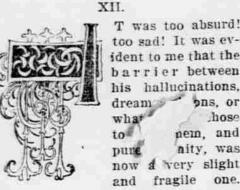


CHAPTER XI -(CONTINUED.) Upon returning to his senses he told me, with great excitement, that he had again seen Madeline; moreover, this time he had seen a man with her-a man who had placed his hand upon her wrist and kept it there; and so, according to Carriston's wild reasoning, became, on account of the contact, visible to him.

He told me he had watched them for some moments, until the man tightening his grip on the girl's arm, endeavored, he thought, to lead her or induce her to follow him somewhere. At this juncture, unaware that he was gazing at a vision, he had rushed to her assistance in the frantic way I have described-then he awoke.

He also told me he had studied the man's features and general appearance most carefully with a view to future recognition. All these ridiculous statements were made as he made the former ones, with the air of relating simple, undeniable facts-one speaking the plain, unvarnished truth, and expecting | couraged by Carriston, who, speaking full credence to be given to his words.



dream ons, or hose what nem, and pure nity, was now a very slight and fragile one. But before I gave his case up as hopeless I determined to inake another strong appeal to his com-

mon sense. I told him of his cousin's visit to me-of his intentions and proposition. I begged him to consider what consequences his extraordinary beliefs and extravagant actions must eventually entail. He listened attentively and calmly.

"You see now," he said, "how right I was in attributing all this to Ralph Carriston-how right I was to come to you, a doctor of standing, who can vouch for my sanity."

"Vouch for your sanity! How can

I write this, lies before me, so that am not speaking from memory.

Now, there are some portraits of which, without having seen the original, we say, "What splendid likenesses these must be." It was so with Carriston's sketch. Looking at it you feit sure it was exactly like the man whom it was intended to represent. So that, with the certain amount of art knowledge, which I am at least supposed to possess, it was hard for me, after examining the drawing and recognizing the true artist's touch in every line, to bring myself to accept the fact that it was but the outcome of a diseased imagination. As, at this very moment, I glance at that drawing, I scarcely blame myself for the question that faintly frames itself in my innermost heart. "Could it be possible-could there be in certain organizations powers not yet known-not yet properly investigated?"

My thought-supposing such a thought was ever there-was not disas if his faith in the bodily existence of the man whose portrait lay in my hand was unassailable, said:

"I noticed that his general appearance was that of a countryman-an English peasant; so in the country I shall find my love. Moreover, it will be easy to identify the man, as the top joint is missing from the middle finger of his right hand. As it lay on Madeline's arm I noticed that." I argued with him no more. I fel:

that words would be but wasted.

XIII. had witnessed what I must call Carriston's second seizure we were favored with a visit from the man whose services we had secured to trace Madeline. Since he had received his instructions we had

heard nothing of his proceedings until he now called to report progress in person. Carriston had not expressed the slightest curiosity as to where the man was or what he was about. Probably he looked upon the employment of this private detective as nothing more useful than a salve to my conscience. That Madeline was only to be found through the power which he professed to hold of seeing her in his visions was. I felt certain, becoming a rooted belief of his. Whenever I expressed my surprise that our agent had brought or sent no information, Carriston shrugged his shoulders, and assured me that from the first he knew the man's researches would be fruitless. How ever, the fellow had called at last, and, I hoped, had brought us good news. He was a glib-tongued man, who spoke in a confident, matter-of-fact way. When he saw us, he rubbed his hands as one who had brought affairs to a successful issue, and now meant to reap praise and other rewards. His whole bearing told me he had made an important discovery; so I begged him to be seated, and give us his news. Carriston gave him a careless glance. and stood at some little distance from us. He looked as if he thought the impending communication scarcely worth the trouble of listening to. He might, indeed, from his looks, have been the most disinterested person of the three. He even left me to do the questioning. "Now, then, Mr. Sharpe," I said, "let us hear if you have earned your money. "I think so, sir," replied Sharpe, looking curiously at Carriston, who, strange to say, heard his answer with supreme indifference. "I think I may say I have, sir," continued the detective; "that is, if the gentleman can identify these articles as being the lady's property." Thereupon he produced, from a thick lettercase, a ribbon, in which was stuck a silver pin, mounted with Scotch pebbles, an ornament that I remembered having seen Madeline wear. Mr. Sharpe handed them to Carriston. He examined them, and I saw his cheeks flush and his eyes grow bright. "How did you come by this?" he cried, pointing to the silver ornament. "I'll tell you presently, sir. Do you recognize it?"

