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LONE HOLLOW;

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

BY JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER I.

BAFFLED TRAMPS.

"Help—help!"

It was a woman's cry, and rang out in piteous terror through the aisles of the dim old woods.

A young girl stood with her back against the trunk of a tree, with extended hands, a look of terror on her white, beautiful face. At her feet lay strewn a mass of forest flowers, some of them partially woven into a wreath.

The object of the girl's terror was revealed in the form of a man, black and fierce looking, with bushy beard, uncouth dress and the swagger of a low-bred ruffian. He had pushed his way suddenly into the narrow glade occupied by the young girl, and it was a low chuckle from his lips that caused her to start to her feet.

"Come here an' let me kiss you, pretty," uttered the man.

Then he began to move toward her. It was at this moment that she gave utterance to the cry of alarm that opens our story.

The man was a stranger to Grace Penroy, and his forbidding aspect quite frightened her, even aside from his threatening words.

"Don't touch me, sir," pleaded Grace, in a low voice. She was too deeply terrified now to speak loudly or to cry out as she had done at the outset.

"Go fur her, Bill. I'll stand to yer back. Kiss her, and then we'll see what's next to be did."

And then a second man, far worse-looking than the first, pushed into view. He was ragged, dirty and blear-eyed, his sandy hair and beard not having made the acquaintance of comb or brush in months, apparently. They were certainly as ill-looking a pair of tramps as one would meet within a thousand miles' journey.

Grace Penroy was now too frightened to utter a word. Her blood seemed to freeze in her veins, and a chill stole over every nerve, rendering her rigid and motionless as a statue.

A grunt of satisfaction fell from the lips of the man addressed as Bill, and with a quick stride he stood at the side of the startled girl.

"Help!"

A cry did come to the pallid lips, but this only served to enrage the vicious tramp. He grated his teeth and shook her fiercely.

"I'll l'arn ye," he hissed, at the same time drawing the paralyzed girl toward him.

That moment was an awful one to poor Grace Penroy. A fate worse than death stared her in the face. She remembered then the prophesy of an old gipsy that the family of Penroy was destined to go down in woe to final extinction. She could see the wrinkled, hideous face of the hag prophetess, and it took on the outlines of the tramp's wicked countenance.

"Don't yell if you don't want to die!" hissed the ruffian, drawing her, unresisting now, toward him. His hyenical grin was repulsive. His breath fanned her cheek. She was ready to faint with fright when an interruption came that was both startling and unexpected.

A sullen *thud*, awful in its distinctness, fell on the ear of Grace Penroy. The clutch on her arm suddenly relaxed and the giant tramp sank, limp as a dishrag, at her feet.

Grace reeled and clutched a small sapling for support. At her feet lay the ruffian, with blood upon his black countenance. A heavy object had shot from a tree-top upon his head, that object now lying beside him—a short, silver-mounted rifle, the butt of which had done deadly work.

The second tramp was startled.

He glanced about in evident alarm, but, seeing no one, made a sudden move to seize the rifle. He was not quick enough to accomplish his design, however. A dark form shot through the leaves and stood beside the prostrate tramp—a youth of slender form, who snatched the rifle from its resting-place and presented the muzzle at the breast of the discomfited tramp.

"If you don't care to die, you will move off."

There was a low sternness in the voice that was effective. Tramps are proverbially cowards, and this one was no exception. He retreated suddenly, and began to beg for mercy.

"Don't stop to beg," cried the boy, sneeringly. "The country has no use for such vermin, and I had as lief shoot you as not. Go!"

The scoundrel waited to hear no more, but wheeled and fled at the top of his speed. Then the rescuer of female innocence faced Grace Penroy.

He was a handsome youth of apparently twenty. His ace was dark, his black hair hanging in long, wavy masses to his shoulders. His upper lip was adorned with a black mustache. His dress was plain, yet of fine cloth, and his rather small feet were encased in heavy shoes.

One of his hands had a blood-stain across it where it had been scratched by a twig.

