THE HEARTHSTONE.

A Department for Home and Fireside, Edited by Mrs. S. C. O. Upton.

"The corner stone of the republic is the hearthstone."

"Love Cannot Fail."

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

"Love cannot fail" when Joy grows pale,
And Hope's blithe heart forlorn;
When Sin makes black the shining track,
Below the hills of Morn;
When faith is weak, and dare not seek
The Soul's abiding place;
When Doubt doth lift, from Time's dark drift,
A wan bewildered face;
When Pain's keen blade deep wounds has made,
From which we vainly shrink;
When Life burns low, with flickering glow,
Above Death's somber brink;
When Earth's last light fades into night,
"And all is said and done,"—
"Love cannot fail," and must prevail,
For God and Love are one.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has just shown how much may be accomplished in the way of Congressional moral reform legislation by united, persistent, and well-directed effort. The bill, which was introduced at the request of the Union, prohibiting the sale of tobacco in any form in the District of Columbia to children under the age of sixteen, now only needs the signature of the President, which it is certain to receive, to become a law, having passed both house and senate.

The Women's Christian Temperacne Union of the state, the Good Templers and the prohibition party, through their representatives, argued before the committee of the lower branch of the legislature in opposition to the scheme of making the liquor license fees a fund to support all common schools of the state, on the ground that receivers of license become partners in the business, and are *corrupted* instead of benefitted by the money that comes from the saloonist's till.

Aunt Columbia to Uuncle Samuel.

Sais I, "Them Injuns don't do no great amount of harm, espeshully when they are treated well, which ain't often; but if human nature and the white man's fire-water do make them act a little bad, you jest send your soljers right after 'em. Why don't you send your soljers after the other enemies of our people's homes—instead of sittin' down an' lookin' on an' smilin' while homes go to ruin, and men die, and women and children suffer, and you a givin' your sanktion to the bisness that causes all this woe, and permittin' the men that carry on the bisness to pay for the trouble they have made?—*Union Signal.*

A True Story.

A pastor of a church in Dayton, Ohio, related this tale to his people at the close of the morning services, a few weeks since:

"One week ago last Friday a man in this church hired to work for a certain firm in this city, Saturday evening the proprietor said, 'You must come and work to-morrow.'

"'I cannot do that, I go to church on Sabbath.'

"'If you do not come Sabbath you need not come Monday.'

"'Well, just consider. I have been out of work. My wife and three children are hungry. We have had sickness and a doctor bill is to pay. I want work.'

"'You must work Sabbath or not at all.'

"'Then, I will not work at all.'

"He came to church last Sabbath and told me. I went Monday to the man who had discharged him and said: 'You must come here and work next Sabbath or else stay away altogether.' Well, who owns this establishment?' Why, you do; I am not speaking for myself; I am pleading for a man whose wife and children are hungry.' 'I know who you mean; say nothing more. Go tell him to come and I will take him back.'

"I went to hunt him. He was wheelin coal from the street. The work was too heavy for him. He had no breakfast and was hungry. He was trying to get bread for his children. He fell before I reached him, and soon he died. I went back to the works and said to the proprietor: 'I came to tell you that man will not be back.' 'Why?' 'There is a trial on hand and he has been summoned as a witness.' 'What is the trial for?' 'Murder.' 'Murder! Who is the murderer?' 'You are the man. He died of hunger and a broken heart. He has gone to give his testimony before the Judge above. You will be summoned presently to answer to the charge of murder.'

Cheap Religion.

It is the wretched mistake of many people that they seek for cheap religion. I have heard well-meaning ministers declare that it is "just the *easiest* thing in the world to become a Christian." They talk as if a gracious God had provided a free gospel-train, by which everybody who chose to come aboard could be transported on comfortable cushions as "dead-heads" to the Celestial City! Such cologne-water preachers utterly ignore that solemn declaration of our Lord, "Whosoever will not *take up his cross* and follow me, cannot be my diciple." They make no allowance either for the stubborn depravity of the human heart, or for the temptations of the devil, or the sin-poisoned atmosphere through which every Christian must fight his way to the prize of his high calling. "*Strive* to enter into the straight gate," is the invitation of our Master. He knows what it costs. Pungently but truly did grand old Samuel Rutherford say: "Many people only play with Christianity, and take Christ for almost nothing. I pray you to make the seeking of salvation your daily work. If ye never had a sick night and a pained soul *for sin*, ye have not yet lighted upon Christ. Look to the right marks; if ye love our Saviour better than the world, and would quit all for him, then that proveth that the *work is sound.*"

