



CHAPTER XVI.

THE DUCHESS

As Stephen has not put in an appearance at the Court now for fully two days, speculation is rife as to what has become of him.

"He was at the lake yesterday," says Portia. "He came up to us from the southern end of it."

At this both Dulce and Roger start, and the former changes color visibly.

"I really wonder where he can be," says Julia.

"So do I," murmurs Dulce, faintly, but distinctly, feeling she is in duty bound to say something. "Stephen never used to miss a day."

"Here I am, if you want me," says Stephen, coming leisurely up to them from behind the laurels. "I thought I heard somebody mention my name."

He is looking pale and haggard, and altogether unlike the languid, emotional Stephen of a month ago.

There are dark circles under his eyes, and his mouth looks strangely compressed, and full of an unpleasant amount of determination.

"I mentioned it," says Dulce. "She is compelled to say this, because he has fixed his eyes upon her, and plainly everybody expects her to reply to him."

"Did you want me?" asks he, casting a scrutinizing glance upon her. So absorbed is he in his contemplation of her that he has positively forgotten the fact that he has omitted to bid any one a "fair good-morning."

"I was certainly wondering where you were," says Dulce, bravely. She is frightened and subdued—she scarcely knows why. There is something peculiar in his manner that overawes her.

"It is very good of you to remember my existence. Then you were only wondering at my absence? You did not want me?"

"Dulce makes no reply. She would have given anything to be able to make some civil, commonplace rejoinder, but at this moment her wits cruelly desert her."

"I see. Never mind," says Stephen. "Well, even if you don't want me, I do want you—you will come with me as far as the Boreas?"

"His tone is more a command than a question. Hearing it, Roger moves indignantly a step forward, but brings his hand as though to lay it upon her arm when Stephen, by a gesture, checks him."

"Don't be alarmed," he says, with a low, menacing laugh, every vestige of color gone from his face. "I shall do you no harm. I shall not murder her. I give you my word. Be comforted, she will be quite as safe with me as she could ever be with you."

He laughs again, dismisses Roger from his thoughts by an indescribable motion of his hand, and once more concentrates his attention upon the girl near him, who, with lowered eyes and a pale, distressed face, is waiting unwillingly for what he may say next.

Stephen leads her in silence and with a brow dark as Erebus up the gravelled path, and past the chilly fountain, and thus out of sight.

To say Miss Blount is feeling nervous would be saying very little. She is looking crushed in another way by the weight of the thought that she knows is about to fall. Presently it descends, and she goes down, she acknowledges to herself it was only a shock after all, worse in the fancy than in the reality; as are most of our daily fears.

"So you wish our engagement at an end?" says Stephen, quite calmly, in a tone that might almost be termed mechanical.

He waits remorselessly for an answer. "I—you—I didn't tell you so," stammers Dulce.

"No prevarications, please. There has been quite enough deception of late," Dulce looks at him curiously. "Let us adhere to the plain truth now at least. This is how the case stands. You never loved me; and now your cousin has returned, and you do love him, that is all your former love is about to fall. Presently it descends, and she goes down, she acknowledges to herself it was only a shock after all, worse in the fancy than in the reality; as are most of our daily fears."

"You are going abroad?" asks she, very timidly, in her heart hoping that this may be the reading of his last words.

"No, I shall stay here. But the Court I shall trouble with my presence seldom. I do not know," exclaims he, for the first time losing his wonderful self-control and speaking querulously, "what is the matter with me. Energy has deserted me with all the rest. You have broken my heart, I suppose, and that explains everything. There, go," turning abruptly away from her; "your being where I can see you only makes matters worse."

Some impulse prompts Dulce to go up to him and lay her hand gently on his arm.

"Stephen," she says in a low tone, "if I have caused you any unhappiness, forgive me now."

"Forgive you!" exclaims he, so fiercely that she recoils from him in absolute terror.

Lifting her fingers from his arm as though they burned him, he flings them passionately away, and, plunging into the short, thick underwood, is soon lost to sight.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DUCHESS

Just at first it is so delightful to Dulce to have Roger making actual love to her, and so delightful to Roger to be able to make it, that they are content with their present and heedless of their future. Not that everything goes quite smoothly with them, even now. Little skirmishes, as of old, arise between them, threatening to dim the brightness of their days.

They hold to their theory about the certainty of Stephen's returning in due time until they grow tired of it; and as the days creep on and Gower, sitting alone in his own oasis in sudden silence, refuses to see or speak to them, or give any intimation of a desire to soften toward them, they lose heart altogether and give themselves up a prey to despair.

