I was a frontier post ix companies: Colonel in command and Mrs. Colonel in command of the Colonel. The boys called her "the Gez-

But Miss Mary, the Colonel's daughter, every officer and man was prepared to swear was the loveliest creature on earth.

Frank Moore, Post Adjutant, a noble fellow, proposed and was refused. Then came young Vancamp, just graduated from "The Point," with no end of ducats in bank to draw upon, and a family that was the blue bleediest of all the blue-blooded. Fierce love he made to Miss Mary, and "the General" backed him for all she was worth. The young lady showed no dislike to the lively, good-looking and very wealthy "sub," while she stood somewhat in awe of quiet, stern Frank Moore.

One evening after dusk the Adjutant walked up towards the Colonel's house. When within six feet of the porch he quickly came to a "rightabout" and made his way back to the office. Ten minutes later the corporal of the guard appeared at the door; with him, on a reeking, blown horse, was a ranchman. There was news to tell; the Reds were out, two families had been butchered, their houses

burned and their stock driven off. Mocre went again to the chief's house and entered, passing Miss Mary and Vancamp, their chairs very close together. The veteran commander was quarantined by old wounds troubling him afresh. Frank made his report quickly and received brief instructions.

"If you have no objections, sir," he said, "I would like to go out with my troop; office work is rather wearing, and I feel sort of rusty."

"Certainly, my boy, certainly. I'll know things will be done rightly then. It will do you good, too, you do look a little seedy. I'd go myself if I could, but I'm only a poor old crippie now. Give 'em Hail Columbia, Moore! But take care of yourself, I can't get such an Adjutant every day."

"I think the trip would do you good, Ma Moore," spoke up the General; "and it's soldier's work,"—"a good riddance of bad rubbish!" is what she said, under her breath.

"Thank you, Colonel, I'll attend to all details, and we'll start at once," and he burried out, pausing only to say "good-bye," to Liss Mary, to hold her hand a moment in ais, and to look into her eyes with a deep, steady gaze that made her blush and caused her heart to beat wildly.

Then there were the calls, the orders, the hasty issuing of rations. "Boots and saddles" sounded, and in less than thirty minctes the troops were lost to sight.

Vancamp did not go; a quarter of an hour before the news arrived he had proposed to Miss Mary and been accepted. He told her he would resign from the army, and picttured in glowing language the grandeur and pleasure of the life they would lead.

The General was delighted, the old Colonel was not over-well pleased and growled a little; he wanted his girl to be a soldier's wife, and he wanted Frank Moore to be the soldier husband. He did not know that his favor the prize.

Late in the evening, three days after, came a courier bearing the report of the Captain commanding. They had one brush with and were now driving the foe. All was well, except that Lieutenaut Moore, sent back with the courier, while gallantly charging the reds had been seriously wounded in the breast.

"Too bad! too bad!" cried the Colonel. "The best officer of the lot. I ought not to have let him go."

"Where is Mr. Moore-where did you take him?" he asked the tired, dusty trooper.

"The Lieutenant is at McCarthy's ranch. twelve miles up South Fork, sir. He got to bleeding so and got so weak he couldn't sit his horse, sir. I had to hold him on for ten miles afere we got there. He seemed dead set to hold out and git here with me, sir,



"WHEN DID YOU TAKE HIW!" but he just couldn't do it. I left him there. sort of out of his head; but the women folks is good and kind there and they'li do all they can for him, sir."

Just then the General and Miss Mary entered the room. The trooper stepped toward the young lady and raised his hand in

"Beg pardon. Colonel and ma'am and miss. but Lieutenant Moore, when we started back, wrote a few lines and told me if he couldn't reach here or died on the way l was to take 'em outer his pocket-book and give 'em to you, miss, and nobody else. Beggin' your pardon, Colonel," and the soldier took from his breast a folded paper -a leaf torn from a note-book-and handed it to the astonished, frightened girl.

She opened it and read: "Mary, I have been badly hurt. It is a long, hard ride back, and I may die of the wound or of hemorrhage. You will forgive me when I say once more that I love you, and have never loved any but you. As things are, as I know they must be after what I saw the other night, I am not sorry to die like a man. V mcamp is a good fei low. I believe and hope you will be happy. He is very rich, but you must not refuse my little fortune. I have left all I had to leave

"Tuere is no one living belonging to me you are dearest and have a right to take it from me. Your father has my will, though he does not know its contents. He will not care that I tell you now that I love you. God forever bless you. Good-bye.

