THE TELEGRAM.

'is this the tel'graph office!"
Asked a childish voice one day,
As I noted the click of my instrument With its message from far away. As it consed, I turned: at my elbow, Stood the merest scrap of a boy. Whose childish face was all aglow With the light of a hidden joy.

The golden curis on his forehead, Shaded eyes of the deepest blue, As if a bit of the summer sky Had lost in them its bue. From cell ag down to floor, on turned on mine their eager gaze, As he asked the question o'er

"Is this the tel'graph office?" "It is, my little man." I said, "pray tell me what you want And I'll help you if I can." Then the time eyes grow more eager, And the breath came thick and fast; And I now within the chubby hands, A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the lightn Came down on the wires, some day; And my mamma has gone to Heaven, And I'm loaely since she is away. For my papa is very busy. And hasn't much time for me. So I thought I'd write her a letter.

And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big, so the angels Could read out quick, the name, And carry it straight to my mamma And tell her how it came; And now, won't you please to take it, And throw it up good and strong. gainst the wires in a funder shower. And the lightning will take it along."

Ah! what could I tell the darling? For my eyes were filling fast: I turned away to hide the tears, But I cheerfully spoke at last! "I'll do the best I can. my child," "Twas all that I could say; "Thank you," he said, then scanned the sky,
"Do you think it will funder to-day?"

But the blue sky smiled in answer. And the sun shone dazzling bright, And his face as he slowly turned away. Lost some of its gladsome light.

"But nurse," be said, "if I stay so long. Won't let me come any more; So good-bye, I'll come and see you again tight after a funder shower

-Good Housekeeping. THE "CLAIM-JUMPER."

How He Got Even with the Two "Pardners.

"What's that over thar, Bill?" asked Joe Scaggs, pointing towards an object that had carance on the prairie, a mile to the south. Bill Barnum looked in the dieaction indicated "A house, or I'm a livin' liar!" exclaimed

Bill, with emphasis. "An' on Dick Barber's claim, too!" he continued, with a gesture of

"Do ye suppose he's goin' ter jump Dick's claim!" asked Joe. "I dunno," answered Bill. "I guess he's is, I'm thinkin' he'll soon go 'way on the

same arrant, won't he. Joe!" "You bet!" sanctioned Joe. "But the way ter find out is ter go over an' see; an' while ye air cookin supper, I'll ride over an' interview the stranger.

With this, he walked from the door of the half-board, half-dugout shanty, where the two had been standing, and approached a small barb-wire corral near by, where he mounted a powerful cayuse, and galloped away across the stretch of wind-swep prairie that separated him from the distant shanty on the prairie to the south.

A few moments' ride brought him to the front of a little dug-out shanty that nestled in the side of a little hill at the edge of a small ravine. Just around the slight elevation in the prairie stood a covered wagon. or "prairie-schooner," as they are familiarly termed in the West.

A pair of sorrel mules, tied to the res end of the wagon, were busily engaged in cating their evening meal of corn and dry grass out of the wagon-box. A man came out of the shanty with a frying pan in his band, and held it over a fire in front of the

"Hello, thar!" exclaimed Joe, angrily. "What in the blazes air ye doin' hyar!" The stranger turned and looked at the visitor a moment, and then said, quietly:

Joe's anger rose. "O. ye air, air ye! Wal as ye seem ter be so smart, mebby ye ken tell me whose claim ye air squattin' on?" "I reckon I ken; h'it's mine."

"H'it la?" "That's the way h'it looks ter mc." "Look byer, stranger!" said Joe Scagge dinching his fist. "me an' my pardner over

thar," jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his own shanty, "air oldin' this yere claim fer Dick Barber, who's comin' out hyar in the spring from injiany, an' we'll jist give ye tell ter-morre ter git out o' this!" "Tain't long enough time," said the stranger, deliberately turning over a liberal lice of "muddling" that smoked in the fry-

"How long do ye want!" questioned Joe, his wrath somewhat mollified by the stranger's evident intention of leaving. "How long does a man have ter live on claim before he ken get a deed for h'it!" was the reply of the stranger.

"Five years," replied Joe. "Wal then," continued the stranger, make b'it five years, an' h'it's a barg'in." "You impudent skunk!" roared Joe, now thoroughly aroused by the stranger's cool manner, "for a cent I'd wallup the ground

with yer overy carcass." "Yas, ye might undertake h'it fer a cent. but ye'd never lay up any money at h'it." was the answer, as he set the frying-pan down and confronted Joe Scaggs.