"Miss Penroy, I believe," said the young man, lifting his gray cap with a smile that revealed rows of even white teeth.

"Yes, sir," she answered, opening her honest gray eyes wide with astonishment.

"You are a stranger to me," she concluded, after a moment.

"I suppose so. But few people in and about Stonefield, or Lone Hollow, know Louis Fingal; even you never heard the name I venture to say."

"I never did until this moment," admitted Grace, blushing prettily under his earnest gaze.

"You may learn more of me in the future," he said, leaning thoughtfully on his handsome rifle.

"I hope so. I owe you much. Will you not come to the house? Grandfather will be pleased to see one who has befriended his pet grandchild. It all seems strange to me. You were up in a tree. I do not fully understand it even now."

She shuddered and clung more tightly to the sapling for support, while her honest gray eyes regarded his handsome face questioningly.

"I was in the woods gunning, looking for deer. I know that old hunters sometimes watch a deer-trail from an elevated perch—my brother always did, and he was one of the most successful Nimrods in the West."

"And were you perched up there watching for a deer?" questioned innocent Grace.

"That's about the truth of it," he admitted.

"But there hasn't been a deer in these woods in years," and she laughed for the first time.

"I must beg leave to differ with you there, Miss Penroy."

"But I know," affirmed the girl. "I have lived at Lone Hollow for years and years—"

"And never saw a deer?"

"Never."

"Yet I have been here but one day, and have seen as pretty a one as I could wish to look on. I sat entranced watching the beautiful creature, consequently forget all about my rifle."

There was a quizzical smile on his face, while a mischievous glint sparkled in his eyes.

Her long lashes dropped, covering her gray orbs. She bit her lip in some confusion. His full meaning dawned on her brain, and she did feel annoyed, and certainly would have been offended had not she owed so much to the youth before her.

"Never mind, Miss Penroy," and his merry laugh rang out pleasantly. "I did not mean to give offense, I see that this fellow is stirring. Shall I bind him and turn him over to the authorities for punishment, or do you prefer to overlook his rascality?"

Grace regarded the fallen tramp with a little tremor of disgust and fear.

"I—I think I will not punish him further. If he recovers he will not forget the blow, and—"

"Of course. We will leave him to the tortures of an outraged conscience," interrupted Fingal, lightly.

"Are you sure that he is not mortally injured?" questioned the tender-hearted Grace.

"I am sure of it. Even if he was mortally hurt who would weep for him?"

"He had a mother once," was Grace's soft answer.

"So had we all," sighed Fingal, his light mood vanishing suddenly. "But there's no danger of harming such a fellow as this with an ordinary thump; their heads are thick.

He bent down and made a brief examination.

"No harm done," he said at length, coming to his feet. "I believe I will accompany you home. There's one resident at Lone Hollow whom I wish to see."

"A friend?"

"No; an enemy."

"I can not conceive of such a thing," declared Grace. "I am sure all the inmates of my home are good people."

"Perhaps you don't know Lura Joyce as well as I do."

"Lura Joyce?"

The girl uttered the words in evident surprise.

"You have met Miss Joyce, have you not?"

"Never. We have been expecting her at Lone Hollow, however. She is my cousin, I suppose."

"And she has not arrived then?" uttered Fingal, in a disappointed tone. "I am sorry, for I have a bone to pick with that young lady. Perhaps I had best not go to the house."

"But grandfather would be pleased to see you," urged Grace, who was really quite prepossessed in the young man's favor, in spite of the fact that he wore long hair and was very plain spoken.

After a little reflection Fingal continued in Grace's company, and the two in a little time came in sight of a rambling stone dwelling built upon an elevation that occupied the exact center of a vast basin, whose sides were covered with trees and bushes.

CHAPTER II.

AT LONE HOLLOW.

As we have said, a rambling stone mansion loomed up on the summit of a mound that occupied the center of an immense basin or hollow.

The elevated land was not raised as high as the surrounding country; on the contrary, the hills about the basin were fully up to a line with the highest point of the roof on the dwelling in the hollow. It was fully a mile from the spot where the girl and young man stood to the farther side of the sink beyond the dwelling.