"I found there was nothing to be gained by keeping watch on the gentleman you mentioned, sir, so I went to Scotland and tried back from there. As soon as I worked on my own lay I found out all about it. The lady went from Callendar to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to London, from London to Folkestone, and from Folkestone to Boulogne."

I glanced at Carriston. All his calmness seemed to have returned. He way leaning against the mantel-piece and appeared quite unmoved by Mr. Sharpe's clear statement as to the route Madeline had taken.

"Of course," continued Mr. Sharpe, 'I was not quite certain I was tracking the right person, although her description corresponded with the likeness you gave me. But as you are sure this article of jewelry belonged to the lady you want, the matter is beyond a doubt."

"Of course," I said, seeing that Carriston had no intention of speaking. "Where did you find it?"

"It was left behind in a bedroom of one of the principal hotels in Folkestone. I did go over to Boulogne, but after that I thought I had learned all you would care to know."

There was something in the man's manner which made me dread what was coming. Again I looked at Carriston. His lips were curved with contempt, but he still kept silence.

ries past Boulogne?" I asked.

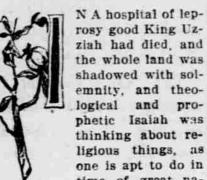
"For this reason, sir. I had learned enough. The theory I had concocted was the right one after all. The lady went to Edinburgh alone, right enough; but she didn't leave Edinburgh alone. nor did she leave London alone, nor she didn't stay at Folkestone-where I found the pin-alone, nor she didn't go to Goulogne alone. She was accompanied by a young gentleman who called himself Mr. Smith; and, what's more, she called herself Mrs. Smith. Perhaps she was, as they lived like man and wife."

Whether the fellow was right cr mictaken, this explanation of Madeline's disappearance seemed to give me what I can only compare to a smack in the face. I stared at the speaker in speechless astonishment. If the tale he told so glibly and circumstantially was true. farewell, so far as I was concerned, to belief in the love or purity of woman. Madeline Rowan, that creature of a | feet of God, and with the lameness of poet's dream, on the eve of her marriage his locomotion amounting almost to with Charles Carriston, to fly, whether | decrepitude as compared with the di-

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WINGS OF SERAPHIM" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "With Twain He Covered His Face, With Twain He Covered His Feet, and with Twain He Did Fly"-Isalah 6:2.



time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple: building grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne, the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants: the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions, which suggest the lithest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unintelligent creation-a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly.'

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the

thou goest to the home of God." Especial peril: "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution: "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities, and in what roads and in what directions. work, so often making missteps, so saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than crimes humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, alltrying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we? "With twain he covered the feet."

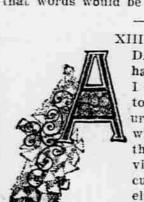
All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick; but that well afterward became the center of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabers compelled the gardener, William Von Kylsom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean.