"FRANK MOORE." The girl dropped the paper and stood white and still as a statue. The "General" pounced upon the scrap and while she was a. justing her eye-glasses Mary's quick questions drew from the Colonel and soldier all she wished to know.

You left him where—where is it you left him f" she said.

"At McCarthy's ranch, twelve miles up South Fork, miss."

"Father," and she turned to the Colonel with an air and tone of command totally unlike her, "father, I must have the ambu-

"Go!" she ordered the trooper. "Go, tell them to put the best mules to the ambulance: tell Tim he is to drive. Ask Sergeant-Major Green to pick out ten men as an escort. Tell them it is for Lieutenant Moore-and me. Tell them I will never forget them if they will help me now. Go!" "Wh-wh-wh-at, Mary! Why, Mary, my

dear!" spluttered the Colonel. "Highty-tighty! Save us all! What's this, miss? Are you going clear out of your senses, girl?" boomed the General.

"I am going to Frank Moore. I am going to him if I have to walk every step of the way, and by myself. He's dying, and he wants me; I know he wants me; and I'm going to him in spite of every boay and every thing on earth!"

"The girl is crazy-raving crazy! Colonel, do you hear her? Why don't you exercise your authority? You shan't stir, miss, not out of this house if I have to put an armed guard over you! Colonel-"

"Hold your tongue, Betsey!" That's what the old soldier said to the "General." For the first time in her life she heard the word of command to her from her husband. "The girl is right," he continued, "and, by gad, I love her for her pluck!"

Mary had left the room before this to prepare for her trip. The General raised a perfect cyclone, but her usually obedient daughter was deaf and dumb to commands, entreaties, arguments, threats and considerations of what Vancamp might think, say or do in regard to her actions. The girl conquered. The General, alive to the pro-



"I AM MRS. COLONEL MARTINET." prioties, bundled herself up to accompany her, and they were all ready when the ambulance drove up, the grizzled old Sergeant-

They were soon at McCarthy's. "I am Mrs. Colonel Martinet," said the General, loftily; "you have one of our officers here, wounded. I wish to see him." "Is he alive? Is he alive?" gasped Mary, and Mrs. McCarthy looked closely at her.

Major himself in command of the escort.

"Oh! he's aloive, an' I do think he's botherin some. I wudn't a give two chips fur his loife whin they brung him here. But I'm a good nurse, tho' I sez et ez shudn't, an' a bit o' a docther, beside. An' I got him aisy loike, an' th' bleedin' sthopped on him, an' he's his sinsis intil his head now,

"Oun we see him?"

wan o' ve moight of ve'll not oxcite him ony, an' cheer him up a bit, fur he don't seem t' thry an' help himself th' laste in the wourld."

A motion toward the door made Mary dart through it before the General had time to rise from her seat. Mrs. McCarthy placed her bulky self in front of the door, and with:

"Only wan, mim. I cudn't be answherable fur th' gontilmen's loife ef I left two of the East have such a skillful way of weemin in to wanst t' be disthracting him

The General sat down again speechless with rage and indignation.

Mary entered a large room, on the bed she saw outlines of a figure; the single candle gave but little light. She drew near the motionless body, very white and pinched the face looked, surrounded by the heavy beard and thick, black curls of hair. The eyes were closed. One hand was lying outside the coverings: she took it between her own trembling palms and raised it to her

The man looked up as though he could not believe his senses.

"Mary! Mary! Can this be you! Have you really come to me, or am I dreaming again!" he whispered. "It is Mary. I have come to you, Mr.

