BY JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BO BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER IL-CONTINUED.

In the meantime Fingal walked with swift stride down the incline, and soon stood in the very bottom of the hollow, with the roof of the old stone house looming up, gray and grand as some old Roman pile of antiquity in the distance.

Here pausing, he dropped the breech of his light Winchester rifle to the turf and glanced back at the rambling stone building

"Lone Hollow," he muttered, slowly "Well named, indeed. It's a lonely place enough, that's true. I've found the dove and the cote, now for the hawk who would despoil it all. I thought to meet him here. I wonder if that assault on Grace in the woods was a part of the plot. Patience, fond heart, we shall see. Ha! I hear wheels. I wonder who comes now. There can be but little travel on this road aside

from the Stonefield stage." Stepping aside the young man waited in the shadow of a bush until a light vehicle, drawn by a span of grays, came

"One moment, sir," called Fingal to the single occupant, a dark, handsome gentleman, lifting his cap. "This is for you, I be-

As the vehicle came to a halt Fingal pressed a folded note into the traveler's hand; then, without a word, strode swiftly away. As may be supposed, the gentleman in the vehicle was mystified at the strange proceeding.

CHAPTER III.

"I HATE YOU!" The gentleman allowed his horses to walk slowly up the incline while he opened and

CAPTAIN STARBRIGHT-An eagle watches the hawk who hovers about the dove-cote. There is such a thing as diamond cutting diamond. Beware how you press the infamous plot you have concected to a conclusion. I warn you that you can not succeed, and that unless you desist a hemp cravat may be your portion. JUSTICE."

A frown mounted the brows of the Captain when he had finished reading. He crumpled the note in his hand, and was about to tear it to fragments, when a sud spread out the paper carefully, then folded and thrust it into his pocket.

"That bit of paper may be of use to me in the future, he muttered, with a clinch-

ing of white teeth. Before the house he halted, leaped to the ground and proceeded to open the gate. He lifted his hat to Mr. Vandible, who yet sat formerly toward me. I have lately made

Sam to put out your horses. I want to stop for a day at least. Will you do

"I have hardly the time," returned the Saptain.

even without an invitation. Sam, the colored stable-boy, was sent to look after the Captain's horses, while the

Captain himself occupied a chair beside the venerable proprietor of Lone Hollow. For an hour the two conversed, then Captain Starbright went in to look for Grace wing of the old house, a bit of work in her lap, her feet resting on a hassock, with a

Penroy. He found her in a cozy room in one huge cat crouching near, purring softly. It was a pleasant home scene, and the gallant Captain paused and gased through the halfopen door with a queer smile on his dark

Grace Penroy presented a picture of the most exquisite loveliness just then. The contour of her face was almost perfect, and a delicate rose tint in the smooth, soft cheek, not too pronounced, while a mass of golden hair fell away in abundant waves to her shoulders. Evidently she was not just now expecting company, and the step in the corridor without caused her to look up

"I hope I'm not intruding, Grace," said Captain Starbright, pausing on the thresh-She regarded him a trifle fearfully, as he stood framed in the doorway, the picture of

a handsome man.

Tall, straight as an arrow, with a dark face, heavy mustache, black eyes and insinuating smile, he was what most women would denominate handsome. He dressed richly, sporting a diamond stud, the most immaculate linea, and the latest style of tie. Fascinating he certainly was. Pow of the gentler sex could resist his advances. Up to the present time, however, Grace Penroy might be counted among the few, It might be that the honest face of a

young mechanic from Stowfield, a town some ten miles away, had something to do with the feelings of indifference toward Captain Starbright that animated the breast of Vandible's herress.

Mr. Starbright hesitated but a moment on the thre-hold of the room, then entered and stood over the pretty girl in the sewing-chair.

"Busy as a bee," he said, laughing. "You would make a wife fit for a mechanic, so industrious are you, and yet it seems to me hardly necessary that you should perform such work." "It may not be necessary, but one must

do something," she uttered, softly. "To be sure." admitted he. "You be doubt find it lonely enough in Lone Hollow. I wonder at your grandfather bringing you to such a spot. It seems to me hardly fair to one so young, and who enjoys society so

"I am not sure that I care to return to the city. I find this a very pleasant place, I am sure, and I am in duty bound to please mother and grandfather."

