

CHAPTER III.-(Continued.)

stepped aside and she passed through. Miss Jane's homely appearance this through an opposite door, the young sessed manner, she sailed down the man turned away, clinched his hands.

and muttered to himself: "What a fool I am-what a mad fool-to wait all my life up to this, only to fall in love with a woman who scarcely cares to remember my

existence!" With this self-congratulatory address, he strode down the steps and into the pony carriage, in which short-

ly afterward he drove his sister and "the queen" to the Grange.

All things considered, the poor ponies would have preferred any other driver that day, and the girls a more lively companion; but che sara, sara, and so all parties had to put up with Denzil. Once applying the whip too sharply to the well-cared-for back of Gill, the far-off pony, she thought proper to make a bolt of it for half a mile or so, and persuaded Jack to accompany her, until a steep hill and Denzil's firm hand had once more reduced them to a kindly frame of mind. During this rather trying half mile, Miss Younge, as loudly as she well day, turned and advised her, in no hair. very tender terms, to restrain her excitement; after which Rachael set her thin lips tightly together, and determined to have her revenge as speedily as possible; so when the Grange had been reached, and they all stood round the phaeton, waiting for Eddie's knock at the door to be answered, she said, sweetly:

"What is the matter with you today, Denzil, dear? You are a little out of sorts, are you not?" .

"Am I?" asked Denzil. "I don't know-most people are at times, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for nothing, dearest"-if possible, spoken more sweetly still-"I was only anxious; and, by the bye, your persuasive powers failed to bring Miss Trevanion with us, did they

"Oh, you serpent!" thought Frances Sylverton, indignantly, as she saw Denzil's handsome face contract and coldness, and laughed and sparkled, flush painfully; but all she said was, and dazzled her companion, until Den-"Mr. Younge, will you come here and see what Eddie has done to my stirrup? The boy grows more intolerably stupid every day. What-is there ness of things in general creep over nothing really the matter with it? him. Well. I wonder then what makes it feel so queer;" and then the door was opened, and Denzil helping her from smile, not at him, but in her saddle, they all went into the his direction, it would have

house. hour that worked wonders, as Frances obtained her request, and a ball was promised within a fortnight to celebrate her delivery from Uncle Carden's grasp-"strictly on the condition," said old Dick Blount, "that you give me the first quadrille, Miss Frank;" and she having promised the desired dance willingly enough, they all turned once more homeward.

Frances Sylverton discovered two things during her ride that morning. One was, that the chestnut thoroughbred she rode that day went easier in its stride than the little gray mare, her more constant companion; the other, that Denzil Younge was, without doubt, very desperately in love with beautiful Mildred Trevanion.

CHAPTER IV.

When the Deverills made their appearance at King's Abbott on Monday evening, just ten minutes before the dinner-bell rang, they brought in their train, uninvited, a cousin of their own. a certain Lord Lyndon, who had most unexpectedly arrived at their place that morning.

"I knew you would make him welcome, my dear," the honorable Mrs. Deverill whispered to her old friend. Lady Caroline, as they seated themselves on the soft cushions of a lounge; "and really we did not know in the least what to do with him."

After which little introduction the young lord was made welcome and civilly entreated forthwith. He was a middle-sized young man of from twenty-six to thirty, rather stout than otherwise, with nondescript features, and hair slightly inclined toward the "celestial rosy." His mouth, too, was an inch, more or less, too large for his face, and his eyes might have been a degree bluer, but, for all that, they had a pleasant, genial expression turking in their light depths, while his smile alone would have redeemed an uglier man.

He was a general favorite with most one with his cousins, the Deverills, who looked upon him fondly enough in the Hight of a brotherly relation, time having convinced them that their chances were not of that order that would change his position from friend to husband. The elder Miss Deverill said. was a tall girl, gawkily inclined, possessed of a very pronounced nose, a talent for listening, and a bright, clever expression, while her sister was parfcularly ugly. There were no two opinions on the latter point, either ia | ed him. Cliston or elsewhere; and indeed char-

ity embodied would have found it dif-"I suppose it must be that I do not | ficult to indicate one passable feature care to do so," she answered coldiy, | in the younger Miss Deverill's face.

almost insolently, with an intonation | Miss Trevanion, in a demi-toilette that cut him to the quick; and then he of black and gold, scarcely improved As the last of her dress disappeared evening, as, with her calm, self-poslong drawing room to receive her parents' guests.