Joe now moved his hand towards hi "Look hyar," said the stranger. "You order me ter leave this claim. Is hit

"No, not exactly mine; but we're holding h'it fer a friend, me an' my pardner air. We've got the two lyin' north o' this, an' we're holdin' this fer Dick Barber, an'

"All right," he answered. "I guess h'il

won't need much holdin'. H'it'il be hyar when yere friend comes—so will I. If h'it is yere claim. I'll git off; but ye can't hold h'it fer somebody else. I know the law." "Yes, ye may know the law, but ye don't know our law. We've made a special law fer sich fellers as ye, an' we're goin' ter go by that, an' don't ye fergit h'it."

d. The cool, indifferent manner of the claim-jumper puzzled him.

He was about to speak, when the tramp of a borse's feet sounded in the grass behind dife ewung across his saddle. "Thought mebbe ye'd have trouble," be

h'ain'ta-goin' ter leare." "Won't he!" Bill answered, bringing his bed.

heater down on the stranger. "Now, ad up yer traps an' git."

He opened his eyes and muttered something in an incoherent manner. The two light," he answered, doggodly. men bent over him and listened. ye load up yer traps an' git." "All right," he answered, do "You've got ther advantage o me. I'll go.

together.

Bill and Joe watched him while he piled the traps into the wages.

"Granger," and Bill, "we don't mind payer yo he has to yer, an' we don't mind payer yo Joe took hold of his heads and hold them light and cheerful.

fer yer little shanty, seein' as ye can't take in his own. They were frozen as hard as "No, h'it ain't worth nothin'." was the mswer. "I don't mind givin' a good neighbor a little thing like that."

"Wal, Bill," said Joe, "h'it's gittin' late, that of the dving man. an' we'd better be gittin' ter the shanty and lookin' after our supper.' "Supper" exclaimed Bill. "Thar h'ain't nothin' fer supper, nor breckferst either, unless that opery cuss gits back from Atticy "Don't say that," answered Joe. "H'it

speak like that. H'ain't we got nothin' ter a child. "No, nothin' but a few pieces of hard bread an' a bite or two o' meat. That onery | right ahead-" And with these words his cuss, John Biggs, that we sent after grub spirit fied. to Atticy, 'll git drunker 'an a b'iled owl,

With this they turned their horses around and rode away in the direction of home. leaving the stranger standing in silene looking after them.

Ike Dover-for such was the stranger name—turned and entered his shanty. "Wal, h'it means pull out, I reckon," he muttered; "but I'll jist stay hyar till morn in' anyway."

The sun had gone down behind a bank of tawny, purple clouds, and an ashy pallor verspread the sky. "Goin' ter have bad weather," observed Joe Scaggs, as they rode through the fast

gathering darkness Late that night Bill punched Joe in the ribs with his elbow, and said: "Joe, h'it's gittin' colder 'an all git out. We've got ter git up an' find some more covers. Gee whiz! listen ter that wind!"

Bill got up and struck a light and put on his clothes. The weather had suddenly grown intensly cold, and the wind was roaring across the paririe, and sweeping through the dead grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

Bill opened the door and looked out. A great gust of wind swept into the room, whirling a cloud of snow-flakes with it and extinguished the light. "A blizzard!" exclaimed Bill, slamming

the door and relighting the lamp. Joe had also got up and was putting on

drawing on his heavy boots. "They'll freeze ter death in that shed if they h'ain't blank-

He opened the door and went out, and in a few moments returned. "The hosses air gone!" he exclaimed," "broke loose and been driven away by the

"One uv us must go after 'em," exclaimed Bill. "H'it won't do to lose 'em. They'l die in this storm if they don't find shelter.' "Yes, an' you'd die a dozen times 'fore ve'd find 'em in this storm."

"Poor animals!" exclaimed Bill, "but h'it can't be helped." Bill kindled a fire in the little sheet-iron stove in the corner.

The air was growing colder and colder every moment, and the circle of heat around the stove grew smaller and smaller with each surge of the wind as it shook the roof and sent the sleet and snow hissing through the crevices.

The two men drew their chairs near the stove after replenishing the flame from a pile of coal in the corner of the room. Morning came at last, gray and desolate, with blinding clouds of snow and sleet sweeping across the prairie. The storm

ing in its fury. "Joe," said Bill, breaking the silence, "no body can't come from Atticy ter-day; and the pervisions! thar's nothin' in the house ter cat.' Joe got up and looked out at the small

"H'it's as yer say, Bill; thar can't nobody come from Atticy ter-day-" And then, huskily: "H'it may be a week 'for' they

The two men looked at each other, and each read the other's thoughts. "Thar can't nobody git nowhar now, and ebby not for a week. Bill, we air in a had

Bill made no reply, but filled a large black pipe, lit it sat down by the fire and began puffing away in silence. Joe brought more fuel from the corner

and filled up the stove. The day passed and night came down and still the storm raged and the snow fell in blinding clouds.

