

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1895.

NUMBER 22.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

The beautiful love days are over,
The weeping of summer rain,
And Nature's altar is harvest-heaped
With golden fruit and grain.

The leaves in the forest are colored
With the blush of the wooing breeze,
And the sun's last glow is a softer red
As it sinks between the trees.

Then twilight pink and amber,
And a passing promise of snow,
Is whispered through the velvet woods
When the autumn moon is low.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

Old Fort Baldwin consisted of a row of squat, one-story adobe houses, built in Mexican style, which were the quarters of the officers, and a similar, though somewhat differently arranged, line of buildings, extending at a right angle from the end of the officers' quarters, that comprised the barracks occupied by the three companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry which made up the garrison. The storehouses, stables, corrals, etc., completed all there was of Fort Baldwin.

It was a sun-baked slope, extending toward the Gila, three miles away, but along a pretty stream, a redeeming feature, having its source in the springs at the base of the mountain which formed the background. The landscape was still farther relieved by the extending lines of cottonwood and mesquite trees which bordered the little stream, called by the Indians the "Shus-Be-To," or Bear's Water.

Around this "post" the Apaches were everywhere, even stealthily crawling inside the line of sentinels at night, or shooting their arrows at the sentinel as he walked his lonely beat. On one dark night they watched the guard at the cattle corral, and during his short absence from a selected post, by an adroit use of their rawhide lariats succeeded in dragging several of the smaller animals through an opening they had forced between the logs, without discovery; whereas a soldier next morning rhymed:

"Lo! the poor Indian, with untutored mind,
Finds calves in the corral and chokes
off their wind."

In the year which followed the close of the war of the rebellion, to Fort Baldwin had come Captain Sigourney, with his bride and his cavalry troop, Gentle Mary Sigourney was a minister's daughter, who in the far-away New England town had joined her life with that of the brave young captain, that hero for whom she had forsaken home and kindred, to share with him the wild, unknown life on the frontier. The fair, girlish form seemed strangely out of keeping with the rude surroundings, but she was content.

Barely were the soldiers given time to occupy their quarters after the weary march across the sandy deserts. It was Indians! Indians! everywhere and at all times. Captain Sigourney, the ideal of an American cavalry officer, was almost constantly in the saddle, his form a tower of physical and moral strength. His rough-riding troops were already a terror to the neighboring bands of Apaches, who felt that their strongholds and mountain fastnesses were no longer places from which they might defy the troops of the Government.

It was Sunday afternoon. The October sun shone brightly as stable-call was sounded at Baldwin; but, instead of "answering the call," both officers and men had collected in groups about the flagstaff, intent upon a strange something which had attracted their attention. Even the few members of the officers' families were there, in a little knot but slightly removed, and the eyes of all were riveted on a common object. Gradually it was seen to emerge from the haziness of the surrounding hills, and soon forms were distinguishable.

But ere this the clear notes of the cavalry bugle rang out, "Boots and saddles!" and the long roll of the infantry was promptly beaten. Captain Sigourney was already in line with his troops on the flank of the post facing old Mount Turnbull, near him the longer line of the infantry battalion, had also halted, and now, in ominous silence, do the veterans so recently from the scenes of a civilized war, wait the approach of a savage foe.

With bated breath had been passed from one to another the dreaded name of "Cochise," that fearless Indian whose prowess had for years maintained an absolute supremacy throughout the Southwest, from the Rio Grande to the Colorado, the mention of whom might well cause the cheek of the border man to pale.

From his customary haunts Cochise had heard of the work of the "blonde soldier chief" on the Shus-Be-To, and had come to punish him. He had brought his chosen warriors, armed with the lance, with bows and arrows, and with firearms, the spoils of many a massacre in Arizona and Sonora. Contrary to his custom, he had said he would fight the soldiers on open ground; and now, followed by a horde of painted fiends, he was riding on in hot haste to the devoted garrison at Baldwin.

On, on they moved, with almost military precision, and in numbers much greater than the little body of troopers. An occasional glimpse could be caught from beneath the overhanging cloud

of dust with which they were enveloped, while so perfect was the discipline of this wonderful savage that no word was spoken, the silence being broken only by the pounding of the unshod hoofs, and the snorting of the ponies, who scented the coming fray.