Roger one morning had pitched up courage and had gone over to the Fens, and had forced himself into the presence of his mother, had expostulated with him "indignantly but firmly," as he assured Dulce afterward, when she threw out broad hints to the effect that she believed that he had lost his temper on the occasion.

Certainly, from all accounts, a good deal of temper had been lost, and nothing but some of the interview beyond a

"No, I was not," he says, calmly. He takes great comfort to his soul in the remembrance that he might have heard much more that was not intended for his ears had he stayed in his place of confinement yesterday, which he had not.

"Accident brought me to that part of the lake, and brought, too, your words to my ears. When I heard them I remembered how many trivial things that at the moment of their occurrence had seemed as naught. But now my eyes are opened. I am no longer blind. I have brought you here to tell you I will give you back your promise to marry me, your freedom," with a sudden bitterness, as suddenly suppressed—"on one condition."

"And that?" breathlessly.

"Is that you will never marry Roger without my consent."

The chance of regaining her liberty is so sweet to Dulce at this first moment that it chases from her all other considerations. It will not be hidden. Her eyes gleam; her lips get back their color. There is such an abandonment of joy and exultation in her face that the man at her side—the man who is now resigning all that makes life sweet to him—feels his heart grow mad with bitter hatred of her, himself, and all the world as he watches her with miserable eyes.

And he—poor fool! had once hoped he might win the priceless treasure of this girl's love. No words could convey the contempt and scorn with which he regards himself.

"Do not try to restrain your relief," he says in a hoarse, unnatural tone, seeing she has turned her head a little aside, as though to avoid his searching gaze. "You know the condition I impose—you are prepared to abide by it?"

Dulce hesitates. "Later on he will forget all this and give his consent to my marrying—any one," she thinks, hurriedly, in spite of the other voice within that bids her beware. Then out loud she says: "Yes."

Even if he should prove unrelenting, she tells herself, it will be better to be an old maid than an unloving wife. She will be rid of this hateful entanglement that has been debilitating her life for months, and—and of course he will not keep her to this absurd arrangement after awhile.

"I swear it," says Dulce, answering as one might in a dream. Here is a dream, happy to recklessness, in which she is fast losing herself.

"It is an oath," he says again, as if to give her a last chance to escape.

"It is," replies she, softly, still wrapt in her dream of freedom. She may now love Roger without any shadow coming between them, and—ah! how divine a world it is!—he may perhaps love her, too!

"Remember," says Gower, sternly, letting each word drop from him as if with the settled intention of imprinting or burning them upon her brain. "I shall never relent about this. You have given me your solemn oath, and—I shall keep you to it! I shall never absolve you from it, as I have absolved you from your first promise to-day. Never. Do not hope for that. Should you live to be a hundred years old, you cannot marry your cousin without my consent, and that I shall never give. You quite understand?"

"Quite." But her tone has grown faint and uncertain. What has she done? Something in his words, his manner, has at last awakened her from the happy dream in which she was revolving.

"Now you can return to your old lover," says Stephen, with an indescribably bitter laugh, "and be happy. For your deeper satisfaction, too, let me tell you that for the future you shall see very little of me."

"You are going abroad?" asks she, very timidly, in her heart hoping that this may be the reading of his last words.

"No, I shall stay here. But the Court I shall trouble with my presence seldom. I do not know," exclaims he, for the first time losing his wonderful self-control and speaking querulously, "what is the matter with me. Energy has deserted me with all the rest. You have broken my heart, I suppose, and that explains everything. There, go," turning abruptly away from her; "your being where I can see you only makes matters worse."

Some impulse prompts Dulce to go up to him and lay her hand gently on his arm.

"Stephen," she says in a low tone, "if I have caused you any unhappiness, forgive me now."

"Forgive you!" exclaims he, so fiercely that she recoils from him in absolute terror.

Lifting her fingers from his arm as though they burned him, he flings them passionately away, and, plunging into the short, thick underwood, is soon lost to sight.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DUCHESS

Just at first it is so delightful to Dulce to have Roger making actual love to her, and so delightful to Roger to be able to make it, that they are content with their present and heedless of their future. Not that everything goes quite smoothly with them, even now. Little skirmishes, as of old, arise between them, threatening to dim the brightness of their days.