Cheap religion will not stand the pinch of self-denial. It is very willing to go to church when the weather is fair, when the roads are good, when the music is fine, when the preaching is attractive—and does not tread on its corns. It prates about "liberality" in doctrine and creeds; but when a contribution-box heaves in sight, it shrinks up, and buttons its purse. Mr. Gough used to tell the story of the glib exhorter who boasted that, "his religion cost him only twenty-five cents a year." "The Lord have mercy on your stingy soul!" exclaimed the minister. Cheap religion is scrimping the salaries of hard-working pastors, is starving mission boards and all Christian charities, and is turning off the claims of Christ with the candle-ends and the cheese-parings. It kills the fatted calf for its own table, and offers the poor "crow-bait" for the Loud's altar. The punishment of all such petty larbenies is that their perpetrators become mere "crow-baits" themselbes, and never taste the joy by which liberal souls are made fat.—*Selected.*

ONE OF LINCOLN'S EARLY CASES.

The Great Man Whittled a Little Windmill to Convince the Jury.

In the year 1848 there was a memorable lawsuit in Chicago between Parker and Hoyt over the infringement of a patent right of a water-wheel. Adams, Butterfield and others were attorneys for the plaintiff and Abraham Lincoln appeared for the defendant. During the progress of the suit John Brink, Esq., now of Crystal Lake, Ill., chanced to be in the city, and the following is his account of it:

The trial lasted thirteen days and excited an unusual amount of interest. When Mr. Brink reached the city he found every one talking about the suit and the great Supreme court lawyer Abraham Lincoln. Judge Drummond of the United States District court presided at the trial. He sustained Lincoln in all of his propositions to the court, and in all of his objections to the positions taken by the opposing counsel.

In the course of the trial a flume was made and water applied to the wheels for the purpose of demonstrating to the jurors the exact facts in the case. Indian meal was thrown into the water to show the jury more clearly the effect of the water on the wheels. Soon after this experiment had been made Lawyer Adams said to Mr. Brink: "Don't you think we have the best of the case?" Mr. Brink replied: "I do not know that I am a suitable judge, as I did not arrive here until the suit had been in progress two or three days. But this man Lincoln seems to hold you five fellows pretty snug."

Then Adams said: "I would rather fight every lawyer in the state of Illinois than Abe Lincoln, because he is a natural man, a natural lawyer, a natural mechanic, in fact a natural anything, and he knows more about that waterwheel than the man who made it, and I don't know anything about it."

While the attorneys for the plaintiff were making their pleas Lincoln sat there, and, although listening attentively, whittled out a pine stick about half an inch square and a foot long. From that he cut off two pieces about three inches in length, and with these two pieces he made the wings of a windmill. He fastened them together by running a pin through the center of the two wings and that pin into the end of the other and longer stick. After having put it together he blew upon it, and when it worked to his satisfaction he took it apart and placed it in his pocket.

There were eighty-four witnesses on the two sides, and Mr. Brink thinks that Lincoln took no notes, but trusted wholly to memory.

He requested the witnesses to be present during his plea, and said if he made any mistakes in regard to their testimony he wished them to correct him. While presenting his side of the case he took out the above-mentioned windmill from his pocket and, putting it together, blew upon it and explained it to the jury. He assured them that if any infringement had been made Parker had infringed upon the old-time windmill, and that Hoyt had not infringed upon Parker. Adams was to make the closing plea, and in Lincoln's speech he anticipated what Adams would say, and by this means weakened the force of his plea. Lincoln won his case, and the jury were out only a little over two hours.

Curious Freaks of Steel.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades can not equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grain runs from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant strapping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after a steady use for several months the fiber of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of its purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer point toward the back you have a razor which can not be kept in condition even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: Leave the razor alone for a month or two and when you take it up you will find the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.

A Sunken Forest.

There is a sunken forest of white cedar in New Jersey which has been continuously "mined" for its valuable timber for over eighty years. The curious industry of digging for the sunken logs is carried on by the people of Dennisville, Cape May county, a village which was brought into existence solely through the wealth of the buried timber in its vicinity. Over the sunken forest trees of large size are growing, and in many instances these are cut away in order to get at the more valuable timber, which lies only three or four feet below the surface. All the sunken trees are of enormous size, two to five times larger than those now growing on the surface. The exact age in which they lived is a matter of curious conjecture. It is probable that they were buried many centuries ago by the action of an earthquake.

STANLEY ON ELEPHANTS.

It's Elephants on Stanley if You Try to Stop a Wild One With a Small Gun.

"Mr. Stanley, did you ever kill an elephant?"