" (if course. He attempted to take her hand, but she snatched it away and came to her feet swiftly, standing aside and facing him with back.

the hot blood flowing in either cheek. "How pretty!" he ejaculated, with an ment. "Grace, when will you permit me to be your friend!"

the room. His familiarity had evidently | See!" given her deep offense.

her own and detained her in spite of her low! "Grace, see here; this has gone quite far

enough," he declared, in a severe tone. "Release me, sir." "Not until you look me squarely in the

face and say: 'Captain Starbright, I love

CAPTAIN STARBRIGHTS BAGS. Captain Starbright stood in the center of

rage. His rebuff had been both unexpected and deeply cutting. He was not in the habit of being thus treated by one of the weaker sex.

"So!" he muttered at length, with emhade. "Well, I did think I had you in the creation, Miss Grace Penroy; but it would require a great length of time to change your opinions somewhat. It's that greasy mechanic for one thing; but I don't mean that he shall stand in the way long. I must needs speak with Martha Penroy suppose. I didn't imagine it would be necessary, but it seems to be highly so, after all.

Then Captain Starbright washed stallingly from the room. In mother and larger apartment he form the mother of Grace, the received the more or less distinguished Captain with a smile of welcome.

Mrs. Penroy was a faded woman of forty.

Meek as a child, with but little seeming en- keep Lura Joyce away from Lone Hollow. ergy left over after the conclusion of her married life. She could not even be called an interesting widow. Nevertheless Captain Starbright imagined she might prove interesting before the drama he had inaugurated was at an end. "I am glad to see you, Captain; sit down

and tell me all the news." The faded widow pointed to a chair which the Captain took. He had left his hat in the hall, and the upper part of his forehead showed extreme narrowness under his

black hair. There was something sinister after all in the countenance of Cliaton Starbright, that was more noticeable on close scrutiny. "I am here to talk business, Mrs. Penroy,

declared the Captain, after a short moment of silence. "Yes, sir," admitted the widow, meekly. "In the first place I must say that I consider the education of Grace sadly neglect-

"I am sorry, sir." "Are you! I didn't suppose you would lie," he asserted, a sneer curling his lip. "I think you are in fauit. The girl insulted me to my face not ten minutes since. What

do you think of that?" "I am sorry, sir." "And is that all you have to offer?" be temanded, exhibiting anger. "What more can I say!" questioned the

weak woman, helplessly. "You might have taught her better, I should suppose. Don't you realize that I could blast all your hopes at one fell swoop. I may do it, too, if you don't do better in the future. I think you understand me."

"There can be no question but what Grace will inherit her grandfather's prop-

"No doubt if her grandfather has any thing to give," he interrupted, with meaning emphasis. "You know, Mrs. Penroy, as well as I that Grace nor you would remain one minute under this roof if old Vandible knew the truth. As for the in-heritance, that would go any where but to Grace Penroy.

The woman stopped him with a gesture. "Mercy, Captain, please don't call up my thing so dreadful. "But I wish you to understand that it is

not all plain sailing yet," pursued the "I am afraid it isn't." "You will find that ceeded. "It is through my coolness and tact that you and Grace occupy this mag-

nificent home."

"Clinton!"

"I admit it. I feel grateful for your good offices, Captain." "Do you!" still sneering. "It is a wonder. Grace I find less well disposed than n the broad porch, just adding a new the discovery that a young fellow, a low mechanic, from Stonefield, calls here frequently; in fact that he and Grace have the cracked voice of the old man. "Just been seen riding out in company. Now

what have you to say to this outrageous state of affairs" " Nothing." "Nothing! Good Heavens! woman, do you know what you say!"

"But as a favor to me?"

"As a favor to you, my dear Vandible, I will remain," declared the Captain, who in a tone of helpless imbecility.

"Then I know what can be done." "Well, I am helpless; I can not prevent the girl's having beaux," declared the widow

The Captain came to his feet and strode twice across the rich carpet in front of the lady, his white hands clenched, his eyes glittering. Then he paused in front of her with a set, wicked look on his face.

"Mrs. Penroy, I know what can be done, what will be done. I know where the real beiress to Morgan Vandible's fortune is, and I will turn there for the profit I expected to reap from you and this terribly particular daughter of yours." He giared at her furiously for a moment, then turned on his beel as if to depart.

