the Hornet Among Them Until They That Hide Themselves from Thee Are Destroyed."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 15, 1895.
—Dr. Talmage today chose for his discourse a theme that will appeal to most people, viz: The petty annoyances of life.

It seems as if the insect life were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato-bug, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's Ark as the door was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captives over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornet.

My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them; we get on the high-mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas, for these insect annoyances of life—these foes too small to shoot—these things without any avoirdupois weight—the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best-conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization.

People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy; but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering, and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossip spin, and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh too—outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the Book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, and into another land; but, after awhile, she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and, instead of giving her common-sense consolation, what did they do? Read the Book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful had you do look!" When I entered the ministry I looked very pale for five years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year, I was asked if I had not the consumption; and, passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah! not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never, in any conversation, would say anything

depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest-field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with an hilarious "good-morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

When I see so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things, and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said, "No use, no use; man's a failure."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it, is one of the greatest questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogance and inconsiderateness of employeers, but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1857 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these every-day annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant; but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to culture our patience. In the gymnasium, you find upright parallel bars—upright bars, with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured, reaches after awhile the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable, and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are lied about, and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man I would be patient, too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water I would swim;" or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the charge." When you stand chin-deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to know Christ and the power of his resurrection, and to have fellowship with his sufferings.

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the dinker and the sinner. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is, whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him; while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly-blisters than an amputation; better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy; but in this matter of trouble I like homeopathic doses—small pellets of annoyance rather than some knock-down dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that fifty men would come in with checks less than a hundred dollars than to have two depositors come in the same day each wanting ten thousand dollars. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling, before you look into the safe.

Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all-staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally re-quire you to trust in Christ for succor, and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town, and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser; then he blew a blast and then they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable; but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the Gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain-field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances, that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of store-houses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everthings.

Now, be careful to let none of these annoyances go through your soul unarranged. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lock-jaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our Government does not think it belittling to put a tax on small articles. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, oh Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was faggots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the pontard; the flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense, and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessing and the promise, "When thou wast through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand, you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

Not a Horned Grinder.

The upper west side, near 120th street, was startled the other day by the loud blowing of a tally-ho horn. Every housewife stopped her work and rushed to the front of the house. Heads popped out from windows and doors to witness the supposed unusual sight of a passing coach. The tally-ho was not in evidence but out in the middle of the street, with his modest grinding apparatus, stood a knife-sharpener, smiling and bowing to the surprised residents, and blandly asking if they had any knives or scissors that required a new edge put on them. Almost before they knew it frugal housewives hastened to look over their cutlery and within a short time the grinder was saying nothing but grinding hard. He must have picked up a little fortune for his first blast and after finishing everything grindable in sight he treated his customers to a parting blast and moved on. He has been there since the first visit—this Italian, for such he appears to be—and his merry roundelay is worthy of a master of the art.—New York Herald.

Wise Thoughts.

The man who spends an hour alone with God in the morning, will not be seen at the theater that night. The heart that is trusting God can sign as sweetly in the dark as in the light. The man who is not doing anything to help take the world for Christ, is hindering God's work in his own heart. The surest evidence of trust in Christ, is obedience to him. The man whose hope is in God may be kept waiting, but his reward will be sure and certain. Giving respectability to any kind of a sin, gives the devil a mortgage on the young.—Ram's Horn.

Playgrounds on the Roofs.

It is now proposed that the roofs of schoolhouses in New York City should be utilized as playgrounds, and in the plans of a new school 10,000 feet of space is allotted thus on the roof for this purpose, at an added expenditure of \$4,000.