The Indians had advanced so that the dull sound of their coming was audible, and had reached a level piece of ground adjacent to the post, when the command "Forward!" was given by the cavalry captain, and the troop moved out. This, in rapid succession, was followed by the commands "Trot!" and "Gallop!" Then, in the clear, brisk notes of the bugle, came the "Charge!" With ranks unbroken, and gleaming sabers high in air, sped the gallant troopers, with the swiftness of the wind, to meet momentum with momentum. Five hundred yards were passed, and the white man and the red were for an instant face to face, eye glaring into eye, with silent, deadly purpose; then the wild whoop of the Apaches filled the air, echoing back from the mountain side as from a thousand savage throats, mingling with the loud cheers of the soldiers as the surging bodies met.

"Turning in his saddle, the captain called:

"Now, men, each one pick his Indian!"

There was no time for more. At the head of the Indian band rode the herculean Cochise, with lance already poised, who now in broken English shouted: "Here, white man! We fight!"

The point of the Indian's lance was near the captain's breast, when, with a quick stroke of the saber he severed it from the staff and sent it whizzing through the air. Then bending as he rode, he pierced Cochise's arm; but ere he could seize the advantage which for an instant seemed within his grasp, the crowding horses of his troopers forced him on.

Now the soldiers and the Indians were a confused, dust-enveloped, undistinguishable mass, each fighting desperately for life. Quickly flashed the saber, alternating the thrusts of the lance dexterously parried by the practiced trooper, while from the tightly drawn bows too surely flew the murderous flint-pointed arrows of the Apaches. Here in the dust they rolled, side by side, the unhorsed trooper and his wily foe. Then on foot they fought, with carbine, with pistol, or still with lance and saber, with the ferocity of war, and for self-preservation, this unto the death.

Ridderless dashed the frightened ponies of the Indians and larger horses of the fallen soldiers, with nostrils wide apart, wildly snorting into the thickest of the fight; then, as some faithful brute received his death-wound, sounded that cry of equine terror heard mid the scenes of carnage where Destiny has ever led humanity.

There was no quarter; to fall was almost certain death. Quickly was the ground strewn with the bodies of those who but now sought each other's lives; together, silently and peacefully, lay the white man and the Indian in the arms of death.

All this passed in almost the space of time it has taken to tell it, and the opposing forces had passed "through each other." On the other side the trumpet had already sounded the "Rally." Quickly did the captain assemble the remainder of his men to renew the charge, but the Indians did not wait; it was not their method. The Apaches seemed almost to vanish, so rapidly did they gain the cover of the trees and rocks which bordered the stream at a point above the post.

While the cavalry was charging the Indians on the open plain to the right, their infantry companies had not remained idle. As the troop had moved out to meet Cochise, there had come from the concealment afforded by the rocks and mesquite trees above and in the rear, another band of Indians, dismounted. This was even a larger number than that with Cochise, and was led by a powerful savage, second only to Cochise himself. Hitherto their presence had not been discovered; and had the first party not been beaten off, it was their apparent purpose to form a junction inside the post, where a general massacre would have been the sequence.

The approach of these Indians was only discovered by the Major who commanded the infantry, in time to enable him to move his men at a rapid gait to a place in the rear of the line of officers' quarters. Directly behind each set of these quarters had been built a "dug-out," a kind of outside cellar, such as is used in warm climates for keeping the family stores; these were a few feet below the level of the ground, the logs forming roofs covered with earth. Into these were now unceremoniously hurled the terrified women and children composing the families of the officers and soldiers of the command.

It was just possible to do this and reach a point beyond, perhaps one hundred yards distant, when the attack began.

The quiet was broken by the fierce whoop of the Apaches, which, once heard, can never be forgotten. The gaunt, painted and ochered savages, bare to the waist and clad only in breech-cloth and moccasins, came on at a rapid run, in a thin, scattering line, extending far to the right and

left. To throw out a skirmish line was but the work of moments, when the steady fire of the disciplined soldiers checked the rapid advance of the Indians, causing them to waver slightly. Quickly pushing his temporary advantage, the Major drove them again to shelter. But now there came from the Apaches a deafening yell, the significance of which the soldiers knew too well—Cochise had come!