Moore-Frank! I came because I could not help it. I felt that I must come to you, and now I fear that I have done very wrong." "You could never do wrong, Mary," his low tones said. "Never, in my eyes or thought. Your kind heart brought you here to comfort me while I died. But what

did Vancamp say? Is he with you?" "You are not going to die, Frank, and Mr. Vancamp knows nothing of my coming." "But you have accepted him? I saw it at the porch the night we left. I felt you had taken him. I turned away at once, but not before I saw him kiss your hand, and you

permitted him." "Yes, that is true," said Mary, and the gleom hid her blushes. "I did accept him-I didn't know then. Oh! that's all impossible, impossible now. It can never, never

"Mary, tell me what you mean!" "I mean," she replied, in desperation, "that no power on earth, no amount of fortune, could make me marry Mr. Vancamp. I did not know, Frank, until I got your note, until I heard that you were wounded, dying; I did not know, until then, that such

a marriage could never be." "Why, Mary? Come close to me and tell me why." "Because, Frank, because-oh! you must know why!" and she hid her face on the

pillow beside his own. Frank Moore got well. Vancamp resigned and got out. The "General" got hysterics and no sym-

pathy. The noble old Colonel got the son-in-law ALEX DUKE BAILIE. he wanted.

Why. When It Costs Them Nothing? "It is difficult to get some of the Senators and Representatives to sit for their photographs," says one of the prominent photographers in Washington. "We give them come and have a sitting. Of course it is to our interest to have their negatives on hand, for we sell them in great numbers. Besides. they often want pictures taken in Wasting-ton, even atter their terms have expired. Yet, at the time when we want to complete our pictorial Congressional record, it is almost impossible to get them to come and give us sittings. I sometimes get newspaper men after them; and that always brings

A Matter of Valuation

Miss Gladys Herbeau-"It's not for my property you love me, is it, George? You love me for myself alone?" Mr. Hermann-"Yes, darling." Miss Gladys Herbeau-"For my real worth?" Mr. Hermans-"Yes, dear. Real and personal."-Lafe.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Temptations of Life.

The Strong as Liable to Fall as the Weak-The Influence of Woman For Good or Evil-A Warning Against Impure Lives.

In a recont sermon at Brooklyn Rev. De Witt Talmage took for his subject: "The Shorn Locks of Samson." His text was trom Judges, xvi, 5: "Entice him and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him. that we may blind him to sall ct him, and we will give thee every one of us eleven

hundred pieces of silver." He said: One thousand pounds, or about \$5,000 of our money, were thus offered for the capture of a giant. It would take a skillful photographist to picture Samson as he really was. The most facile words are not supple enough to describe him. He was a giant and a child; the conqueror and the defeated; able to snap a lion's jaw, and yet captured by the sigh of a maiden. He was ruler and slave; a commingling of virtue and vice, the sublime and ridiculous; sharp enough to make a riddle, and yet weak enough to be caught in the most superficial stratagem; bonest enough to settle his debt, and yet outrageously robbing some body else to get the material to pay it; a miracle and a scoffing; a crowning glory and a burning shame. There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh; his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city; taking an attitude defiant of armed men and wild beasts. His hair had never been cut, and it roiled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer im, and therefore they must find out where the secret of the strength lies. There is a woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her an agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes, such as they fasten

wild beasts with, and put them around me. I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come-the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again and says: "Now tell me the secret of this great strength;" and he replies: "If you should take some ropes that never had been used and tie me with them I should be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands and shouts: "They come-the Philistines!" He walks out as easy as he did before-not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again and he says: "Now if you should take these seven long plaits of hair and by this house lo m weave them into a web I could not get away." So the house loom is rolled up and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come-the Philis- far apart in the time of departure they tines!" He walks out as easily as he did join each other on the other side the flood. before, dragging a part of the loom with him. But after awhite she persuades him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should graves. Let their tombstones stand alike take a razor or shears and cut off this long | marked with the same Scripture. Children hair I should be powerless and in the and grandchildren will come in the spring hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and that she may not wake him during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers manipulating the head that to this very day they will put a man wide awake sound es cep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against esca other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears, or razor, accomplishes what green withes and new ropes and house loom could not do Suddenly she clasps her hands and says: "The Phil stines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone! He is in the hands of his enemies! I hear the groun of the giant as they take his eyes ou', and then I see him staggering in h s blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is opened and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hands on the mill crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month -work, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn,

