

THE TREASURE TOWER.

A STORY OF MALTA.

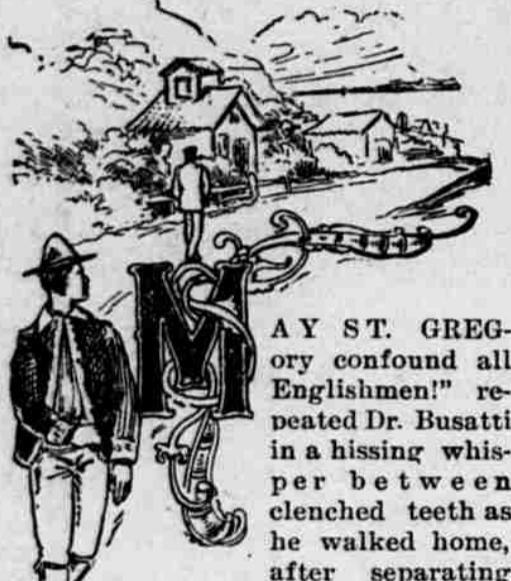
VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

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CHAPTER II.

A MALTESE SUITOR.



AY ST. GREGORY confound all Englishmen!" repeated Dr. Busatti in a hissing whisper between clenched teeth as he walked home, after separating from Lieut. Curzon.

He glanced over his shoulder, cautiously, in the very utterance of the malediction, as if to ascertain whether or no the saint invoked had blighted the stalwart enemy on the spot. But the officer pursued his way at a light and brisk pace, without a backward look.

Dejection gradually subdued the fierce wrath of jealousy in the breast of the young physician. Why was Dolores so portionless a maiden? He asked this question, piteously, of the blue sky and limpid sea. In his family, the bride had always brought her dowry, her household linen and embroideries, however modest, and he had been educated to laudably respect the possession of worldly goods. Still he was irresistibly attracted and charmed by the arch beauty and winning ways of Jacob Dealtzy's granddaughter, whose smiles animated his grave and somber humor on those occasions when he sought a pretext to visit the Watch Tower in the country. Dolores was glad to see Dr. Busatti. She was glad to see any visitor in her restricted existence. She played with his devotion as a kittens sports with shadows, placing the paw of innocent curiosity on dark phases of passion in human nature in mere sportiveness of mood. He had cradled himself in the sweet delusions of the present hour, without too accurately defining the future, even in his own mind. Jacob Dealtzy's span of life must of necessity be brief; and, possibly, when Dolores was left alone, the heart of his own home circle would be softened toward the helpless orphan. He was a dutiful and obedient son, and had never rebelled against paternal authority, while always willing to carry his father's messages to the Tower as an opportunity to enjoy the vivacity of intercourse with Dolores, albeit she often bewildered as well as dazzled his sober faculties. Not the least element of his satisfaction consisted of the secrecy of his course. The paradise of little garden where dwelt Dolores was remote, and safely hidden from all eyes save his own. Even his mother did not suspect his penchant, and Giovanni Battista especially feared his mother.

The intrusion of the British sailor, alert, handsome, and keen of eye, on the paradise of the Watch Tower was a rude shock to indolent possession of the citadel. The disciple of Esculapius was irritated and alarmed, without constitutional irresolution being confirmed into swift and decisive action. He was dissatisfied, even depressed, by the circumstance. After all, the officer might never return to Jacob Dealtzy's dilapidated abode.



OBSERVED TWO PERSONS. Absorbed in these reflections, Dr. Busatti reached the town.

As he approached his own dwelling he observed two persons, who had paused near the shrine of the angle of wall, engaged in earnest conversation. These were a tall priest, whose form, clad in black robes, and beaver hat with a wide brim, was sharply defined like a silhouette against the relief of white wall, and a fat, little woman, with a round, yellow face, and a tendency to black mustache on the upper lip. The tall priest, drawing a tortoise-shell box from his pocket, took a pinch of snuff with an appearance of slow

enjoyment. The little woman held the silk mantle, the faldetta of Malta, over her head, which fluttered in the wind.