She called his name huskily. He paused and faced her with a frown. "Are you coming to your senses at last, woman?" "Captain Starbright, you did not mean what you said just now! The heiress can not possibly be alive." "I did mean it, Mrs. Penroy," he declared. emphatically. "Where is she! Who is she!"

He burst into a harsh, unmusical laugh. "I am not quite a fool, Mrs. Penroy," he

"I have endeavored to do so, Captain." "In a faint sort of way, I admit; but a different line must be pursued hereafter. ing gaze of Lura You must forbid the visits of Austin Went-

the hand of your daughter."

"He might not cease, even then." tween us both I think we can put a flea in your health."
the young fellow's car that 'll drive him. He realized that a hidden sarcasm lurked away effectually."

"I will listen to your plan." The Captain resumed his seat. "You have access to your daughter's

room?" he questioned, in a confidential "Certainly," she answered. "Her letters-you have seen them!"

"They are in her private drawer, which s always locked, I beheve." "Nevertheless, you can get at them for short time!"

"I might." hat have come from this mechanic." "There may be none."

"Oon't you believe that. The stage passes every day, and I am confident that Grace receives letters. I think we can manage to break up this little love match. if you will do as I wish. There is no harm

in trying, at any rate." "No, truly."
"You will help me!"

"To the best of my weak ability," an "That is all I ask."

Once more he came to his feet and passed to the door. He paused and again turned

"I will call again to-morrow," he said, resuming his seat. "By that time you may be "I am simply a guest." shie to abstract a letter from the deak of . "Simply a guest! Do you expect me to be Grace; it must be the last one if possible. Shall need one of her's, too, or a specimen She said not a word, but started to leave of her chirography, I wish to make a copy.

"I think I da" "The little prude," he muttered under her eth. Then he laid a rather heavy hand of Grace's cousin, who is to visit Lone Hol-withering gase. This was not the first low!"

"Very little," returned Mrs. Pearoy.
"Their in orphan and is coming to make it ber home here."

"Who invited her!" "The old gentleman." "Your father!"

Starteright, verselly. "I thought I had the old man ready to accept and further my out tells his grandinghter, but to day he tell that it was to amail affair. In that he should not interfere with [ro m companies.]

y particular. I felt angry enough to rep him one.

"I beg of you to be careful, Captain. All epends on him, you know. He is tery chasseshie. To serrow to may be ready to enge Grace to an acceptance of your suit. There's no telling thenty bur hours in advance what father will do or say. As he Frows older he is more given to such

"It seems so." There was a trouble deep down in the heart of Captain Clinton Starbright that Mrs. Penroy did not see, and it all came from the realizing sense that Lura Joyce was coming to Lone Hollow to live. Why should the empisite Captain care for the presence of a puny girl, even if he did not like her?

There was good cause for his would have given his good right hand to Such a sacrifice would not avail, however, and Captain Starbright was miserable. He remained with the widow until a late hour, and then left the parlor in evident

He had mislaid his hat, it seemed, and had trouble in finding it. He went to the room where he had met Grace some time before. Neither the girl nor the hat were

"I left it on the rack in the hall, I am sure," be mattered. "Bome imp of mischief has removed it to bother and vex And this was true.

At the end of the hall, near the front door, a door opened into a small reception room on the right. Captain Starbright stood here now, in the shadows, debating what course to pursue, vexed and angry, when the side door opened suddenly and a low voice said: "Captain Starbright, here is your hat.

It is a pity you have been detained?"

He turned, thrilled by the voice, and looked into the laughing eyes of his enemy, Lura Joyce CHAPTER V.

MISS JOYCE'S TEMPER. "Miss Joyce!" exclaimed the Captain, recoiling as though he had stepped on hot

She twisted his silk tile on her hand, remarking: "Your but, please, He seized it and drew it low over

brows. As she stood in the doorway, the light from a window near revealed her face and form quite distinctly. One glance into the short, round face was sufficient to proclaim her not a beauty. There was a square set to the lower jaw not compatible with feminine beauty. Her complexion would have been exquisite but for freckles. The square nose, rather after the style-denominated pug, showed aggress-

iveness, as did the jaw and mouth. The forehead, low and broad, was surmounted by short, crisp, defant red curls that danced and fluttered with every turn of her head. Her form was slender to attenuation, and withal Lura Joyce was not calculated at first sight to win the admiring gaze of the human male biped.