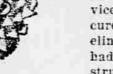
Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twain he covered the face." though the subject were filled with That means reverence Godward, Never skeletons and the varnish of coffins, so much irreverence abroad in the and as though you preferred lame foot world as to-day. You see it in the de- to swift wing? faced statuary, in the cutting out of O people of God, let us stop playing wed or unwed mattered little, with an- vine velocity, with feathery veil of figures from fine paintings, in the chip- the fcol and prepare for rapturous other man! And yet, she was but a angelic modesty hides the feet. "With ping of monuments for a memento, in flight. When your soul stands on the the fact that military guard must verge of this life, and there are vast stand at the grave of Lincoln and Gar- precipices beneath, and sapphired field, and that old shade trees must be domes above, which way will you fly? cut down for firewood, though fifty Will you swoop or will you soar? Will George P. Morrises beg the woodmen you fly down rd or will you fly upto spare the tree, and that calls a corpse | ward? Ever, thing on the wing this a cadaver, and that speaks of death as day bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on going over to the majority, and sub- the wing. Angel of the New Covenant stitutes for the reverent terms father | on the wing. Time on the wing, flying and mother, "the old man" and "the away from us. Eternity on the wing, old woman," and finds nothing im- flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings? pressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days lifeless body will not soliloquize, sayexcept it allows more dissipation, and ing: "What a disappointment life was reads the Bible in what is called higher to him; how averse he was to departcriticism, making it not the Word of ure; what a pity it was he had to die; God but a good book with some fine what an awful calamity." Rather things in it. Irreverence never so standing there may they see a sign much abroad. How many take the name | more vivid on your still face than the of God in vain, how many trivial things vestiges of pain, something that will said about the Almighty. Not willing indicate that it was a happy exit-the to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and human- the cast-off chrysalid, the moulting of itarianism and impudence and imbecil- the faded and the useless, and the asity, and call it God. No wings of rever- cent from malarial valleys to bright, ence over the face, no taking off of shining mountain-tops, and be led to shoes on holy ground. You can tell say, as they stand there contemplating from the way they talk they could have your humility and your reverence in made a better world than this, and life, and your happiness in death: that the God of the Bible shocks every | "With twain he covered the feet, with sense of propriety. They talk of the twain he covered the face, with twain love of God in a way that shows you he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings! they believe it does not make any difput any dishonor upon that which is ference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the related by Mr. Spearman, attorney for water Treatise, written by Sir Charles abandoned and the scoundrelly of the the department of justice at Washing-Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of universe. No punishment hereafter for ton. He has been taking testimony The Bible gives two descriptions of claims. In taking such testimony, he God, and they are just opposite, and says, I frequently hear interesting storthey are both true. In one place the | ies concerning early frontier life. I re-Bible says God is love. In another member one case in particular, one of place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is six dogs alone in an equipage drawn love. God out of Christ is fire. To by four horses and attended by two win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says Irreverence, "I want no atonement, I want no pardon, I want the world could afford to forgive his no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge him, and I ford to have another Earl of Bridge- will defy him, and I will ask him water, however idiosyncratic, if he what he wants to do with me." So selves as best they could: but the would induce some other Sir Charles the finite confronts the infinite, so a ranchman, watching his opportunity, Bell to write a book on the wisdom and tack hammer tries to break a thunder- lowered his little boy and his daughter, goodness of God in the construction of bolt, so the breath of human nostrils who was but twelve years of age, from the human foot. The articulation of defies the everlasting God, while the the back window and told them to try its bones, the lubrication of its joints, hierarchs of heaven bow the head and and make their war to the canon and the gracefulness of its lines, the in- bend the knee as the King's chariot follow it down to Beaver, where they genuity of its cartilages, the delicacy goes by, and the archangel turns away could obtain help. The children sucof its veins, the rapidity of its muscu- because he cannot endure the splendor. ceeded in reaching the canon unoblar contraction, the sensitiveness of its | and the chorus of all the empires of | served, and with presence of mind and heaven comes in with full diapason, bravery which I think remarkable for "Hely, holy, holy!"

might'est seraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face." . . .

As you take a pinch of sait or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two and I will know more about you than fingers. You wrap around your hand I want to know. None of us could en- a blue ribbon five times, ten times. dure the scrutiny. Our feet not always You say it is five hand-breadths, or it in paths of God. Sometimes in paths is ten hand-breadths. So indicates the of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and prophet God winds the blue ribbon of glorious machinery for usefulness and the sky around his hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span." You often going in the wrong direction. know that balances are made of a beam God knowing every step, the patriarch suspended in the middle with two basins at the extremity of equal heft. In that way what a vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation comof the foot. Oh, we want the wings of pared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Appenines and Mount Washington and the Sierre Nevadas. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America; so when God made the mountains he weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents, the tons, the pounds avoirdupois, the ounces, the grains, the millegrammes -just how much they weighed 'then. and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

> See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sick, so ragged-feathered, so worn-out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is the moulting season with that bird. Not dying, but moulting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn-out and seeming about to expire on what is called his death-bed. The world says he is dying. I say it is the moulting season for his soul-the body dropping away. the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but moulting. Moulting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as





been. Still-

DAY or two after !

"Why not have pursued your inqui-

when you sit here and talk such arrant nonsense, and expect me to believe it? When you jump from your chair and rush madly at some visionary foe? Sane as you may be in all else, any evidence I could give in your favor must break down in cross-examination if an inkling of these things got about. Come, Carriston, be reasonable, and prove your sanity by setting about this search for Miss Rowan in a proper WHY.