The country presented a weirdly wild appearance, not a human habitation being visible save the stone house in the hollow.

A wagon road wound its way down the side of the hill and passed up the elevation past the front of the old house, losing itself beyond, but again appearing on the further rise, cutting squarely through the low, yet dense growth of trees on its summit. It would seem that Grace Penroy had wandered some distance from the home roof on this quiet, cloudless summer day. It was nothing new for her, however.

"That is Lone Hollow," uttered Fingal, musingly. "It is well named, that is certain."

"Yes, I think so," returned Grace. "The house is old, having been built by my maternal grandfather."

"Have you lived here all your life?"

"Indeed, no. We have been here scarcely more than a year."

"We?"

"Mother, grandfather and I."

"And your father?"

"Is dead," she answered, mournfully. "It was an accident. A vicious horse flung him, and neighbors found him by the roadside dead—that was two years ago."

"Yes. Where were you living then?"

The young man seemed extremely curious, but Grace felt no offense. It had been a long time since she had met one of her own age with whom she could talk, and so she indulged herself freely on the present occasion.

"We were living not far from Detroit—father's business was in that city."

"Indeed! Do you like this lonesome place?"

"At first I did not."

"I see. You have become accustomed to the solemn old place."

"Yes, in a measure."

"Do you often wander so far from home as to-day? It seems to me not wholly safe for you to do so," persisted Fingal.

"Not often. I am, however, privileged to do as I please. I expect, when my cousin comes, I shall take immense pleasure in visiting all the noted scenes and wild places in the neighborhood," declared Grace, with no little enthusiasm.

"You tell me you have never seen your cousin. Certainly you do not know that you will like her."

"No, but then I mean to. It certainly will be her fault if I do not," declared Grace, emphatically.

"I believe so myself," he returned, smiling into the pretty, flushed face of his beautiful companion. "There are noted spots in this vicinity, you tell me?"

"Many. Just a mile to the west is Hangman's Gulch, where 'tis said one of the first settlers was lynched for murder. Then I have heard that not far from this hollow is a cone where at one time old Lile Doty secreted himself several days from his pursuers. You see, we live in a romantic region."

"I should say so," agreed Fingal. "You ought to be a poet, or an artist, Miss Penroy, then you might immortalize the country roundabout."

They walked on then, descending the hill, following the wagon road along up the next incline to the front door of the old mansion. On the porch an old man sat smoking a pipe. His hair was white as the driven snow, his face smooth-shaven after the manner of olden times. His dress was quaint and old, and altogether he presented the appearance of one of the revolutionary patriarchs.

He sat in a huge arm-chair as old and as quaint as himself, while at his side, leaning against his knee, was a heavy cane cut from the native woods.

He removed his pipe when he saw the two young people coming up the broad graveled walk, pushing with wrinkled fingers his glasses high upon his bald brows.

"Eh! It's Gracie, and—and, yes, by the beard of the prophet, it's a young man! Confound it; confound it, *I say*! One young man is enough for a girl. Haven't I told her—"

"Grandpa, this is Mr. Fingal. He saved my life, and I want you to thank him, as I can not, for the act. Mr. Fingal, Grandpa Vandible."

Then Grace went in to her mother, leaving the two gentlemen together.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Vandible, as he shook the stranger's hand without rising, "I've got the stiffness of old age in my bones, and can't get up and down as I once could."

"Certainly, sir."

Fingal laid his rifle carefully aside and accepted a chair that stood near.

"Grace says you saved her life. What did she mean? I'm sure the hussy ought not to put herself in danger. I've warned her enough, yes, I have. But there's no end of trouble one has with the girls, confound 'em; yes, *I say*, confound 'em."

Then Mr. Vandible readjusted his glasses, and petted his cane gently while he resumed his smoking.

Fingal explained the meaning of Grace's words, and when he had modestly told his story the old man's cane fell with a mighty crash to the floor. Up went the glasses once more, and the pipe was quickly removed from his lips.