It was at the close of the fifth day, and neither Bill nor Joe had tasted food for four days, and as they looked out across the lesolate, snow-covered plain, their hearts sunk within them. "Bill," said Joe, huskily, "we can't hold

out much longer. H'it'll be more 'an a week 'fore any one could git hyar or we could git away." "Yas, an' that will be too late," answere Bill, an ashy pallor overspreading his thin

The next morning Joe arose, kindled the fire in the little stove, and sat down in Bill did not get up, but remained in bed'

pinched look settling over his features It was getting late in the afternoon when "Joe," he said, feebly, "I h'ain't got much onger ter stay with ye. This yere cold is freezin' my thin blood, an' I'm gittin' weaker

"Come, come, Bill!" said Joe, a great lump rising in his throat. "Cheer up; meby som'thin' 'll turn up; mebby-"Tain't no use, Joe. We've all got ter ro sometime. 'Tain't no use in hopin' when thar h'ain't nothin' ter expect."

Joe made no reply. Stooping down pres-ently be drew a little box from under the bed and took out a small piece of dry, hard bread and laid it by the side of Bill. "I saved h'it fer ye, Bill," he said, turning

"No-no!" said Bill; "h'it's better fer one uv us ter go 'an both uv us. Mebby, as ye say, somethin' 'll turn up, an'—''
A muffled sound like footsteps in the snow came from the outside, and something like the sound of a human voice mingled with

the hissing wind.

peated. He opened the door and looked out A few feet from the threshold, half buried in the drifting snow, was the prostrate figure of a man, a large bundle of something at his side. A moment, and Joe was series of heroic efforts, he dragged the inconscious man into the dug-out. As he did so a bundle that was strapped about the shoulders of the unfortunate became detached and rolled over on the floor, displaying a small bag of flour and a chunk of

Joe listened, but the sound was not re-

"H'it's John Biggs come back!" exclaimed Joe: "an' he's brought enough pervisions ter carry us through, thank God! but, pore feller, he's almost done fer!" He hurriedly stirred up the fire in the li tle stove, and then turning to the unconscious man, he brushed the snow from his

wan face. "Bill" he said, starting with surprise, "h'it ain't John Biggs-h'it's the claimjumper. He's saved our lives, Bill, an' after we was goin' ter run him away." "My God?" exclaimed Bill, struggling

Joe. if he h'ain't already dead. We mustn't let him die.

"H'it ain't much farther," he but I'll git even with ye sometime, see if I "I heard 'om say they didn't have nothin' to don't;" and he began tumbling his effects eat over thar-an' like Dover, h'it's yer

icicles! He looked at Bill, and uttered a

"He can't live, Bill," he said, chokingly. Bill bent over the bed, his face close to

"Pardner," he said, his voice husky with notion, "you've throw'd away yer life fer us that didn't desarve nothin' but yer hate. You've froze them pore hands fer us onery wolves that would 'a' driv' ye away from yer claim. O, if ye could only live ter tell me how mean an' onery I've been ter ye makes me hungrier 'an a bar ter hear ye -" Here Bill broke down and wept like

> Presently the dying man muttered: "H'it's all right-l see h'it now-thar is the cabin,

For a long time the only sound that broke and not come back till we go after him, like the stillness of that desolate prairie home was the sobbing of the two men and the hissing of the winter wind. - Will Lisenbee, in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

THE NATION'S EXECUTIVE. An Explanation of the Rights and Powers

of the President Perhaps no other feature of the government has provoked such general criticism, or been so widely misrepresented and misunderstood, as has the office of President of the United States. Its creation was the subject of singular comments among those who framed the Constitution; it was violently denounced when that instrument was put before the people for their approval; it has been the target for savage and persistent assault from that time to the added, have the dismal forebodings of skeptics been so strangely disappointed by the results of experience and prac-

In theory, it may be true that, as the making and enforcement of laws is the great function of government, the power that executes the laws should be in perfect harmony with the power that makes them and be directly under its control--the executive being thus simply the arm of the legislature, acting promptly and implicitly in obedience to its supreme will. This idea, though to-day observed in the workings of other governments, was not accepted by our forefathers. In lodging the executive power in the hands of one person, the Constitution almed to secure energy and precision in the execution of the laws; but in establishing the Presidency as an independent branch of the government, removed as far as possible from the meddlesome influence of Congress, and endowing it with important special powers, it suggested to many timid folk a vision of royalty in its most frightful shape. Nor were these thoughts quieted by events that followed in the history of the government. Indeed, our third President has given it as his opinion that Washington himself believed the Republic would end in something like a monarchy, and that in adopting his stately levees and other pompous ceremonies he sought, in a measure, to prepare the people gradually for the change that seemed possible, in order that it might come with less shock to the public mind. This remarkable statement we need not take without proof. Whatever may have been Washington's secret fears, certain it is that his devotion to the Republic shielded it from such a fate; and had some of his successors in office, or their advisers, been nearly as wise and as true to the spirit of the Constitution, they would have avoided acts which served to strengthen, rather than sub- and might have gone down in the vortex due, the popular distrust. That the actual power of the Presi-

