ZENAS THE LAWYER.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PAYS A HIGH TRIBUTE TO THE BAR.

He Treats the Profession of Law from a Moral and Religious Standpoint—Duties of the Christian Lawyer—Many Temptations.

Our Washington Pulpit.

Dr. Talmage's sermon Sunday has a special interest for lawyers, and all who expect to be lawyers, and all who are the friends of lawyers. His text is Titus iii., 13, "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

The profession of the law is here introduced, and within two days in the Capital City 306 young men joined it, and at this season in various parts of the land other hundreds are taking their diplomas for that illustrious profession, and is it not appropriate that I address such young men from a moral and religious standpoint, as upon them are now rolling the responsibilities of that calling represented in the text by Zenas the lawyer?

We all admire the heroic and rigorous side of Paul's nature, as when he stands coolly deliberate on the deck of the corn-ship while the jack tars of the Mediterranean are cowering in the cyclone; as when he stands undaunted amid the marbles of the palace before thick necked Nero, surrounded with his twelve cruel lictors; as when we find him earning his livelihood with his own needle, sewing haircloth and preaching the gospel in the interstices; as when we find him able to take the thirty-nine lashes, every stroke of which fetched the blood, yet continuing in his missionary work; as when we find him, regardless of the consequences to himself, delivering a temperance lecture to Felix, the government inebriate. But sometimes we catch a glimpse of the mild and genial side of Paul's nature. It seems that he had a friend who was a barrister by profession. His name was Zenas, and he wanted to see him. Perhaps he had formed the acquaintance of this lawyer in the court room. Perhaps sometimes when he wanted to ask some question in regard to Roman law he went to this Zenas the lawyer. At any rate he had a warm attachment for the man, and he provides for his comfortable escort and entertainment as he writes to Titus, "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

This man of my text belonged to a profession in which are many ardent supporters of Christ and the gospel, among them Blackstone, the great commentator on English law, and Wilberforce, the emancipator, and the late Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney General of New York, and the late Charles Chauncey, the leader of the Philadelphia bar, and Chief Justices Marshall and Tenterden and Campbell and Sir Thomas More, who died for the truth on the scaffold, saying to his aghast executioner: "Pluck up courage, man, and do your duty. My neck is very short. Be careful, therefore, and do not strike awry."

A Mighty Plea.

Among the mightiest pleas that ever have been made by tongue of barrister have been pleas in behalf of the Bible and Christianity, as when Daniel Webster stood in the Supreme Court at Washington pleading in the famous Girard will case, denouncing any attempt to educate the people without giving them at the same time moral sentiment as "low, ribald and vulgar deism and infidelity"; as when Samuel L. Southard of New Jersey, the leader of the forum in his day, stood on the platform at Princeton College commencement advocating the literary excellency of the Scriptures; as when Edmund Burke, in the famous trial of Warren Hastings, not only in behalf of the English Government, but in behalf of elevated morals, closed his speech in the midst of the most august assemblage ever gathered in Westminster Hall by saying: "I impeach Warren Hastings in the name of the House of Commons, whose national character he has dishonored; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights and liberties he has subverted; I impeach him in the name of human nature, which he has disgraced. In the name of both sexes, and of every rank, and of every station, and of every situation in the world, I impeach Warren Hastings."

Yet, notwithstanding all the pleas which that profession has made in behalf of God, and the church, and the gospel, and the rights of man, there has come down through the generations among many people an absurd and wicked prejudice against it. So long ago as in the time of Oliver Cromwell it was decided that lawyers might not enter the parliament house as members, and they were called "sons of Zeruiah." The learned Dr. Johnson wrote an epitaph for one of them in these words:

God works wonders now and then.
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man!

