

THE VOICE OF GOD.

By pebbled brook that peris along. Through leafy wood and grassy glen. That joins the cascade's merry song. Cheerful to give us life and cheer. I hear the voice of God.

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"What!" exclaimed Paul Morton. "Do you think I will suffer myself to be subjected to such a degrading suspicion—a man of my position in society—what advantage could I possibly reap from my friend's death?"

"He was a rich man," suggested James Cromwell, significantly. "That is true," said the merchant, with self-possession. "He was a rich man."

"And he may have left his property to you." "You happen to be mistaken there. He had left his property to a son, a boy of fourteen."

"Where is this son?" asked the clerk, a little taken aback by this discovery, which was new to him. "He is now in my house."

"And suppose the boy dies?" "It was now Paul Morton's turn to hesitate. "That is not very probable," he said. "He is a strong, vigorous boy."

"Who is to be his guardian?" "I am." "Indeed! And if he dies there is no provision made as to the property?"

"It will go to me if he dies before attaining his majority." The clerk coughed—a little significant cough—which annoyed Mr. Morton not a little. It conveyed an imputation which he could not resent, because it was indirect.

"I hope you are satisfied," he said at length. "O, certainly; that is, nearly so," said James Cromwell; "but then it is not enough that I should be satisfied."

ward in the charge of James Cromwell, with a liberal allowance, to be deducted from his ward's income for his trouble? Not that he considered the clerk, of whom he knew next to nothing, and that little not to his credit, a suitable person to have the charge of a boy. But then, he was not a conscientious guardian, and his only desire was, so to arrange matters as best to subserve his own interests. Besides, there were certain plans and hopes which he cherished that could best be subserved by a man not over scrupulous, and he judged rightly that James Cromwell would become a pliant tool in his hands if he were paid well enough for it.

He was not surprised to receive another visit from the clerk on the evening succeeding the interview which was chronicled in the last chapter. "Well," he said, when the latter was ushered into his presence, and they were left alone, "what have you to tell me?"

"I have lost my situation," said Cromwell, briefly. "Then your employer was offended at your silence?" "Yes; he said he must know who bought the article."

"And you refused to tell him?" "I did. Upon this he said that he had no further occasion for my services, and that under the circumstances he must refuse me a recommendation. So you see I have got into serious trouble on account of keeping your secret."

Paul Morton winced at the last two words, but he didn't comment on them. "I must see what I can do for you," said Paul Morton, who was quite prepared for the communication which had been made him. "Last evening I did not see any way clear, but a plan has since then occurred to me. But it is necessary that I shall first know a little more about you. Have you ever been in the West?"

"Yes, sir. I was born in Indiana." "Then you have some acquaintance about there?" "Yes, sir," said the clerk, wondering what was coming. "How would you like to buy out a drug-shop in some prosperous Western town? As a proprietor the business might be more agreeable to you than as a clerk."

"Yes, sir, it would," said the clerk, brightening up. The prospect of a business of his own struck him favorably. "But I have no money," he added. "That matter could be arranged," said the merchant. "Of course I cannot pay except for services rendered, but I have a charge to intrust you with."

James Cromwell awaited with interest and curiosity what should be said next. Paul Morton continued: "I have been thinking," he said, "that it will be better for my ward's health that he should reside in the West. My opinion is that the rough winds of the Atlantic coast may be injurious for him, but I have been puzzled to decide upon a competent man to take charge of him. I am inclined to think that as you have nothing to prevent your going out West, and moreover, are acquainted with the country, it will suit my views to give you the general oversight of Robert. He can board at the same place with you, and go to school."

"What shall I receive for my services?" asked James Cromwell, coming at once to that part of the business which was to him of the greatest importance. "I have been thinking of that," said the merchant. "How much will it cost to buy out a fair druggist's shop?" "It might be managed for \$2,000 or \$3,000."

fit to you, for you would inherit the property in his place." "Yes; that was the arrangement his father made without my knowledge. But that has nothing to do with you. I will tell you what I have decided to do in the contingency which I have just named. If the boy dies, you will be an arrant loser; I will agree to give you outright such a sum as will produce an equal annual income, say ten thousand dollars."