When Captain Sigourney saw that Cochise had gone, he for the first time heeded the firing in the post. Moving his troop at a gallop, he quickly passed over the ground of his recent charge and reached the remainder of the command just as it was being forced back upon the rear of the line of officers' quarters and toward the little parade-ground at Baldwin. Many of the soldiers had already been killed by the united hands of Apaches; with Cochise at their head, and in numbers greatly in excess of the soldiers, it seemed a forlorn hope, and that it only remained for these brave men to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But now once more rang on the evening air the welcome notes of the bugle, mingled with the wild cheering of the gallant infantrymen, as from between the quarters dashed the troopers. In the light of the setting sun again the saber flashed and did its noiseless execution; the pistol, too, came into noisy requisition, alternating with the cracking carbine shots; the footmen took new heart, and their long guns sent many a red man to the happy hunting grounds; the bullets pattered, and the whizzing arrows sounded like flights of birds.

The struggle was desperate; the fate of the little garrison trembled in the balance.

From the thickest of the fight the quick eye of Cochise fell on Sigourney. His wounded arm still smarted from the Captain's thrust, and once more he called:

"Now, white man, die!"

Cochise was again armed with his favorite weapon, the lance; with a deadly point he rode straight at the young commander. Again the latter attempted to parry, but this time was less fortunate. The lance entered his side and he was dismounted, the Indian still holding the end of the weapon.

To Captain Sigourney, helpless and wounded at the feet of his savage adversary, all seemed over. Done now his dream of glory, done his loyal pride in his chosen work, done everything for him on earth—save, last, the agonized thought of his widowed bride. To die thus without another glimpse of the sweet face of her who was so near, to leave her in her desolation—What! Crack!

With a mad yell Cochise sprang into the air, and the fallen soldier realized that not two hours ago, but only the space of a lightning flash, had the lance entered his side. Cochise had not time to finish his work.

The fight still raged; but in place of the bloodthirsty Apache, a woman's form bent over her husband, and Mary Sigourney dropped the still smoking gun. With strength born of agony, she dragged the wounded man back to the safety of the dug-out.

The fall of Cochise turned the tide of battle; and, waiting only to secure the wounded chief, the Apaches scurried to the hills like a flock of quail. Then for her who had saved the day at Baldwin—for the Captain's wife!—long and loudly did the soldiers cheer.—Waverly Magazine.

AN UNAPPRECIATED GIFT.

A Washington Woman Received One Present Too Many.

There is a department woman in Washington whose fondness for pets is known to all her friends. Not long ago a woman who boards in the same house with her bought a squirrel in a cage, and to give her a pleasant surprise put it in her room one afternoon. The department woman came home and went to her room. She did not appear at dinner. There was no light in her room. Not a sound was heard from her. At last, late in the evening, her friends began to be worried about her, and one of them went up and knocked on the door. The department woman was within and in a whisper she answered the knock.

"I can't stir," she said. "Some addle-headed fool has put a squirrel in here and it's got out of its cage. Every time I try to strike a light it flies all around the room. It's torn a big hole in the lace curtain and smashed two of my vases. There's an ink bottle on the bureau, and I don't dare move for fear he'll knock that off next. What am I going to do?"

There was a consultation outside, but nobody could think of anything to do. The department woman stood it until midnight, and then her wrath getting the better of her prudence she declared she'd light the gas if the squirrel broke everything in the room. And when the gas was lighted there was the squirrel safe in his cage again. But the woman who bought him has found another boarding-house.—Washington Star.

His Fad.
John D. Loeckamp, of Billings, Mont., apparently has a corner on elk teeth, having 88,000 of them in his possession.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

GREAT PREACHER AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

He Preaches a Purely Gospel Sermon Abounding in Information and Full of Eloquent Logic—A Few Remarks About Political Reform.

Points of Compass.

The hearty welcome accorded to Dr. Talmage at the Academy of Music, New York, Sunday before last, on the occasion of the eminent divine's introduction to the metropolitan pulpit, was additionally emphasized by the immense throng that greeted him last Sunday afternoon, and which filled every seat from orchestra to top gallery. The singing was led by Professor All's cornet, and the services opened at precisely 4 o'clock with the singing of the long meter Doxology. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was "Points of Compass" and the text Luke xiii, 29, "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down."

The man who wrote this was at one time a practicing physician, at another time a talented painter, at another time a powerful preacher, at another time a reporter—an inspired reporter. God bless and help and inspire all reporters! From their pen drops the health or poison of nations. The name of this reporter was Lucanus, for short he was called Luke, and in my text, although stenography had not yet been born, he reports verbatim a sermon of Christ which in one paragraph bowls the round world into the light of the millennium. "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down."