They hold to their theory about the certainty of Stephen's returning in due time until they grow tired of it; and as the days creep on and Gower, sitting alone in his own oasis in sudden silence, refuses to see or speak to them, or give any intimation of a desire to soften toward them, they lose heart altogether and give themselves up a prey to despair.

Roger one morning had pitched up courage and had gone over to the Fens, and had forced himself into the presence of his mother, had expostulated with him "indignantly but firmly," as he assured Dulce afterward, when she threw out broad hints to the effect that she believed that he had lost his temper on the occasion.

Certainly, from all accounts, a good deal of temper had been lost, and nothing but some of the interview beyond a

select amount of vituperation from both sides, an openly avowed declaration on Mr. Gower's part that he had not requested the pleasure of his society on this or any other occasion, he hoped. It would be the last time he would present himself at the Fens;—equally honest avowal on the part of the Duke to the effect that the discomfort he felt in coming was almost if never equalled by departing, and a few more hot words that very nearly led to bloodshed.

When Roger thought it all over dispassionately next morning he told himself that now indeed all things were at an end, that no hope was anywhere, and now February is upon them, and spring begins to assert itself, and the land has learned to smile again, and all the pretty early birds are singing in the hedges. "We shall have to shake off dull sloth pretty early to-morrow," says Dicky Browne.

"Why?" asks Portia, almost startled. "The meet, you know," says Dicky. "Long way off. Hate hunting myself. When I've got to have my bed for it."

"You needn't go," says Dulce: "nobody is pressing you."

"Oh! I'm not like you," says Mr. Browne, contemptuously, "tiring a thing to-day and hating it to-morrow. You used to be a sort of modern—I mean decent—Diana, but lately you have rather shirked the whole thing."

"I had a cold last day, and—and a headache the day before that," stammers Dulce, blushing scarlet.

"Nobody could hunt with a headache," says Roger, at which defense Mr. Browne grins.

"Well, you've got over them," he says. "What's going to keep you at home to-morrow?"

"I don't understand you, Dicky," says Miss Blount, with dignity. "I am going hunting to-morrow, there is nothing that I know of likely to keep me home."

She is true to her word. Next morning she finds her ready equipped at a very early hour. "Tant and tink," as Dicky tells her, "from her hat to her boots."

"Do you know," he says, rather, as though imparting to her some information hitherto undiscovered, "looking apart, you will understand, you are really quite a pretty young woman."

"Thank you, Dicky," says she, very sweetly, and as a more substantial mark of her gratitude for this gracious speech, she drops a fourth lump of sugar into his coffee.

Shortly after this they start, Dulce still in the very gayest spirits, with Roger on her right hand and Mark Gore on her left. But as they near the happy hunting grounds, her brightening face, she grows silent and preoccupied, and each fresh hoof upon the road behind her makes her betray a desire to hide herself behind somebody.

Of late, indeed, hunting has lost its charm for her, and the merits have become a source of confusion and discomfort. Her zest for the chase has sustained a severe check, so great that her favorite hounds have solicited the usual biscuit from her hand in vain.

And all this is because the one thing dear to the soul of the gloomy Stephen is the pursuit of the wily fox, and that therefore on the field of battle it becomes inevitable that she must meet her whilom lover face to face.

Looking around fearfully now, she sees him at a little distance seated upon an impenetrable mound. His brows are knitted moodily, his very attitude is repellent.

He responds to the pleasant salutations showered upon him from all quarters by a laconic: "How d'ye do," or a still more feeble nod. Even Sir Christopher's hearty "Good morning, lad," has no effect upon him.

(To be continued.)

To Fumigate a Room.

The proper way to fumigate a room is to close the doors, windows, fireplace, etc., paste strips of paper over all the cracks. Fumigation by burning sulphur is most easily accomplished. Two pounds of sulphur should be allowed for every room from 10 to 12 feet square. It is better to divide it up and put it in several pans, rather than burn the entire quantity of sulphur used in one pan. To avoid the danger of fire, these pans should be set on bricks, or in other and larger pans filled with water or with sand. After pouring a little alcohol on the sulphur, and properly placing the pans about the room, the farthest from the door of exit should be lighted first; the others in order. The operator will need to move quickly, for no one can breathe sulphurous fumes with safety. After closing the door the cracks around it should be pasted up, as was done within the room. Six hours, at least, is generally necessary to fumigate a room properly; at the end of that time it may be entered and the windows opened, and they should be left open as long as convenient, even for a week, if possible. After fumigation a thorough process of cleansing should be instituted. At least the walls and ceilings should be rubbed dry. Much the better way is to whitewash and repair. The floor and the woodwork and the furniture should be scrubbed with a solution of carbolic acid, or some other disinfectant.