Two hundred years ago a treatise was issued with the title, "Doomsday Approaching with Thunder and Lightning for Lawyers." A prominent clergyman of the last century wrote in regard to that profession these words: "There is a society of men among us bred up from their youth in the art of proving, according as they are paid, by words multiplied for the purpose that white is black and black is white. For example, if my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must hire another lawyer to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that a man should speak for himself. In pleading they do not dwell upon the merits of the cause, but upon circumstances foreign thereto. For instance, they do not take the shortest method to know what title my adversary has to my cow, but whether the cow be red or black, her horns long or short, or the like. After that they adjourn the cause from time to time and in twenty years they come to an issue. This society likewise has a peculiar cant or jargon of their own, in which all their laws are written, and these they take especial care to multiply, whereby they have so confounded truth and falsehood that it will take twelve years to decide whether the field left to me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me or to one 300 miles off."

I say these things to show you that there has been a prejudice going on down against that profession from generation to generation. I account for it on the ground that they compel men to pay debts that they do not want to pay, and that they arraign criminals who want to escape the consequences of their crime, and as long as that is so, and it always will be so, just as long there will be classes of men who will object at any rate to despise [illegible] protection. I know not how it [illegible] but I have had long [illegible] acquaintance with men of that [illegible] found them in all my [illegible] of their offices for three years, where there came real estate lawyers, insurance lawyers, criminal lawyers, marine lawyers—and I have yet to find a class of men more genial or more straightforward. There are in that occupation, as in all our occupations, men utterly obnoxious to God and man. But if I were on trial for my integrity or my life, and I wanted even handed justice administered to me, I would rather have my case submitted to a jury of twelve lawyers than to a jury of twelve clergymen. The legal profession, I believe, has less violence of prejudice than is to be found in the sacred calling.

Temptations.

There is, however, no man who has more temptations or graver responsibilities than the barrister, and he who attempts to discharge the duties of his position with only earthly resources is making a very great mistake. Witness the scores of men who have in that profession made eternal shipwreck. Witness the men who, with the law of the land under their arm, have violated every statute of the eternal God. Witness the men who have argued placidly before earthly tribunals, who shall shiver in dismay before the Judge of quick and dead. Witness Lord Thurlow, announcing his loyalty to earthly government in the sentence, "If I forget my earthly sovereign, may God forget me," and yet stooping to unaccountable meanness. Witness Lord Coke, the learned and the reckless. Witness Sir George McKenzie, the execrated of all Scotch Covenanters, so that until this day, in Gray Friars' churchyard, Edinburgh, the children whistle through the bars of the tomb, crying:

Bloody Mackengie, come if you daur,
Lift the sneck and draw the bar.

No other profession more needs the grace of God to deliver them in their temptations, to comfort them in their trials, to sustain them in the discharge of their duty. While I would have you bring the merchant to Christ, and while I would have you bring the farmer to Christ, and while I would have you bring the mechanic to Christ, I address you now in the words of Paul to Titus, "Bring Zenas the lawyer." By so much as his duties are delicate and great, by so much does he need Christian stimulus and safeguard. We all become clients. I do not suppose there is a man 50 years of age who has been in active life who has not been afflicted with a lawsuit. Your name is assaulted, and you must have legal protection. Your boundary line is invaded, and the courts must re-establish it. Your patent is infringed upon, and you must make the offending manufacturer pay the penalty. Your treasures are taken, and the thief must be apprehended. You want to make your will, and you do not want to follow the example of those who, for the sake of saving $100 from an attorney, imperil $250,000, and keep the generation following for twenty years quarreling about the estate, until it is all exhausted. You are struck at by an assassin, and you must invoke for him the penitentiary. All classes of persons in course of time become clients, and therefore they are all interested in the morality and the Christian integrity of the legal profession. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

Treatment of Clients.

But how is an attorney to decide as to what are the principles by which he should conduct himself in regard to his clients? On one extreme Lord Brougham will appear, saying: "The innocence or guilt of your client is nothing to you. You are to save your client regardless of the torment, the suffering, the destruction of all others. You are to know but one man in the world—your client. You are to save him though you should bring your country into confusion. At all hazards you must save your client." So says Lord Brougham. But no right minded lawyer could adopt that sentiment. On the other extreme Cicero will come to you and say, "You must never plead the cause of a bad man," forgetful of the fact that the greatest villain on earth ought to have a fair trial and that an attorney cannot be judge and advocate at the same time. It was grand when Lord Erskine sacrificed his attorney generalship for the sake of defending Thomas Paine in his publication of his book called "The Rights of Man," while at the same time he, the advocate, abhorred Thomas Paine's irreligious sentiments. Between these two opposite theories of what is right, what shall the attorney do? God alone can direct him. To that chancery he must be appellant, and he will get an answer in an hour. Blessed is that attorney between whose office and the throne of God there is perpetual, reverential and prayerful communication. That attorney will never make an irreparable mistake.