Nothing more interested me in my recent journey around the world than to see the ship captain about noon, whether on the Pacific, or the Indian or Bengal or Mediterranean or Red Sea, looking through a nautical instrument to find just where we were sailing, and it is well to know that, though the captain tells you there are thirty-two points of division of the compass card in the marine compass, there are only four cardinal points, and my text hails them—the north, the south, the east, the west. So I spread out before me the map of the world to see the extent of the gospel campaign. The hardest part of the field to be taken is the north, because our gospel is an emotional gospel, and the nations of the far north are a cold blooded race. They dwell amid icebergs and eternal snows and everlasting winter. Greenlanders, Laplanders, Icelanders, Siberians—their vehicle is the sledge drawn by reindeer, their apparel the thickest furs at all seasons, their existence a lifetime battle with the cold. The winter charges upon them with swords of ice and strikes them with bullet of hail and pounds them with battering rams of glacier.

The Gospel in the North.

But already the hints of the Arctic hear the songs of divine worship. Already the snows fall on open New Testaments. Already the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness begins to be felt through the bodies and minds and souls of the hyperboreans. Down from Nova Zembla, down from Spitzbergen seas, down from the land of the midnight sun, down from the palaces of crystal, down over realms of ice and over dominions of snow and through hurricanes of sleet Christ's disciples are coming from the north. The inhabitants of Hudson Bay are gathering to the cross, worship. The Church Missionary Society in those polar climes has been grandly successful in establishing twenty-four gospel stations, and over 12,000 natives have believed and have been baptized. The Moravians have kindled the light of the gospel all up and down Labrador. The Danish mission has gathered disciples from among the shivering inhabitants of Greenland. William Duncan preaches the gospel up in the chilly latitudes of Columbia, delivering one sermon nine times in the same day to as many different tribes, who listen and then go forth to build schoolhouses and churches.

Alaska, called at its annexation William H. Seward's folly, turned out to be William H. Seward's triumph, and it is hearing the voice of God through the American missionaries—men and women as defiant of arctic hardships as the old Scottish chief who, when camping out in a winter's night, knocked from under his son's head a pillow of snow, saying that such indulgence in luxury would weaken and disgrace the clan. The Jeannette went down in latitude 77, while De Long and his freezing and dying men stood watching it from the crumbling and crackling polar pack, but the old ship of the gospel sails as unshut in latitude 77 as in our 40 degrees, and the one-starred flag floats above the topgallants in Baffin Bay and Hudson's Strait and Melville Sound. The heroism of polar expedition, which made the names of Sebastian Cabot and Scoresby and Schwatka and Henry Hudson immortal, is to be eclipsed by the prowess of the men and women who amid the frosts of high latitudes are this moment taking the upper shores of Europe, Asia and America for God. Scientists have never been able to agree as to what is the aurora borealis, or northern lights. I can tell them. It is the banner of victory for Christ spread out in the northern night heavens. Partially fulfilled already the prophecy of my text, to be completely fulfilled in the near future, "They shall come from the north."

Christ in the South.

But my text takes in the opposite point of the compass. The far south has, through high temperature, temptations to lethargy and indolence and hot blood which tend toward multiform evil. We have through my text got the north in, notwithstanding its frosts, and the same text brings in the south, notwithstanding its torridity. The fields of cactus, the orange groves and the thickets of magnolia are to be surrendered to the Lord Almighty. The south! That means Mexico and all the regions that William H. Prescott and Lord Kingsborough made familiar in literature—Mexico in strange

dialect of the Aztecs; Mexico conquered by Hernan Cortez to be more gloriously conquered; Mexico, with its capital more than 7,000 feet above the sea level, looking down upon the entrancement of lake and valley and plain; Mexico, the home of nations yet to be born—all for Christ. The south! That means Africa, which David Livingstone consecrated to God when he died on his knees in his tent of exploration. Already about 750,000 converts to Christianity in Africa. The south! That means all the islands strewn by omnipotent hand through tropical seas—Malayan Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia, and other islands more numerous than you can imagine unless you have voyaged around the world. The south! That means Java for God, Sumatra for God, Borneo for God, Siam for God.