> Then she was introduced to Lord Lyndon, and executed a little half-bow for his especial benefit, which had the effect of reducing that amiable young nobleman to a hopeless state of imbecility for the ensuing five minutes. After that time had elapsed he gradually recovered his wonted composure, and, summoning back his departed pluck, took to staring at Miss Trevanion every alternate five seconds, with such unmistakable admiration in his eyes as caused Denzil Younge in the background to utter curses not loud, but deep.

> Miss Trevanion was smiling very sweetly at the new arrival-far more sweetly than she had ever smiled at him-Denzil; and he,-the newcomerwas evidently enjoying to the full the commonplace conversation he was holding with her.

Seeing this, Denzil fairly gnashed his teeth with excess of jealousy, and concould, had taken particular pains to signed this harmless young lord to all express her consternation at and her sorts of dreadful places, while telling disapproval of her brother's mode of Miss Sylverton, with his tenderest driving, until Denzil, provoked beyond smile, how dear to his heart was a bounds by more than one cause that crimson rose in masses of fair brown

> "Who was it told me you preferred 'great wealth of golden hair?'" she rejoined, mischievously, while she laughed good-naturedly enough, albeit slightly mockingly, as Denzil colored and flashed a glance at her, halfearnest, half reproachful, from his beautiful dark-blue eyes.

> "Never mind," she whispered, laying her hand with a gentle pressure on his arm as he took her in to dinner--"never mind; I am your friend, you know-so trust me."

Whereupon Denzil returned the pressure very gratefully indeed; after which these two felt that they had sworn a bond of mutual good fellow-

All through dinner Lyndon devoted himself exclusively to Miss Trevanion, while she-from what motive was a mystery-came out from her habitual zil-watching from the other end of sively, and a dull sense of the empti-

Perhaps, had she vouchsafed him even one gracious glance, even one dulled the pain, but her eyes sedulously Here they spent a long half hour avoided that side of the room, while with the master of the Grange-a half she coquetted with and charmed her new admirer with an assiduity that made Frances Sylverton fairly wonder.

Once only, before she left the apartment, did Denzil meet her glance, and then but for an instant, as he held the door open for the ladies to pass through. Mildred, who happened to be last, having caught her light dress in a slightly projecting corner of the wainscoating, he stooped to release her, and as he rose again, their eyes

In hers lay nothing but mute, cold thanks; while in his-whatever it was she saw in his, it caused Miss Trevanion to bow hurriedly and move away down the long hall, after the others, with quickened, petulant steps.

"Mildred, darling, how pale you look!" Lady Caroline said, anxiously, as she joined the ladies in the drawing room. "Are you cold, child, or ill?" Come over there to the fire and warm yourself. These sudden chills are very dangerous."

But Miss Trevanion would neither acknowledge to cold or go near the stepped forward, paid his fare and pleasant, inviting blaze, choosing rather to wander away vaguely toward a distant, heavily curtained window, where she hid herself from the watchful, reading eyes of Rachael Younge. Outside the window ran a balcony, gleaming marble white in the brilliant moonshine. It looked so soft, so sweet, so lonely, that Mildred, whose cheeks had changed from palest white to warmest crimson, felt a sudden intense longing to pass out and bathe her flushed face in the cool pure light.

With noiseless touch she pushed open the yielding sash, and found herself part of the silent, star-lit night, with a faint wind fanning her and the deadness of sleeping nature all around. A tall, slight, dark-robed figure, she stood with one hand-scarcely less white than the rays that covered itresting on the balustrade, her eyes wandering restlessly over the shadowy of his acquaintances, and a particular | landscape. A perfect queen of night she seemed, or very fitting Juliet, had

> Presently with steady eager steps. came Denzil Younge toward her, and took up his position by her side. "Dreaming, Miss Trevanion?" he

there but been a Romeo.

Mildred started peceptibly. Perhaps her thoughts-whatever they werehad been far away-perhaps too near. Whichever it was, she roused herself

with a visible effort before she answer-"Almost," she said, "although the completed next year.

night is somewhat chilly for such ro- TALMAGE'S mantic nonsense. However, you have shown me my folly, so there is little danger of my repeating it. Shall we return to the drawing-room?"