"You will give ten thousand dollars if the boy dies?" "Yes; should he be removed by an early death, though, of course, this is not probable, I will make over to you the sum I have named."

"Ten thousand dollars?" "Yes; ten thousand dollars, as a testimonial of my appreciation of your services in taking charge of him. That certainly is a liberal arrangement."

"Yes," said James Cromwell, in a low voice, his face a little paler than its wont, for he knew as well as his employer, that the sum mentioned was indirectly offered him as an inducement to make way with the boy. He could not prove it, of course, but it was clear to his own mind, and Paul Morton meant that it should be. "Come here to-morrow," he said, rising as a signal of dismissal, "and meanwhile I will prepare my ward for the new plans which we have been discussing."

CHAPTER X. A Villainous Suggestion. "Tell Robert Raymond that I wish to speak to him," said Paul Morton, to a servant who answered his bell. "Yes, sir."

In five minutes Robert entered his presence. The boy was clad in a suit of black, and his face was grave and sad. The death of his father, his only relation of whom he had any knowledge, had weighed heavily upon his feelings, and he moved about the house in a listless way, with little appetite or spirit. "You sent for me, sir?" he said, interrogatively, as he entered.

"Yes, Robert, take a seat. I wish to speak to you," said his guardian. The boy obeyed, and looked inquiringly in the face of Paul Morton to see what he had to communicate. "It is desirable," he said, "that we should speak together of your future arrangements. It is for that purpose I have sent for you this morning."

"I suppose I shall go back to the school where my father placed me," said Robert. "Ahem!" said his guardian. "that we can settle presently. I have not yet decided upon that point. It is a very good school, sir. I think it was my father's intention that I should remain there for at least two years longer."

"He never spoke to me on that subject. He thought it would be safe to trust to my judgment in the matter." "Then I am not to go back?" said Robert, in some disappointment. "I do not say that. I only say that I have not yet decided upon that point. Even if you go back you need not go at once."

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How Myths Originate.

No doubt many legends of the ancient world, though not really history, are myths which have arisen by reasoning on actual events as definite as that which, some four years ago, was terrifying the peasant mind in North Germany, and especially in Posen.

The report had spread far and wide that all Catholic children with black hair and blue eyes were to be sent out of the country, some said to Russia, while others declared it was the King of Prussia who had been playing cards with the Sultan of Turkey, and had staked and lost 40,000 fair-haired, blue-eyed children; and there were Moors traveling about in covered carts to collect them; and the schoolmasters were helping, for they were to have \$5 for every child they handed over.

For a time the popular excitement was quite serious; the parents kept the children away from school and hid them, and when they appeared in the streets of the market town the little ones clung to them with terrified looks. Dr. Schwartz, the well-known mythologist, took the pains to trace the rumor to its source. One thing was quite plain, that its prime cause was that grave and learned body, the Anthropological Society of Berlin, who, without a thought of the commotion they were stirring up, had, in order to class the population as to race, induced the authorities to have a census made throughout the local schools to ascertain the color of the children's skin, hair and eyes.

Had it been only the boys, to the Government inspection of whom for military conscription the German peasants are only too well accustomed, nothing would have been thought of it; but why should the officials want to know about the little girls' hair and eyes?—Popular Science Monthly.

Elephant Leather.

A new industry is being rapidly developed in France, and if you mean to be in the fashion you had better take note of it at once. Some years ago it was the gentle crocodile which was selected as the fittest animal for providing you with new purses, bags, cigarette cases, boots, shoes and all the rest of leathery knickknacks. Now it is the elephant that has to give his hide for the same purpose.

At Paris even now you can buy a card or cigar case of crocodile hide which has been glorified by a six months' sojourn in a bath of oak bark in the tanner's yard. The price of the little toy is from 15 to 20 guineas, and if you are ambitious enough to wish to purchase a small crocodile valise "and no one there to hinder" you may do so for the sum of from £15 to £100. The tanned elephant skin is also reported to make carpets of unrivaled strength and "of a grand originality."—Paris Letter.