"Oh, yes, I have killed a good many of them," replied the great explorer, evidently somewhat amused at the question, for it was plumped at him as soon as he had rescated himself after giving the reporter a very cordial greeting at the Burnet House. He evidently had expected to be interviewed about Barttelot and the rear guard, or the mystery of Emin Pasha, and—was pleasantly disappointed, as proved to be the case subsequently.

"How have you killed them and how would you go about it were you going to kill one now?"

"Well, I would shoot him, and as to how I would go about it would depend upon the kind of elephant he was."

"Could you kill him with one bullet?"

"I have done it."

"It took twenty-three bullets to kill our Zoo elephant, 'Chief,' recently."

"I read something of that. What kind of an elephant was your 'Chief?' If he had the concave forehead, that is, scooped out, he was an Indian elephant. If he had a convex forehead he was an African. He was an Indian elephant. Then I would have shot him in the forehead, for there is only a short distance to the brain, while with an African elephant an enormous amount of muscle and tissue is piled upon the forehead, and you might shoot into it all day and never kill him. But a well directed shot in the center of the forehead of Chief, if you are sure he was an Indian elephant, should have settled him. And if not, the heart can always be reached. Yes, behind the ear, too; they are readily killed that way. Why, there is no particular difficulty about killing an elephant if one knows how to go about it."

"Do you imagine that Chief suffered much pain with all of these bullets in him?"

"Undoubtedly he did. And you mention the fact of his reaching out his trunk in an affectionate or appealing way to Hatnee, his mate, who stood near—that shows, more than any other way, that he was suffering, and it shows, too, an affection and sympathy between the two that one would scarcely imagine they possess. That reaching out his trunk, and her response, as though a farewell, is certainly a very touching thing.

"You ask me if I haven't hunted the elephant in Africa. Well, you know I did not go there for that purpose, of course. I had too much else to do and no time to waste; but, as I say, I have killed elephants and didn't think very much of it, either. One can't help but run on them, whether he will or no. Why, the natives there will kill them with a spear, or even with a sword. Yes, sir, they will run at them and slash them across the legs and hamstring them, and then pierce them behind the ear with their swords. A man will get off in front of an elephant and brandish a shining sword, it flashes in the elephant's eyes and instantly makes him mad and he will charge.

"As he charges, other natives will rush out of the copse, in flank movements, and dash at him, and even the man ahead with the sword will spring aside far enough to get out of the reach of his trunk, and as the big fellow goes charging by he will give him a sweeping slash across the front of the legs and the elephant is rendered helpless and falls. The natives get wonderfully skillful, something after the matador, who lets the bull rush at him full tilt, and then lightly springs aside and thrusts his sharp sword into him. When an elephant charges, he is so bulky, you know, that his momentum carries him directly ahead, and a nimble and practiced man can spring out of his way. But an elephant will overtake a horse, and I have seen them jerk the rider from a horse's back, all going full tilt.

"Oh, yes, an elephant is very swift. I have yet to the horse that can get away from on a dead, straight run. And they can swim, too. Why, an elephant will cross a river with only his trunk out of the water three or four inches. All he has to have is air, you know, and he gets it through his trunk. And he will not swim until he has to. But I have seen the trunk, several of them, just sticking out of the water of a river they were fording.

"Then, again, we have floated down the Congo in our boats, quietly and without moving a muscle, and we could get within twenty feet of them without attracting their attention or alarm, and then I have shot them, killed them with one shot — that is, one bullet. Sometimes in going through a jungle I have come upon them. I remember coming upon one suddenly one day and I only had a small Winchester rifle with me, and you can depend upon it I backed out as quickly as I could. Yes, a wild elephant will likely charge you whether you disturb him or not. He is belligerent."

"You have eaten elephant meat?"

"Yes; and rhinoceros and that of the hippopotamus."

"A little of that will go a good ways," said a gentleman at dinner at the Palace Hotel as his teeth carromed on a piece of the lion of Chief, and he remarked that he wished you were here to eat it."

Mr. Stanley smiled and continued talking, for he was talking in a strain that was evidently restful to him.

"O, now, elephant meat is not so bad, my boy. It is a little coarse and grainy, but we saw the time that we thought it the sweetest morsel we ever tasted."

"But the foot, the foot is really fine meat, choice, a delicacy. The foot is cut off, and you know it is about so round (drawing a circle on the tablecloth), say sixteen inches. A hole is dug in the ground, a fire set going until it is a deep bed of coals. Then the foot is put right down in that hole on the coals, and the whole is covered over with earth, and you let it stay there for thirty-six hours, and when it comes out you have a choice delicacy indeed. The meat is white and tender and palatable."

"The rhinoceros and hippopotamus must be tough?"

"Their meat very much resembles that of the elephant. You very likely have come across some steaks in your hotels that were as tough."