The couple concluded their colloquy, with many nods of mutual understanding, and much animated gesticulation, then walked on slowly.

Dr. Busatti recognized his mother and his maternal uncle, the priest of a neighboring parish. Why did a gloomy conviction smite him that they were talking about himself? Why did the roseate picture of pretty Dolores, pausing beside the fountain and the orange tree, fade as he entered the chill shadow of the street?

"Good day, my uncle," said Giovanni Battista, overtaking his relatives at the door of the paternal home, which was a modest nook of an old and spacious mansion.

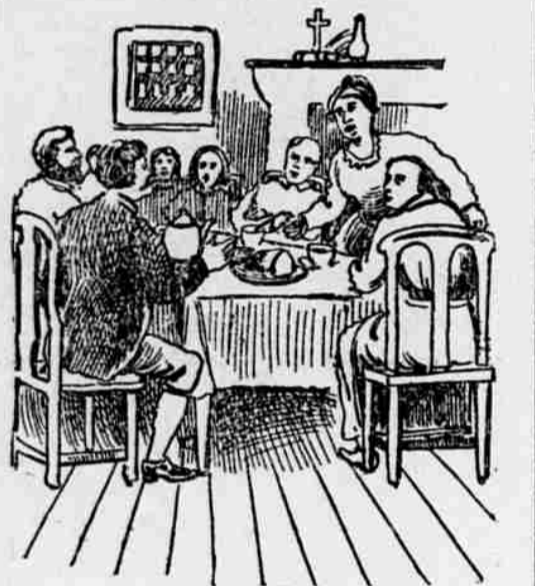
"Good day, figlio mio!" replied the priest, with benevolence.

Madame Busatti surveyed her son scornfully, tossed her head slightly beneath the folds of the faldetta, and uttered a short and contemptuous laugh.

"I have been for a walk in the country," stammered Dr. Busatti, with an apprehensive glance at the maternal countenance.

"I know where you have been," she retorted sharply, and entered the house.

The uncle patted the young man on the shoulder reassuringly, and regarded him with a sly smile of humor.



"FOOL THAT THOU ART."

Giovanni Battista Busatti the elder was a government official, who had reared seven children on a small salary. Studios in taste, he was compiling a history of his native island in moments of leisure. Thin and cadaverous like his offspring, he was mild in disposition, and wholly swayed by the influence of his wife.

Maddalena Busatti led an existence divided between thrifty cares of her household and attending mass at the parish church.

Antonio, still more slender and dusky than his elder brother, was a student of law at the Lyceum and University. Five docile and swarthy young sisters completed the domestic circle.

Doctor Busatti took his accustomed seat at the table, and kept a vigilant eye on his mother. The good-humored gossip of the uncle, who shared the meal, did not divert him from the suspicion that something unusual had happened to excite the ruling spirit of the place.

He had not long to wait. Signora Busatti, after talking with her customary volubility on indifferent topics during the first portion of the meal, placed her two plump arms on the table and announced, with a comprehensive glance at her numerous offspring, "Giovanni Battista must select a wife."

"Yes. A good wife aids a physician to win the confidence of the community," added the priest.

"I was already married at your age," echoed the father.

Antonio smiled with the supercilious smirk of adolescence, and dipped a morsel of bread in olive oil. The swarthy little sisters giggled and nudged each other.

"There is plenty of time," said Doctor Busatti, in feeble protest, and feeling himself surrounded by domestic conspirators.

"There is no time to lose," rejoined the mother.

"I am in no haste to wed," demurred the son, wiping his brow with visible dread of arousing family wrath. "I can very well wait for another year."

