☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

"JOSIAR."

I never kin forget the day
That we went out a-walkin',
And sot down on the river bank,
And kept on hours a-talkin';
He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest time
'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there;
Josiar seemed uneasy,
And mother she began to call:
"Loweezy! O Loweezy!"
An' then Josiar spoke right up
As I was just a startin',
An' said: "Loweezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin';
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act;
But, law! I couldn't do it;
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it;
In looking down into my eyes
He must a seen the fire;
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshiped my Josiar.

—*Falonton Messenger.*

HASTILY MARRIED.

How a Russian Soldier Found His Unknown Bride.

Toward the end of 1811, an epoch so memorable in the history of Russia, there dwelt on his domain of Menarodowno, Gabriel Gabrielowich, with his wife and only daughter Maria, a charming young girl about seventeen years of age.

Gabriel Gabrielowich was much loved and respected; generous to an unusual degree, his house was ever open to all who chose to accept his lavish hospitality. Maria Gabrielowna had, of course, many suitors, attracted both by her personal charms and reputed wealth, but in spite of all importunities she remained obstinately indifferent to all. Her romantic, and impressionable mind, affected by the constant reading of many French novels, led her to imagine herself desperately and irrevocably in love. Unfortunately, the object of her affections, who undoubtedly returned her love, met with the contemptuous disapprobation of her parents, in whose mind a poor non-commissioned officer was no fitting match for the heiress of Menarodowno. He was relentlessly forbidden the house, but in spite of this the lovers met daily at the old forest well, and there plighted their troth. When winter came, these stolen interviews were, perforce, discontinued. At length the separation became intolerable, even with the solace of a daily interchange of love-letters, and Vladimir Nicolaewich, in one of these, poured forth in glowing words all his love and misery, and besought his lady love to fly with him, assuring her of her parents' forgiveness—for who, indeed, could withstand the humble prayer the lovers would make for forgiveness, or fail to be touched by such heroic love and constancy?

Maria's romantic imagination was fascinated; she could not resist, and soon all preliminaries for the flight were settled. She would feign headache, and retire early; at ten o'clock a sleigh would be waiting at the small garden gate, and in this she would be driven, with her maid, through the forest of Jadrino, where Vladimir would await his bride in the village church.

On the eve of her contemplated elopement, Maria, who was restless and unhappy, retired early to her room and spent part of the night inditing a long and sentimental epistle to her dearest friend, and also a shorter one to her parents, in which she entreated their forgiveness for the step she was about to take, impelled by her unalterable love for Vladimir, who, as her husband, would return to beg their indulgence and blessing. After sealing this effusion with two flaming hearts and an appropriate motto, the rest of the night was spent in all the terrors of manifold and complicated nightmares, so that dawn found our heroine up and dressed, pale, and with no need to feign headache. Every anxious inquiry on the part of her affectionate parents cost her a pang, yet she managed to get through the day without exciting their suspicions, and retired immediately after dinner. The maid, entering a little after nine to make the final preparations, found her young mistress weeping bitterly. In less than an hour, though, she must go; so, quickly drying her tears, Maria soon became once more the love-sick damsel, flying from stern and cruel parents to the arms of her own true knight.

All was quiet within the sleeping household, but without the wind howled, and moaned, and beat madly against the casements—truly, a threatening night. Maria and her maid went softly down stairs, and reached the garden in safety. It was dark as pitch; the piercing cold wind whistled dismally through the trees and blew fiercely in their faces, as if bidding them turn back. At length through the darkness they could discern the sleigh and Vladimir's trusty servant vainly trying to quiet the restive horses, who, as if aware of the danger of freezing where they stood, impatiently struck the hard frozen ground with their hoofs.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile let us follow the happy bridegroom. Vladimir Nicolaewich had had a busy day, what with his persuading the priest of Jadrino to perform the marriage ceremony, and searching for witnesses among the neighboring landowners. The first he found was an ex-officer, Dravine by name, who accepted the duty with pleasure—it reminded him, he said, of his escapades when in the regiment of hussars. He begged Vladimir to dine with him, and undertook to find the other two witnesses himself. One of these was Smidt, the surveyor, and the other young Ispraeonek, just turned seventeen, and about to enter the Fifth Lancers. These two not only promised to be witnesses to Vladimir's marriage, but enthusiastically swore they would face death itself to help him. Vladimir thanked them heartily, and left to make the final preparations at his own place.