The Son-in-law's Contribution.

A certain young man had a mother-in-law who was always nagging at him, and everything he did was always wrong.

One day he was told by his wife that she had died suddenly, and that they should have a tombstone erected.

Accordingly, the father-in-law, with and husband went to the mason.

They were at a loss to know what to have written on the stone, but finally the father-in-law said:

"Put 'Gone before'."

"And," said the wife, "you can put 'Not dead, but sleeping for me.'"

"What?" said the young man, "sleeping? Well, put on for me, 'For heaven's sake don't wake her up!'"—Spare Moments.

Scale Tobacco.

If a tin of water is placed at night in the room where people have been smoking, the usual smell of stale tobacco will be gone in the morning.

In Mexico the school children who have done best are allowed to smoke cigars while pursuing their lessons.



THE DUCHESS

FOR the first time Dr. Talmage in this discourse tells in what way his sermons have come to a multiplicity of publication such as has never in any other case been known since the art of printing was invented; text, Nalmum 3, 4. "They shall seem like torches; they shall run like lightnings."

Express, rail train and telegraphic communication are suggested, if not foretold, in this text, and from it I start to preach a sermon in gratitude to God and the newspaper press for the fact that I have had the opportunity of delivering through the newspaper press 2198 sermons or religious addresses, so that I have for many years been allowed the privilege of preaching the gospel every week to every neighborhood in Christendom and in many lands outside of Christendom. Many have wondered at the process by which it has come to pass, and for the first time in public place I state the three causes. Many years ago a young man who has since become eminent in his profession was then studying law in a distant city. He came to me and said that for lack of funds he must stop his studying unless through some means he could get his expenses covered. I positively declined, because it seemed to me an impossibility, but after some months had passed, and I had reflected upon the great sadness for such a brilliant young man to be defeated in his ambition for the legal profession, I undertook to serve him, of course free of charge. Within three weeks came a request for three stereographic reports from many parts of the continent.

Time passed on, and some gentlemen of my own profession, evidently thinking that there was hardly room for them and for myself in this continent, began to assail me, and became so violent in their attacks that the chief newspapers of America put special correspondents in my church Sabbath by Sabbath to take down such reply as I might make, I never made such, except once for about three minutes, but those correspondents could not waste their time, and so they telegraphed the sermons to their particular papers.

After a while Dr. Louis Klopach of New York systematized the work into a syndicate until through that and other syndicates he has put the discourses week by week before more than 23,000,000 people on both sides the sea. There have been so many guesses on this subject, many of them inaccurate, that I now tell the true story. I have not improved the opportunity as I ought, but I feel the time has come when as a matter of common justice to the newspaper press I should make this statement in a sermon commemorative of the two thousandth full publication of sermons and religious addresses, saying nothing of fragmentary reports, which would run up into many thousands more.

Nothing but Points.

There was one incident that I might mention in this connection, showing how an insignificant event might influence a life for a lifetime. Many years ago on a Sabbath morning on my way to church in Brooklyn a representative of a prominent newspaper met me and said, "Are you going to give us any points to-day?" I said, "What do you mean by 'points'?" He replied, "Anything we can remember." I said to myself, "We ought to be making 'points' all the time in our pulpits and not deal in platitudes and inanities." That one interrogation put to me that morning started in me the desire of making points all the time and nothing but points.

And now how can I more appropriately commemorate the two thousandth publication than by speaking of the newspaper press as an ally of the pulpit and mentioning some of the trials of newspaper men?

The newspaper is the great educator of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It is book, pulpit, platform, forum, all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural or mechanical—that is not within its grasp. All our churches and schools and colleges and asylums and art galleries feel the quaking of the printing press.

It is remarkable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, also wrote these words: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers and newspapers without a government, I would prefer the latter."

Two Kinds of Newspapers.