There was something in her face and movements, however, that demanded a second look, and when this was given, a third would follow, and then a more pleasing aspeet appeared, ending at last in fascination. Captain Starbright had felt this last sen-

sation more than once, and it was stealing knew that Lura Joyce was to be his most Then I discharge you; go and sin no bitter enemy in the contest that was to come. He threw off the magnetism with

an effort and said:

o it was you, mischief, who stole my hat. I might have known it." "When did you arrive!" Grace, and so I thought I'd bother you a

little," she said, solemnly. "Do you mean to say that you haven't seen Grace vet!" "I mess just that You see, I missed the stage, and so had to come on horseback. I didn't mind that, however, since I am a

hand her. They were both in the shadow. felt wicked just at that moment, and raised his hands as though he would strangle the girl. He seemed to realize that this was not the time or place for such work and restrained himself, and muttered some-

thing commonplace. Then be opened the outer door and passed "So you are here at Lone Hollow, ser pent ?" soliloguized the girl, in a low, mean-

ing tone. "Well, I recken it means war between us, Captain Starbright, and the sooner it comes to a focus the better for all concerned." It was almost night when Captain Star-

bright stepped upon the long porch. He glanced up and down keenly, but saw no one. Old Mr. Vandible had retired to his room, but his great arm-chair stood there. "Do you imagine that I would a reminder of the old gentleman himself. trust you further than I have! Not if I Captain Starbright flung himself into the know myself. It is not too late yet for you capacious chair and with knitted brows to hold all you have gained; but it must be thought over the situation.

through a different influence than you have "I must consult Mother Cabera," he

> this emergency." A light step startled him. He wheeled about in his chair sharply to meet the smil-

vigils, Mr. Starbright. I am requested by in full bloom into the outside air ten de-Grace to ask you to come in out of the grees below zero, you may get some idea "Well, I will assist you a little, and bes damp. She is indeed most solicitous after of Christ's change of atmosphere from

beneath her words, and he felt angry. "You have met Grace, then!" he questioned, indifferently.

somewhat indisposed she requested me to call you and-" "Sit down there, Lura Joyce," he interupted, shortly. "I wish a word with you." He pointed to the vacant chair near. She accepted it without a word, and cast a demure glance at him from under her sandy

"Why have you come to Lone Hollow?" he demanded, bluntiy. "This is to be my beme bereafter," was her reply.

He seemed angered at the announcement.
"Yes, Captain Starbright, my home," she repeated, grimly. "I am Grace's cousin, and she has kindly invited me to live under the same roof with her. With a million rose above the billows higher yet, but He more or less at her command I can see no had to come down before with His lip He harm in this."

"No." with a frown. "Now permit me to ask you one."
She lifted her head, and her short red curls danced defiantly. He made no remark and she proceeded. "Now, air, why is it that you are her Answer me that, please."

lieve that, Clinton Starbright!" "I care not what you believe."

Thuppese not. You may, however, se-fore this war dance ends," fired the girl, with an emphasis quite unaccessary, he thanks. He remained cool under her

face and say: "Captain Starbright, I love you."

"Yes. Of course I seconded the motion. It the old speculater. Then Captain Starbright, I have you." "Yes. Of course I seconded the motion. It the old speculater. Then Captain Starbright, I have you." that have resulted in her captain. It the old speculater. Then Captain Starbot from her red lips, and then she managed in that have resulted in her captain. It the old speculater. Then Captain Starbot for at his to tear herself loose and sped swiftly stam that she using of him."

"It seems so, the old fool," retorted Mr.

"It seems so, the old fool," retorted Mr.

CHAPTER IV.

"It seems so, the old fool," retorted Mr.

Starbright, vexelly. "I thought I had the captain so of the facts, and from being friendly she captain."

The course I seconded the motion. It the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculater. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculaters. The old speculaters in the picture of the old speculaters. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculaters. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculaters. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculaters. Then Captain Starbat limited by all the old speculaters. The old speculaters in the picture of the old speculaters. The old speculaters in the old speculaters.

Dr. Talmage on the Literature of the Dust.