"In one moment," he answered, hurriedly; whereupon Miss Trevanion turned back once more, and, pausing with wondering eyes, laid her hand again on the balustrade.

Denzil appeared a little pale-a little nervous perhaps-in the moonlight, but that was all; and his voice, when (Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) he spoke, though low, was quite distinct

me?" he asked.

tonishment, raising her face to his. net brake."

-I wonder, if you could only guess me, would the revelation make you a little less chary of them?"

"I do not understand you," she said, coldly, closing and unclosing her hand with angry rapidity; "and I believe you yourself do not know of what you are speaking."

"Yes, I do," he affirmed, passionately. "I know I would rather have your most careless friendship than the love of any other woman. I would almost rather have your hatred than what I now fear-your indifference."

The moon had disappeared behind a sullen dark gray cloud, and for a few moments they were left in comparative darkness. Miss Trevanion's heart was beating loud and fast; the cloudy drapery that partially concealed, but scarcely hid her delicate neck and shoulders was strangely agitated. She could not see her companion's face, but felt that he was trying to pierce the momentary gloom to gain some insight into her soul. He should read no thoughts of hers, she told herself, with proud reliance on her own strength; he should not learn from her face how deeply his words had vexed her.

When once more the moon asserted herself and shone forth with redoubled brilliancy, Denzil gazed only on a calm statuesque figure and haughty unmoved features that gave no index to the heart beneath. She seemed a beautiful being, a piece of nature's most perfect work-but a being hard, unsympathetic, incapable of any divine feeling.

He gazed at her in silence, wondering how so fair a creature could be so devoid of all tender characteristics, and, as he gazed, a man's step sounded the table-felt his heart ache oppres- lightly on the gravel beneath them. As she heard it. Miss Trevanion's whole expression changed, her face was lit up with sudden animation, and took an eager expectant look that rendered her ten times more lovely than he had ever seen her. She moved lightly to the top of the stone steps that led to the grounds, and watched with pretty impatience until a gray-colored figure emerged from the darkness, and, seeing her took her gladly in his arms,

"Charlie!" she said, rapturously, and, when he had half pushed her from his embrace, she put up her hands and smoothed back his sunny brown hair from his forehead, and kissed him three times fondly; after which she suddenly recollected Denzil's presence. and, drawing back, pushed Charlie gently toward him.

(To be Continued.)

Business Before Pleasure.

An English commercial traveler, for whose pushing Americanism a Liverpool paper vouches with great enthusiasm, started out after a country order. Happening to arrive at the village on the day of a festival, he found the shop of his customer closed, and learned that the man himself was at the celebration a mile out of town. At once he set out for the spot, and reached the ground just in time to see his shopkeeper climb into a balloon procured for special ascensions. The man of trade was equal to the occasion. He climbed into the car. Away went the balloon, and was hardly above the tree-tops when the commercial traveler turned to his astonished victim, and said persuasively but triumphantly: "And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"-Youth's Companion.

Ricciotti Garibaldi.

Ricciotti Garibaldi, who will attend the unveiling of the Garibaldi monument in Chicago on September 20, is a lieutenant in the Italian navy. In 1866, when his father commanded a body of volunteers, Ricciotti had a minor commission. He marched against Rome with the soldiers who won the battle of Monterotonde, took part in the battle of Mentona, and was captured. He fought with France against Germany in 1870 and after that war made his home in Rome, where he has been a member of the Italian parliament.-Chicago Tribune.

Vast Industries at the "Soo."

Vast industries are rapidly developing at Sault Ste. Marie. Millions have already been invested, and the projects already under way will, it is said, cost \$20,000,000 to complete. These include blast furnaces, pulp mills, rolling mills, etc. But not the least of the great undertakings at this point is the construction of a railroad from the Soo to Mudson bay, a distance of 500 miles north. The road is already chartered and subsidized, and 156 miles will be

SERMON.

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING, THE SUBJECT ON SUNDAY,

Preached from Luke V: 6 as Follows: "They Enclosed a Great Multitude of Fishes, and Their Net Broke"-Strong Plea for the Old-Fashloned Revival.

