Christians Should Wear a Glad Count nance-A Cheerful View of the Future of Nations—Bright Days Coming -Christian Sunlight.

The Sunday after returning from his Western tour Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage being "The Funrise," and his text, "The day is at hand. Romans xiii. 12 He said: Back from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farmhouse, your cheek bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you bome again with the words of Gehasi to the Shunamite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with thy child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphor-

Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I can not tell. I simply know I am grandly and gloriously and inexpressibly happy. It is said that John Moffatt the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the key note of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel and Coronation. Some time ago we had a new stop put in this organ-a new trumpet stop-and I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons.

In all of our Christian work you and want more of the element of gladness. That man has no right to say that Christ never laughed. De you suppose that He was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose Christ was unre-sponsive when the children clambered over His knee and shoulder at His own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours all the water over the rocks at Vernal falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic and assay them and test them and analyze them and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley pression being produced because of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. Godiess merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of

Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railway center where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen by the movement of the switch one or two inches the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a buman switchtender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, can not the Hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world

out of harm's way?

Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building.

Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning about half past five, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at band."

The first ray of dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twentyfive years there have been international differences which would have brought a sbock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword.

That Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war be-tween the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off ccean. You see what opportunity this is the Narrows or off the Mersey? By the going to give for the final movements of How was it settled? By men-of-war off Gulf stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf Christianity. A fortress may be months stream of human blood? By the pathway or years in building, but after it is conof nations incarnadined? No. A few structed it may do all its work in twenty wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over and telegraph to Washington and London: "All settled." Peace. Peace. England pays the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled— their work in twenty-four hours. settled forever. Arbitration instead of

So the quarrel eight or nine years ago about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England United States and England. England said: "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said: "I will not pay any thing." Well, the two nations say: "I green to be the said of the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we

So the Samoan controversy in any other

France will never again, I think, through peccadille of ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment of Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of exsudden processions. Better have the bells of extending for that throne who had any right of exsudden processions. Better have the bells of extending the section of entering Congress.

pectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is that blush on the cheek of England today? What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zalu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty.

We in this country might better have settled oursectional difficulties by arbitration than by the thrust of the sword. Philanthropy said to the North: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves and let all those born after a certain time be born frea." Philanthropy at the same time said to the Bouth: "You sell the slaves and get preached at Brooklyn, M. Y., his subject rid of this great national contest and trouble." The North replied: "I won't pay a cent." The South replied: "I won't sell." War! War! A million dead men and a national debt which might have ground this Nation to powder.

Why did we not let William H. Beward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, go out and spen I a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the North pay in cost of war four billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars and the South pay four billion seven hundred million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first born dead n so many homes all the way from the Penobecot to the Alabama. Ye aged men, whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! we have come to believe, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint, and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as to vanquished, and that almost any thing bought with blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this Nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave General Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the

A General of the United States army, in

high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, has been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our Government in battle against the Indiana told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian Nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unpro-vocative of contest. I inherit a large estate and the waters are rich with fish and the woods are songful with birds and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under the large tree, my father lies. An invader comes and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on and crowds me into a closer corner until after awhile I say: "Stand back, don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here ly say: "O, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back, and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I how you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Brooklyn home or a New York home is right in defense of a home on top of the Rocky mountains. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation might by common justice atoms for the in-humanity of its pred-cessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather be a blood-smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation. One man was a barbarian and a savage and never pretended to be any thing but a barbarian and a savage. The other man pretended to be a representa-tive of a Christian Nation.

I find another ray of the dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication? But now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the 25,000 miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into in-significant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on in the work through other cen-

. . . . . . . . I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities, or even improbalities, that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter when the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, not a cartridge bitten off, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of world could stand right well a procession enough. Enough, the London plagues. Enough, the Asiatic cholera. Enough, of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your obserage would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of batyour Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have some new fonts of type in your

in your church towers well bung and repe within reach that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants. for the King of Heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning clouds, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day-fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand."