"Confound it, confound it, *I say*," uttered Mr. Vandible.

"It isn't really safe for a young girl to go out unattended," asserted Fingal, after a moment.

"No, it ain't, that's a fact. I've talked till all was blue to keep Grace from running wild in this way, but I might just as well talk to a fence-post, *I* had. I'll tell you, my young friend, one thing," and the old man laid his hand on Fingal's knee and regarded him with a queer pucker of the gray lips, speaking evidently in confidence, "I've tried to have Grace marry a protector, *I* have."

Such a comical look came to the old fellow's face as to bring a smile to the lips of Fingal in spite of his efforts at gravity as befitted the occasion.

"Could she do that?" queried the young man, quickly, in order to escape being thought rude.

"Could she? Could Grace Penroy marry? Great Mahomet! Young chap, there isn't a gentleman in forty miles of Lone Hollow who wouldn't jump at the chance to wed Morgan Vandible's grandchild. She's an heiress, my boy, an heiress to millions. Confound it, sir, confound it, she *shall* marry, *I* say, and at once. I want this trouble off my mind. This looking after *one* girl is a torment, and to think another is coming. It'll be pandemonium here after that; yes, pandemonium, *I say*."

The old man groaned, jammed his glasses once more over his eyes, resumed his pipe and began smoking furiously.

Fingal felt that he had found an original, and was immensely pleased.

"I suppose," he ventured, "that Miss Penroy has suitors in plenty, then?"

"Suitors! Young man, why shouldn't she have? Fortune hunters, though, the most of 'em: devilish fortune hunters, and I'll have none of 'em, none of 'em, *I* say, that I won't."

"Isn't there one you approve?"

"Yes, there is one."

Puff—puff—puff.

Fingal waited some moments for the old man to proceed. He seemed in no hurry to speak, so the youth broke the silence with:

"The gentleman whom you approve is—"

"Captain Starbright."

Then the old man removed his pipe and caressed his companion's knee tenderly.

"You never saw the captain, sir?"

"I never did."

"A gentleman, every inch of him; one of the old school. You could hang your soul on his honor and it would be safe, sir, utterly safe, *I* say."

"And Miss Penroy?"

"Oh, she likes him well enough, of course, but she's a little backward about acknowledging it. That's natural, you know, perfectly natural. Girls of to-day are so timid."

"To me Grace Penroy seems quite brave, Mr. Vandible."

"Eh? Does she? So you've taken the pains to notice, have you?" and the old man shoved up his glasses and eyed his visitor from foot to head sharply. Doubtless he was wondering if this new-comer was to put in a claim as one of his granddaughter's suitors. The young fellow seemed dangerously handsome, to say the least, and at the end of his examination the old man frowned.

Before he could speak again the sound of wheels fell on the ears of the twain. Grace came out on the steps as a rumbling stage-coach halted, with steaming horses, at the gate. A heavy trunk was "dumped" from the rear of the vehicle, and then the driver cracked his whip and the coach rolled on.

No one had alighted, and Grace gave expression to her surprise in words:

"I wonder why she did not come. It's too late now too ask the driver, I suppose. That must be my cousin's trunk."

"I don't think it is too late," uttered Fingal, springing up and hastening in pursuit of the stage. He was fleet of foot, and soon overtook the lumbering vehicle.

"The gal 'll come to'ards night," said Jehu, in answer to Fingal's question. "Yaas, the chist was hern. She'll be along with a private rig, I was told."

And Fingal brought this information back to Grace and her grandfather.

"I'd a pesky sight rather she'd stay away altogether," grunted the old man.

"Why, grandpa?" cried Grace.

"*I* had, though. Her mother was the worst female I ever saw. She'd a catamount temper, and gave poor Jonas, her husband, no end of trouble. If Lura's any like her mother I want none of her. May be, though, she's like meek Jonas. If so, it wouldn't take much of a hand to manage her."

"Grandpa, remember, that Lura hasn't any father or mother now, and that we must be kind to the orphan."