There are two kinds of newspapers—the one good, very good, the other bad, very bad. A newspaper may be started with an undecided character, but after it has been going on for years everybody finds out just what it is and it is very good or it is very bad. The one paper is the embodiment of news, the ally of virtue, the foe of crime, the delectation of elevated taste, the mightiest agency on earth for making the world better. The other paper is a brigand among moral forces; it is a beeliner of reputation, it is the right arm of death and hell, it is the mightiest agency in the universe for making the world worse and battling against the cause of God, the one angel of intelligence and mercy, the other a fiend of darkness. Between this archangel and this fiend is to decide the fate of the world, which is to be fought as to which is to be victor, ask the prophet, ask God, the chief batteries with which he would vindicate the right and thunder down the wrong are now calimbered. The great Armageddon of the nations is not to be fought with swords, but with steel pens; not with bullets, but with type; not with cannon, but with lightning perfecting presses, and the Sumners, and the Moultrie, and the Fairbanks, and the Gibbalters of that conflict will be the editorial and reporterial reams of our great newspaper establishments. Men of the press, God has put a more stupendous responsibility



THE DUCHESS

upon you than upon any other class of persons. What long strides your profession has made in influence and power since the day when Peter Blaffer invented cast metal type, and because two books were found just alike they were ascribed to the work of the devil and books were printed on strips of bamboo, and Rev. James Glover originated the first American printing press, and the Common Council of New York, in solemn resolution, offered \$200 to any printer who would come there and live, and when the speaker of the House of Parliament in England announced with indignation that the public prints had recognized some of their doings, until in this day, when we have in this country many newspapers sending out copies by the billion. The press and the telegraph have gone down into the same great harvest field to reap, and the telegraph says to the newspaper, "I'll rake, while you bind," and the iron teeth of the telegraph are set down at one end of the harvest field and drawn clean across, and the newspaper gathers up the sheaves, setting down one sheaf on the breakfast table in the shape of a morning newspaper, and putting down another sheaf on the tea table in the shape of an evening newspaper, and that man who neither reads nor takes a newspaper should be a curiosity. What vast progress since the days when Cardinal Wolsey declared that either the printing press must go down or the church of God must go down to this time, when the printing press and the pulpit are in hundreds of glorious combination and alliance.

Trials of the Editor.

One of the great trials of this newspaper profession is the fact that they are compelled to see more of the slams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day by day, go the weaknesses of the world, the vanities that want to be puff'd, the revenges that want to be wreaked, all the mistakes that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent, all the ungrate who want to get in wages noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to give the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who never were right, all the crank brained philosophers, with story as long as their hair and as gloomy as their finger nails, all the itinerant bards who come to stay five minutes and stop an hour. From the editorial and reporterial rooms all the follies and shams of the world are seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in your profession there are some skeptics in it. I only wonder that you believe anything. Unless an editor or a reporter has in his present or in his early home a model of earnest character, or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he may make temporal and eternal shipwreck.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is inadequate compensation. The world seems to have a grudge against a man who, as they say, gets his living by his wit, and the day laborer says to the man of literary toil, "you come down here and shove a plane and hammer a shoe last and break cobstones and earn a honest living as I do instead of sitting there in idleness scribbling." But there are no harder worked men in all the earth than the newspaper people of this country. It is not a matter of hard times, it is characteristic at all times. Men have a better appreciation for that which appeals to the stomach than for that which appeals to the brain. They have no idea of the immense financial and intellectual exhaustion of the newspaper press. Oh, men of the press, it will be a great help to you, if when you get home late at night, fagged out and nervous with your work, you would just kneel down and commend your case to God, who has watched all the fatigues of the day and the night, and who has promised to be your God and the God of your children forever!

Demands of the Public.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is the diseased appetite for unhealthy intelligence. You blame the newspaper press for giving such prominence to murders and scandals. Do you suppose that so many papers would give prominence to these things if the people did not demand them? If I go into the meat market of a foreign city, and I find that the butchers hang up on the most conspicuous hooks the meat that is tainted, while the meat that is fresh and savory is put away without any special care, I come to the conclusion that the people of that city love tainted meat. You know very well that if the great mass of people in this country get hold of a newspaper and there are in it no runaway matches, no broken up families, no defamation of men in high position, they pronounce the paper insipid. They say, "It is shockingly dull to-night."