What a scene is the office of a busy attorney! In addition to the men who come to you from right motives, bad men will come to you. They will offer you a large fee for counsel in the wrong direction. They want to know from you how they can escape from solemn marital obligation. They come to you wanting to know how they can fail advantageously for themselves. They come to you wanting to know how they can make the insurance company pay for a destroyed house which they burned down with their own hands, or they come to you on the simple errand of wanting to escape payment of their honest debts.

Now, it is no easy thing to advise settlement, when by urging litigation you could strike a mine of remuneration. It is not a very easy thing to dampen the ardor of an inflamed contestant, when you know through a prolonged lawsuit you could get from him whatever you asked. It is no easy thing to attempt to discourage the suit for the breaking of a will in the surrogate's court because you know the testator was of sound mind and body when he signed the document. It requires no small heroism to do as I once heard an attorney do in an office in a Western city. I overheard the conversation when he said, "John, you can go on with this lawsuit, and I will see you through as well as I can, but I want to tell you before you start that a lawsuit is equal to a fire."

Sabbath Breaking.

Another mighty temptation for the legal profession is Sabbath breaking. The trial has been going on for ten or fifteen days. The evidence is all in. It is Saturday night. The judge's gavel falls on the desk, and he says, "Crier, adjourn the court until 10 o'clock Monday morning." On Monday morning the counselor is to sum up the case. Thousands of dollars, yea, the reputation and life of his client may depend upon the success of his plea. How will he spend the intervening Sunday? There is not one lawyer out of a hundred that can withstand the temptation to break the Lord's day under such circumstances, and yet if he does he hurts his own soul. What, my brother, you cannot do before 12 o'clock Saturday night or after 12 o'clock Sunday night God does not want you to do at all. Besides that, you want the twenty-four hours of Sabbath rest to give you that electrical and magnetic force which will be worth more to you before the jury than all the elaboration of your case on the sacred day. My intimate and lamented friend, the late Judge Neilson, in his interesting reminiscences of Rufus Choate, says that during the last case that gentleman tried in New York the court adjourned from Friday until Monday on account of the illness of Mr. Choate. But the chronicler says that on the intervening Sabbath he saw Mr. Choate in the old brick church listening to the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Springer. I do not know whether on the following day Rufus Choate won his cause or lost it, but I do know that his Sabbatic rest did not do him any harm. Every lawyer is entitled to one day's rest out of seven. If he surrenders that, he robs three—God, his own soul and his client. Lord Castlereagh and Sir Thomas Romilly were the leaders of the bar in their day. They both died suicides. Wilberforce accounts for their aberration of intellect on the ground that they were unintermittent in their work and they never rested on Sunday. "Poor fellow!" said Wilberforce in regard to Castlereagh; "poor fellow, it was non-observance of the Sabbath." Chief Justice Hale says, "When I do not properly keep the Lord's day, all the rest of the week is unhappy and unsuccessful in my worldly employment."

I quote to-day from the highest statute book in the universe, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." The legal gentleman who breaks that statute may seem for awhile to be advantaged, but in the long run the men who observe this law of God will have larger retainers, vaster influence, greater professional success than those men who break the statute. Observance of the law of God pays not only spiritually and eternally, but it pays in hard dollars or bank bills.

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to artificial stimulus. No one except those who have addressed audiences knows about the nervous exhaustion that sometimes comes afterward. The temptation to strong drink approaches the legal profession at that very point. Then, a trial is coming on. Through the ill ventilated court room the barrister's health has been depressed for days and for weeks. He wants to rally his energy. He is tempted to resort to artificial stimulus. It is either to get himself up or let himself down that this temptation comes upon him. The flower of the American bar, ruined in reputation and ruined in estate, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying on a borrowed bed, covered with a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, that I may not be crowded. I always have been crowded."