Then Maddalena Busatti planted her elbows yet more firmly on the table, and spoke at length. The uncle was present to support her in unfolding her matrimonial schemes, but she required no aid, spiritual or temporal. She was a host in herself. She had found a suitable daughter-in-law in the plump heiress of a certain wine merchant down at the Port, Caterina Vacelli by name.

"Caterina Vacelli?" repeated Dr. Busatti, in troubled accents. "I have never seen the girl."

"Your uncle knows her well. He baptized her in infancy," was the glib response.

"Is she pretty?" inquired the suitor, dolefully.

"As pretty as your own sisters," affirmed Madame Busatti with enthusiasm.

The five maidens again tittered, and whispered together, much flattered by the unexpected compliment, while Antonio dipped another morsel of bread in oil, munched the delicacy slowly, and

scrutinized them in turn with that latent, fraternal derision observable in the youth of all races at times.

"There is a fine wedding-dowry, my son," continued the mother, impressively. "The wine merchant will not stint the supply of linen to become connected with our family."

Dr. Busatti sighed deeply, and shook his head.

"We will speak of the matter later, another day," he said, with a gesture of indignation.

Here the mother's patience became too severely tried; her black eyes snapped angrily.

"Caterina Vacelli will be won by another while you wait," she cried shrilly, and without finding it necessary to explain that she had made all requisite overtures in the name of her eldest born. "The grandchild of that heretic, Jacob Dealtzy, has bewitched thee, Giovanni Battista; fool that thou art! Have I no eyes? Do not attempt to deceive me! Ah, I know all! It is true that the girl has had some instruction from the Sisters and attends church, especially on Festas, but she is without a penny. A fine bride for my son, truly! The other day she took her mother's wedding chain to the Monte di Pietà and actually pawned it to buy some finery."

Dr. Busatti winced and his brow clouded, yet he remained silent.

His father rubbed his chin meditatively and regarded him with a quizzical expression which was more eloquently than words: "So this is the secret of your willingness to carry archaeological treasures to the Watch Tower? Your mother is more clever than the devil about finding out things, and it is useless to resist her."

The meal over, the uncle drew forth his favorite snuff box, and the family union acquired the character of a solemn convalescence. Dr. Busatti did not venture to inquire how that fatal stumbling block in his own path of timid and vacillating love-making, the visit of Dolores to the pawnbroker's, had become known. In the end he submitted to the decrees of Providence.

He was presented to Caterina Vacelli, who proved to be not very young, and with shoulders rounded in a curve which would have been pronounced a humpback in a bride less well dowered.

Giovanni Battista failed in none of the duties which his new position entailed upon him. He promised to take his wife each year to the festival of San Gregorio, according to the old custom. He brought her cakes compounded of honey, sugar, and hempseed, to the satisfaction of both families.

The mocking student-of-law, Antonio, sang in a clear, tenor voice:

"In the wedding, or matrimonial contract, They make this conjugal bargain, That he (the bridegroom) shall take her to the festa of San Gregorio."

Shall set her upon the wall, Shall buy her a slice of sweetmeat, Made of hempseed, For that is the kind that test pleases his lady, the bride."

Thus material wisdom triumphed, and Dr. Busatti haunted the little garden of Jacob Dealtzy no more.

CHAPTER III.

OVER A CUP OF TEA.



HE SAILOR ENTERS like the proverbial bull in a china shop," thought Capt. Blake, as Lieut. Curzon, pushing aside the hangings of a door behind him, struck his elbow, and sent the cup of tea which he was about to drink spinning from his grasp on the floor.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer, halting in dismay. "The place is dark."

"Oh, pray don't trouble about me," replied Capt. Blake, airily, and contemplating the fragments of rare Samarra ware scattered at his feet.

"You are late, Arthur," said the hostess, greeting the new arrival with unfeigned suavity, and ignoring the broken cup, except to order a servant to remove the debris.