"Yes, yes, that's true, Gracie. We'll be kind to her, and she shall have half my fortune if she behaves herself. *I* say that and I mean it, *I* do."

The old man had various moods. At one time he seemed harsh and stern, while perhaps the next minute he would be all sympathy and compassion. He had one soft spot and that was love for his grandaughter.

Fingal excused himself and was about to depart, when Mr. Vandible said, suddenly:

"Boy, I haven't settled with you for smashing the head of the tramp who insulted Gracie. How much do I owe you? Name your own price now. Don't be bashful; I can pay any amount from a dollar up to a million, *I* can."

The old man drew a well-filled wallet from his pocket and proceeded to open it with pompous deliberation.

"Why, grandpa!" exclaimed Grace, shocked at the practicality of the old gentleman. But Fingal received the offer in good part.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Vandible," he said, with a laugh. "I may crave your hospitality on more than one occasion, which, coupled with a friendly smile from Miss Grace, will be ample reward."

"Yes, yes; but, confound it, that's just what I don't want. The girl's got more youngsters hanging round her now than she can manage."

"Grandpa, why will you—"

"Stop! stop! stop!" commanded the old man, thumping the boards with his cane. He looked very angry, and poor Grace was completely crushed. She dared say no more, and with a parting word Fingal walked away.

"High-strung young buck," muttered the old man, after the young hunter was gone.

"Grandpa," protested the girl, "you have offended the gentleman. I am sure he will never come here again."

"That's exactly right," chuckled Mr. Vandible, resuming his pipe. "I don't want him hanging and dangling around. There's that impudent Austin Westword 'll have to travel the next time I see him. To think of a girl having three lovers. It's perfectly awful, outrageous, wicked, reprehensible and indelicate *I* say. Haven't I told you that Clinton Starbright was the one I approved of, and the one you must marry. You know I have, you hussy, and I don't want any back talk, either, remember that, now."

Again the old man's cane made the floor jar with its owner's emphatic earnestness.

Grace knew the old man's moods full well. As for back talk, she once indulged in it, but of late had been wise enough to refrain. She walked calmly into the house and sent one of the men servants to bring in the trunk that the stage had deposited at the gate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Parrot from Boston.

Mistress—"Does Polly want a cracker?" Polly (present from the Hub)—"Oh, suist! Giv' us cold bread!"

OUR OWN GENERATION.

Dr. Talmage on the Duty of Caring For the Present.

The Duty of Serving Our Own Generation—Remembering the Poor—The Battle For Bread—The Importance of Doing Right.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Dr. Talmage took for his subject "Our Own Generation," and his text was from Acts xiii. 36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." He said:

That is a text which for a long time has been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger and writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us.

* * * * * * *

The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully and in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields and oceans full of fish and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew on this subject and God can only set it right.

Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of the unrequited toilers. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 human skulls and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls and that number of people were slain so as to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp and magnificence have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half fed populations of the earth, millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in Heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum. Adulteration of food has got to be an evil against which all the health officers and all the doctors and all the ministers and all the reformers and all the Christians need to set themselves in battle array. How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No! No! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortune have not enough to eat and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes for Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we can not choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities.

We often see on a small scale a recklessness about the welfare of others which a great warrior expressed on a large scale, when his officers were dissuading him from a certain campaign, saying: "It would cost two hundred thousand lives," replying with a diabolism that can never be forgotten, "What are two hundred thousand lives to me?"

So far from helping appease the world's hunger, there are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an axe on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round, and the man holding the axe bore on it harder while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the axe from being round and dull, got keener and keener, and the mechanic lifted the axe glistening and sharp and with edge so keen he must cautiously run his finger along lest while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner and thinner, his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in a good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends.