l-arned some l-ssons, but another class of lessons are before us now. Learn first how very strong people are ometimes coaxed into great imbecilities. Samson had no right to reveal the secret of his strength. Deli ah's first attempt to find out is a failure. He says: "Green withes will bind me," but it was a failure Then he says, "A new rope will bo'd me," but that also was a failure. Then he says, "Weave my locks into a web and that will bind me," yet that also was a failure. But at last you see how she coaxed it out of where Solomon says: "Behold, this have him. Unimportant actions in life that involve no moral principle may without injury be subjected to ardent persuasions, but as soon as you have come to the line that separates right from wrong, no inducement or blandishment ought to make you step over it. Suppose a man has been brought up in a Christian household and taught sacredly to observe the Sabbath. Sunday comes; you want fresh air. Temptation says, "Sunday is just like other days; now don't be bigoted; we will ride forth among the works of God; the whole earth is His temple; we will not go into any dissipations; come, now, I have the carriage engaged and we will be back soon enough to go to church in the evening; don't yield to Puritanic notions; you will be no worse for a ride in the country: the blossoms are out and they say every thing is looking glorious." "Well, I will go to please you," is the response. And out they goover the street, conscience drowned in the clatter of the swift hoofs and the rush of the resounding wheels. That tempted man may have had moral character enough to break the green withes of each a dozen pictures for nothing if they ten thousand Philistine allurements, tu: he has been overcome by coaxing.

his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza.

In a previous sermon on this character I

Two young men passing down this street come opposite a drinking saloon with a red lantern hung out from the door to light men to perdition. "Let us go shears clipped it his strength was gone. in," says one. "No, I won't," says the The strength of men is variously distribother: "I never go to such places." "Now, you don't say you are so weak as that. Why, I have been going there for two years and it basn't hurt me. Come, come now, be a man. If you can't stand any financial accumulation; and there thing stronger take a little sherry. You is always a sharp shears ready want to. You shall go. Now, come right along." Persuasion has conquered. Samson yields to the coaxing and there is carnival in hell that night among the tainments, but by delicate appreciation here.

young man start in life under the under the and dominion upon which you may reign, most cheering advantages. His acute where the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are carnival in hell that night among the tainments, but by delicate appreciation here.

"Starved?" rather than travel the read to a dungeon where the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, their locks shorn and their over the destroyed grind in the mills of the couldn't are despeir, the couldn'

THE TEMPTER'S POWER. Philistines and they shout: "Hat hal could catch the tings of the cloud and the We're got him." Those who have the kindest and most sympathetic natures are

the most in danger. Again, this narrative teaches us the power of an ill-disposed woman. In the portrait gallery of Bible Queens we find Abigail and Ruth and Miriam and Vashti and Deborah, but in the rogues' gallery of a police station you find the pictures of women as well as men. Delilah's picture telongs to the rogue's gallery, but she had more power than all Philistia armed with sword and spear. She could carry off the iron gates of Samson's resolution as easily as he shouldered the gates of Gaza

How deplorable the influence of such in contrast with Rebecca and Phobe and Hulda and Tryphona and Jeptha's daughter and Mary, the mother of J. s.s. While the latter glitter in the firmament of God's world like cors ellations with steady, cheerful, boly light, the former shoot like baleful meteors across the terrific heavens. ominous of war, disaster and death. If there sa divine power in the good mother, her face bright with purity, and unseifish love learning from her eye, a gentleness that by pange and sufferings and holy anxieties has been mellowing and softening for many a year, uttering itself in every syllable a dignity that can not be dethroned, united with the playfulness that will not be checked, her hand the charm that will instantly take pain out of the child's worst woun I, her presence a perpetual benediction, her name our defense when we are tempted, her memory an outgushing well of tears and congratulation and thanksgiving her heaven a palm waving and a coronal; then there is just as great an influence in the or posite direction in the bad mother, her brow leclouded with ungoverned passion, her eves flashing with unsanctified fire, her lips the fountain of fretfulnes and depravity, her example a mildew and a blasting, her name disgrace to coming generations, her memory a signal for bitterest anathema, her eternity a whirlwind and a suffocation and a darkness. One wrong headed wrong hearted mother may rain one child. and that one child, grown up, may des'roy a hundred people and the hundred biss

thousand, and the thousand a million. The wife's sphere is a realm of henor and power almost unlimited. What a blessing was Sarah to Abraham, was Deborah to Lapidoth, was Zipporah to Moses, was Huldah to Shallum. There are multitudes of men in the marts of trade whose fortunes have been the result of a wife's frugality. Four bands have been achieving that estate, two at the store, two at the home. The burdens of life are comparatively light when there are other hands to belp us lift them. The greatest difficulties have often slunk away because there were four eyes to look them out of countenance. What care you for hard knocks in the world as long as you have a bright domestic circ'e for harbor! One cheerful word in the evening tide as you come in has silenced the clamor of unpaid notes and the disappointment of poor investmensy