"I have been for a walk in the country," Lieut. Curzon rejoined as he wiped his heated brow on his pocket handkerchief. "Your tea room is deliciously cool and fragrant, Cousin Maud, but it is dark after the sun. I am awfully sorry to have smashed your china."

"This is my friend Miss Symthe, just off from England," interposed Mrs. Griffith, smiling, and presenting a young lady who was pouring tea at the table.

"Will you take cream and sugar, Lieut. Curzon?" inquired Miss Symthe in dressing accents.

"Both, please."

"Do try a sandwich, or some bread and butter," supplemented the hostess.

"You must be half starved after your walk. We intend to keep you to dinner as well, even if you disobey ship's orders."

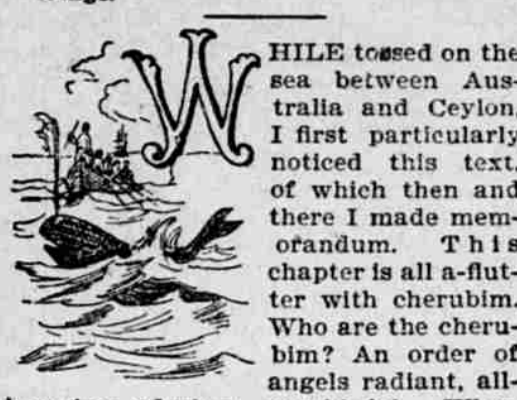
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Gold Loses by Abrasion. Gold while in circulation is handled less than any other medium. It is usually kept in the vaults of banks for demands rarely made, and for this reason the loss by abrasion is about one-half of 1 per cent in any twenty years. In a \$20 gold piece, the standard weight of which is 516 grains, the government allowance for loss by abrasion is 2.58 grains, but, except in cases where the coins have been tampered with by "sweaters," the loss rarely exceeds this limit.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A POWERFUL PLEA FOR PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

"Wing and Hand," the Text Being Ezekiel 10:21—The Likeness of the Hands of a Man Was Under Their Wings.



W HILE tossed on the sea between Australia and Ceylon, I first particularly noticed this text, of which then and there I made memorandum. This chapter is all a flutter with cherubim. Who are the cherubim? An order of angels radiant, all knowing, adoring, worshipful. When painter or sculptor tried in temple at Jerusalem or in marble of Egypt to represent the cherubim, he made them part lion, or part ox, or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended burlesque of the cherubim, whose majesty and speed and splendor we will never know until lifted into their presence we behold them for ourselves, as I pray by the pardoning grace of God we all may. But all the accounts Biblical, and all the suppositions human, represent the cherubim with wings, each wing about seven feet long, vaster, more imposing than any plumage that ever floated in earthly atmosphere. Condor in flight above Chimborazo, or Rocky Mountain eagle aiming for the noonday sun, or albatross in play with ocean tempest, presents no such glory. We can get an imperfect idea of the wing of cherubim by the only wing we see—the bird's plume—which is the arm of the bird, but in some respects more wonderful than the human arm; with power of making itself more light, or more heavy; of expansion and contraction; defying all attitudes and all abysses; the bird looking down with pity upon boasting man as he toils up the sides of the Adirondacks, while the wing with a few strokes puts the highest crags far beneath claw and beak. But the bird's wing is only a feeble suggestion of cherubim's wing. The greatness of that, the rapidity of that, the radiance of that, the Bible again and again sets forth.

My attention is not more attracted by those wings than by what they reveal when lifted. In two places in Ezekiel we are told there were hands under the wings; human hands; hands like ours: "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." We have all noticed the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have noticed the human hand under the wing. There are whole sermons, whole anthems, whole dogmologies, whole millenniums in that combination of hand and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by appreciation of the fact that supernatural and human agencies are to go together; that which soars, and that which practically works; that which ascends the heavens, and that which reaches forth to earth; the joining of the terrestrial and the celestial; the hand and the wing. We see this union in the construction of the Bible. The wing of inspiration is in every chapter.

