

BABBETTE



HE put a shawl over her brown curls and slipped into the shawl...

without even a word or token of affection! The tears dropped off the long lashes...

Out across there, though, where the lights twinkled through the trees, lived an old friend, the gray-haired rector...

But the rector, kind old man, was compassionate and a friend. She would step in and have another of those long, serious talks she delighted in...

Turning from the music and merriment within her uncle's drawing-room, she drew the crimson shawl closely under her dainty chin and went away in the darkness...

At the boat party Max was the lion of the hour; but he disgusted Kate Wilton very much by devoting his attention to little Babbette...

"Why do you ignore the pick of our social circle and take up with that girl?" asked Uncle Wilton, pompously...

"I have run across here after nightfall alone quite often," answered she; "but I might fancy myself cowardly for once..."

"It seems to me that we were never strangers, Miss Wilton," said Max as they walked slowly down the gloomy corridor...

glad to get home that I might make your acquaintance personally."

"Please don't say such sad things," he said in a pained way; "try to see the silver lining for yourself, you find it for others..."

"Well," said he, "the rector's son has fallen heir to a mint of money; by the death of a relative he becomes sole heir to his property, worth about a million or so..."

change into a proud, cold and formal friend—merely an acquaintance—now that he was wealthy!

"I have heard," answered the girl, wearily, "You are a wealthy gentleman now..."

"Why not, if you love me, dearest?" "I can not appear well in society and I am poor and charity's child..."

"I don't know; I am sure I don't want you to help it," he said with a low, happy laugh.

"I have thought sometimes that you loved me, dearest; was I mistaken?" "No," she whispered; "how could I help it?"

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FROM SEA TO SEA.

The Wonders of Our Country Depicted By Dr. Talmage.

A Country Fashioned by the Divine Hand For Christ's Dominion—The Great West—Its Natural Wonders—America For God.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who made a tour of the West during the past summer, recently preached a sermon at Brooklyn upon the subject: "From Ocean to Ocean, or My Transcontinental Journey."

But first, consider the immensity of this possession. If it were only a small tract of land capable of nothing better than sage brush and a habitually only to support prairie dogs...

North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington Territories, to be launched next winter into Statehood, will be giants at their births...

But after you have wandered along the geysers and hot springs for days and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the perforation of all majesty and grandeur—the Grand Canyon...

But how is this continent to be gossiped? The pulpit and a Christian printing press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plow...

On the Columbia river a few days ago we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in a dozen places...

These institutions are going to take the young men of this Nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before...

Sharp Parent (at head of stairs)—Clara! It's time for you to go to bed. Clara (in the parlor)—Why, pa, Mr. Greene is here!

"Oh! I beg pardon. I thought it was Mr. Brown, and I haven't any patience with Mr. Brown. He always kisses you with such loud smacks that it wakes me up. Stay as long as you please, Mr. Greene. You are always welcome."

Yonder is Sentinel rock, 270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the mountains. Its top seldom touched until a bride's feet of July mantle it and plant the National standards and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with the stars and stripes...

No pause for the eye, no stopping place for the mind. Mountains hurried on mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains spik mountains. Mountains triumphant. As though Mont Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were uttering themselves in one magnificent chorus of rock and precipice and waterfall!

Sifting and dashing through the rocks the water comes down. The Bridal Fall, so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite Falls, dropping 2,671 feet, sixteen times the height of the Empire State Building...

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. My visit there last month made upon me an impression that will last forever. After all poetry has exhausted itself and all the Morans and Elerstadts and other enchanting artists have composed their canvases, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and glory, to be related.

At the expiration of every sixty-six minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 153 feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. Caverns of pictured walls large enough for the sepulcher of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calligraphy, of heliotrope, of rose, of sulphur, of sunflower and of gladioli.

But how is this continent to be gossiped? The pulpit and a Christian printing press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plow. Not by the power of cold, formalistic theology, not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am sick of them and the world is sick of them.

On the Columbia river a few days ago we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in a dozen places. And if the purpose of getting the insects and their young out of the water is to get them out of the water, why not get them out of the water in the first place?

These institutions are going to take the young men of this Nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awake to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in the way of doing good than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made our Young Men's Christian Association possible.

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Standing there in the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone park on the morning of August 9, for the most part we held our breath, but after awhile it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this is for the last judgment!"

O, the sweep of the American continent! Sailing up Puget sound, its shores so bold that for 1,500 miles a ship's prow would touch the shore before its keel touched the bottom. I said: "This is the Mecca of the continent of America."

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders. You know the comprehensiveness of the text when it says that Christ is going to have dominion from sea to sea; that is, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Beside that, the salvation of this continent means the salvation of Asia, for we are only thirty-six miles from Asia at the Northwest. Only Behring straits separate us from Asia and these will be spanned by a great bridge before another century closes and probably long before that.

The American-Asiatic bridge which will yet span those straits will make America, Asia, Europe and Africa one continent. So you see America evangelized, Asia will be evangelized. Europe taking Asia from one side and America taking it from the other side. Our great grandchildren will cross that bridge. America and Asia and Europe all one, what subtraction from the parts of sensibility and the prophetic Revelation will be fulfilled, and we shall be no more sea."