The Erring Woman and the Savious Wonderful Judgment-The Only Writing of Our Lord-The Whole World a Parable.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached on the subject "The Literature of the Dust." His text scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zorobabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built because he was fond of great architecture and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamental gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy for forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about him, then a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ they ask that he sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If he say "Let her die" they will charge him with crueity. If he let her go they will charge him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way he does they would howl

Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which he was sitting and goes down on one knee or both knees. and with the forefinger of his right hand he begins to write in the dust of the floor. word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that he settle this case of transgression until he looked up and told them that they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant wim had never done any thing wrong himself would open the fire. 'Go abead but to sure the man who flings the fire missile is immaculate." Then he resumed writing with his flager in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what he had written the scoundrels skulked away. F.nally, the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ had finished this strange chirography in the dust, he looks up and finds only one of the court room left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorneys having cleared out Christ is victor, and he says to the woman: "Where are the prosover him now in spite of the fact that he ecutors in this case? Are they all gone?

I have always wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that is the only time he ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the King "Just here. I saw and recognized your evidence of such a correspondence. hat as I passed down the hall looking for The wisest being the world ever saw and the one who had more to say than any one who ever lived never writing a book, or a chapter, or a page, or a paragraph, or a word on parchment. Nothing but this literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the regular Comanche, and can ride like a-a- rolls of the volumes of the first library what is it you call 'em! I have it, a founded at Thebes there was not one scroll Centaur." Then she laughed merrily, and, of Christ. Among the 700,000 books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Cal ph Omar were used as fuel to heat the 4,000 baths of the city. not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitule of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British museum, or Berlin or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All he wrote he wrote in dust, uncertain, shifting, vanishing dust. My text says be stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a

man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust he must tend clear over. Ave, he must get at least on one knee or he can not write on the ground. Be not surprised that he stooped down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate his landing place. From Heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation lately exerted. I want you to help me with muttered. "She will be able to help me in and galaxy on the blus scroll of Heaven to writing on the ground in the dust which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a Prince's conservatory "You must be weary after your day's that had Mexican cactus and magnolias celestial to terrestrial. How many Heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third Heaven." Christ came down from the highest Heaven to the sec-"Yes. We are already friends. Feeling ond Heaven, and down from second Heaven to first Heaven, down swifter than meteors feil, down amidst stellar splendors that himself eclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the tanquet of the skies to the broiling of fish for his own breakfast on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. The homsge cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of 62% cents of tax to Casar. deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The uplifted wave of Galilee was high, but He had to come down before with His feet He could touch it, and the whirlwind that could kies it into quiet. Bethlebe stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in conse with humiliations that had gone before and with abnogations that came after when on that memorable day in Herod's temple He stooped and wrote on the

WROTE ON THE GROUND, swings them in the hazy air. No whim of cut into monumental granite with the letwe would hear Him say as of old, "Consider the lilles of the field, how they grow;" God will abundantly pardon. and we would not hear the whistle of a I must not forget to say that as Christ, quail or the cawing of a raven or the stooping down, with His finger wrote on

> trodden under foot of men." take the whole world as a parable. Then f with gun and pack of bounds we start off before dawn and see the morning would cry out with the evangelist, "The day spring from on high bath visited us;" or caught in a snow storm, while struggling home, eyebrows and beard, and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, and we would cry out with David. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture gallery in Europe there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but people having to look straight up, it wearied and dizzied them, and bent their necks almost beyond endurance, so a great ooking glass was put near the floor and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror and see the fresco at their feet. And so much of all the Heaven of God's trath is reflected as in a mirror, and the things that are above us are copied by things all around us. What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles, aye, the first Bible He ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest Testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament | right on. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest; namely, that which was written before Moses was put affoat on the boat of leaves which was calked with asphaltum: or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Deity stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper would urge appreciation of the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the aspholel,