One more ray of t'e dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteous ness? Which is going to prove bimself the stronger, God or Diato'us? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaich and Ezekiel and Hosea. and Micah and Malachi, and John and Peter, and Paul and Christ, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a dead failure If there is a child in your house sick and you are sure he is going to get well you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast and the captain assures you the vessel is staunch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat, or on toward light and blessedness. You and I believe the latter, and if so, every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe. and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is any thing in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer passed by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra

down on the top of your Bible and rejoice. If it is nearer morning at three o'clock than it is at two, if it is nearer morning at four o'clock than it is at three, then we are nearer the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic, as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. 'The day is at hand."

There is a class of phenomena which

makes me think that the spiritual and the beavenly world may, after awhile, make demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist, but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what that is. I never heard am persuaded of this, however, that the vail between this and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after awhile at the call of God-not at the call of the Davenport brothers or Andrew Jackson Davis-some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God-a Joshua, or a Caleb, or David, or a Paul-may come down and help us in this battle against unrighteousness. O, how I would like to have them here-him of the Red sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars bill. History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of the war, bought up all the old cavalry horses lest they be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Navers-mire heath and turned hese old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder storm came up, and these war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line-no riders on their backs -they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old scriptural warriors can keep their places on the thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown or helmet, and palm branches for weapons, and come down out of the King's gallery into the arena, crying, "Make room! I

must fight in this great Arma geddon." My beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sun-ight in your face. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that all Heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, seraphic, arch-angelic, omnipotent, chariet and throne, doxology and procession, princi-palities and dominion, He who bath the soon under His feet and all the armies of

Heaven on white horses. Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood-bought immortality. O, Christ! how shall I meet Thee, Thou of the scarred brow, and the scarred back, and the scarred hand, and the scarred foot, and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or no wounds gotten in Thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, you foes of God, I dare you to the combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malig-nancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine and adderous, Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eter-

nal pit I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow, I unocver my heart. Strike! I can not see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with Him on earth we can not glorify with Him in Heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthoms. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. The night is far spent, the day is at

Sullivan, the pugilist, expresses himself

## BURT'S VISION.

How Jack Turner Got His Thumb on the Enemy.



ACK TURNER was the story-teller of our company, and we always loved to listen to his well-spun yarns equal in the incredible to any old tar's reminiscence "before the mast." Some people are born story-tellers. and some, by dint of hard struggling, get up to that enviable

level; but Jack began to reveal his penchant for the voluble so early in childood that he was adept in the art long before he reached his majority. So, of course, in our humdrum camp-life he was really an indispensable necessity. And at no other time was he more so than when we were in winter quarters at Danville, Ky., in '62.

The war-cloud seemed afar off to us somehow, laying around in the horizon, coming up sometimes like dry weather showers, only to clude us until we felt that we were

actually "spoiling for a fight," In the few days' stop at Lexington, before eaching our winter quarters, Jack had time to brush up the old yarns and even manufacture some new ones if necessary. And we imagined he did, for during the nous meiancholy which settled down on us from about the middle of November like a nightmare until we left Danville there was no break in our routine like the sound of Turner's musical voice.

But there came a time when even Jack grew disgusted with trying to kill the ennui of nothing to do, and his hair-breadth escapes and blood-curding incidents grev. to be few and far between.

There was no chance of fighting, and the Northern mettle was getting rusty and "cranky" because of no orders to march to the front. The boys grumbled and growled and found fault, and some of them began to discuss the matter as to whether there was really any war or not.

So things wagged on in the Danville quarters until one day the whole regiment was thrown into excitement by the receipt of a dispatch from Louisville. It was supposed to have been sent by the commander n post, General Thomas, who was commander of the whole western division. and it said we were to march to Crab Orchard and intercept Rebel General Bragg's men, who wanted to get by or through Danville on their way to Louisville.

We must start at once and head them off and hold position at the Orchard, and force them to retreat if possible.

Whoop! Hurrah! Here was a splendid chance to thrust that miserable enemy through and through, and the boys intended to make the best of the opportu-

Willing feet and nimble fingers busied themselves making preparations for tomorrow's march. It seemed more like getting ready for a picnic than any thing

Jack Turner put away his story-telling propensity willingly and let his volubility branch out in boasting of what to-morrow would bring forth, as it, of course, should fairly smother in well-earned laurels.