It was already dark; so, after dispatching his faithful Rerodeka to Menarodowno with a *troika* (two-horse sleigh), he ordered a one-horse sleigh for himself and started. It was nine o'clock; he could reach Jadrino fully half an hour before Maria, for he could certainly drive there in thirty minutes. But driving was no easy matter; the wind was full against him, and blew the blinding snow-flakes sharply into his face. Soon the very road disappeared under a white cloud, the horse stumbled blindly at every step, and Vladimir was obliged over and over again to get out and disengage the sleigh from some snow-heap. With feelings akin to despair the poor fellow realized that he had gone astray, and stumbled along, scarce daring to hope chance might yet lead him straight. At length the sight of a little black speck ahead aroused his failing courage, and, fervently thanking God, Vladimir made for the friendly hut.

"Jadrino can not now be far," thought he; "I will stop here and ask my way."

An old man, half asleep, answered the knock.

"What do you want?"

"How far is it to Jadrino?"

"Jadrino? Not far—a matter of ten miles."

Poor Vladimir!

"Can you let me have a horse? Mine is half dead."

"A horse! Where would I find a horse?"

"Well, can one get a guide hereabout?"

"Wait—may be my son can show you the way."

After what seemed to Vladimir an interminable delay, the door opened and a small boy came out.

"What time is it? inquired Vladimir.

"It will soon be daylight." The baffled bridegroom was silent.

The cocks were crowing and the day breaking when they reached Jadrino. The church was closed. After rewarding his guide and bidding him good-bye, Vladimir knocked with trembling hand at the priest's house; his *troika* was not in the yard. What did it mean."

* * * * * * *

But we will return to the good Gabrielowich and see what was going on in his house. The old people arose as usual and went down to breakfast; Gabriel Gabrielowich in his flannel cap and gown, and Pascowia Petrowna ready dressed for the day. In answer to a message from Gabrielowich, Marie sent word she had had a bad night, but would be down presently. In a few minutes the door opened, and our heroine entered.

"How is the head, daughter?"

"Much better, father."

"Perhaps the heat from the furnace was too great yesterday."

"Perhaps, mamma," said Maria.

Toward evening, though, Maria was not so well, and the village doctor was sent for, but before he came high fever had set in, and the poor girl was delirious. For a whole week she hung between life and death.

No one in the house so much as suspected Maria's flight; her letters were destroyed, and the maid had been discreet, fearing her master's displeasure. The priest and witnesses were silent, and the coachman was not much of a talker even when in his cups. For a wonder, the secret was well kept, although known to half a dozen people. Maria, of course, spoke of nothing else during her delirium, and the good mother, who nursed her devotedly, made out that her child was dying of love for Vladimir. Therefore, after due consultation with her husband and several neighbors, it was agreed that poverty is no crime—one lives with the man and not with his money—etc., etc.; and such moral maxims are always of great help when reason does not justify our course. Thus, when Maria became convalescent, her parents sent for Vladimor Nicolaewich, but great was the consternation at Menarodowno when in came a letter, written apparently by a madman, in which the young fellow declared he would never set foot in their house, and begged them to forget a poor wretch whose only hope was in death. Soon after they heard he had joined the army. This was in 1812.

They dared not tell Maria, who on her side never mentioned his name. A relapse of the fever was feared when, a few months later, she fell into a dead swoon having accidentally seen his name in the list of those who had distinguished themselves and been wounded at Borodino.

But misfortunes never come singly; the good Gabrielowich died, leaving all his fortune to Maria. Riches, however, were powerless to console her; she mourned his death sincerely, and vowed never to leave her poor widowed mother. They both left Menarodowno, so fraught with sad associations, and went to live on another estate situated near Gousk. There, also, Maria was soon surrounded and importuned by many admirers, but discouraged them all, in spite of her mother's advice and express desire; our heroine, for answer, silently shook her head. Vladimir was dead—killed at Moscow on the eve of the entrance of the French troops. His memory seemed sacred to Maria, who tenderly treasured all the mementoes of her lost love—his sketches, letters, poems, and the books they had read together; the neighbors commented wonderingly upon such unusual constancy, and awaited with much interest the coming of the hero who was to triumph over the melancholy constancy of this new Artemisia.