The Great Future.

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to allow the absorbing duties of the profession to shut out thoughts of the great future. You know very well that you who have so often tried others will after awhile be put on trial yourselves. Death will serve on you a writ of ejectment, and you will be put off these earthly premises. On that day all the affairs of your life will be presented in a "bill of particulars." No certiorari from a higher court, for this is the highest court. The day when Lord Exeter was tried for high treason; the day when the house of commons moved for the impeachment of Lord Lovat; the days when Charles I. and Queen Caroline were put upon trial; the day when Robert Emmet was arraigned as an insurgent; the day when Blennerhasset was brought into the court room because he had tried to overthrow the United States Government, and all the other great trials of the world are nothing compared with the great trial in which you and I shall appear, summoned before the Judge of quick and dead.

There will be no pleading there "the statute of limitations," no "turning state's evidence," trying to get off ourselves while others suffer, no "moving for a non-suit." The case will come on inexorably, and we shall be tried. You, my brother, who have so often been advocate for others, will then need an advocate for yourself. Have you selected him, the Lord Chancellor of the Universe? If any man sin, we have an advocate—Jesus Christ the righteous. It is uncertain when your case will be called on. "Be ye also ready."

Short Sermons.

Politics.—Politics as a science is grand, as an art it is damnable, and we have had too much of the latter sort and too little of the former. Of these great dangers there are but few words to be said, that there shall be loyalty to the country, and obedience to God, for this is a religious country, founded on religion, and we want to write upon our banners, "In God We Trust."—Rev. F. A. Horton, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

Training Children.—The hope of our country, socially, politically, morally and religiously, lies in the training of the children. It is an important step toward the eradication of a number of evils which have grown to such magnitude as to threaten the downfall of our republic. The adequate training of the children will not only cure these evils but will bring priceless blessings to the country, such as we do not now enjoy.—Rev. C. D. Harris, Lutheran, Baltimore, Md.

Pentecost.—We certainly need another Pentecost, and the need is always a prophecy of the coming of that which would meet the longing. The church needs it. We behold people to-day utterly forgetting the place of the Holy Ghost in the Government of the church, substituting man-made power and methods for his power and direction, stooping to all sorts of methods for the purpose of raising funds to carry on the work of the Gospel and the advancement of the kingdom, almost completely blotting out the line of demarkation between the church and the world.—Rev. Dr. Shapman, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

Charity.—I find that the most charitable men in their judgment of men are physicians and lawyers. The more practice they have, the more excuses and justification they have for irregularities in human conduct. The most severe, the most implacable judge is the man who has never thought, never read, never traveled, never felt, never sinned. He is the man who never has a doubt. He has not working brains enough to arrive at a doubt. Doubts are in his way, but he has not journeyed far enough to come up with them.—Rev. M. W. Reed, Independent, Denver, Colo.

PLEASANT WORLD OF BOOKS

There are who find their happiness in strolling near and far,
As if perchance their birth had been beneath some errant star,
The trackless desert beckons them, they scale the mountain peak,
And ever just beyond them see, some gladness coy to seek;
For me, I sit beside my fire, and with benignant looks
From dear familiar shelves they smile, my pleasant friends, the books.

A world of sweetest company, these well-beloved ones wait
For any mood, for any hour; they keep a courteous state,
Serene and unperturbed amid the ruffles of my day,
They are the bread my spirit craves, they bless my toiling way.

A pleasant world is theirs, wherein, through battles wax and wane,
There rolls the sound of triumph, and there dwells surcease of pain,
On pages sparkling as the dawn forever breathes and glows
Through aged red with patriot blood, white freedom's stainless rose.

In this fair world of calmest skies, I meet the martyr's palm,
There float to it dear melodies from coasts of heavenly balm;
All comfort here, all strength, all faith, all bloom of wisdom lives,
And be the day's need what it may, some boon this wide world gives.