What realms of the ransomed earth did Isaiah fly over? Over what battlefields for righteousness; what coronations; what dominions of gladness; what rainbows around the throne of God? But in every book of the Bible you just as certainly see the human hand that wrote it. Moses, the lawyer, showing his hand in the Ten Commandments, the foundation of all good legislation. Amos, the herdsman, showing his hand in smiles drawn from fields and flocks; the fishermen apostles showing their hand when writing about Gospel nets; Luke, the physician, showing his hand by giving especial attention to diseases cured; Paul showing his scholarly hand by quoting from heathen poets, and making arguments about the resurrection that stand as firmly as on the day he planted them; and St. John shows his hand by taking his imagery from the appearance of the bright waters spread around the Island of Palms at hour of sunset, when he wrote of the sea of glass mingled with fire; scores of hands writing the parables, the miracles, the promises, the hosannas, the raptures, the consolations, the woes of ages. Oh, the Bible is so human; so full of heart-beats; so sympathetic; so wet with tears; so triumphant with palm branches, that it takes hold of the human race as nothing else ever can take hold of it—each writer in his own style; Job, the scientific; Solomon, the royal-blooded; Jeremiah, the despondent; Daniel, the abstemious and heroic—why, we know their style so well that we need not look to the top of the page to see who is the author. No more conspicuous the uplifting wing of inspiration than the hand, the warm hand, the flexible hand, the skillful hand of human instrumentality. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

Again, behold this combination of my text in all successful Christian work. We stand and kneel in our pulpits, and social meetings, and reformatory associations, offering prayer. Now, if anything has wings, it is prayer. It can fly farther and faster than anything I can now think of. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in England. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in India. It can girdle the earth in a shorter time than you can seal a letter, or clear a belt, or hook an eye. Wings, whether that prayer starts from an infant's tongue or the trembling lips of a centenarian, rising from the heart of a farmer's wife standing at the dashing churn, or before the hot breath of a country oven, they soar away, and pick out all the shipping on the earth, on all seas, the craft on which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly clear down into the future. When the father of Queen Victoria was dying he asked that the infant Victoria might be brought while he sat up in bed; and the babe was brought, and the father prayed: "If this child should live to become queen of England, may she rule in the fear of God!" Having ended his prayer, he said: "Take the child away." But all who know the history of England for the last fifty years know that the prayer for that infant more than seventy years ago has been answered, and with what emphasis and affection millions of the queen's subjects have this day in chapels and cathedrals, on land and sea, supplicated:

"God save the Queen!" Prayer flies not only across continents, but across centuries. If prayer had only feet, it might run here and there and do wonders. But it has wings, and they are as radiant of plume, and as swift to rise, or swoop, or dart, or circle, as the cherubim's wings which swept through Ezekiel's vision. But, oh, my friends, the prayer must have the hand under the wing, or it may amount to nothing. The mother's hand, or the father's hand, must write to the wayward boy as soon as you can hear how to address him. Christian souls must contribute to the evangelism of that far-off land for which they have been praying. Stop singing "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," unless you are willing to give something of your own means to make it fly. Have you been praying for the salvation of a young man's soul? That is right; but also extend the hand of invitation to come to a religious meeting. It always excites our sympathy to see a man with his hand in a sling. We ask him: "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon's; or, 'Have your fingers been crushed?'" But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their life-long with their hand in a sling. They have been hurt by indifference, or wrong ideas of what is best; or it is injured of conventionalities; and they never put forth that hand to lift, or help, or rescue any one. They pray, and their prayer has wings, but there is no hand under the wings. From the very structure of the hand we might make up our mind as to some of the things it was made for; to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, and to rescue. And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves we were to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, to rescue. Wondrous hand! You know something of the "Bridgewater Treatises." When Rev. Francis Henry Bridgewater in his will left \$40,000 for essays on "The Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as Manifested in the Creation," and Davies Gilbert, the president of the Royal Society, chose eight persons to write eight books, Sir Charles Bell, the scientist, chose as the subject of his great book: "The Hand; its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design." Oh, the hand! its machinery beginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and forearm, down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm, and the fourteen bones of the fingers and thumb, and composed of a labyrinth of muscle and nerve, and artery, and flesh, which no one but Almighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to us from under the wings of the cherubim! "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