He made no reply, but walked up and down the room apparently in deep thought. My words seemed to have had no effect upon him. Presently he seated himself; and, as if to avoid returning to the argument, drew a book at hazard from my shelves and began to read. He opened the volume at random, but after reading a few lines seemed struck by something that met his eyes, and in a few minutes was deeply immersed in the contents of the book. I glanced at it to see what had so awakened his interest. By a curious fatality he had chosen a book the very worst for him in his present frame of mind-Gilchrist's recently published life of William Blake, that masterly memoir of a man who was on certain points as mad as Carriston himself. 1 was about to remonstrate, when he laid down the volume and turned to me.

"Variey, the painter," he said, "was a firm believer in Blake's visions."

"Varley was a bigger fool than Blake," I retorted. "Fancy his sitting down and watching his clever but mad friend draw spectral heads, and believing them to be genuine portraits of deal kings whose forms condescended to appear to Blake!"

A sudden thought seemed to strike Carriston. "Will you give me some paper and chalk?" he asked. Upon being furnished with these materials, he seated himself at the table and began to draw. At least a dozen times he sketched, with his usual rapidity, some object or another, and a dozen times, after a moment's consideration, threw each sketch aside with an air of disappointment and began a fresh one. At last one of his attempts seemed to come up to his requirements. "I have it now, exactly!" he cried, with joyeven triumph-in his voice. He spent some time in putting finishing touches to the successful sketch, and then he handed me the paper.

"That is the man I saw just now with Madeline," he said. "When I find him I shall find her." He spoke with all sincerity and conviction. I looked at the paper with, I am ound to say. a great amount of cpri ty.

used to shave themselves on the edge. foot. With that we halt or climb or the old merely because it is old, rever, and he would follow the other, so riston, fiercely. "Go on with your tale." source Carriston had La. wn his inspir-We finally managed to fix things. Just march. It is the foundation of the The man gave his interrupter a spitephysical fabric. It is the base of a ence for stupidity, however learned, that in case the Indians should find ation, his sketch was vigorous and natpainted the poles with soft pitch. The ful glance. "Well, sir," he said, "as God-poised column. With it the war- reverence for incapacity however fine- one of them the other might not be ural enough. I have already mentioned pitch caught the sand, and now every rior braces himself for battle. With it | ly inaugurated, I have none. But we observed. The children gol safely to you gave me strict instructions to his wonderful power of drawing pornole is about two feet thick and as solid watch a certain gentleman closely, I the orator plants himself for eulogium. want more reverence for God, more Beave , where a party was organized traits from memory, so was willing to as a rock."-New Orleans Timesobeyed those instructions, of course, With it the toiler reaches his work. reverence for the sacraments, more which hastened to the rescue of the grant that he might have reproduced Democrat. the outline of some face which had | although I knew I was on a fool's er-With it the outraged stamps his in- reverence for the Bible, more rever- besieged. At the beginning of the dignation. Its loss an irreparable dis- ence for the pure, more reverence for siege the Indians had heard the chilsomewhere struck him. Yet why should | rand." Not Great Tobacco Users. "Will you go on?" cried Carriston. the good. Reverence a characteristic dren in the house, and missing their it have been this one? His drawing Less tobacco is consumed in Great aster. Its health an invaluable equiprepresented the three-quarter face of a "If you know where Miss Rowan is, Britain in proportion to the inhabitants ment. If you want to know its value, of all great natures. You hear it in voices, the alert savages discovered man-an ordinary man-apparently be- say so; your money will be paid you the than in any other civilized country. ask the man whose foot paralysis hath the roll of the master oratorios. You that they had gone and endeavored to tween forty and fifty years of age. It | moment I find her." shriveled, or machinery hath crushed, see it in the Raphaels and Titians and overtake them; but being unsuccesswas a coarse-featured, ill-favored face. "I don't say I know exactly where to Husband-"There's one thing I can or surgeon's knife hath amputated. Ghirlandajos. You study it in the ar- ful, and knowing that help would soon find the lady, but I can soon know if | say for myself, anyway: I have risen with a ragged ruff of hair round the The Bible honors it. Especial care: chitecture of the Aboliabs and Christo- arrive, they withdrew before the resthin. It was not the face of a gentle- you wish me to." by my own efforts." Wife-"Never in "Lest thou dash thy foot against a pher Wrens. Do not be flippant about cuers could reach the ranch. "Tell your tale your own way, but as the morning, John. I notice that it stone;" "he will not suffer thy foot to God. Do not joke about death. Do man, nor even the face of a gently nurtured man; and the artist, by a few shortly as possible," I said, seeing that takes two alarm clocks and all the bemoved;""thy feet shall not stumble." not make fun of the Bible. Do not de- A day's work has been steadily desunning strokes, had made it wear a my excitable friend was preparing for members of the household to get you Especial charge: "Keep thy foot when ride the Eternal. The brightest and creasing for the last hundred years. up then."-Boston Courier. erafty and sullen look. The sketch, as | another outburst.