Now and then a grandchild comes and they look at him with affection untold and come well nigh spoiling him with kindness. The life currents beat feebly in their pulses and their work will soon b done and the Master will call. A few short days may sevarate them, but, not Side by side let Jacob and Rachael be buried. Let one willow overarch their time to bring flowers. The patriarchs of the town will come and drop a tear over departed worth. Side by side at the marriage altar. Side by side in the long journey. Side by side in their graves. After life's fitful fever they slept well.

But there are, as my subject suggests, domestic scenes not so tranquil. What a curse to Job and Potiphar were their companions, to Ahab was Jezebel, to Jehoram was Athaliah, to John Wesley was Mrs. Wesley, to Samson was Delilah. Wnile the most excellent and triumphant exbibition of character we find among the women of history and the world thrills with the names of Marie Antoinette and Josephine, and Joan of Arc and Maria Theresa and hundreds of others, who have ruled in the brightest homes and sung the sweetest cantos, enchanted the nations with their art and swayed the mightiest of scepters, on the other hand the names of Mary L. of E gland; Margaret, of France; Julia, of Rome, and Elizabeth Petrowna, of Russia, have scorched the eyes of history with their abominations. and their names, like banished spirits, have gone shricking and cursing through the world. In female biography we find the two extremes of excellence and crime. Woman stands nearer the gate of Heaven or nearer the gate of hell. When adorned by grace she reaches a point of Christian elevation which man can not attain, and when blasted of crime she sinks deeper than man can plunge. Yet I am glad that the instances in which woman makes utter shipwreck of character are compara-

tively smail. But, says some cynical spirit, what do you do with those words in Ecclesiastes I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one to find out the account; which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not; one man among a thausand have I found; but a woman among all : hose have I not found?" My answer is that it Solomon had behaved himself with common decency and tept out of the infamous circles he would not have had so much d fliculty in finding integrity of character among women and never would have uttered such a tirade. Ever since my childhood I have heard speakers admiring Diogenes, the cynical philosopher who lived in a tub, for going through the streets of Athens in broad daylight with a lantern, and when asked what he did that for, said: "I am look-ing for an honest man." Now I warrant that the philosopher who had such a hard time to find an honest man was himself disbonest. I think be stole both the lantern and the tub. when I hear a man expatiating on the weaknesses of women, I immediately suspect him and say there is another Solumon with Solomon's wisdom left out.

Again, this strange story of the text leads me to consider some of the ways in which strong men get their locks shorn. God, for some reason best known to Himself, made the strength of Samson to depend on the length of his hair; when the shears clipped it his strength was gone. uted. Sometimes it lies in physical de-velopment, sometimes in intellectual attainment, sometimes in heart force, sometimes in social position, sometimes in get you out

sparkle of the wave and the dispason of the thunder. He walked forth in life head and shoulders above others in mental stature. He could wrestle with giants in opposing systems of philosophy and carry off the gates of opposing schools and smite the enemies of truth hip and thigh Modern theories of the soul threw over him their blandishments. Skepticism was the Delilah that shore his locks off and all

prison of unbelief, his eyes out. Far back in the country districts-just where I purposely omit to say-there was born one whose fame will last as long as American institutious. His name was the nation uncovered in his presence, and tically demonstrated. when he spoke Senates sat breathless under the spell. The plotters against good web, yet he walked forth from the thra!l-But from the wine cup there arose a destroying spirit that came forth to capture his soul. He drank until his eye grew dim and his knees knocked together and his strength failed. Exhausted with lifelong dissipations, he went home to die. Ministers pronounced eloquent eulogiums, and poets sang, and painters sketched, and sculptors chiseled the majestic form into marble, and the world infamous Delilah and his locks were

From the Island of Corsica there started

forth a nature charged with unparalleled varia, Germany, Italy, Austria and England rose up to coush the rising man. At the plunge of his bayonets bastiles burst open. The earth groaned with the and kingdoms hoisted triumphal arches to let him pass under, and Europe was lighted up at the configration of consumand Moscow. No power short of omnipresent God could arrest him. But out of the ocean of human blood there ares a spirit in which the conqueror found more than its efforts lest all. He reached up after the septer of universal dominion, but slipped and fell back into desolation and where the French exite expired lonelines, and disgrace, the mightiest of all Samsons shorn of his locks by ambi-

tion, that mest merciless of all Delilahs. with which men are every day made powerless. They have strewn the earth cut. If parents only knew to what temptaions their children were subjected they would be more earnest in their prayers of sin pictured in bright colors to him.