We'll surprise the chuckled, "and put our loyal thumbs down on them, so to speak; then we'll brag over Bragg. Um-m!

The next morning by four o'clock we were all ready and in line of march. Oh, such effervescence of loyal vim! We fairan audible voice from the other world. I ly grew nervous with the excitement and mped our bits in expectation; a jollier, more eager set of blue-coats never kept step on the classic grounds of "Ole Kaintuck" than our regiment as we left Danvitle, sleepy Danville, behind us on that winter's morning before daybreak.

> Jack Turner fairly stood on his head in the ranks, figuratively speaking, so elated was he over the prospect of shaking bayonets over the long silent chasm and of putting his thumb on the Crab Orchard "rebs." "I've got the notion that they aren't look-ing for a lot o' frisky 'Yanks' at midnight to-night down there," said he, "and some

Away we went, never dreaming what a fool's errand" we were in for, or that we should return on the morrow to our quar-ters akin to the proverbial fisherman, only

great deal more disgusted. Night found us several miles from the supposed battle ground; but we pressed on determined as ever to tangle somebody's cars before next day if possible. At about eleven o'clock at night we halted at Crab Orchard and cast about for those Bragg fel-

What did it mean; this stillness of the



take somewhere began to dawn on us plainly, for there was not a rebel soldier in the vicinity, nor no signs of recent camp as we could see.

A groun of disappointment and exasper the soldiers began to indulge in some very warm portions of the English vocabu pretty freely. That they were "mad" would be putting it mild, for some at least.

"Crab Orchard" the dispatch had said; there was no mistake about that, and it came from Thomas, too. Well, this was the place, surely; but who was able to go further and clear up the mystery and answer the dozens of irate and vezed questions?

Turner's face grew two shades blacker than the night, and elongated dreadfully. "The devil!" exclaimed he. "This is war, now, isn't it? A dozen French duels simmered down 'till there isn't even the coffee left amounts to more than this."

"I'd like to beyonet the dumbed idiot that hadn't a thing to do with that dispatch.
Some dod-gasted butternut has clipped is
and given us this goat's milk business."
But fuming, of course, did no good; there were for the rest of the night, and lop down to sleep and forget our disappoint-ment or anathematize the wee small hours

just as we chose. The next morning Burt Ferris, the wit of our company, noticing the glum, silent Turner looking daggers at the innocent "Orchard," said: "Jack, I had a vision last

"The dickens you did," returned our story-teller; "what d'ye see!"
"I dreamed," said Ferris, looking around

to see how many of the boys were listening, "that I was sitting on that old tree-trunk yonder and picking off Bragg's sharpshooters over there. And, just as I was oing to dropa tall, lank Southerner, I noticed a dark, formidable object in the sky being lowered directly over the rebel troops.
"What's that? I asked, and a voice from

Heaven answered: 'Put up your gun! That deadly thing descending youder over Bragg's army is sufficient for them; it's Jack Turner's thumb!" In the general laugh which followed you

could see Turner's wild gesticulations, and when the merriment subsided he blurted out, threateningly: "Ferris, if you love your existence, your friends and your country, don't dare to ever have another vision at

He might have said more, perhaps, but the boys all joined in such hearty merri-ment that he touched his cap and turned Well, we went back to Danville, feeling

that we were the victims of a practical joke or some strategic performance perpetrated by some unknown party. But how easily it was explained when we



GETTING HIS THUMB ON BRAGG. risibilities came to the seething surface and every body ground his motars and wished

to get even.

Jack Turner forgot Burt's vision long enough to swear in four different languages as fluently as if each had been his mother tongue, and vow that "if the Lord would just give him the opportunity he'd lick the whole Bragg army with his ramrod."