The freedom of the city where one walks in crowds, alone,
The silence of the upland, where one climbs anear the throne,
The blitheness of the morning, and the solemn hush of night,
Are in this pleasant world of books, for one who reads aright.

Here, pure and sharp the pictured spire its cleaving point uplifts,
There, swept by stormy winds of fate, time's sands are tossed in drifts.
And I who sit beside the fire am heir of time and sense,
My book to me, the angel of God's sleepless providence.

Who will, may choose to wander far over sea and land,
For me the table and the lamp extend a friendlier hand;
And I am blessed beyond compare while with benignant looks
From home's familiar shelves they smile, my pleasant world of books.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.

A MODERN DEBORAH.

At the eastern extremity of the long, straggling street of Nagy-Nemethy, are the crumbling ruins of a deserted house.

More than forty years ago, when the Hungarian people awoke and began to rattle their chains, there lived in this house a young Jewish couple, Adolf Sonnenfeld and his wife Eglantine. Although scarcely fifteen years of age when her husband took her from her parents' watchful care, she was no half-opened bud, but a glorious woman, a blooming rose of Sharon. Sonnenfeld, like many a young German townsman, was a slender, fair-haired young fellow. His wife, Egla, was a lovely Jewess of the purest type. Suppressed fervor lurked behind the cold gaze of her dark, scornful eyes, and the mobile mouth could soften sweetly to the warming kiss or harden with deliberation for command. Her husband was merely a practical man of business, of a sly and cunning disposition, called good-humored by his friends because he was too cautious to risk doing an injury.

In spite of the differences in their characters, Egla seemed to love her husband even more than her fatherland, and that speaks volumes, for she was an ardent Hungarian. She had borne her husband two children, and through her teaching they were growing up with a fervent love of home and fatherland.

The storms of February swept over Paris, and the feverish March days in Vienna were followed by the Hungarian rising, while her character was developing from day to day in strength and energy. But when, in October, the revolution brought the Hungarian army before Vienna, her zeal for the national cause at length took tangible form.

One morning at breakfast, having scanned the newspaper, she commenced: "Adolf, every one is taking up arms for the fatherland, old men, boys, and even women. Why do you hold back?"

"Are you mad?" cried Sonnenfeld, half-irritated, half-frightened; "what is Hungarian liberty to me? I am a Jew. Even if I wanted to go to the war they would only laugh at me. I don't know how to hold a gun."

"You can learn——"

"I sha'n't think of it!" cried Sonnenfeld, cutting her short; "we have soldiers enough—I am no hero!"

The truth came home to Egla that her husband was no hero, very shortly. Hussars came into the village, and then all who had hitherto held back came forward and joined the colors. Sonnenfeld alone was not to be seen; he seemed to have disappeared, and only came in sight again after the last horseman had quitted Nagy-Nemethy. Egla found out afterwards that he had hidden in a recess in the cellar, and been supplied with food and drink by the cook. Her first impulse was to take away her children, and leave the husband whom she despised for his cowardice. Sonnenfeld fell on his knees and begged her to stay; he raised his hands to heaven and implored her with tears in his eyes not to leave him, and when at last the children interceded, she remained.

From that day she treated him with silent disdain. That proved more galling that open hostility or reproaches. Hitherto he had taken no interest whatever in the struggles of the fatherland, but now he began to interest himself more and more. But his sympathies were all with the anti-Magyar party. He hated the agitators who had robbed him of his wife's love, and the patriots whose heroic courage branded him as a coward. He could barely hide his joy when Windischgratz, with the imperial troops, crossed the frontier and pushed on to Buda-Pest, but Egla grew ever paler, ever quieter. When the Hungarian capital fell and the national troops fell back on Debrlezen, Sonnenfeld felt sure that all was over. He went about radiant and joyful, as if he had won the victory or inherited a million.