dent exceeds that of some of the crowned dignitaries of earth is universally conceded. The Constitution did here and high seats in Heaven; and when not intend that he should be a mere they meet at last before the throne, they figurehead, or "ornamental cupola," will acknowledge that, though the furnace to the government. It not only confided to him the execution of the laws, but it armed him with a power over could have fitted them. On the other the making of laws which he might hand, the useless man lived on to fifty, or deem improper. By this, we mean the provision that every measure passed by Congress shall be presented to him for his approval and signature, and | In all the ages there has not a single loafer that, if disapproved by him, he may return it with his objections, in which | for him to hang around. Not in the tem case it shall not become law unless again passed by the vote of two-thirds (instead of a majority, as in the first | the conquerors recline. Not in the gates instance) of each House of Congress. Whether this power was given to him solely as a weapon to defend his own office or the integrity of the Constitution itself from attack by Congress, or whether the Constitution designed that he should in this way have a voice in the making of all laws, of whatever nature, is one of the questions still unsettled. The weight of opinion and the practice at the beginning of the government seem to sustain the former view; the strict language of the Constitution is in favor of the latter. The frequent exercise of the power in recent years, in marked contrast with its rare use by earlier Presidents, has aroused harsh feeling on the part of Congress and some very sober thinking on the part of philosophers; it is plain, however, that the present Executive has no doubt upon the subject. The power is certainly monarchical in its nature, and at first sight appears out of place in a Republic where the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives, should be the law. But here comes in the deliberate device of the Constitution. The executive branch of the government was purposely so shaped as to act as a check against rash behavior by the take such a trouble and set it to music, or legislative branch. The President is not the arm of Congress; he does not owe his office to that body, nor is he directly responsible to it for his actions. He is elected, as is Congress, by very consecrated man or woman who had the people; and, like Congress, he is not had great trouble? Never. It was answerable to the people. Unlike a through their troubles sanctified that they it will be in Heaven when those who have member of Congress, he is chosen not by the people of a particular State or ways has had perfect health, and never earth if Thalberg and Gottechalk and yards and weigh the throne of the omnip- and a little sait. When this was near feebly out of the bed, new strength coming district, but by the people of all the lost a child, and has always been popular. | Wagner and Rheinberger otent, if we could with our seven day vidual, the only representative of all fortune, who is distinguished for good- The immortale that have been chanting left for beavenly revelation? No I more about with a brace ladle until the linear the people, and if, in their Constitution, they saw fit to give to him, as

to distinguished for goodten thousand years before the throne will
ten thous "Thought mebbe ye'd have trouble," he people, and if, in their Constitution, that I'd come over an' see weak from hunger, worked as they never their combined efforts, "Bill," said Jos, gaining courage at the Bill," said Jos, gaining courage at the Bill, and Jo great influence over national legislation—an influence equal to the votes of

Who are those arrogant, self-conceited the self-conceited that are not been a man like that and never will be.

Who are those arrogant, self-conceited the self-c that and never will be.

The says be they lifted the poor from aquatter from great influence over national legislation that and never will be.

Who are those arrows to the foor and laid him tenderly on their only single and influence over national legislation. one-sixth of all the members of Conthy for others and who think more of a so they sit with closed lips and folded in, and called the book therefore, the

ANSWERING DOUBTERS.

Dr. Talmage on the Mysterious Ways of the Deity.

Why the Good Are Taken and the Bad Spared-Sanctification Through Troubles -Trials Here Bring Greater Rewards Hereafter.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Dr. Talwage preached on the subject: "Dark Savings open my dark saying upon the harp." He

The world is full of the inexplicable, the impassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We can not go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinths, problems that we can not solve, hieroglyphics that we can not decipher, anagrams we can not spell out, sphinzes that will not speak. For that reason, David in my text, proposed to take up some of those somber and dark things and try to set them to sweet music: "I will open my dark saying upon the barp."