Washington, March 24.-This discourse of Dr. Talmage is most perti-"Why will you not be friends with nent at this time when a widespread effort for religious awakening is being "Friends with you!" Mildred repeat- made; text, Luke v, 6, "They inclosed ed, with calmest, most open-eyed as- a great multitude of fishes, and their

"Why, what can you mean? Have I | Simon and his comrades had experioffended you in any way? If so, I am enced the night before what fishermen sorry, and, believe me, I did not mean call "poor luck." Christ steps on to do so. I fancied I was treating you board the fishing smack and tells the as I treat all my other acquaintances." sailors to pull away from the beach "No, you do not," he rejoined, with and directs them again to sink the net an odd repressed vehemence assert- Sure enough, very soon the net is full ing itself in his tone; "you treat me of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul very differently, as it seems to me. In. So large a school of fishes was tak-Why, on all others you bestow a few en that the hardy men began to look smiles, a few kind words at least, red in the face as they pull, and hardwhile on me-Miss Trevanion, I wonder | ly have they begun to rejoice at their success when, snap, goes a thread of how much your simplest words are to the net, and, snap, goes another thread. so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts or how much water is splashed on deck the fishermen rush about, gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it: "Ship ahoy! Bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing smacks, are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah," says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had stayed on shore and fished with a hook and line and taken one at a time instead of having this great excitement and the boat almost upset and the net broken and having to call for help and getting sopping wet with the

The church is the boat, the gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel and adjusts the bait and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon and here catches one and there one, but I like also a big boat and a large crew and a net a mile long and swift oars and stout sails and a stiff breeze and a great multitude of souls broughtso great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

Belief in Reviva's.

In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with 3,000 people joining the church in one day, and it will close with forty or a hundred million people saved in 24 hours, when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and the net brake."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out. As long as there is a gale of blessing they have their sails up. But as soon as strong winds stop blowing then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches the vast majority of doused one anxious soul with a pail the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings. and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an icehouse may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the icehouse. A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly, and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started the more far-reaching and far-resounding will be the execution.

Gathering In the Young.

It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are. Robert Hall, the prince of preachers, was converted at 12 years of age. It is likely he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than the interest in the study of the scriptures, was converted at 11 years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian church, was converted at 10 will be sung all down the ages, was converted at 9 years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at 7 years of age, and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at 7 years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church and the one is 10 years of age whether he be in pulpit or pew, he does not get all the pods into his barn.

and the other is 40 years of age, I will needs to be regenerated by the grace have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one 10 years of age than the one 40 years of age. Why? The one who professes at 40 years of age has 40 years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, and the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times 10 are 40. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the

at 10 years of age than the man at 40. Sin Against Holy Ghost.

kingdom of God and into the church

Oh, I am afraid to say anything against revivals of religion or against anything that looks like them, because I think it may be a sin against the Holy Ghost, and you know the bible says that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come. Now, if you are a painter, and I speak against your pictures, do I not speak against you? If you are an architect and I speak against a building you put up, do I not speak against you? If a revival be the work of the Holy Ghost and I speak against that revival, do I not speak against the Holy Ghost? And whose speaketh against the Holy Ghost, says the Bible, he shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. I think sometimes people have made a fatal mistake in this direction.

Many of you know the history of Aaron Burr. He was one of the most brilliant men of his day. I suppose this country never produced a stronger intellect. He was capable of doing anything good and great for his country or for the church of his God had he been rightly disposed, but his name is United States government, which he tried to overthrow, and with libertinism and immorality. Do you know where Aaron Burr started on the lownward road? It was when he was in college and he became anxious about his soul and was about to put himself under the influences of a revival, and a minister of religion said: "Don't go there, Aaron; don't go there. That's a place of wildfire and great excitement. No religion about that. Don't go there." He tarried away. His serious impressions departed. He started on the downward road. And who is responsible for his ruin for this world and his everlasting ruin in the world to come? Was it the minister who warned him against that revival? When I speak of excitement in revivals I do not mean temporary derangement of the nerves, I do not mean the absurd things of which we have read as transpiring sometimes in the church of Christ, but I mean an intelligent, intense, all absorbing agitation of body. mind and soul in the work of spiritual escape and spiritual rescue.

Coldness of the Objector.