A ship was wrecked near one of these islands, and two lifeboats put out for shore, but those who arrived in the first boat were clubbed to death by the cannibals, and the other boat put back and was somehow saved. Years passed on, and one of that very crew was wrecked again, with others on the same rocks. Crawling up the shore, they proposed to hide from the cannibals in one of the caverns; but, mounting the rocks, they saw a church and cried out: "We are saved. A church! A church!" The south! That means Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador and Bolivia. The south! That means the torrid zone, with all its bloom and all its fruitage and all its exuberance, the redolence of limblitiate gardens, the music of boundless groves, the land, the seas that night by night look up to the southern cross, which in stars transfigures the midnight heaven as you look up at it all the way from the Sandwich Islands to Australia. "They shall come from the south."

Religion in the East.

But I must not forget that my text takes in another cardinal point of the compass. It takes in the east. I have to report that in a journey around the world there is nothing so much impresses one as the fact that the missionaries, divinely blessed, are taking the world for God. The horrible war between Japan and China will leave the last wall of opposition flat in the dust. War is barbarism always and everywhere. We hold our hands in amazement at the massacre at Port Arthur as though Christian nations could never go into such diabolism. We forget Fort Pillow. We forget the fact that during the war both north and south rejoiced when there were 10,000 more wounded and slain on the opposite side. War, whether in China or the United States, is hell let loose. But one good result will come from the Japanese-Chinese conflict—those regions will be more open to civilization and Christianity than ever before. When Missionary Carey put before an assembly of ministers at Northampton, England, his project for the evangelization of India, they laughed him out of the house. From Calcutta now on the east of India to Bombay on the west there is not a neighborhood but directly or indirectly feels the gospel power. The Juggernaut, which did its awful work for centuries, a few weeks ago was brought out from the place where it has for years been kept under shed as a curiosity, and there was no one reverentially to greet it. About 3,000,000 of Christian souls in India are the advance guard that will lead on the 250,000,000. The Christians of Amoy and Peking and Canton are the advance guard that will lead the 440,000,000 of China. "They shall come from the east." The last mosque of Mohammedanism will be turned into a Christian church. The last Buddhist temple will become a fortress of light. The last idol of Hindooism will be pitched into the fire.

The Christ who came from the east will yet bring all the east with him. Of course there are high obstacles to overcome, and great ordeals must be passed through before the consummation, as witnessed the Armenians under the butchery of the Turks. May that throne on the banks of the Bosphorus soon crumble! The time has already come when the United States government and Great Britain and Germany ought to intrude upon the affairs of all civilized nations. While it is not requisite that arms be sent there to avenge the wholesale massacre of Armenians, it is requisite that by cable under the seas and by protest that shall thrill the wires from Washington and London and Berlin to Constantinople the nations anathematize the diabolism for which the sultan of Turkey is responsible. Mohammedanism is a curse, whether in Turkey or in New York. "They shall come from the east. And they will come at the call of the loveliest and grandest and best men and women of all time. I mean the missionaries. Dissolute Americans and Englishmen who have gone to Calcutta and Bombay and Canton to make their fortunes defame the missionaries because the holy lives and pure households of those missionaries are a constant rebuke to the American and English libertines stopping there, but the men and women of God there stationed go on gloriously with their work—people just as good and self-denying as was Missionary Moffat, who, when asked to write in an album, wrote those words:

"My album is in savage breasts,
Where passion reigns and darkness rests
Without one ray of light.
To write the name of Jesus there,
To point to worlds both bright and fair,
And see the pagan bow in prayer,
Is all my soul's delight."

In all those regions are men and women with the consecration of Melville B. Cox, who, embarking for the missionary work in Africa, said to a fellow student, "If I die in Africa, come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write for your epitaph?" said the student. "Write," said he, "those words: 'Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up.'"

Christianity in the West.

There is another point of the compass that my text includes. "They shall come from the west." That means America redeemed. Everything between Atlantic and Pacific oceans to be brought within the circle of holiness and rapture. Will it be done by worldly reform or evangelism? Will it be law or gospel? I am glad that a wave of reform has swept across this land, and all cities are feeling the advantage of the mighty movement.

Let the good work go on until the last municipal evil is extirpated.