The first time I ever saw a city-it was the city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel and I remember He wanted to show me the sights of the presenting a most beautiful appearance. town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald, but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk. I made up my mind he was a basilisk. I in front of me and with a concentrated and diabolical effort attempted to destroy my soul: but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolu-

There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof is death. It all the victims of an impure life in all gether, they would make a host vaster high price of \$22 per ounce. ban that which Xerxes led across the Hellespont, than Timour led across India. than William the Conqueror led across the beach of the Pacific while yet the rear guard stood on the beach of the Atlantic.

their integrity. The cases of reclamation of those who have given themselves fully up to an impure life are so few, probably you do not know one of them. I have seen a good many start out on that road. How many have I seen come tack? Not one that I now think of. It seems as if the pell of death is on them and no hoppled; their wrists are hendcuffed. They have around them a girdle of reptiles bunched at the waist, fastening hem to an iron doom; every time they breathe the forked tongues strike them amidst their contortions they cry out: 'Take me back to my father's house. Where is mother! Take me home! Take me home!"

Do I stand before a man to-day the locks of whose strength are being toyed with, let me tell you to escape lest the shears of destruction take your moral and your spiritual integrity. Do you not see your sandals beginning to curl on that red hot path? This day in the name of Almighty God I tear off the beautifying vail and the embroidered mantle of this old hag of iniquity, and I show you the ulcers and the bloody icher and the cancered lip and the parting joints and the macerated limbs and the wriggling putrefaction, and I cry out, O, herror of herrors! a warning. Remember it is much easier to form bad habits than to get clear of Tribune. them; in one minute of time you may get into a sin from which all eternity can not

O, that the voice of God's truth might drown the voice of Delilah. Come into need to see the world as it is. I don't to destroy it. Every day there the paths of peace, and by the grace of believe in intemperance any more than are Samsons ungianted. I saw a pardoning God start for thrones of honor the paths of peace, and by the grace of you. I can stop drinking just when I young man start in life under the and dominion upon which you may relgn,

REAL GOLDEN SAND.

It Is Found in Paying Quantities on &

Visitors to the Cliff House, in San Francisco, may have noticed several Chinamen at low tide gathering up the black sand on the beach and loading is with great slaughter. But he began to into wheezy old wagons drawn by tamper with brilliant free thinking. horses still more wheezy. The curious onlooker on asking what they intended to do with the sand would be told that the Philistines of doubt and darkness and there was a small amount of gold dust despair were upon him. He died in a very in it, and that the Chinamen extract it; that the amount of gold was very small, and that nobody but Chinamen could make a living at the work. Until a few weeks ago that was the only terror of all enemies of free government. known instance of the poetical im-He stood, the admired of millions; the agery of "golden sands" being prac-

But now, at what is called the Lomgovernment attempted to bind him with poe mining district, about two hundred green withes and weave his locks in a men are making large wages by washing the sea-beach sand. Lompoe beach dom, not knowing he had burst a bond lies about fifty miles north of Santa Barbara, and is just northward of Point Conception. A mountain chain, called locally the Santa Ynez, skirts the coast for many miles in the region, with but one break in it, and that is where the Santa Ynez river breaks through the mountains and reaches the sea. Where the river empties is the northern exwept, but everywhere it was known that tremity of a black sand deposit which it was strong drink that came like the extends for about fifteen miles south, and abruptly terminates. At high tide the sea entirely covers the beach, and breaks against the foot of high bluffs energies to make thrones tremble and con- of clay, sandstone, shale, limestone vulse the earth. Piedmont, Naples, Ba- and a blue conglomerate rock. This is constantly being undermined and washed away.