You see, this was the way we were fooled. Rebel General Bragg had been at Crab Orchard, and wanting to pass his troops through Danville in order to strike ouisville, knew that he could not without trouble while we remained there. It was the custom of the General to carry telegraphic instruments with him wherever he went, and thinking of a ruse to quietly get us out of Danville for a season, he st on the road and telegraphed to us, in Gen-eral Thomas' name, the aforesaid dispatch. So, of course, when we obeyed orders it left the way completely clear for the John-nies to pass without molestation. While we were plodding along toward Crab Orchard the rebel General and his men lay on the mountain above laughing in their sleeves to see the victims of their strategy so obedi-

Of course, nothing was easier, when the way was thus clear, than to come down and march through Danville and go on their way rejoiding.

Ever after that when anything disap pointed, or some plan prove abortive, we christened it "another Crab Orchard fight." But Burt's vision had come to stay; and in time, when Turner's wounded pride had healed, he laughed as heartily as any one over getting his "thumb on the enemy." MANDA L. CROCKER.

WON AT LAST.

A Brief But Thrilling Ro

They stood by the crest of the hill over looking the silent, ceaseless flow of the mag-nificent stream beneath whose placid breast the bones of noble De Soto for centuries have rested. "She had cheeks like cherries red. He was taller 'most a head.' The threatening clouds of afternoon had si-The threatening clouds of afternoon had si-lently stolen away, shepherded by the low unwilling winds. Fleecy vaporous abysms of beauty, like coquettish hands, were raised, waved before the face of the silvery moon, then dropped or brushed aside like dew before a rising sun. He stood silent and forbidding of aspect, while she shrung from him as a frightened dove in the presence of a howling storm. Presently he

poke:
"Wilhelmina, we have been in Americ
"Wilhelmina, we have been in Americ for seven years. Like Jacob of old, I have toiled and spun for you and you alone. I left the Fatherland with your promise of love and faithfulness imprinted upon my lips. Your father, your mother, and the whole village witnessed our plighted troth upon the green. You bade me good-bye, and wept upon my bosom. No one was ig-norant of our love. You have learned the lauguage and the customs of the new world. You have labored and saved. I have accumulated wealth. We ought to have been married when I met you at Castle Garden, but you refused to be a dowerless bride. Why do you longer say me nay, and refuse to name a day for our wedding? Tell me to-night, or yonder river shall en-

tomb me forever." Like the sough of the winter winds through the leafless boughs of the entranced trees her sobs rended the twilight air. Her breast heaved like the billowy crests of

ocean. She gasped: "Darling Fritz, mine own Fritz! There is a vawning chasm between us which you can not see. Think of me as one unworthy of your love. Forget me after this night and write my name among the dead. We shall never more meet. Give me one last, long, lingering kiss, as we used to hise in the beautiful Bingen on the Rhine; and then we must part, never to meet again. I can not speak. My lips are sealed. The cause will be buried with me. We shall never wed. Kiss me, Fritz, and kiss me good-

His quivering lips give token of the grief he'd fain conceal, but into his outstretched arms she falls and lies weeping upon his breast as he presses her to his heart and clings lovingly, but with awe, upon her eyes, cheeks, mouthand neck. He rains down kisscheeks, mouth and neck. He rame down a least safrom a Gatling gun. They smother, bewilder, enthrai her. She forgets her sorrows and the woeful fate upon her. All is over. She is his, and he is hers. The spell has been broken is broken, as many a spell has been broken before, by occulation. The Chicago drummer who gave her the giase diamonds is in the consomme. His cake is dough. She did not clope with Adolphus. He had consented to that last meeting between Wilhelmina and Fritz, the baker; and he look. Prfix: triumphed. Kisses are worth a royal flush of promised air castles every time. Happy Fritz. Disappointed Adolphus.

JIM-JAM VALLEY.