So I look off upon society and find people in unhappy conjunction of circumstances and they do not know what it means, and they have a right to ask why is this? and why is that? and I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall only be answering questions that have often been asked me, or that we have all asked ourpresent. And in regard to no other selves, while I try to set these mysteries feature of the government, it may be to music and open my own dark sayings

Interrogation the first: Why does God ake out of this world those that are useful und whom we can not spare and leave alive and in good health many who are only a nuisance or a positive injury to the world? I thought I would begin with the very toughest of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at thirty or forty years of age, while you often find useless people alive at sixty and seventy and eighty. John Careless wrote to Bradford, who was soon to be put to death, saying: "Why doth Go! suffer me and such caterpillars to live that can do nothing but consume the alms of the Church, and take away so many worthy workmen in the Lord's vineyard?" Similar questions are often asked. Here are two men. The one is a noble character and a Christian man; he chooses for lifetime companion one who has been tenderly reared, and she is worthy of him and he is worthy of her; as a merchant, or farmer, or professional man, or mechanic, or artist, he toils to educate and rear his children; he is succeeding but he has not yet established for his family a full competency; he seems absolutely indispensable to that household, but one day before he has paid off the mortgage on his house he is coming home through a strong northeast wind and a chill strikes through him and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and food. His next door neighbor is a man who, though strong and well, lets his wife support him; he is round at the grocery store or some general loafing place in the evenings while his wife sews; lounge and swagger and swear; all the use that man is in that house is to rave because the coffee is cold when he comes to a late breakfast, or to say cutting things about his wife's looks when he furnishes nothing for her wardrobe. The best thing that could happen to that family would be that man's funeral: but he declines to die: he lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the usefu are early cut off while the parasites of so ciety have great vital tenacity.

I take up this dark saying on my har and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world, tecause he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great prosperity of worldliness which every year swallows up 10,000 households. And so he went while he was humble and consecrated and they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ and fitted for usefulness was hot, it purified them and prepared them for an eternal career of glory and reward, for which no other kind of life sixty, or seventy years, because all the ease he ever can have he must have in this world, and you ought not, therefore, begrudge him his earthly longevity entered Heaven. There is no place there ples, for they are full of the most vigorous, alert and rapturous worship. Not on the river bank, for that is the place where because there are multitudes entering, and we are told that at each of the twelve gates there is an angel, and that colestia guard would not allow the place to be blocked up with idlers. If the good and useful go early, rejoice for them that they have so soon got through with human life, which at best is a struggle And if the useless and bad stay, rejoice that they may be out in the world's tresh air a good

many years before their final incarcera-Interrogation the second: Why do s many good people have so much trouble, sickness, bankruptcy, persecution, the three black vultures sometimes putting their flerce beaks into one set of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church and as polished a Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. Pirst his general health gave out and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man at forty. After awhile the paralysis struck him. Having by poor health been compelled suddenly to quit Then his beautiful daughter died. Then a son became hopelessly demented. An-

ing on a gospel harp. You wonder that very consecrated peo-

gress—there is nothing in it contrary

By for others and who think more of a bands and sinners saved by grace take up "edition of the cashet," and after a time the whole taken to the principles of republican govern- Southdown sheep, or a Berkshire pig than the barmeny, for the Bible says "no man put the cashet and his sword under his of the fire and set unide to cool. Halfment.—Edmund Alton, in St. Nicholas.

—Use carbolic acid in all the whitewash that may be applied, and whitewash the interior of the stables as often
as it can be done, as it renders them
light and cheerful.

Southdown abeep, or a Bertshire pig than
of a man. They never had any trouble,
for the Sible says "he man
for the harmony, for the Sible says "he man
for the harmony, for the Sible says "he man
for the harmony, for the Sible says "he man
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for the harmony, for the Sible says "he man
for the harmony put the cashet and his sword under his
forty and four themed and the hardon and the man for the says thing prilled, and he harmony thing the harmony of the form the cashet and his sword under the particular for the harmony of the harmony the harmony of the harmony the harmony of the harmony the harmony the harmony the harmony that he harmony the harmony

have wept! What injustice they tilds Hoffman, who was to have been his to have been fought bride, her father picked up a piece of embroidery and said: "That is a piece of dark saying on the gospel harp, a style of poor Matilda's workmanship," Washing- question that is asked a million times ton Irving sank from hilarity into silence every year. Interrogation the fourth:

standing for trouble.