Were You Ever South in Summer?

It is no hotter in Tennessee, Alabama or Georgia than here, and it is positively delightful on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi and West Florida. If you are looking for a location in the south go down now and see for yourself. The Louisville & Nashville railroad and connections will sell tickets to all points south for trains of Aug. 7 at one fare round trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, general passenger agent, Louisville, Ky.

Experiments with Opium Smoking.

One Herr Macley, in the course of a stay at Hong Kong, made an experiment upon his own body which would appear to be pretty conclusive as to the effect of opium-smoking. After fasting eighteen hours, he smoked twenty-seven pipes, holding in all 107 grains of the opium used by the Chinese. It is interesting to know that after the third pipe he ceased to feel hungry, and the fifth pipe left him unable to walk about comfortably; the seventh brought his pulse down from eighty-six to seventy; the twelfth caused singing in the ears, and the thirteenth a heavy fit of laughter. Twenty-five pipes affected his hearing, but, within an hour after the trial, which had only lasted about 160 minutes, he was able to go home and go to bed, where he slept so soundly as to wake up fairly fresh and hungry the next morning. During the whole experiment, he had no dreams or hallucinations of any sort whatever.

Wild Animals in Africa.

Although the gradual spread of the population toward the interior of Africa is driving the wild animals further and further inland, and though they are consequently difficult to reach in the more inaccessible haunts to which they have retreated, yet the larger wild animals have, with one or two exceptions, scarcely suffered any diminution from the advancing tide of civilization. Ostriches have suffered, perhaps, the most, but only to exchange a wild for a domesticated state. Elephants are frequently seen within a short distance of southern and southeastern coasts. Hippopotami are abundant. Even the larger beasts of prey are by no means uncommon, and tigers are especially depredators. If the reports of diamond diggers in the Northwest are to be believed, a new animal has lately made its appearance as a candidate for the honor of being chased by an enterprising sportsman. It is called by the bushmen, or natives, the "bear lion," and is described as being about the size of a lion, but far stronger in make, and with a tremendous head and neck. Its legs are much shorter than a lion's, but much stouter, and it is apparently far more powerful. Its color is a dark yellow, with black spots. It runs or creeps along the ground, but does not bound like a lion. It has sometimes been seen accompanied by a smaller one—probably a cub—so that the race is apparently not yet quite extinct, whatever the animal may be.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

A Child's Rebuke.

In June last, at T. Pa., "Children's Sunday" was observed, at which time several children were christened. Little Johnny was rather pugnacious by temperament, but seemed deeply impressed by the ceremony. At home, during the previous week, all the feather-beds and pillows had been renovated by a peregrinating renovator, which process had attracted much attention among the children. On the afternoon after the christening Johnny was quite angered by one of his sisters. Immediately the hand was raised, as of old, to strike; but slowly it was lowered, and, with a serious voice and a look worthy the rebuke of an apostle, he said: "Oh, sister, how could you?—and you just renovated, too!"—Harper's Magazine.

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The Champion Fish Story.

An Eastern tourist had been spinning some incredible fish yarns, when one of the party, turning to an old mountaineer, said: "Bill, that gets away with fishing in this country, don't it?" "Wal, I don't know 'bout that."

"Do you mean to say that you have caught more and larger fish?" "No; but I've caught some purty big fellers." "Come, now, tell us the weight of the largest trout you ever caught?" "Wal, I can't exactly tell as to the weight, but you folks can figger on it. Now, you know it is over 200 miles around this yer lake. Put that down. As I said before, I don't know the weight of the biggest trout I ever yanked out, but I did haul one up on the beach, and after I landed him the lake fell three feet, and you can see by that water-mark over yonder it hasn't riz since."—Nevada Journal.

Earle's Clover Root Tea.

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Hard on the Doctors.

The smallpox scare is about over and the harvest for physicians, at \$1 per point, about ended for the year. If we had a law to compel physicians to vaccinate all the members of the families in which they practice, free of charge, the days of smallpox scares would be forever ended.—Iowa State Register.

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