The war ended gloriously for Russia; her legions returned victorious, and were received everywhere with vociferous and joyful acclamations. Mothers and sisters, with tears of joys in their eyes, pressed to their hearts the youths who had left them, now grown into manhood, bronzed by exposure, hardened by fatigue and privation—but now returned covered with glory. Perhaps Maria and her mother, living so far out of the way, were among the very few who took no part in the general enthusiasm. The monotony of their lives, though, was even there disturbed by the advent of the dashing young Colonel Bourmine, before whom her usual train of adorers had to retreat. He took all hearts by storm with his brilliant hussar uniform, fascinating manners, and the cross of St. George, which glistened on his breast. He was about twenty-six years of age, and had come to an adjoining property on leave of absence. Maria soon learned to look forward to his frequent visits, and her habitual melancholy disappeared, like snow under the genial rays of an April sun. Indeed Bourmine might well inspire infatuation. His outward appearance and manner were of the kind to take a woman's fancy. Toward Maria he was full of all those tender little attentions so captivating to a young girl. Though so gentle and modest in manner, he had the reputation of being very reckless, but this, in Maria's eyes, as well as in many another's, was rather an advantage than otherwise. One thing, however, puzzled her—undoubtedly Bourmine loved her, and in her inmost soul she confessed to a liking for him—why, then, did he not speak? Why such marked attentions, wistful looks, and yet not a word of love? Why did he not throw himself at her feet and declare his passion? Was it the natural shyness of love, or was he seeking to win her affections only to cast them aside? It was an enigma she could not solve. There must be a mystery somewhere, and this idea was enough to fire Maria's romantic imagination. She determined, with a woman's natural inclination to coquetry, to bring him with the confession of his secret to her feet. Languishing looks, a pensive brow, a gentle sigh, soon had the desired effect, and Bourmine grew morose and melancholy—he no longer made the slightest effort to conceal the passion which held him in thrall. The neighbors spoke of the approaching marriage as of a certain thing, and the good Pascowia Petrowna was overjoyed at the seeming realization of her dearest wish.

One day she was alone in the parlor when Bourmine entered and inquired for Maria.

"You will find her in the garden," said the old lady; "go; I will await you here." Bourmine stepped out, and the good mother prayed as she crossed herself: "May the good God settle it all to-day." Maria, just like the heroine in a novel, was seated on a rustic bench under a willow tree, listlessly turning over the leaves of a book. Her white dress contrasted prettily with the dark rustic background. Bourmine approached and stood over her.

"Maria, the time has come when I must lay bare my heart before you. I love you—I love you passionately." Maria blushed and lowered her eyes; "but I have acted wickedly—madly, in allowing myself to remain in your sweet presence day after day. It is now too late to strive against fate; the memory of your dear face will be for evermore my joy and my torment. I have still a duty to perform; I must draw aside the veil that still conceals the barrier which separates us forever."

"There is also an insurmountable obstacle on my side," said Maria; "do not revile fate. I never could have been your wife."

"Yes," sighed Bourmine, "I know you have loved; but death has canceled your vows; you would have been mine, I know it—I feel it—in spite of your former love, if a cruel fate has not condemned me to misery. Maria, I am married!"

"Married!" She had never thought of *that!*

"Yes," continued Bourmine, "married three years ago, and stranger still, married without knowing to whom, nor having the vaguest idea where my wife is, nor whether I shall ever see her again."

"What!" exclaimed Maria Gabrielowna, "is it possible? But go on—I, too—for pity's sake, go on, I beseech you!" Trembling with suppressed emotion, Bourmine went on:

"At the beginning of the year 1812 I was hurrying to join my regiment at Vilna. While getting a change of horses a heavy snowfall came on, and I was earnestly advised not to proceed on my journey until it had abated. I would not listen, however, and in spite of all protestations started as soon as the horses were hitched; it seemed as if a mysterious and irresistible force were impelling me forward. We took the short cut to Vilna, and started at a brisk pace. In some unaccountable manner, perhaps owing to the roads being almost wholly obliterated under a heavy mantle of snow, we soon found ourselves astray, and my coachman was obliged to confess himself completely at a loss how to continue. We drove on, then, at haphazard, and you can well imagine how welcome was the sight of lights ahead. These lights brought us to a small village, and we saw that the largest proceeded from the open door of a church. As we approached I perceived there were several sleighs in the yard, and two or three people grouped together on the porch, who, as we drove up, cried:

"'Here! here! good gracious, how late you are!'

"I suspected it was not I they wanted, but drew up nevertheless.

"A young man sprang forward: 'your bride has fainted,' he said, 'and the priest is at a loss what to do!'

"A wicked thought flashed through my mind. What an adventure to tell my fellow-officers! Without answering I ran up the steps and entered the church, dimly lighted by one lamp. A young girl reclining on a bench with her head leaning against the wall, while a maid bathed her forehead and temples with a handkerchief steeped in vinegar.

"'Thank God, you have come!' exclaimed the woman; 'your delay has almost killed my poor mistress!'

"The priest then drew near: 'Sir, there is no time to lose; we may be surprised at any moment; make haste!'

"'But the young lady can hardly stand,' I objected.

"'It will be sufficient if she can say Yes!' he answered.