have come to the honor of knighthood in "Well," says some one, "I would rather the kingdom of God were first struck not have a little less in Heaven and a little with the flat of the sword but with the more here. Discount my heavenly robe keen edge of the cimeter. To build his ten per cent and let me now put on a fur magnificence of character, Paul could not lined overcoat; put me in a less gorgeous have spared one lash, one prison, one ston- room of the house of many mansions and ing, one anathema, one poisonous viper | let me have a house here in a better neighfrom the hand, one shipwreck. What is borhood." No. no; God is not going to true of individuals is true of nations. The rob Heaven, which is to be your residence horrors of the American revolution gave for nine hundred quadrillion of years, to the country this side of the Mississippi river to independence, and the conflict between England and France gave the and where you may perhaps stay only ten most of this country west of the Mississippi river to the United States. France owned it, but Napoleon, fearing that England would take it, practically made a present to the United States-for he received only \$15,000 000-of Louisiana, Misouri, Arkansas Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and the Indian Territory. Out of the fire of the American revolution came this country east of the Mississippi, out of the European war came that west of the Mississippi river. The British empire rose to its present over-towering grandeur through gunpowder plot, and Guy Fawkes conspiracy, and Northampton insurrection, and Walter Raieigh's beheading, and Bacon's bribery, and Cromwell's dissolution of Parliament, and the battles of Edge Hill, and Grantham, and Newberry, and Marston Moor, and Naseby, and Dunbar, and Sedgemoor, and execution of Charles L., and London plague, and London fire and London insurrection and Hyshouse plot, and the vicissitudes of centuries. So the earth itself, before it could become appropriate and beautiful residence for the to be washed by universal deluge, and scorched and made incandescent by universal fires, and pounded by sledgehammer of icebergs, and wrenched by earthquakes that split continents and shaker y volcanoes that tossed mountains, and assed through catastrophes of thousands f years before paradise became possible and the groves could shake out their green banners and the first garden pour out its carnage of color between the Gihon and he Hiddekel. Trouble a good thing for rocks, a good thing for nations, as well as a

good thing for individuals. So when you push against me a sharp nterrogation point, why do the good sufer? I open the dark saving on a barn and hough I can neither play an organ, or cornet, or hautboy, or bugle, or clarionet, the first time I see you there I will cry have taken some lessons on the gospel ether for good to those who love God." Now no chastening for the present seem th to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it vieldeth all possible ruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." "Weeping may endare for a night, but joy cometh in the norming." What a sweet thing is a harp. and I wonder not that in Wales, the ountry of my ancestors, the harp has become the national instrument, and that they have festivals where great prises are offered in the competition between harp and harp; or that weird Sebastian Erard was much of his time bent over this chorded and vibrating triangle, and was not satisfied until be had given it a compass of six octaves from E to E with all the semitones, or that when King Saul was demented the son of Jesse came before him and putting his fingers among the charmed strings of the harp played the devit out of the crazed monarch, or that in Heaven there shall be harperharping with their harps. So you will not blame me for opening the dark saying

on the gospel harp. "Your harps, ye trembling saints, Loud to the praise of love divine Bid every string awake!"

Interrogation third: Why did a good world when He might have kept them out? My reply is, He had a good reason. He had reasons which He has never given us. Was Far Off." "Jerusalem, the Golden " He had reasons which He could no more than the father starting out on some great | the last dark curtain of mystery is forever and elaborate enterprise could make the two-year-old child in its armchair com- that were ever heard had been rolled into achieved on earth by conquering evil. C"and Ritter's first consts in D minor Had there been no evil to conquer and no and the "Creation" and the "Messiah" bad would never have known an Abraham or a Moses or a Joshua or an Ezekiel or a or had dropped from the vibrating chords Paul or a Christ or a Washington or a of one harp. John Milton or a John Howard, and a ing of presence, resolved that he would by the consecrated spirits of all ages nandina. Pla., he suddenly expired. So would have been no victory. Nine-tenthe you know good men and women who have of the antheme of Heaven would never had enough troubles, you think, to crush have been sung. Heaven could never fifty people. No worldly philosophy could have been a thousandth part of the sackbut, but I dare to open that dark say- I do say that I am glad that after Got has

They are the men who have graduated at good singer, but a certain note she could the Royal Academy of Trouble and they never reach "And then," she said, "I have the diploma written on their own went to work and studied and practiced countenances. My! my! What heartaches for years until I did reach it." But the they have had! What tears they song of the sinner redeemed, the Bible says, the exalted harmonists who have bave suffered! The mightiest in- never sinned could not reach and never fluence for purification and salva- will reach. Would you like to hear me in tion is trouble. No diamond fit for a a very poor way play a snatch of that crown until it is cut. No wheat fit for tune? I can give you only one bar of the bread till it is ground. There are only music of this gospel harp: "Unto Him three things that can break off a chain-a that hath loved us and washed us from our hammer, a file or a fire-and trouble is all sins in His own blood and bath made us three of them. The greatest writers, ora- Kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, tors and reformers get much of their force | to Him be glory and dominion for ever and from trouble. What gave to Washington ever, amen." But before leaving this inon a Harp." Text-Psalms xlix 4: "I will Irving that exquisits tenderness and terrogatory, Why did God let ain come pathos which will make his books favorites | into the world! let me say that great while the English language continues to battles seem to be nothing but suffering be written and spoken! An early heart- and outrage at the time of their occurbreak that he never once mentioned; and rence, yet after they have been a long time when, thirty years after the death of Ma- past we can see that it was better for them But now I come nearer home and put a