I believe it is one of the trials of the newspaper press that the people of this country demand moral slush instead of healthy and intellectual food. Now, you are a respectable man, an intelligent man, and a paper comes into your hand. You open it, and there are three columns of splendidly written editorial, recommending some moral sentiment or evolving some scientific theory. In the next column there is a miserable, contemptible divorce case. Which do you read first? You dip into the editorial long enough to say, "Well, that's very ably written," and you read the divorce case from the "long range" type at the top to the "nonpareil" type at the bottom, and then you ask your wife if she has read it! Oh, it is only a case of supply and demand! Newspaper men are not fools. They know what you want, and they give it to you. I believe that if the church and the world bought nothing but pure, honest, healthful newspapers, nothing but pure, honest and healthful newspapers would be published. If you should gather all the editors and the reporters of this country in one great convention, and ask of them what kind of a paper they would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say, "We would prefer to publish an elevating paper." So long as there is an iniquitous demand there will be an iniquitous supply. I make no apology for a debauched newspaper, but I am saying these things in order to divide the responsibility between those who print and those who read.

Temptations of Journalists.

Another temptation of the newspaper profession is the great allurements that surround them. Every occupation and profession has temptations peculiar to itself, and the newspaper profession is not an exception. The great demand, as you know, is on the nervous force, and the brain is racked. The tendering political

speech must read well for the sake of the party, and so the reporter or the editor has to make it read well, although every sentence were a catastrophe to the English language. The reporter must hear all that an able speaker, who thinks it is vulgar to speak out, says, and it must be right the next morning or the next night in the papers, though the night before the whole audience sat with its hand behind its ear in vain trying to catch it. This man must go through killing night work. He must go late heated, unaccommodated and into unventilated audience rooms that are enough to take the life out of him. He must visit court rooms, which are almost always disgusting with rum and tobacco. He must expose himself at the fire. He must write in fetid alleyways. Added to all that, he must have hasty mastication and irregular habits. To bear up under this tremendous nervous strain they are tempted to artificial stimulants, and how many thousands have gone down under their pressure God only knows. They must have something to counteract the wet, they must have something to keep out the chill, and after a scant night's sleep they must say something to revive them for the morning's work. This is what made Horace Greeley such a stout temperance man. I said to him, "Mr. Greeley, why are you more eloquent on the subject of temperance than any other subject?" He replied, "I have seen so many of my best friends in journalism go down under intemperance."

Oh, my dear brother of the newspaper profession, what you cannot do without artificial stimulants God does not want you to do. There is no half way ground for our literary people between totalitism and dissipation. Your professional success, your domestic peace, your eternal salvation, will depend upon your theories regarding artificial stimulants. I have had so many friends go down under the temptation, their brilliancy quenched, their names blasted, that I cry out this morning in the words of another, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Fight Corruption.

Let me ask all men connected with the printing press that they help as much and more in the effort to make the world better. I charge you in the name of God, before whom you must account for the tremendous influence you hold in this country, to consecrate yourselves to higher endeavors. You are the men to fight back this invasion of corrupt literature. Lift up your right hand and swear new allegiance to the cause of philanthropy and religion. And when at last, standing on the plains of judgment, you look out upon the unnumbered throngs over whom you have had influence, may it be found that you are among the mightiest energies that lifted men upon the exalted pathway that leads to the renewal of heaven. Better than to have sat in editorial chair, from which, with the finger of type, you decided the destinies of empires, but decided them wrong, that you had been some dimmed-eyed exile, who, by the light of a window, read the news, more startling than any found in the journals of the last six weeks? It is the tidings that man is lost. Have you heard the news, the gladdest that you ever announced, coming this day from the throne of God, lightning couriers leaping from the palace gate? The news! The glorious news! That there is pardon for all guilt and comfort for all trouble. Set it up in "double leaded" columns and direct it to the whole race.

The Angel's Wing.

And now before I close this sermon, thankfully commemorative of the "Two Thousandth" publication, I wish more fully to acknowledge the services rendered by the secular press in the matter of evangelization. All the secular newspapers of the day—for I am not speaking of this morning of the religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country; they gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they scatter the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the Apocalyptic printing press, the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take the music of this day, and I do not mark it dimmuno—I mark it crescende. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred or a few thousand people, and on Monday or during the week the printing press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing press! God save the printing press! God Christianize the printing press!

When I see the printing press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering up materials and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspapers, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I commend you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all typesetters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race. An aged woman making her living by knitting unfound the yarn from the ball until she found in one of her centers the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become heiress to a large property and that fragment of a newspaper lifted her up from pauperism to affluence. And I do not know but as the thread of time unravels and unwinds a little farther through the silent yet speaking newspapers may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

Copyright, 1880.

A German veterinary surgeon has discovered a method by which horsebores can be successfully manufactured from paper. It is impregnated with turpentine to make it waterproof. The inventor claims that a horse wearing these shoes cannot slip on greasy roads.