"It was not too late. I might still turn back, but the idea of such a wonderful adventure got the better of me; moreover I might imagine such a ceremony would be valid.

"'Well then,' I said, 'since you all wish it.'

"The bride was already at the altar, supported by her maid. I advanced and placed myself beside her, wrapped in my large fur cloak. The priest did not keep us waiting, and in a few moments all was over.

"'You are now one, embrace each other and fly,' cried the irrepressible young man.

"Nothing loth, I turned to my bride, and gently drawing her toward me, bent to kiss the poor pale face, barely discernible in the dim light. One glance, and then with a cry of horror that will ring in my ears forever: 'Oh, it is not he!' the poor girl fell backward in a dead faint. The priest and witnesses rushed to assist her, and in the confusion that followed I made my escape unnoticed."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Maria, trembling violently, "and you know not what became of your unfortunate bride?"

"Maria, what is the matter? In Heaven's name tell me."

"I asked you," imperiously demanded Maria, disregarding Bourmine's appeal, if you know what became of your unfortunate wife."

"No," answered he subdued by her manner; "I do not know the name of the village where I was married, nor do I remember where I stopped to change horses. Moreover, I never believed that marriage binding, and used to speak of it as a good joke, until one day a friend, less thoughtless than I, frightened me by insisting I was really married—bound forever, in this world and the next. Ever since I have sought my wife in vain. But, Maria, you are pale, my darling!—you tremble!—speak to me."

"Merciful Father!" exclaimed the young girl, clasping her hands, "I thank Thee. It was then you, Bourmine? Oh, how wretched would have been our lot had we never met; or having met, had we not loved!"

Bourmine shuddered, and then, overcome with joy, fell on his knees before his wife.—*Translated from the Russian of Pouschkine for the San Francisco Argonaut.*

—Among the many prize offers of the French Academy of Sciences is a sum equivalent to $20,000 which was left by Breant in 1849, and is still unawarded. It is to be given to the person who shall find an effective remedy for the Asiatic cholera, or shall indicate with absolute certainty its cause.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A son of Charles Dickens is a Captain in the Canadian Mounted Police.

—Maggie Mitchell will write her stage experience for a New York magazine.

—The Queen of Portugal has the reputation of being the best dressed woman in Europe.

—The daughter of General Banks, who has just gone upon the stage, has a perceptible and very pretty moustache.

—James Garfield, the oldest son of the late President, is dull, blonde and athletic. Harry, his brother, is short, dark and wears brown side whiskers.

—A Hartford newspaper, after recounting Ignatius Donnelly's wonderful literary achievements, past and prospective, concludes: "We are glad Donnelly didn't miss being born."

—Miss Marie Van Zandt made her first appearance on the stage at Groton, Mass., when she took part in a flower cantata. Since then her pathway through life has been strewn with posies.

—Five octogenarians, the oldest of whom was ninety-four years, died in Marathon, N. Y., recently inside of one week. Three weeks previous they were all in good health. Each one of them had lived all his life in that vicinity.—*Syracuse Journal.*

—As between Germany and the United States, the relative literary activity of the two countries is shown by the following figures: In 1883, American publishers issued 3,481 books, the German, 14,802; in 1884, the American, 4,038, the German, 15,607.

—Mrs. John Maxwell, better known as Miss Braddon, the novelist, lives at Litchfield House, Richmond. It is an historic structure. Built for the first Earl of Abergavenny, it later passed into the possession of the Bishop of Litchfield, and became his Episcopal residence. Afterward Catalani, the singer, got it and gave notable receptions there. It is a handsome old palace in Sir Christopher Wren's best style.

—Philip II. of Spain delighted in a cat-organ upon which a bear performed. This instrument was composed "of twenty cats, separately confined in narrow cases, in which they could not stir; their tails protruded from the top and were tied to cords attached to the keyboard of the organ. According as the bear pressed upon the keys the cords were raised and the tails were pulled to make the cats mew in bass or treble tones as required by the nature of the airs."

—A printer on the Erie (Pa.) *Herald*, known as "Father Quinn," has in a long life set, it is estimated, type enough to weigh 187,700 pounds, or ninety-four tons, which this old man has lifted piece by piece in the specified time. In setting type the average distance the hand travels is a foot and a half or thereabouts. Consequently his hand has traveled 516,000,000 feet, or a matter of 97,727 miles, or within a few hundred feet of being four time the circumference of the earth.