The Remarkable Sights Alleged to Be fo in That Region. "In the secluded Jim-Jam Valley of

the San Bernardino Mountains," remarked Joe Joschinson, the pioneer of San Bernardino, the other day to a reporter at the Palace Hotel, "there are the most marvelous mirages known in the world. The wonderful mirages of the Mojave Desert have been talked about a good deal, and they are entitled to all the prominence they have had. But those of the Jim-Jam Valley are far more wonderful than these. It is called the Jim-Jam Valley because of the strange things seen there, and I defy any man, however sound of mind he may be, to go in there, and not think he has got 'em before he gets out. The valley is about twenty-five miles long by fifteen miles wide. It is uninhabited. It is bordered by the main San Bernardino range on the east and by a spur of the Sierra Magdalenas on the west. There is no well-defined trail through the heart of it. The valley is a desert. The surrounding mountains are terribly serrated and cut up. The peaks are jagged. Altogether the surroundings are very weird and forbidding. Leaving Fisk's ranch on the trail at the foot of the Sierra Magdalenas, you climb an easy grade to Dead Man's Pass, the entrance to the valley. Go on in and pretty soon you see lakes and running rivers, and green borders, and flying water fowl. Willows spring up here and there, and in the distance you see water-lilies. What you behold contrasts finely with the rugged mountains, and you are charmed with it and go on thinking you have struck an earthly paradise. Indian camps appear in view, and lithe oarsmen propel fantastic crafts upon the waters. Advancing still farther, you see dim outlined forms, things whose outlines you can hardly express in words. Somber countenances gleam at you from the air above. The lakes and rivers and the pallid faces shift and change before your eyes. Sometimes a dozen of the more or less dimly outlined forms may be seen, and the pantomime reminds you of a strange hobgoblin dance. Sometimes a storm brews in the valley, and then the scene is all the more terrible. Forked lightning blazes about, and strange, uncouth animals, differing from any you have ever read about, are to be seen there. These phenomena are seen for a stretch of about fifteen miles up and down the middle of the valley principally, and they have been viewed by a great many people. They can not understand why the forms of the mirage, if such it may be called, are so much more strange there than on the Mojave desert. Every body is in awe of the however nervy they may be ordinarily. who care to go there much."-San Francisco Examiner.

JOHN BROWN'S IRONS. Historic Rolles That Once Served Bosche for an Object Lesson.

James N. Atwood, of Livermore Center, has in his possession the veritable "leg irons" worn by John Brown during his imprisonment previous to being hanged at Harper's Ferry.

H. Atwood, Jr., (Company I, First Maine Volunteers) was at the jail shortly after John Brown's death. The officers in charge of the buildings vouched for the identity of the irons at the time and Mr. Atwood was thoroughly satisfied with the proof. He also formed the acquaintance of the old negro and his wife who had the care of the cell where Brown was confined.

On the day of the execution the old man, being afraid that he should forget which pair of irons it was, tore a strip from the quilt on John Brown's cot and tied it into the key of the shackles. but the old negress, his wife, said: "Law! I didn't forgit nuttin, for it was de only pair o' irons in de whole jail where de key turn de wrong way." (It was a left-handed key.)

Untying the dirty strip of calico from the key, Mr. Atwood went to Brown's cell and found the torn place in the quilt, the figure of the cloth matching perfectly.

Mr. Atwood tried to buy the shackles from the authorities, but they good naturedly told him they "had no right to sell;" then he made this proposition: "If those irons should disappear and a new pair be found hanging in their place would there be any investigation?" They answered him, "probably not."

He then paid eight dollars for a new pair and made the transfer on his own responsibility.

The shackles were sent home to Mrs. H. Atwood, Jr., but the journey was interrupted several times. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher took them upon the lecture platform one evening as an eloquent object lesson. They were on exhibition for a week in Portland.

The Portland Historical Society were very anxious to get possession of them. The society's rooms were destroyed afterward in the great Portland fire.

For a few years previous to the death of H. Atwood, Jr., the shackles have been on exhibition in the museum in connection with the Boothbay Custom

Mr. Atwood, after returning from his services in the war, entered the Free Will Baptist ministry. He was a brother to James N. Atwood, who now has these shackles in possession. The present proprietor prizes them very highly, and says that they are not for cale, being almost the distrouvenir he has of his departed brother.—Auburn (Me.) Gasette.

-The blacksmith welds from with sealing whacks.-Washingt