> and walked away. Out of that lifetime Why do I have it so hard while others have grief the great author dipped his pen's it so easy! or, why do I have so much diffimightiest reinforcement. "Calvin's Insti- culty in getting a livelihood while others tutes of Religion," than which a more go around with a full portemonnaie? or, wonderful book was never written by hu- why must I wear these plain clothes while man hand, was begun by the author at others must push hard to get their wardtwenty-five years of age, because of the robes closed, so crowded are they with persecution by Francis, King of France. brilliant attire? or, why should I have to Faraday toiled for all time on a salary of work so hard while others have three hun-£80 a year and candles. As every brick of dred and sixty-five holidays every year? the wall of Babylon is stamped with the They are all practically one question. letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, so answer them by saving, it is because the every part of the temple of Christian Lord has His favorites and be puts extra achievement is stamped with the letter T. discipline upon you, and extra trial, because He has for you extra glory, extra When in olden time a man was to be enthronement and extra felicities. That honored with knighthood he was struck is no guess of mine, but a divine say so: with the flat of the sword. But those who | "Whom the Lord leveth He chasteneth." fix up your earthly abode, which you will occupy at most for less than a century, years longer, or one year, or perhaps a month more. Now you had better carefully let God have His way, for, you see, He has been taking care of folks for near 7,000 years, and knows how to do it, and an see what is best for you better than you can yourself. Don't think you are too insignificant to be divinely cared for. It was said that Diana, the goddess, could above. not be present to keep her temple at Ephesus from burning because she was attending upon the birth of him who was to be Alexander the Great. But I tell you that your God and my God is so great in small things as well as large things that He could attend the cradle of a babe and at the same time the burning of a world. And God will make it all right with you,

and there is one song that you will sing

every hour your first ten years in Heaven,

and the refrain of that song will be: "I

Heaven and there will be such a reversal

other for some time. Some of us who have celestial city and clear down at the end of it at No. 808, or 909, or 1505, while some cramped ones at that will in the heavenly city be in a house fronting the royal place. right by the imperial fountain, or on the heights overlooking the River of Life, the chariots of salvation halting at your door while those visit you who are more than conquerors and those who are kings and queens unto Gol forever. You, my brother, and you, my sister, who have it so hard here will it so fine and grand there that you will hardly know yourself and will feel disposed to dispute your own identity, and me!" So this morning I open your dark my gospel harp and give you just one bar music, for I do not pretend to be much of a player. 'The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes But I must confess I am a little perplaged how some of you good Christians are going to get through the gate, because there will be so many there to greet you and they will all want to shake hands with Him without whom you would never have ing of the skies, so He cries out, "I have people, having no more use for my poor harp on which I used to open your dark The King in His Beauty," The Land That "Home Again," "The Grand Morch of lifted it will be as though all the oratorios

But here I must slow up lest in trying to other son, splendid of mind and command- million victories which have been gained solve mysteries I add to the mystery that we have already wondered at samely: take care of his father's household, but would never have been gained Why the preachers should keep on after under the swoop of yellow fever at Fer- Had there been no battle there all the hearers are tired! Bo I gather up into one great armful all the wave, and hows, and wherefores of your life and mine which we have not had time or the ability to answer, and write on them the Heaven that it is. I will not say that I words, "adjourned to eternity." I rejoice play it on violin or flute or dulcimer or am giad that sin and sorrow did enter, but that we do not understand all things now, for if we did what would se they "are not as other men are. given all his reasons to an assembled uni- learn in Heaven? If we knew it verse He will be more bonored than if sin all down here in the fre-hman and nie have trouble? Did you ever know any and sorrow had never entered, and that sophomore class, what would be the the unfallen celestials will be outdone and use of our going up to stand amid the will put down their trumpets to listen, and juniors and seniors? If we could put down one leg of the compass and with the other were made good. If you find anywhere conquered sin and sorrow shall enter, as it sweep a circle clear around all the jain this city a man who has now and al- would be in a small singing school on scrutables if we could lift our little stori-

MISCELLANEOUS -A lazy genius in Maryland has inrested an automatic fishing pole which, by the aid of stout spiral springs, yanks out the unwary denizens of the streams while the fisherman smokes and reads in peace. -It was from a quart or two of rice from Madagascar, which, first planted on a marsh on East Bay, Charleston. S. C., has since grown into one of the

chief products of the South along the Gulf States and added so much to the food of the world. -The yield of corn in the United States for 1888 was 2,000,000,000 bushels, or 32 bushels per head for every man, woman and child in the country. One hundred years ago the United States did not more than barely supply her own demands for food; now she

dominates the markets of the world. - When a man dies suddenly, without having been attended by a doctor." says a popular guide to the law, "the coroner has to be called in and an inquest held to ascertain the cause of death. But," adds the writer, when he dies after having been attended by a doctor, everybody knows why he died and an inquest is not necessary. -