—Of Richard Grant White it is said that "while literature was his profession, music was his solace and delight, and he was far prouder of his knowledge of violins than of his reputation as a Shakespearean scholar." Of this violin connoisseurship wonderful stories are told, and there seems no doubt that he possessed a rare and peculiar faculty of discrimination in regard to these instruments. His own instrument was the 'cello, upon which he played in a quartet that met at his house weekly.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

HUMOROUS.

—"Oh ma," said a child of five, "I am so glad there was a flood!" "Why, child?" exclaimed mamma. "Because, if there hadn't been any flood I shouldn't have had a Noah's ark."

—A new song is called "The Coming Step." The coming step is probably that of the old man, and if you are a prudent young man make your exit via the window and over the garden wall. —*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

—"Ah, my little man, good morning," pleasantly remarked an old gentleman as he stopped and patted a Hewes street little boy on the head, "have you any brothers and sisters?" "Yes, sir; got four, but I'm the only one that 'mounts to anything," replied the urchin.—*Brooklyn Times.*

—A woman recently entered a store in Connecticut, and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting some twenty or thirty minutes, she remarked thus: "I never did like them kind of stoves. They don't throw out scarcely any heat, those gas-burners don't."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—First Boston girl: Going to vocal practice this morning, Minerva?" Second Boston girl: "No, my dear Calliope, I have a bad cold and am quite hoarse." First Boston girl: "Ah! been exposing yourself to the weather?" Second Boston girl: "Yes, I went out yesterday and forgot to put on my spectacles?"—*Boston Courier.*

—Railroad intelligence. — When Major Converse was laying out the line of the Sunset Route to San Antonio, he one day took observations with his instrument near the cabin of an old negro on Cibolo Creek. "Boss, am de railroad gwinter come neah my house?" "It will go right through it," replied Converse. "Hit will? Why boss, hit ain't gwinter be safe for de ole woman and de children in de house ef de kears runs smack fru hit."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Mr. Rashful—My daughter is making surprising progress as an amateur artist. She recently painted a landscape which was so real that the bellowing of cattle could be heard distinctly. Mr. Hashful—Pretty good; but my darter Sal kin beat that. Mr. B—What has your daughter been developing as an embryonic artist? Mr. H—I don't know ez she hes bin doin that, but she painted a picture of a green cotcrumber so natural that it give the hull family the cholera morbus.

—"Mary Had a Little Lamb" in French-English:

Marie possess one small mouton,
Her hair was black like snows,
And all over that Marie promenades
Those sheep follow her nose.

In German-English:

The Marie a diminutive lambkin had,
So white as snow was her fur,
And everywhere whither Marie a walking made
Identical lambkin was companion of her.
—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—She had a voice like a siren and when she sang:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so, oh there's no place like home,
Be it ever so, oh there's no place like home,
A—rein from thack eyeses stew wallow a shoot,
Which look through the whirl dimorem of twithel sweet!"

There wasn't a dry eye in the tabernacle, but if the programme hadn't said in clear unmistakable print that she was going to sing "Sweet Home" a man might have thought his teeth loose without ever guessing it.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE WONDERS OF COAL TAR.

Gorgeous Dyes and Most Useful Products Obtained from a Troublesome Refuse.

"Chemistry is capable of wonderful things," said an expert in chemical science, "but in nothing to which its principles were ever applied have such marvelous results followed as are witnessed in its manipulation of common gas or coal tar. Thirty years ago the problem of how they were to rid themselves of this foul and then utterly useless refuse of the retorts was puzzling manufacturers of gas, and the aid of chemistry was sought in working out the solution. They had no thought beyond the utter annihilation of the offensive tar. In their experiments with the refuse the chemists discovered the so-called burning naphtha, which, however, could be applied with safety to no practical purpose. After the naphtha was extracted the tar was left in the form of a heavy oil, which was still more of a nuisance than the original compound, as it was more difficult to store and handle. The chemist Belliel discovered a channel of utility for this oil in applying it as a pickle for the preservation of railroad ties, bridge timbers, and similarly exposed woods. This used up large quantities of the refuse, but only partially relieved the tar nuisance.

"The only hope that gas men now had was that some discovery might be made in chemical experimenting which would give a commercial value to the refuse. Faraday next awoke interest in coal tar by his discovery of benzine as a a product of the tar oil. It was in experimenting with the volatile substances of these oils that the great chemist Mansfield lost his life by an explosion in his laboratory, and it was probably this casualty that directed greater attention to the possibilities of the despised gas tar.