About fifteen years ago the distinguished editor of a New York daily newspaper said to me in his editorial room: "You ministers talk about evils of which you know nothing. Why don't you go with the officers of the law and explore for yourself, so that when you preach against sin you can speak from what you have seen with your own eyes?" I said, "I will." And in company with a commissioner of police and a captain of police and two elders of my church I explored the dens and hiding places of all styles of crime in New York and preached a series of sermons warning young men and setting forth the work that must be done lest the judgments of God whom this city with more awful submergence than the volcanic deluge that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii.

I received, as nearly as I can remember, several hundred columns of newspaper abuse for undertaking that exploration. Editorials of denunciation, double-headed and with captions in great primer type, entitled "The Fall of Talmage," or "Talmage Makes the Mistake of His Life," or "Down with Talmage," but I still live and am in full sympathy with all movements for municipal reform.

But a movement which ends with crime exposed and law executed stops half way. Nay, it stops long before it gets half way. The law never yet saved anybody, never yet changed anybody. Break up all the houses of iniquity in this city, and you only send the occupants to other cities. Break down all the policemen in New York, and while it changes their worldly fortunes it does not change their heart or life. The greatest want in New York to-day is the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to change the heart and the life and uplift the tone of moral sentiment and make men do right, not because they are afraid of Ludlow Street Jail or Sing Sing, but because they love God and hate unrighteousness. Politics in all our cities has become so corrupt that the only difference between the Republican and Democratic parties is that each is worse than the other. But what nothing else in the universe can do the gospel can and will accomplish. "They shall come from the west," and for that purpose the evangelistic batteries are planted all along the Pacific coast, as they are planted all along the Atlantic coast. All the prairies, all the mountains, all the valleys, all the cities are under more or less gospel influence, and when we get enough faith and consecration for the work this whole American continent will cry out for God. "They shall come from the west."

But what will they do after they come? Here is something gloriously consolatory that you have never noticed. "They shall come from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, and shall sit down." Oh, this is a tired world! The most of people are kept on the run all their lifetime. Business keeps them on the run. Trouble keeps them on the run. Rivalries of life keep them on the run. They are running from the disaster. They are running for reward. And those who run the fastest and run the longest seem best to succeed. But my text suggests a restful posture for all God's children, for all those who for a lifetime have been on the run. "They shall sit down." Why run any longer? When a man gets heaven, what more can he get? "They shall sit down." Not alone, but in picked companionship of the universe; not embarrassed, though a seraph should sit down on one side of you and an archangel on the other.

Sitting Down to Rest.

There is that mother who through all the years of infancy and childhood was kept running amidst trundle beds, now to shake up the pillow for that flaxen head, and now to give a drink to those parched lips, and now to hush the frightened dream of a little one, and when there was one less of the children because the great lover of children had lifted one out of the group into the easy breathing of celestial atmosphere the mother putting all the more anxious care on those who were left. So weary of arm and foot, am so tired! I am so tired! Her work done, she shall sit down." And that business man for 30, 40, 50 years, has kept on the run, not urged by selfishness, but for the purpose of achieving a livelihood for the household; on the run from store to store, or from factory to factory, meeting this loss and discovering that inaccuracy and suffering betrayal or disappointment, nevermore to be cheated or perplexed or exasperated—he shall sit down. Not in a great armchair of heaven, for the rockers of such a chair would imply one's need of soothing, of changing to easy posture or semi-individualism, but a throne, solid as eternity and radiant as the morning after a night of storm. "They shall sit down."

I notice that the most of the styles of toll require an erect attitude. There are the thousands of girls behind counters, many such persons though the inhumanity of employers compelled to stand, even when because of a lack of customers there is no need that they stand. Then there are all the carpenters, and the stonemasons, and the blacksmiths, and the farmers, and the engineers, and the ticket agents, and the conductors. In most trades, in most occupations they must stand. But ahead of all those who love and serve the Lord is a resting place, a complete relaxation of fatigued muscle, something cushioned and upholstered and embroidered with the very ease of heaven.

"They shall sit down." Rest from toil. Rest from pain. Rest from persecution. Rest from uncertainty. Beautiful, joyous, transporting, everlasting rest! Oh, men and women of the frozen north, and the blooming south, and from the realms of the rising or setting sun, though Christ get your sins forgiven and start for the place where you may at last sit down in blissful recovery from the fatigues of earth while there roll over you the captures of heaven.

Untrained monkeys brought \$10 each in Venice in the sixteenth century; if trained, they were much more expensive, the price depending on the amount of the training.