It was not long before the First Imperialist Light Cavalry showed themselves in Nagy-Nemethy. A whole brigade followed and pitched camp in the neighborhood. Some of the soldiers were billeted in the village, and the general himself took up his quarters in Sonnenfeld's house. The husband surpassed himself in hospitality, loyalty and attention, to the wants of his guest. Egla, who held herself aloof, timid but inimical, one day saw the general kick her husband out of the door. She felt as if her heart was crushed, then the blood rushed to her face, but she endured in silence.

A few days later, hussars appeared in the neighborhood, and the Imperialist outposts exchanged shots with them. During the night the brigade became alarmed, for the Hungarians approached on all sides and threatened to overwhelm them. Every one was afoot, the inhabitants stood in the street doors whispering, while cannon and heavily armed cavalry rattled by. Egla, who had dressed herself rapidly, found that her husband had left the house. She glided out after him, only to find him by the garden hedge deep in conversation with the general. Sonnenfeld bowed obsequiously as he spoke, and the general laughed amicably. The laugh seemed to Egla even more insulting than the kick he had given her husband a few days back. She only caught detached words and isolated phrases of the conversation; but she gathered that while her husband wa sassuring him of his devotion, the general was complaining that he could gain no information even from the poorest peasant. At sunrise an adjutant arrived bearing a sealed letter for the general, on reading which he gave the order for the Imperialist troops to withdraw to the south.

The changeful scenes of the Hungarian winter campaign followed in quick rotation, each day bringing contradictory reports. Egla was consumed with anxiety and excitement, and she passed sleepless nights of watching, only to sink wearied and exhausted on her couch as daylight approached, and when the bright sunlight streamed in upon her, she would awake with a start as if aroused by some horrid dream.

Business was at a standstill, Sonnenfeld alone showing a restless activity. He contracted for provisions of all kinds for the supply of the Imperialist troops, and after visits from suspicious-looking characters, would absent himself from home for days together. Egla watched him with anxious heart an dincreasing uneasiness.

One beautiful, sunshiny winter's day, hussars, with loaded carbines, rode into the village. The villagers received them with loud hurrahs and cries of welcome, and the joy was increased when a Honved battalion followed them on foot. The Hungarians halted, picketed their outposts, sent out patrols to all points of the compass, and their duty over, began to think of the commissariat. The inhabitants of Nagy-Nemethy brought out the best they had to compensate the brave fellows, if ever so little, for the hardships of their campaign. Egla did not like to follow the example of the others without first obtaining her husband's consent. She went in search of him, but was unable to find him, either at home or anywhere in the village. Evil forebodings took possession of her mind.

Night closed in. Every one slept in Nagy-Nemethy—every one but Egla. She sat on the bed waiting and listening. She felt that she must wait and listen for—something! Something so terrible it hardly took form in her mind, yet it was something that had been hanging over her for a long time. She sat and waited—one hour—two hours—till she grew drowsy from sheer exhaustion. Suddenly she was startled. Was it the sound of shots?—what was that confused noise? The trumpets brayed, words of command were heard, and the firing increased. She ran to the window, and as she threw it open a bullet whistled past and impinged upon the wall behind her. She drew back quickly and extinguished the light. There was fighting in the streets of Nagy-Nemethy.

The Imperialists had advanced upon the Honved battalion under cover of the night, and the Hungarians had been overpowered. A few of them managed to escape with the colors, but the rest were taken prisoners or died the patriot's death.

Egla sat in her room like one in a trance; her thoughts stood still. The time passed away, but she was heedless of it till suddenly she started at the sound of voices in the next room. Her husband had returned, and with him—— How well she knew those clear, commanding tones as she listened to the words of praise and the promise of a great reward—to her husband.

The Imperialists did not remain long, and her husband went away in their train. Egla obtained a conveyance, and, wrapping her children up warmly, drove away with them to her father's house. Having placed them in safety, she returned home on the third day and awaited her husband's return.

On the fourth evening after her return she heard her husband enter the house softly, like a thief, and like a thief he started when his wife, candle in hand, stepped out of her room before him. Placing the light upon the table, she seated herself, and coldly and sternly, like a judge, she commenced her examination.

"Where were you?"

"I have done a good bit of business."

"I know it."