"It was not until 1857, however, that the great value of coal tar as a raw material was demonstrated. In that year Perkins discovered its aniline properties, a discovery which has almost revolutionized the trade in dye stuffs. Perkins took coal tar naphtha and, boiling it in a retort, obtained a chemical action which resulted in benzole and nitro-benzole. Adding water to this, the nitro-benzole was deposited in the form of a thick, oily mass. This he experimented with in various ways, and finally by the addition of acetic acid and iron filings, he produced a colorless fluid which is aniline. This liquid he treated with different chemical salts, and the result was green crystals of a metallic luster. These he found were capable of producing, under different chemical reactions, the most brilliant and gorgeous dyes—the aniline hues of the paint and dye trades of today.

"This discovery made the long-detested coal tar a desirable product of the gas retorts, but it held still greater surprises. From the light oil of the tar a valuable naphtha solvent for India-rubber was obtained, and then the invaluable discovery of carbolic acid was made. How many people in ordinary life know that this great disinfectant is one of the products of common gas-tar? After these properties were extracted from the tar there were left heavy oils and residuum, for which chemistry was puzzled to find a practical use. It was not until 1869 that any satisfactory result was obtained by experimenting with this refuse, and then the great discovery of alizarine was made. This product was first obtained by the German chemists Græbe and Liebermann, but Prof. Perkins, who had developed the aniline colors from tar, was the first to give a practical application to the German work. The importance of this discovery may be understood when it is known that in the first ten years following the introduction of the artificial alizarine in the dye-stuff trade, it exceeded the total amount of natural alizarine, or madder root, that had been handled in the trade previous to its introduction. It was, if anything, superior to madder, and so much cheaper that the saving by its use up to 1880 had amounted to over $20,000,000. The discovery of alizarine in coal tar converted 400,000 acres of land that had been used for growing madder root into fertile fields of corn and other cereals. With vegetable madder it required nine weeks to perfect the dying of a material Turkey red. The artificial madder accomplished the desired result in as many hours. Three years ago the chemist produced an artificial indigo from the residuum of gas tar, and, in connection with the aniline dyes and alizarine of the same base, it is rapidly taking the place of vegetable indigo. Later, the naphthalene yellows and reds, with which entirely new effects in color were made possible, were derived from coal tar residuum. Chemists are still experimenting with the tar products, and other important developments will no doubt be made."—*N. Y. Sun.*

WAVES OF AIR.

The Atmospheric Disturbances Which Were Caused by the Eruption in the Straits of Sunda in 1883.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good; and the atmospheric disturbances caused by the great eruption in the Straits of Sunda in 1883 formed no exception to the general rule. According to the report of the Meteorological Council for that and the following years, which has just been issued, it was noticed that at all the observatories, without exception, peculiar barometrical irregularities had been recorded during the last five days of August, which were nearly simultaneous, and were accompanied by a change of weather. The fact that these disturbances could also be traced in the daily curves published by the Brussels Observatory, and had succeeded after a short interval the violent eruption of Krakatoa, on the 26th and 27th of that month, led to the suspicion that a connection existed between this phenomena, and accordingly copies of barometrical records were obtained from St. Petersburg on the east and from Coimbra on the southwest. On examination these were found to exhibit similar disturbances of pressure, so that the connection between a volcanic manifestation in the Eastern Archipelago and oscillations of barometrical pressure in Europe became demonstrable. It now seems to have been proved that an opinion expressed by General Strachey was correct—that a series of concentric aerial waves was started by the eruption, and that these traveled around the world at the rate of nearly 700 miles an hour, returning in the opposite direction after having met at the antipodes of Krakatoa, and that a succession of such waves were repeated three or four times. This conclusion is borne out by reports from all parts of the world, and the data so obtained were still in the course of being compared and considered when the present report was drawn up.—*London Globe.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

MY LIGHT.

"Dominus Illuminatio Mea."

When the shades of coming sorrow
Deepen into starless night,
Faith's bright rays illume my darkness,
With her motto: "God thy Light."

Yes, my Light—though all around me,
Groping, seek to walk by sight,
Let me follow where Thou leadest,
God of Love, and Light of Light.

If by paths unknown, untrodden,
Through deep gorge, o'er dizzy height,
Guide my feet, uphold my courage—
Thou, Thou only, art my Light.

Then, though warring creeds be claiming
Old prerogative and right,
This my creed—and none more holy—
"In Thy Light behold we Light."

Such the faith of those, our loved ones,
Standing now in robes washed white;
Now they know how all life's shadows
Brought them nearer to Thy Light.

On the shield of Faith borne homeward,
Rest they from the hard won fight,
And no more can powers of darkness
Dim their vision of Thy Light.

Grant me power, dear Lord, to witness
How pure faith gleams ever bright—
Thine the cloud and Thine the sunshine,
Thou my Lord, my Life, my Light.