This idea is combined in Christ. When he rose from Mt. Olivet, he took wing. All up and down his life you see the uplifting divinity. It glowed in his forehead. It flashed in his eyes, its cadences were heard in his voice. But he was also very human. It was the hand under the wing that touched the woes of the world, and took hold of the sympathies of the centuries. Watch his hand before it was spiked. There was a dead girl in the governor's house, and Christ comes into the room and takes her pale, cold hand in his warm grasp, and she opens her eyes on the weeping household, and says, "Father, what are you crying about? Mother, what are you crying about?" The book says, "He took her by the hand, and the maid arose." A follower, angered at an insult offered Christ, drew the sword from sheath and struck at a man with the sharp edge, aiming, I think, at his forehead. But the weapon glanced aside and took off the right ear at its roots. Christ with his hand reconstructed that wonderful organ of sound, that whispering gallery of the soul, that collector of vibrations, that aerial way to the auditory nerve, that turned without which all the musical instruments of earth would be of no avail. The Book says, "He touched his ear and healed him." Meeting a full-grown man who had never seen a sunrise, or a sunset, or a flower, or the face of his own father or mother, Christ moistens the dust from his own tongue, and stirs the dust into an eye-salve, and with his own hands applies the strange medicament, and suddenly all the colors of earth and sky rush in upon the newly created optic nerve, and the instantaneous noon drove out the long night. When he sees the grief of Mary and Martha, he sits down and cries with them. Some day it is the shortest verse in the Bible; but to me it seems, because of its far-reaching sympathies, about the largest—"Jesus wept." So very human. He could not stand the sight of drowsy, or epileptic, or paralytic, or hunger, or dementia; but he stretches out his sympathetic hand toward it. So very human. Omnipotent, and majestic, and glorious, this angel of the new covenant, with wings capable of encircling a universe, and yet hands of gentleness, hands of helpfulness. "The hands of a man under the wings." There is a kind of religion in our day that my text rebukes. There are men and women spending their time in delectation over their saved state, going about from prayer-meeting to church, telling how happy they are. But show them a subscription paper, or ask them to go and visit the sick, or tell them to reclaim a wanderer, or speak out for some unpopular Christian enterprise, and they have bronchitis, or stitch in the side, or sudden attack of grippe. Their religion is all wing, and no hand. They can fly heavenward, but they cannot reach out earthward.

In our time it is the habit to denounce the cities, and to speak of them as the perdition of all wickedness. Is it not time for some one to tell the other side of the story and to say that the city is the heaven of practical helpfulness? Look at the embowered and fountains parks, where the invalids may come and be refreshed; the Bowery mission, through which annually over 100,000 come to get bread for this life, and bread for the life to come, all the pillars of that institution under the blessing of Him who had not where to lay his head; the free schools, where the most impoverished are educated; the hospitals for broken bones; the homes for the restoration of intellects astray; the orphan house, father and mother to all who come under its benediction; the midnight missions, which pour mid-noon upon the darkened; the prison reform association; the houses of mercy; the infirmaries; the sheltering arms, the aid societies; the industrial schools; the sailors' snug harbor; the founding asylums; the free dispensa-

ries, where greatest scientific skill feels the pulse of wan pauper; the ambulance, the startling stroke of its bell clearing the way to the place of casualty; and good souls like the mother who came to the Howard mission, with its crown of friendless boys picked up from the streets, and saying, "If you have a crippled boy, give him to me; my dear boy died with the spinal complaint," and such an one she found and took him home and nursed him till he was well. It would take a sermon three weeks long to do justice to the mighty things which our cities are doing for the unfortunate and the lost. Do not say that Christianity in our cities is all show, and talk, and genuflection, and sacred noise. You have been so long looking at the hand of cruelty, and the hand of theft, and the hand of fraud, and the hand of outrage, that you have not sufficiently appreciated the hand of help, stretched forth from the doors and windows of churches, and from merciful institutions, the Christ-like hand, the cherubic hand, "the hand under the wings."