Christ, with just one ironical sentence, pentant sinners, even the worst. first-class hypocrites. It was then as bow that a mother kept burning a candle consistencies people have of their and one night very late a poor waif of the beavy judicial sentence from Christ, and | went away ten years ago, my bair has then after she has been taken outside the turned white. Folks blame me for worrysatisfaction of each coming forth and I open the don and look out into taking off his hat, crossed himself dropping a big stone on her head, for that the darkness and cry: "Lizzie!" But I must not tell you they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as He saw those men drop every thing, chagrined, mortified, He must have laughed. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read of it. All God that you are bouse again? And drink, and that is a truth, he would not complain of the peasants, but remarked to me that they were much weighed down by you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank god that you are bouse again? And drink, and that is a truth, he would not complain of the peasants, but remarked to me that they were much weighed down by you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank drink, and that is a truth, he would not complain of the peasants. of these libertines, dramatizing indigna- what a time of rejoicing there was in that say: "but then, if we let the holidays tion against imparity. Blind bate lecturing on optice. A flock of crows on their and in the ashes of that bearth, now way up from a carcass, denouncing carries. | lighted up not more by the great blazing Yes, I think that one word written on logs than by the joy of a reunited house-the ground that day by the finger of hold, wrote the same liberating words Christ was the awful word bypocrisy. But am sure there was another word in that | hundred years ago in the dust of the dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise through it all the armise of Heaven, a belittled her sin. But her supplicatory be-million abroast, on white horses, mestril to havior and her tears moved Him. and when He stooped down to write on the ground, He wrote that mighty, that imperial, word Forgiveness. When on Sinai God wrote the law, He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chinel into the hard granite surface. Whether the words He was writing were of it, O, He was a merciral Christ: I was in Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, I can not reading of a legend that is told in the far lete and 31 sea-going iron-late. Italy he is, and divided his energies on two say, for He knew all those languages. But East about Him. He was walking through has 9 obsolete and 12 sea-going iron-things, or ten, accordingly. Indeed, the is still stooping down and with Him the streets of a city and He saw a crowd clads. Fifty British vessels can steam the man who companies must in this

mine in this. "Without Him was not any | ters that the storms of a thousand years thing made that was made." Christ writ- can not obliterate. Bishop Babington had ing on the ground. If we could see His a book of only three leaves. The first leaf hand in all the passing seasons, how it was black, the second leaf red, the third would illumine the world? All verdure leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin; and foliage would be allegoric, and again the red leaf atonement; the white leaf purification. That is the whole story.

roundelay of a brown thresher without the ground, it is evident that His symsaying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they pathles are with this penitent woman, gather not into barns, yet your Heavenly | that He has no sympathy with her hypo-Father feedeth them;" and a Dominic hen | critical pursuers. Just opposite to that is of the barnyard could not cluck for her the world's habit. Why didn't these unbrood, yet we would hear Christ saying as clean Pharisees bring one of their own was from John will 6: "Jesus stooped of old, "How often would I have gathered number to Christ for excertation and chestnuts. Shortly after eating them down and wrote on the ground." He said: thy children together, even as a ben gath- capital punishment? No, no; they over-A Mohammedan mosque stands now ered her chickens under her wings;" and look that in a man which they damn de in through the redolent hedges we would a woman. And so the world has had for hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of offending women scourges and objurga-Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning tion, and for just one offense she becomes from the sait-cellar without thinking of an outcast, while for men whose lives have the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of | been sodomic for twenty years the world the earth, but if the sait have lost its savor | swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and and they may sit in Legislatures and Senates and Parliaments or on thrones. Un-Let us wake up from the stupidity and like the Christ of my text, the world dows in foggy weather. writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble. For forcoming down off the hills to meet us, we eign Lords and Princes, whose names can not even be mentioned in respectable lasarettos of abomination our American princesses of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an Englishman and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconalike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No. and let man go up. What is that I bear splashing into the East river at midnight, and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation and all is still! Never mind; it is But while I speak of Christ of the text,

> ous of all literature. It is the greatest of Ninevah he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompell bave only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a Nation's dust. When that comes out of the paper mill, but I years ago, visited that resurrected city tor as he is. - Chicago Mail. the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked an | was opened and a table was spread in that ancient King whether he had seen the house which 1,810 years had been buried says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott of are the musicians who played and olden times was preaching, he exclaimed: the orators who spoke, and the architects sculptors who chiseled, and the architects derer in this house," and a man rose in the | who built in all the centuries except our assemblage and started for the door own? Dust! The great library of the and bawled aloud, confessing to a world, that which has the widest shelves murder he had committed fifteen and the longest aisles and the most multiyears before. And no wonder these tudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, Pharisees, reminded of their sins, is the underground library. It is the royal took to their heels. But what did Christ library, the continental library, the hemiswrite on the ground? The Bible does not phere library, the planetary library, the state. Yet, as Christ never wrote any library of the dust. And all these library thing except that once, you can not blame | cases will be opened, and all these scrolls us for wanting to know what he really did unrolled and all these volumes unclasped write. But I am certain that he wrote and as easily as in your library or mine what he wrote on the ground? I judge Lord of the Resurrection pick up out of from the circumstances. He might have this library of dust every volume of human written other things, but kneeling there in life and open it and read it and display it. ulary, and having in his presence a per- | O, this mighty literature of the dust! It these Pharisees and Scribes vacated the and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy premises and got out into fresh air, as and full and complete forgiveness for re-