—Cecil Moore, in *The Quiver.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

May 10	Christ Our Example	Phil. 2: 5-16
May 17	Christian Contentment	Phil. 4: 4-13
May 24	The Faithful Saying	1 Tim. 1: 1-6
May 31	Paul's Charge to Tim.	2 Tim. 3: 1-5
June 7	God's Message by His Son	Heb. 1: 1-4
June 14	The Priesthood of Christ	Heb. 9: 1-12
June 21	Christian Progress	2 Pet. 1: 1-11
June 28	Review: Service of Song, Missionary, Temperance or other Lessons selected by the school.	

THE BOOK OF THE POOR.

The Cruelty of That Skepticism Which Tries to Prejudice the Poor Against the Word of God—How to Counteract This Insidious Influence.

The Bible is the book of the poor. To quote the passages in which they are mentioned as objects of God's special care would fill many columns of our paper. In the Mosaic code they were provided for and protected. The produce of the land every seventh year was to be left for them; they were to glean the fields all the other years; they were to be invited to all the feasts as guests with priests and Levites; the rich were to lend to them without usury, and if a garment was taken in pledge it was to be restored before sundown. When laborers were hired they were to be paid every evening. If poverty compelled a man to sell his land it came back to him, or his heirs, in the year of jubilee.

In addition to such wise and thoughtful provisions, the code is full of general exhortations: as "Thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty." "Thou shalt not wrest the judgment of the poor in his cause." "Thou shalt not harden thy heart nor shut thy hand against thy poor brother. But thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need." "Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren or of strangers, . . . lest he cry against thee unto the Lord, and it be sin unto thee."

Job declares that he was a father to the poor; and all through the wonderful book that bears his name, God is spoken of as the avenger of the poor. Kindness to them is a proof of piety and cruelty to them is a crime that their Maker will surely punish.

The Psalms are rich in comfort for the poor, and in promise for those who care for them: "He hath prepared His goodness for the poor," "The Lord heareth the poor," "He shall save the children of the needy and break in pieces the oppressor," "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also and him who hath no helper," "He shall stand at the right hand of the poor," "Blessed is he that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

In Proverbs this broad foundation is laid for social equality and fraternal sympathy: "The Lord and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all." They are equally His children, and He has given to some wealth and withheld it from others, not because He is partial and unjust, but because He would cultivate in each class the spirit of brotherhood. He takes the poor under His special care. He declares that whoever oppresseth the poor reproacheth his maker, and whosoever giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. Of the virtuous woman it is said: "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

The prophets uttered their most fearful denunciations against those who oppress the poor. They seemed to regard this as one of the worst evidences of apostacy. Hear Isaiah: "Ye grind the faces of the poor." Hear Amos: "They sold the poor for a pair of shoes." "Your treading is upon the poor." But, while declaring that God will pour out His fury upon the proud and the cruel, how sweetly they tell of His mercy for the oppressed. "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in the high places and fountains in the valleys." Yes, He will even work miracles to supply the wants of the poor.

In the New Testament we learn that our Saviour was poor; that He preached the Gospel especially to the poor; that He cried: "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven;" that He said "When thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind." He was accustomed, out of his limited means, to give to those who were poorer still, as we learn from John xiii:29. When He spoke to Judas, the treasurer, the other disciples thought of course that it was about giving something to the poor. He told the rich young man who wanted to be perfect to sell all that he had and give to the poor. When Zacchæus was converted, he caught so promptly the spirit of the Master that he cried at once: "The half of my goods I give to the poor."

When Paul went forth as the apostle to the Gentiles, James, Peter and John insisted upon only one thing—that he should remember the poor. (Gal. ii:10.) Wherever he went he took up collections for the poor. And James wrote: "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heir of the kingdom?" The primitive church chose deacons on purpose to take care of the poor. The whole history of Christianity shows that it is the friend of the poor. All our asylums, hospitals and infirmaries are the outgrowth of the spirit which it has inspired. Every benevolent and charitable institution of the age is noted in the Bible. Such institutions were unknown until Jesus came, and they flourish now only where the Gospel has gone.