"I have delivered a contract for bread and bacon to——"

"You have delivered up your brethren? You spy!" shrieked the Jewess, flaming with indignation.

"What do you mean?" Sonnenfeld was pale as a ghost.

"I overheard your conversation with the general."

"Anything further?" and the husband tried to laugh.

The beautiful Jewess stood up and gazed steadily into his face. "This further. You are a traitor and deserve to die, but I have loved you and would not have the name that I have borne, and the name of my children, dishonored before the world. You shall not, therefore, swing from the gallows as you deserve, for I will let you kill yourself here upon the spot."

"I believe you have lost your reason," cried her husband.

For answer she glided quietly into her room and fetched a loaded pistol. "You must die," cried Egla, "and if you have sunk so low that you do not understand how great is the enormity of the crime you have committed, or if your cowardice be so great you dare not kill yourself, then will I be your executioner in the name of the fatherland."

She placed the muzzle of the pistol against his breast, when the wretch fell upon his knees, begging and entreating her to spare his life.

The tragic figure stood superbly above him, gazed at him for a moment with unutterable contempt, and then uncocked the pistol.

"No, truly, you are not worth powder and shot."

She turned from him and went into her own room, when he feverishly sprang to the door and fastened it behind her.

Egla listened, and when she felt certain her husband had gone to bed, she wrapped herself in a fur cloak and stepped out through the long window into the night.

As day broke the tread of horses sounded in front of Sonnenfeld's house, and a few blows from the butt end of a musket soon broke open the door. Hussars, with his wife at their head, burst into the room where he was sleeping.

"There is the spy," cried she, coldly; "he is my husband, but I would see him hanged."

Sonnenfeld, whining vainly, pleaded for pardon, as the hussars bound his hands behind him and dragged him forth. His wife looked on in silence. When the rope was placed round his neck, and the end slung over the lime-tree, she swung herself into the saddle of a horse that the hussars had prepared for her and galloped away, followed, in a few minutes, by the soldiers.

At the taking of Waitzen a beautiful woman rode in front of the Honved battalion—it was the Jewess of Nagy-Nemethy. Once again was she seen in the forefront of the fight when the Poles of Mazuchelli's regiment stormed the green hill of Komorn at the point of the bayonet, and there she fell riddled with bullets, but wrapped in the standard of her country and staining its colors with her blood.—Translated from the German of Sacher-Masoch by Henry B. Collins, for the San Francisco Argonaut.

The Logic of Good Manners.

To say "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," is now considered bad form in what is known as the upper class of society. It was good form once; it went out of vogue among "gentle people" in England because servants and tradesmen did it a great deal, and it came to sound like the talk of servants and tradesmen. The example set by social England was soon followed in America; nevertheless, according to the Listener, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," may be said to belong to the logic of good manners. The French have not discarded the words "monsieur" and "madame" in similar situations because servants use them, and our abrupt "yes" and "no" seem to them unmannerly and surly. Certainly "yes" and "no" from children have an unmannerly sound, and the substitute system of "Yes, Mr. Blank," and "No, Aunt Mary," is complicated and subject to a great many difficulties—such, for instance, as those which occur when the child is not sure of the name of the person he is addressing. No doubt there is such a thing as being too slavish in our following of English manners, and this may be one of the matters in which it might have been well to declare our independence. The practice of using "sir" and "ma'am" in the way designated still survives among people of unquestioned breeding in this country. Their adherence to the older form of courtesy can but be respected, and one may say "No, sir," without positively convicting one's self of belonging to the "lower classes."

Making an Artificial Skin.

A process has been patented in Germany for making a substitute for the natural skin for use in wounds. The muscular coating of the intestines of animals is divested of mucous membrane and then treated in a pepsin solution until the muscular fibers are half digested. After a second treatment with tannin and gallic acid a tissue is produced which takes the place of the natural skin, and which, when laid on the wound, is entirely absorbed during the healing process.

Criticism.

"Now, really, what do you think of it?"

"Well, Mr. Daubley, I—— Do you want my honest, candid opinion?"

"I do."

Well, I—I—I don't like to think of it."
—Harper's Bazar.