"I gave it to Miss Rowan myself." "Then we are on the right track," I cried, joyfully. "Go on, Mr. Sharpe."

"Yes, gentlemen, we are certainly on the right track; but after all it isn't my fault if the track don't lead exactly where you wish. You see, when heard of this mysterious disappearance of the lady I began to concoct my own and beautiful--'

woman. Carriston-or Carr, as she only | twain he did cover the feet." knew him-was in her eyes poor. The companion of her flight might have won her with gold. Such things have | and unable longer with the eyes to look

My rapid and wrongful meditations were cut short in an unexpected way. Suddenly I saw Mr. Sharpe dragged bodily out of his chair and thrown on to the floor, whilst Carriston, standing over him, thrashed the man vigorously with his own ash stick-a convenient weapon, so convenient that I felt Mr. Sharpe could not have selected a stick more appropriate for his own chastisement. So Carriston seemed to think for he laid on cheerfully some eight c" ten good cutting strokes.

Nevertheless, being a respectable doctor and man of peace, I was compelled to interfere. I held Carriston's arm whilst Mr. Sharpe struggled to his feet and, after collecting his hat and his pocketbook, stood glaring vengefully at his assailant, and rubbing the while such of the wales on his back as he could reach. Annoyed as I felt at the unprofessional fracas, I could scarcely help laughing at the man's appearance. I doubt the possibility of anyone looking heroic after such a thrashing.

## TO BE CONTINUED.

## Hardships of Telegraph Poles.

"Yes," said Joseph Donner, superintendent of telegraph for the Southern Pacific railroad, "telegraph poles along the line have a hard time. Particularly is this so out west, where the poles are costly and stations are few and far between. Now out in Arizona desert the poles are played the deuce with generally. There is a sort of woodpecker that picks the posts absolutely to pieces, thinking there may be insects inside the wood. They hear the humming and haven't sense enough to know what causes it. Then near the hills the black bears imagine that each pole contains a swarm of bees and they climb to the top and chew the glass insulators to pieces; but the sand storms are the things that create the most havoc. When the wind blows strongly the sand is drifted at a rapid rate and the grains cut away the wood at a fearful rate. It was a common thing to have an oak pole worn to a shaving in a day's time, while I have seen poles just ground in the surface of the earth during a single storm. Things are so bad out there that the company decided to substitute steel poles for the oak and cedar, but that didn't remedy the evil at all. The sand just wore away the metal on each side theory. I said to myself, when a young of the pole until the center was as sharp as a razor, and all the Indians

Standing there overpowered by the overmatching splendors of God's glory, upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air. "With twain he did fly.'

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me-when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that he charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service. Our feet, how many missteps they have taken. Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked.

Neither God nor seraph intended to one of the masterpieces of Almighty God-the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridge-God as illustrated in the human hand, any wrong done here. was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, oddities. And the world could now afnerves.

I sound the praises of the human "Confound your theories!" cried Car-Reverence for sham, reverence for sister to follow one side of the canon No matter from at visionary

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead, people standing by your clearance from oppressive quarantine.

## Brave Children.

The Denver Republican quotes an interesting story of childish heroism, concerning some Indian depredation the most remarkable exhibitions of courage in an eight-year-old boy that I have ever heard of. It occurred near the town of Beaver, in Utah. A ranch was attacked by Indians, and a man who was visiting the ranchman was killed, and for a while it seemed as if the whole party, wife and children, would fall a prey to the savages. The house was surrounded by the Indians. and the people within defended thema child of that age, the boy told his