But we may go further than this. Our modern ideas of human equality, of the dignity of labor, of the worth and the rights of man as man, without reference to birth, or race, or color, or situation, or culture, or wealth, all have come from the Bible. And there, too, we have learned about the law of co-operation, of mutual sympathy and aid which enables men to unite in brotherhoods, and to stand by each other to resist opposition. Take away the Bible and the world would soon drift back to that condition of poverty and slavery for the masses, when might was right; when selfishness ruled supreme. There are clouds still in the sky. But they are being scattered by the Sun of Righteousness. Just so fast and so far as the Bible prevails wealth ceases to be arrogant and oppressive and poverty ceases to be bitter and hopeless. In the new and holy light that radiates from the cross, the rich learn to be humble and charitable, the poor learn to be patient, self-respecting and to trust in God. On the one side we have the revelation that wealth comes from God, that those to whom He gives it are His stewards, and must give account to him for their use or abuse of it. On the other hand we have the revelation that the poor are the children of the same Heavenly Father—that they are the wards of the rich, and can claim from them a portion of the common inheritance. But this claim they are to present, not to the rich themselves, But to God. They are to go to him, and trust to Him to open the hearts and the hands of their brethren.

So generally recognized is the fact that Christianity has brought in a new social law that the word charity which expresses the spirit of the Gospel has come to be used for all kinds of alms given. The benevolence of which skeptics sometimes boast, they derived indirectly from the Bible. It was never dreamed of in their philosophy. What is moonlight with them is sunshine with the church of Christ. Their humanitarianism is pale and cold, ours is warm and vivifying. Their's is the philanthropy of words, ours is that of deeds.

And now since these things are so, how cruel is that skepticism which tries to prejudice the poor against the word of God. How snake-like, cold and venomous is that spirit which crawls among the workingmen, lifts up its head in their shops and homes and club rooms, and above all in the saloons, and hisses in their ears: "The church is the ally of the capitalist and the oppressor, the Bible is the rich man's book." That hiss is satanic. It comes from him who is father of lies, and the deadliest foe of the human race. He would take from poverty and toil their true solace and hope. And how shall we counteract this insidious influence? We must get these men to read the Bible for themselves, and not to take the false reports of its enemies and theirs. But above all we must try to illustrate more fully in our lives the spirit of our Master and of His book. In our intercourse with the poor and with all who are, or think they are oppressed we must be living epistles. We may not be able to induce them to read the Bible. But they will read us. And if we are true witnesses for God we shall not fail to secure in time a verdict in favor of the Gospel.—*Chicago Interior.*

TESTED.

How Adoniram Judson, When a Skeptical Young Man, was Led into an Examination of the Claims of Christianity.

Adoniram Judson, the apostle of Burmah, graduated from Brown University an avowed infidel. His most intimate friend, a brilliant student, was also a skeptic. The two friends often talked over the question—momentous to one on the eve of graduation—"What shall we do to make for ourselves a career?" Both were fond of the drama and delighted in the representations of plays. Each wrote with ease and skill, and so, after many discussions, they almost determined to become dramatists.

Judson graduated in 1807, with the highest honors. A few weeks later he went to New York, to study the "business" of the stage, so that he might be familiar with its requirements, in case he should become a play-writer. His dramatic project did not, however, retain him long in the city, and prompted by a love of adventure, he started on horseback to make a tour of two or three of the New England States.

One evening, he put up at a country tavern, and was assigned a room adjoining one occupied by a young man sick unto death. The dying man's moans were distinctly heard by Judson, whose skepticism was not strong enough to keep him from musing on the question: "Is that young man prepared to die?"

During the night the groans ceased, and early next morning Judson arose, sought the landlord, and asked:

"How is the young man?"

"He is dead?"

"Who was he?"

"He had recently graduated from Brown, and his name was ——."

Judson was stunned, for the name was his skeptical friend's.

Abandoning his journey, he returned to his father's home, a dazed, stricken man. The shock unsettled his skepticism. He determined to make a thorough examination of the claims of Christianity upon his faith and conduct.

He entered Andover Theological Seminary, not as a student for the ministry, nor even as a Christian, but simply as a truth-seeker. What he sought for he found in Him who is the truth. He found mom, the life and the way. He submitted to the truth, received the life, and walked in the way, with a martyr's spirit and sigh, often, to the martyr's crown, until he heard the call: "Come up higher!" Then he departed from his earthly apostolate.

He wrote no drama, but his life was a sublime spectacle. No crowds laughed at his wit, or were thrilled at his delineation of human passion; but hundreds of men blessed him as their father in God.—*Youth's Companion.*

WISE SAYINGS.

—We must labor with patience to rest contented, till it please the Lord otherwhile to dispose of things.—*Roger White.*

—The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion. —*Longfellow.*

—There are few persons who really know the preciousness of the promises of God's word, because they have never tried them. God is ready to fulfill every promise He has ever made, and Christians do not know what they are losing by not implicitly trusting in Him. —*Exchange.*

—It is one of Dr. Thos. L. Cuyler's excellent sayings that "every day's journey should be commenced with God." He quotes right emphatically in this connection the pious words of David, the psalmist: "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."