I am glad to know that the time is coming, God hasten it, when every family in the round world will sit down at a full table, and it will be only a question between lamb and venison, or between partridge and quail on toast, and out of spoons made out of Nevada silver or California gold the pastry will drop on tongues thrilling with thankfulness because they have full enough. I have no idea God is going to let the human race stay in its present predicament. If the world winds up as it now is it will be an awful failure of a world. The barren places will be irrigated. The pomologists, helped of God, will urge on the fruits. The botanists, inspired of the Lord, will help on the gardens. The raisers of stock will send enough animals fit for human food to the markets, and the last earthquake that rends the world will upset a banqueting table at which are seated the entire human race. Meanwhile, suppose that some of the energy that we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the broad question should be expended in merciful alleviations.

I have read that the battlefield on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battlefield of Leipsic—100,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzberg. No, no. The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the King rode through and they shouted, "Bread. Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see as far as possible that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet and he has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish until instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I will let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes there will be enough for all to wear. God has done his part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference for human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories reaching all the way from the Chattahoochie to the Merrimac shall have spun and woven it. And here comes forth the Rocky mountain goat and the cashmere and the beaver. Here are the merino sheep—their origin traces back to the flocks of Abrahamic and Davidic times. In white letters of snowy fleece, God has been writing for a thousand years His wish that there might be warmth for all nations.

While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff or no tariff at all on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the shivering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the winter. Don't think that God has forgotten to send ice and snow, because of this wonderfully mild January and February. We shall yet have deep snow and so much frost on the window pane that in the morning you can not see through it; and whole flocks of blizzards, for God long ago declared that winter as well as summer should not cease, and between this and the spring crocus we may all have reason to cry out with the psalmist: "Who can stand before His cold?"

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short-sighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation and locomotion and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while a great and good man or woman would come up and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since, but now they are so numerous we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them it would be found we have now living in this year 1889, fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingtons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the 4,000 years before the flood and the eighteen centuries after the flood to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any of the 180 generations that have passed off.

But where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death, on the south side is victory; on the north side Panama and poverty, on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one, his troops followed and finally his whole army. The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death, on the other side are pardon and usefulness and happiness and Heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side and your family will cross with you and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved, we will never save any one else. How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the rock first and then you will be able to help others upon the same rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What, without a prayer? Yes. What, without time to deliberately think it over? Yes; believe. That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Some thing makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenances. Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! Save yourselves, how are you going to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have.

The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great centennial convention was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they could keep the Exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world, from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath." And he carried every thing by storm, and when the question was put "Shall we open the exhibition on Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous "No," "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right.

What if we could get this whole generation saved! These people who are living with us the same year and amid the same stupendous events and flying toward the future swifter than eagles to their prey. We can not stop. They can not stop. We think we can stop. We say: "Come now, my friend, let us stop and discuss this subject," but we do not stop. The year does not stop, the day does not stop, the hour does not stop. The year is a great wheel and there is a band on that wheel that keeps it revolving, and as the wheel turns, it turns 365 smaller wheels, which are the days, and then each of these 365 wheels turn twenty-four smaller wheels, which are the hours, and these twenty-four smaller wheels turn sixty smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and these sixty smaller wheels turn sixty still more smaller wheels, which are the seconds, and they keep rolling, rolling, rolling, mounting, mounting, mounting, and swiftening, swiftening, swiftening. O, God! if our generation is going like that and we are going with them, waken us to the short but tremendous opportunity. I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something towards helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has as its terminus, acclamation rapturous and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine and fountains rainbowed and dominions enthrowned and coroneted, for I can not forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

And what a lovely sleep it was! Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy amid his father's flocks at night he had not had such a good sleep. At seventy years of age he lay down to it. He has had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullamor in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." O, what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work! It takes all the aching out of the head and all the weariness out of the limbs and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning and it is a new world. And if we, like David, serve our generation, we will at life's close have most desirable and refreshing sleep. In it will vanish our last fatigue of body, our last sorrow of soul.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departure from this world. If we have served our generation it will not be putting out into the breakers, it will not be the fight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend writing me from Illinois says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, president of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, after a most useful life found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "O, how delightful it is. I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was, he had served his generation in the gospel ministry, and by the will of God he fell on sleep.