"Never, in Cincinnati."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

HOW AN ELK CHANGES HIS HORNS.

Ten Weeks Required to Grow a New Pair of Antlers.

Those who take an interest in the study of natural history may be pleased to know that in a few weeks the stag elk in the deer glen in the park will undergo a decided change. He will soon be shorn of the royal antlers that have made him for the last year the pride of the glen.

With the loss of the antlers the stag will change his disposition entirely and become as docile and tractable as a lamb. He will show an inclination to court public petting rather than avoid it. He will remain in this condition of temper until the beginning of March, when he will show a disposition to lurk in sequestered spots of the glen and timidly avoid the presence of all, even of his kind.

During this period, on the spot where the late antlers were, a pair of protuberances will make their appearance, covered with a soft, dark, velvety skin. These will attain a considerable growth in a few days. The carotid arteries of these protuberances will enlarge with them in order to supply a sufficiency of nourishment. When the new antlers have attained their full growth, which will be in ten weeks after the old ones have been shed, the bony rings at the base through which the antlers pass will begin to thicken, and gradually filling up will compress the blood vessels and ultimately obliterate them. The velvety skin that surrounds the bone, being thus deprived of nourishment, will lose its vitality and will be rubbed off in shreds by the stag on the edges of rocks or other hard substances.

As soon as the full size of the antlers is attained the docile disposition of the elk will disappear and he will become once more for the year the fierce and unfriendly king of the glen.

The age of the elk, according to writers on natural history, is computed by the number of points on the antlers. At the present time there are six. The next set will bear seven, showing that seven summers have passed since the date of his birth.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Prince's Adventures in Thibet.

The *Journal des Debats* has received a long and interesting letter from M. Bonvalot, who, accompanied by Prince Henry of Orleans, has for the last year or more been traveling through Russia and Siberia into Thibet and China. M. Bonvalot is now on the road to Hanoi. This letter is dated June 28, and was written at Ta-Tsien-Lou, on the frontier of the Thibet Marches, which is occupied by a Chinese garrison, while it is also the headquarters of the Roman catholic missions in Thibet. M. Bonvalot says: "We have been able to traverse about 1,000 miles of desert at an altitude varying from 13,000 feet to 19,000 feet. We reached the south of Lake Tengri-Nor, which is only a day's journey on horseback from Lhassa, and if we did not visit that place it was solely because we did not care to do so. Altogether we have traveled about 1,500 miles in an unknown region, nearly half of the way without a guide. It is true that we have had a terrible winter, the quicksilver freezing. The only combustible we had was the droppings of the wild yaks, and no water.

"For a period of two months we made our tea with ice, which was generally dirty and mixed with sand and earth. We had to take a provision of ice and yaks' droppings, enough to last several days. Our beasts of burden, camels and horses alike, were decimated, or to speak more accurately, every one of them died of fatigue, thirst and hunger. The only inhabitants of these deserts were herds of antelopes, vast troops of yaks, a few crows and native birds. Some days we saw nothing, not even the crows, which follow the caravans as a shark does a ship, the solitude being almost overwhelming, so that after a few days of it our men were on the lookout for some human form, just as shipwrecked men look for a sail upon the ocean. Needless to tell you that my companions, Prince Henry of Orleans, Father Dedeben of the Belgian missions, and my worthy Rachmed are very pleased to have succeeded. We believe that we have done credit to France, and that is sufficient compensation for all our hardships."

He'll Have a Halo Himself Some Day.

They stood before the "Fra Angelico" in the National Gallery, which is so crowded with rank after rank of angels and saints, all properly behaloed, each in his own degree.

"For my part," one said, "I should think a halo would be dreadfully in the way, especially in a crowd."

"It must have something the same effect on those in the back rows," her companion answered, "as do the big hats in the theater."

He had only carried her own idea a little further, and yet she was just a trifle shocked by his words. It may have been that her exquisite feminine sense of devoutness took alarm at the mention of the theater before a picture in which the heavenly choirs were thronging with so much sanctity. A faint film of gravity came over her face.

"They may be transparent," she said hesitatingly.

She was a little troubled, but she could not by dropping the jesting tone of the talk run the risk of supposing that she disapproved of anything that he said. She was rewarded for her effort to appear as if she were pleased, for what he said in return was:

"Of course they are transparent, my dear, or you would have seen your own in the mirror long ago."

And then she flushed and smiled, and the whole beatific rows of surcoated angels did not represent joy more exalted than was hers.—*Boston Courier.*

A Boston paper tells us that the best thing is to drop the m in the abbreviation a. m. and p. m. As for instance: Rev. Phillips Brooks will preach next Sunday at 11 a and 4:30 o.