own, the more severe and censorious are street entered. The aged woman said to house that night! And Christ stooped down that He had written more than eighteen

nostril, flank to flank. The Navies of Europe. Great Britain has the largest navy. although Italy has the greatest ships. | man who can put himself wholly and Great Britain has 14 obsolete ironclade. absolutely into the one thing which de-But when He writes the offence of this 5 non-obsolete const-guard ironclad mands his attention for the time being. woman He writes it in dust so that it can ressels and 50 sea-going. France has has more power for that one thing then be easily rebbed out, and when she repeate | 13 obsolete, 14 coast-guards non-obso- if he were twice of

MISCELLANEOUS.

-Shelby County, Missouri, has a minister who for usefulness breaks the record. In one day he preached two sermons, married two couples and set three broken ribs.

-One of the largest private landholdings in the world is the Haggin & Carr ranch in California. It contains 400,000 acres, covers 640 square miles. and is over twenty-five miles square. -A little girl living in Moon town-

ship, Pa., died from eating too many she complained of severe pains about the heart, and before medical aid could reach her she was dead. -A Maine historian says that in old

times the fine ladies of Eastport then a very gay, flourishing town-used to acquire beautiful complexions by sleeping with their heads out of the win-It is old, observes the New York

Tribune, that passengers on the elevated roads will twist about, strain their necks, and even rise up from circles abread because they are walking their seats in order to see a clock down on the sidewalk, when they have the correct time in their own watch

-A Kansas City justice of the peace decided that a woman whose husband feeds her on pancakes exclusively for a whole week has a proper, ground for legal complaint against him, and that an effectual way to bring such a hosstructed on this subject. Treat them band to time is to put him under bonds to pay \$5 a week to live on.

A down-town restaurant has three young women in its employ. One is no, says the world; let woman go down cashier, the other is bookkeeper, and the other is in charge of the cake and confectionary department. Last Christmas these young ladies thought to suronly a woman too discouraged to live, prise the proprietor by giving him Let the mills of the cruel world grind their photographs in a group. The proprietor gave the group to an artist, who made a lithograph of the same, His stooping down writing in the dust, do and this was attached to a neat calennot think I underrate the literature of the dar which the lunch-house gives to dust. It is the most solemn and tremendeach of its patrons. It takes a Chicago all libraries. When Layard exhaused man to get there. Hundreds of young men are trying the bakery for the purpose of getting a calendar. Not a bad dodge, and the young women seem as

Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few proud over the scheme of the proprie--Trees of the palm family have larger leaves than any others. The Inaja palm, which grows on the banks eclipse of the sun. "No," he said, "I have by volcanic eruption, and Farragut and of the Amazon, have leaves which so much to do on earth, I have no time to his guests walked over the equisite mos reach a length of from thirty to fifty look at Heaven." And if our faculties were saics and under the beautiful fresco, and feet, and are ten or twelve feet in allawake in the study of God, we would not it almost seemed like being entertained breadth. Specimens of the leaves of have time to go much further than the by those who eighteen centuries ago breadth. Specimens of the leaves of first grass blade. I have no fear that had turned to dust. O, this mighty liter- the Talipot palm, a native of Ceylon, natural religion will ever contradict what ature of the dust! Where are the remains have been met with that are twenty we call revealed religion. I have no sym- of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminon- feet long and eighteen feet broad. pathy with the followers of Aristotle, who das and Tamerlane and Trojan and These leaves are used by the natives after the telescope was invented, would not look through it, lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I both sides at Cheronen, at Hastings, at shelters from the rain. The leaves of their great master. shall be glad to put against one lid of the Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men the double coconnut palm are often Bible the microscope, and against the other | who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 | thirty feet long and several feet wide. | lid of the Bible the telescope. | When the wind is strong they clash tomen who faced death at Jena, of the #0,- When the wind is strong they clash to-But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did he write?

The Pharisees did not stop to examine.