This black sand is found to be very agonies of Rivoli, Austerlitz, Saragossa rich in gold, but at first it was very and Eylau. Five million men slain in his difficult to extract it, as the dust was wars. Crowns were showered at his f-ot, so very fine. The discovery was made in the latter part of March, and the "rocker" and "pan" were used with ing cities. He could almost have made a some success, but it was discovered causeway of human bones between Lisbon that but a small percentage of the gold was obtained. A peculiar fact, and one which gives the district a certainty of being permanent, is that the sea rea match. The very ambition that had places the sand as rapidly as the miners ricked the world was now to be his de- cart it away. This was illustrated on stroyer. It grasped for too much and in one of the first day's workings. At low tide, when the deposit was uncovered by the receding tide, a miner drove a banishment. The American ship, dam- stake in his claim, and from the sand aged of the storm, to-day puts up in St. at the bottom of it washed out 250 Helena and the crew go up to see the sp t "colors." On the next day when the in tide went down, the hole he had made the day before was found filled up, and, in a short time, at exactly the same I have not time to enumerate. Evil as- spot, he washed twenty more "colors." sociations, sudden successes, spendrift The next day the hole was again found habits, miserly proclivities and dissipa- to be filled and he got over 300 "coltion are the names of some of the shears ors." This was with the wasteful pan. And so it has been ever since.

with the carcasses of giants and filled the Now the sand is taken out by the great prison house with destroyed Sam- wagon load during low tide, but is always replaced by the high tide. despair, their locks shorn and their eyes is all the more remarkable as, though the deposit extends for some distance, being fifteen miles long, and extending and more careful about their example. No indefinitely out under the water, it is young man escapes having the pathway very shallow close to the shore, being but about two feet thick, and at the deepest four feet. The sand is dark gray in color, and is highly magnetic; in the eventide a corrupt man plied me when seen under water it appears to with his infernal art. He aw I was green, consist of myriads of blood-red rubies,

Since the discovery a method of washing has been devised which saves about ninety per cent. of the gold and remember how he wheeled his chair round the lucky men who took up claims literally under the ocean are making money rapidly. At low tide the sand is shoveled into wagons and hauled tion on my part, but it was the all en- above high water mark, where the compassing grace of a good God that de- sluice boxes are placed. These conlivered me. Beware! beware! O young tain a succession of mercury covered plates, which catch nearly if not all of the gold dust. This is excessively fine, in fact, almost microscopic, but is lands and ages could be gathered to- very pure, and is readily sold at the

The beach is all taken up and there are no claims on the market. About England, than Abou-Bekr led across two hundred men are working claims Syria; and if they could be stretched out of their own and several companies in single file across this continent I think have been formed and are working the vanguard of the host would stand on claims that have been purchased. The Santa Barbara Black Sand Mining Com-I say this not because I expect to re- pany in March put four men at work claim any one that has gone astray in this on their claims, and in four weeks refearful path, but because I want to utter ceived from them \$1,500; this was bewarning for those who still maintain fore the introduction of the improved sluice boxes. The men, however, average between \$5 and \$10 per day.

Various theories are adduced to account for the deposit. The most generally accepted one is that there is a rich gold ledge which crops up in the bed of the ocean some distance out, human voice or the voice of God bed of the ocean some distance out, can break the spell. Their feet are and which is ground by the action of the sea and carried by the Japanese current, which sweeps in at that point, to the California coast. Another opinion, held by some of the miners, is and they strain to break away until the that the gold comes from the bluff, tendons snap and the blood exudes; and which, at every high tide is washed away to some extent. But the most persistent and careful prospecting has so far failed to disclose the slightest deposit of gold in the soil or the stone which compose these bluffs. Another plausible thet ry is that the gold comes down the Sar ta Ynez river. A tributary of that river, called the San Emigdio, passes through a very rich placer mining cou ntry. Against this theory, however, is the fact that the sand of both river s yields no gold. The fact that each high tide replaces the deposit as fast as it is removed lends color v) the idea of there being a In the stillness of this Sabbath hour I lift wonder fully rich submarine gold mine .- - Los Angeles (Cal.) Cor. N. Y.

Swell to the Last.

"Poah Cholly's dead." "Dead? How?" "Stawvation."

"Starved?" "Yes. He wore such tight collars he couldn't swallow any thing."-Har-