In the museum of Greenwich Hospital, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the Arctic regions amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of a book was turned down at the words: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what a glorious awakening. You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey; we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high risen sun full in our faces, and before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I; whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation and, by the will of God, fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awake in blissful bewilderment and for a little while say: "Where am I? What place is this? Who hung this upholstery? What fountains are those tossing in the light? Why, this looks like Heaven! It is. It is. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor, that must be the palace of Jesus. And look there at those walls lined with a foliage more beautiful than any thing I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them those two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Ajalon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty. And those two with the robes as brilliant as though made out of the cooled off flames of martyrdom must be John Huss and Hugh Latimer.

"But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that and up and down and find that it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the house of 'many mansions' of which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! whose are those voices, whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, 'Never more to part!' the arches, the alcoves, the hallways echo and re-echo the words, 'Never more to part. Never more to part.' Then our glorified friends say: 'Come out with us and see Heaven.' And some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet coming up one of the Kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And as all are making obeisance to this great one of Heaven I cry out: 'Who is he?' and the answer comes: 'This is the greatest of all the Kings of Israel. It is David, who after he had served his generation by the will of God fell on sleep.'"

Eight workmen were killed near Halle, Germany, recently by a passing train.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

Reliable Suggestions on Themes Pleasing to Every Lady Reader.

A Directoire redingote is as difficult to make fit as a tailor gown.

Double sleeves have become the leading feature in long mantles.

Card cases of embossed silver and chased gold are again in favor.

Flower garnitures are again in favor for low-necked evening gowns.

Large silver belt buckles are worn with wide ribbon and velvet belts.

The "be-be" waist is the rival of the Directory and Empire bodices.

Black lace princess dresses come among late importations of Paris gowns.

The Empire sash is the prominent feature in the style of the moment.

Some of the newest woolen gowns have deep fur collars and Directory revers.

Jerseys are now manufactured in every color, with draught or chess board patterns.

The big, bewildering, picturesque hat on a common-place, unpicturesque girl is a sorry sight.

Yellow remains the most popular color for sash curtains and draperies for glass doors and light portieres.

In addition to the tea gown we now have morning, house, afternoon, and matinee and violin gowns.

The long cloak with long, loose sleeves over another pair that fit the arm, is the favorite wrap of the season.

"Nettle" and "box" are the two latest shades of green. The French call these two shades "ortee" and "bues."

One of the prettiest novelties of the ballroom are shoes of white kid with chased metal heels of silver or gold tint.

The long, slender, silver-headed walking stick grows in the fashionable favor of young women who affect "high style."

The long vail grows in favor. It takes many new forms, but all are long enough to completely cover the face and drape the throat.

Thickly plaited ruches of pinked silk, called chicorees by the French, are made to trim the bottom of the skirts of many dancing gowns.

Head-dresses, or dressy caps and tinted turbans of gauze, are again in fashion for dressy toilets at home receptions, the opera and dinner parties.

The violin gown is made with a full straight skirt, a loose round waist banded with a sling sash of soft folds and the sleeves are loose puffs to the elbow.

The short jacket with a fur collar and cuffs and lapels lined with fur thrown back from the waistcoat is affected by stylish young women, married and single.

Fashionable women assert their taste for walking in wool attire instead of silk by wearing felt hats trimmed with wool braids and pinked cloth bands and rosettes.

A favorite combination for a tea gown is velvet of two colors, say black and emerald green, or gray and coral red, with rich gold passementeries for the collar, yoke, cuffs and pockets.

Deep yokes of passementerie are the only trimmings seen on the new accordion-plaited cloaks. Over this is worn in the coldest weather a pointed shoulder cape or a collar of some rich fur.

Green is frequently combined with blue, but to do this successfully there must be a decided difference in the depth of the two colors. If the blue is pale the green must be deep, and vice versa, and, in fact, this rule holds good for all inharmonious color combinations.

Black armure, moire and Sicilliennе are the silks that are worn for second or light mourning by those ladies who go to receptions and receive at home. The correct neckwear with such dresses is plaited black crepe lisse or plain black net and black repped or moire ribbons.

One of the latest uses to which