The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own con- under Xerxes at Thermopyine? Dust! produced each year, and they are so sciences, fled pell mell. Nothing will flay Where are the guests who danced the firmly attached to the stem of the tree a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. floors of the Albambra, or the Persian and so strong in themselves that a man a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. hoors of the Alasuerus? Dust! Where may sit on the end of one and rock to

FATHER NICHOLAS. A Russian Artist's Description of a Unique Rassian Type. I watched this priest as he was going the rounds of the peasants' houses.

collecting sour cream and eggs, on the last day of the Lent preceding St. Peter and St. Paul's day. I could not understand at first what he was doing. Clad in an old cassock. nothing trivial or unimportant. And will we take up a book, blow the dust off it, the white underwear plainly exposed you allow me to say that I think I know and turn over its pages, so easily will the beneath it, the old man carried a pail in one hand and a wooden bowl in the other; going from house to house he the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypo- And the volume will be rebound to be set would knock at the door of each, and crites, who were a self appointed constability the royal library of the self destroyed. peep in at the windows. At first I secuted woman who evidently was very is not so wonderful, after all, that Christ was asking for a night's lodging. But two words, both of them graphic and sionable sand on the floor of an ancient no; after knocking vainly at one peastremendous and reverbrating. And the temple and instead of a hard pen, put ant's house, he passed on to another, one word was hypocrisy and the other forth his forefinger with the same kind of, and then still to a third. Eventually word was forgiveness. From the way nerve, and muscle, and bone, and flesh women carrying triffing donations began to come out from the back yards. some making gestures which seemed unmasked them, I know they were And now I can believe that which I read to explain why it was that the donation was so small; some to kiss the priest's it is now. The more faults and in- in the window every night for ten years, hand; some others to simply bow to him and pour their sour cream into his they about the faults of others. Here her, "Sit down by the fire," and the pail, laying down a couple of eggs in they are—twenty stout men arresting and arranger said, "Why do you keep that the bowl. The priest did not once lose arranging one weak woman. Magnificent business to be engaged in. They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a daughter when she returns. Since she brought out their arranger said, "Why do you keep that the bowl. The priest did not once lose patience, and such peasants as did not answer his summons at his first knock brought out their arranger said, "Why do you keep that the bowl. The priest did not once lose patience, and such peasants as did not necessarily and the bowl. The priest did not once lose patience, and such peasants as did not necessarily and the bowl. The priest did not once lose patience, and such peasants as did not necessarily and the bowl. The priest did not once lose patience, and such peasants as did not necessarily and the bowl. The priest did not once lose patience, and such peasants as did not necessarily and the fun of seeing her faint away under a daughter when she returns. Since she brought out their offerings to him on his return trip. In place of sour cream then after she has been taken outside the turned white. Folks blame me for worrycity and fastened at the foot of a precipice, ling about her, but you see I am her mother. I sent him out a ruble of money; and
the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the and sometimes, half a dozen times a night. the good man put down his pail, and

thrice at the church. out of the count—the only days when they might be taking a drop too much one has to wonder, indeed, what is is that they only live upon. Poorly. very poorly off are our peasants" Vassili Verestchagin, in Harper's

Macazine.

THOUGHT CONCENTRATION A Personal Power That Will Load Sto Concentration of thought and effort is a measure of personal power. The "I care not what you believe."
I This prose not. You may, however, to display the way, however, to display the way of the still stooping down and with His drager writing on the ground; in the winner withering ram. This was not the first time the two had crossed stricks." Once, not a year before you had not exceed the first time the two had crossed stricks. Once, not a year before you had not exceed the first time the two had crossed stricks. Once, not a year before you had not exceed the first time the two had crossed stricks. Once, not a year before you had not exceed the first time the two had crossed stricks. Once, not a year before you had not exceed the first time the two had crossed stricks. Once, not a year before you had not exceed the first time the two had crossed stricks. Once and the first time the two had crossed the first time the two had crossed to strick the first time the two had crossed to strick the first time the two had crossed to strick the first time the two had crossed to strick the first time the two had crossed to strick the first time the two had crossed to strick the first time the two had crossed to strick the first time the two had crossed to strick the first time the two had crossed to strick the first time the two had crossed the first time the two first time the two first time the two firsts for the next thing you have to do, is by attending faithfully to the thing now g faithfully to the thing now ng attention. — 8. S. Times.