Now I come to the real, genuine is the coldness of the objector. It is the secret and hidden but unmistakable cause in every case, a low state of religion in the heart. Wide awake. consecrated, useful Christians are never afraid of revivals. It is the spiritually dead who are awaid of having their sepulcher molested. The chief agents of the devil during a great awakening are always unconverted professors of religion. As soon as Christ's work begins they begin to gossip against it and take a pail of water and try to put out this spark of religious influence, and they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed? As well when Chicago was on fire might some one have gone out with a garden water pot trying to extinguish it. The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at so many points that while you have of cold water there are 500 other anxious souls on fire. Oh, how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's gospel and help pull it on rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying ness. But until of late foreknowledge, to block their progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

An Unconverted Ministry. But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christ-

endom is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated, but I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christians men whose hearts have never been changed by grace. They are all antagonistic to revivals. How did they get into the ministry? Perhaps some of them chose it as a means of livelihood. Perhaps some of them were sincere, but were mistaken. As Thomas Chalmers said, he had been many years preaching the gospel before his heart had been changed, and as many ministers of the gospel declare they were preaching and had been ordained to sacred orders years and years before their hearts were regenerated. Graclous God, what a solemn thought for those of us who minister at the altar! With the present ministry in the presany man of his century for increasing ent temperature of piety, this land will never be enveloped in revivals. While the pews on one side the altar cry for mercy, the pulpits on the other side the altar must cry for mercy. Minisyears of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns | ters quarreling. Ministers trying to pull each other down. Ministers struggling for ecclesiastical place. Ministers lethargic with whole congregations dying on their hands. What a spectacle!

Aroused pulpits will make aroused pews. Pulpits aflame will make pews picions. One barrel was all right, or aflame. Everybody believes in a revival in trade, everybody likes a revival in literature, everybody likes a revival in art, yet a great multitude cannot understand revival in matters of of astigmatism."-Youth's Companion. religion. Depend upon it, where you find man antagonistic to revivals.

of God.

More Troops Wanted.

During our civil war the president of the United States made proclamation for 75,000 troops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the King of the universe today asks for twelve hundred million more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, no excitement, one by one. You are a dry goods merchant on a large scale, and I come to you and want to buy 1,000 yards of cloth. Do you say: "Thank you. I'll send you 1,000 yards of cloth, but I'll sell you 20 yards today, and 20 tomorrow, and 20 the next day, and if it takes me six months, I'll send you the whole thousand yards. You will want as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll want as long as that to examine the credit, and besides that 1,000 yards of cloth is too much to sell all at once?" No; you do not say that. You take me into the counting room, and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is we cannot afford to be fools in anything but religion.

That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the thousand yards of cloth at one stroke the next Sabbath in church will stroke his beard and wonder whether it would not be better for a thousand souls to come straggling along for ten years instead of bolting in at one service.

We talk a good deal about the good times that are coming and about the world's redemption. How long before they will come? There is a man who says 500 years. Here is a man who says 200 years. Here is some one more confident who says in 50 years. What, 50 years? Do you propose to let two generations pass off the stage before the world is converted? Suppose by prolongation of human life at the end of the next 50 years you should walk the length of Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or the length of Broadway, New York. In all those walks you would not find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead or so changed that you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for 50 years you admit that the majority of the two whole generations shall go off the stage unblessed and unsaved. I tell you the church of Jesus Christ cannot consent to it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life part.

The Coming Great Revival. It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with cause of objection to revivals. That blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in the possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old fashioned Christian, Cyrus W. Field, and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of this country was an old fashioned Christian, William Orton, going from the communion table on earth straight to his home in heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down or which horse won the race at the Derby or which marksman beat at the latest contest. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale. For instance, in his love and in his kindomniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God, desiring to make the race like himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us,

people are asking what next? I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotism. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christlike dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after that I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up on the drydocks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service, or fit it up like a Constellation to carry bread of relief to some other suffering planet or let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

Talking Shop in the Woods. Mr. Blank, a busy and successful occulist, spent his summer vacation in the woods with his new shotgun. Noticing one day that when using the left-hand barrel he generally brought down his game, and when using the other barrel he invariably missed, he tacked a small target to a tree and fired at it several times with each barrel, in order to bring the matter to a test. The result confirmed his susnearly so, and the other was all wrong. "Well," he said, "as nearly as I can make out, this gun has a severe case of strabismus, with strong symptoms

He who sows peas on the highway