As soon as you get in Yellowstone park or California you have pointed out to you places cursed with such names as "The Devil's Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen," "The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Mash Pot," "The Devil's Tea Kettle," "The Devil's Saw Mill," "The Devil's Machine Shop," "The Devil's Gate" and so on. Now it is very much needed that geological surveyors or Congressional committees or groups of distinguished tourists who go through Montana, and Wyoming, and California and Colorado give other names to these places. All these regions belong to the Lord and to a Christian Nation, and away with such Plutonic nomenclature.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

—Amongst the mackerel caught off the coast of Ireland lately was one which contained a large live toad, which, on being taken out, hopped about on deck, and seemed quite at home.

—At the Philadelphia zoo the other day a monkey tore the blue tulle off a lady's bonnet, wrapped it around his stomach as a sash and then posed in the most dudsque manner imaginable for the admiration of the visitors.

—At a foreign railway station: "Guard, can I smoke in this carriage?" "No; it is against the rules." "Then where do all these cigar-ends on the floor come from?" "From smokers who have not asked permission."—Fall Mail Gazette.

—Those who give attention to the deterioration of food find the most deterioration in those groceries and canned goods which are sold with premiums in the form of glassware, teapots, etc. The quality of the food deteriorates in proportion with the value of the gift. The most adulteration is in spices and condiments, tea, coffee, syrup and baking powders.

—In the Southwest they do things differently from most every other part of the country. At Pleasanton, Atascosa County, Tex., they hanged a man. To express their great joy the citizens got up a barbecue, which was largely attended. In the adjoining county a white man, who was on trial for killing a Chinaman, was set at liberty because the presiding judge could find no laws providing for his punishment.

—New York State recently enacted a law by which criminals condemned to death shall be put to death by means of electricity instead of being hanged as formerly. A great deal of objection to this new method has developed and it seems somewhat doubtful if the new law will be enforced. It is contended that death by electricity is unconstitutional because a cruel and unusual method of punishment, but other States and the municipal council of Paris, France, are contemplating adopting the electrical death penalty.

—In Brownville, Schuykill County, Pa., the other day, some senseless young men, in want of a lark, soaked a lot of corn in whisky and flung it to a flock of geese. An hour later the woman who owned them found them comatose, and, believing them dead, picked their feathers off and flung the carcasses down a mine breach. During the night the birds slept off their debauch, and next morning were found huddled at the gate in a naked and prodigal condition.

—The great organ of the Catholic cathedral in Louisville was recently out of tune for several days. The organist searched for the cause but could not discover it. Then the organ builder was called in to see what was the matter. After a short examination he found the metallic "D" pipe out of order. He had the pipe, which is ten feet in length, removed, and found that a sparrow lodged in the middle of it. The sparrow was removed and the pipe replaced, and the organ is now in good order. It is not known how the bird could have got into the pipe.

—A policeman in a certain town in Northern New Hampshire recently attempted to separate two men who were engaged in a row, when one of them picked up a club and struck the officer on the head, laying his scalp open. The latter pluckily stuck to his man, and finally landed his assailant in the lockup. The next morning the prisoner was arraigned before a justice, who fined the policeman \$4 and costs of the prosecution. On being remonstrated with, the court said that the prisoner had no money to pay him for his trouble, and he didn't propose to work for nothing.

—"So this is a prohibition town?" said a drummer to the landlord of a small local option town in Texas. "Yes, we don't allow any liquor to be sold if we can possibly prevent; but, sir, there are men in this town so utterly devoid of honor and principle that for twenty-five cents they will peddle out this liquid damnation. What do you think of such an unprincipled scoundrel?" "It strikes me it is a mere matter of business. Where can I find that unprincipled scoundrel?" "I am the man. Follow me!" When the drummer returned his mustache was moist, and he was out a quarter.—Texas Siftings.

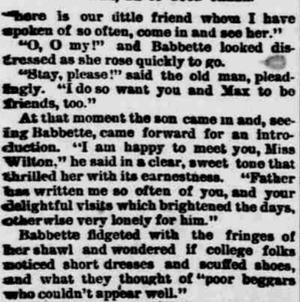
—In Paris lately a physician was arrested for practicing medicine without a diploma. He had a large and lucrative practice, and at the trial several patients testified that they had been ordered by the defendant, as a cure for their ills, to hold a copper rod on their hands until it fell off; to stand on one leg, etc. Such disclosures didn't unnerve the doctor in the least, and when asked what he had to say, to the great surprise of all produced a diploma showing that he was a regularly graduated physician. He then explained that for five years after leaving college he had vainly tried to make a living by regular practice. Then to avoid starvation, he hit upon his quackery dodge and made considerable money.



"SO, HOW COULD I HELP IT?"



"DAUGHTER, BE OF GOOD CHEER."



"HERE IS OUR LITTLE FRIEND WHO I HAVE SPOKEN OF SO OFTEN, COME AND SEE HER."

"O, O my!" and Babbette looked distressed as she rose quickly to go. "Stay, please!" said the old man, pleadingly. "I do so want you and Max to be friends, too."

MAIDA L. CHOCOMA.