Ontario Observer. -Walking sticks are now being made that are useful as well as ornamental. From one a silk umbrella can be drawn and screwed to the cane; another has a receptacle for nickels and cents, and is convenient for those who ride on street cars and other city cars and cross ferries; another contains a measure for the height of horses, and has a spirit level attachment; and still another has a good little watch set in the crystal

-There was a poplar tree at Clyde Station, Havwood County, N. C., so large that it made plank enough to build a church fifty feet long and thirtyeight feet wide, twelve feet high, and supplied weatherboarding, ceiling and flooring. From the same tree a fence was built on three-quarters of an acre around the church, and there were three logs left over. The remaining three logs are enough to build another church of the same dimensions as

There is a deed on record in the Clerk's office at Gainesville, Ga., which conveys to the purchaser all the land south of the granter's door. The granter or maker lived near Clarke's Creek Church, and the deed covers all the surface of the earth south of that point. If the heirs of the purchaser could hold the premises conveyed, the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts and Goulds am so glad God did not let me have it my | would be the veriest beggars compared

own way." Your case will be all fixed up in with them. -A distinguished foreigner came to of conditions that we can hardly find each America about thirty years ago and merely announced his intention to beof our lukewarmness of earthly service, to Europe, he was arrested at a Meditliving on one of the back streets of the terranean seaport, imprisoned, and his life endangered. A Yankee skipper who had unattractive earthly abodes, and lying in harbor there restored that prospective American citizen to liberty by training his guns on the city and demanding the instant release of Kostza. The American Congress voted the thanks of the republic to the Yas-

kee skipper. - Washington Post. -A big leopard on exhibition in Boston acted queerly for several days, have and, as it seemed to be in great pain. an examination was made, which revealed a good-sized piece of wood wedged between two of the animal's out: "Didn't I tell you so when you sat | teeth. The "sliver" penetrated the harp, and if you would like to hear me I down there in the Brooklyn tabernacie and gums, and Boston's dog executioner will play you these: "All things work to- looked incredulous because you thought it was called into service to remove it. too good to be true?" and you will answer: He lassoed the beast, and after quite an effort succeeded, by the aid of a saying of despondency and complaint on | pair of forceps, in removing the wood. The leopard soon improved, and at last accounts was as well as ever

> AN EXCELLENT MAXIM. Mave a Time for Every Thing, and De Every Thing in its Time.

To every thing there is a season, and a time a every purpose under the heaven. never one of more universal applicayou at once and will all want the first hise. Ition; never one the disregard of which Amid the tuesle and remp of reunion 1 would cause more dire confusion. "A tell you whose hand of welcome you had time for every thing and every thing in better first clasp and whose cheek is on- its time," should be the companion titled to the first kies. It is the hand of maxim to "a place for every thing and got there at all, the Lord Josus, the dar- every thing in its place," and if it were made one of the rules for living loved thee with an everlasting love and how much more could be accomplished the fires could not burn it and the floods in a stated period than if duties were could not drown it." Then you, my dear performed and various pursuits please urable or otherwise, followed without sayings and whose chords sometimes snap. regard to the fact that there is "a time ped, despoiling the symphony, you will take to every purpose under the heaven." down your own harps from the willows Such, however, is the perversity of that grow by the eternal water courses human nature, that we are perpetually and play together those celestial airs, taken possession of by a demon of longing to do a certain task or enjoy a certain pleasure in the time that we are positive, beyond a doubt, should be make us understand in our finite state God," 'The Life Everlasting " And as devoted to some other purpose. Who has not been the victim of this strong desire to do at a certain time "that prebend it. One was to demonstrate one, and "Israel in Egypt," and "Jepathe's which he ought not to do, and to leave what grandeur of character may be Daughter" and Reethoven's "Overture in undone that which he ought to do?" It seems too, sometimes, that the more insignificant the duty of the moment trouble to console, then this universe been blown from the lips of one trumpet the stronger the aversion to doing it or been invoked by the sweep of one bow just then, the more powerful the temp-tation to put it off until some other time. We have felt grieved beyond measure at the thought of putting two or three needed tacks in a carpet, and have actually permitted ourselves to defer doing it not only weeks but months. We facey eyebrows lifted in horror at this frank confession; but to those who lift them we would my. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Nuch once, too, we would urge to give thanks three times daily that Christian at Work.

How the Arabe Make Tea.

The mistress of the test placing a large kettle on the fre, wiped it carewater, and threw in some course ten then poured, the ladie put in requisition