There is also in my subject the suggestion of rewarded work for God and righteousness. When the wing went the hand went. When the wing ascended the hand ascended; and for every useful and Christian hand there will be elevation celestial and eternal. Expect no human gratitude for it. It will not come. That was a wise thing Fenelon wrote to his friend: "I am very glad, my dear, good fellow, that you are pleased with one of my letters which has been shown to you. You are right in saying and believing that I ask little of men in general. I try to do much for them and to expect nothing in return. I find a decided advantage in these terms. On these terms I defy them to disappoint me." But, my hearers, the day cometh when your work, which perhaps no one has noticed, or rewarded, or honored, will rise to heavenly recognition. While I have been telling you that the hand was under the wing of the cherubim, I want you to realize that the wing was over the hand. Perhaps reward may not come to you right away. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he triumphed at the last. Walter Scott, in boyhood, was called "The Greek Blockhead"; but what height of renown did he not afterward tread? And I promise you victory further on and higher up; if not in this world, then in the next. Come up and take it, you firemen, besweated, far down amid the grassy machinery of ocean steamers, and ye conductors and engineers on railroads, that knew no Sunday, and whose ringing bells and loud whistle never warned off your own anxieties. Come up and take it, you mothers, who rocked and lulled the family brood until they took wing for other nests, and never appreciated what you had done and suffered for them. Your hand was well favored when you were young, and it was a beautiful hand, so well rounded, so graceful that many admired and idolized it; but hard work calloused it, and twisted it, and self-sacrificing toil for others paled it, and many household griefs thinned it, and the ring which went on only with a push at the marriage altar, now is too large, and falls off, and again and again you have lost it. Poor hand! Worn-out hand! But God will reconstruct it, reanimate it, readorn it, and all heaven will know the story of that hand. What fallen ones it lifted up! What tears it wiped away! What wounds it banded! What storm-tossed ships it brought in to the pearl-beached harbor! Oh, I am so glad that in the vision of my text, Ezekiel saw the wing above the hand. Roll on that everlasting rest for all the tolling, and misunderstood, and suffering, and weary children of God, and know right well that to join your hand, at last emancipated from the struggle, will be the soft hand, the gentle hand the triumphant hand of Him who wipeth away all tears from all faces. That will be the palace of the king of which the poet sang in somewhat Scotch dialect:

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel thro'.

But in vain we look for something to which our hearts can cling.
For its beauty is as nothing to the palace o' the king.

We see our frien's await us over yonder at his gate;
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late!

Let our lamps be brightly burnin'; let's raise our voices an' sing:
Soon we'll meet, to part nae mair, i' the palace o' the kings.

Don't Flatter Yourself.

"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." Don't flatter yourself that your chances for heaven are good because you have never been stingy. It is unsafe to conclude that you will walk the streets of glory because you sometimes give away an old coat. Benevolence without love is as mercenary as rummeling. No matter how much or how little it gives, it does it with a bargaining spirit. It gives that it may be seen of men, and be talked about. It gives because it loves the sound of the trumpet that proclaims the heart. It has no more heart than an auction block. It is like the gift that Cain bought; very pretentious, but not a drop of blood in it. If it gives its goods to feed the poor it is only that it may have the praise of the rich.

Zions' Herald: The assumption is that to do a questionable thing on Sunday is more of a sin than to do it on Monday, or any other day in the week. The person making this distinction virtually asserts that it is wrong to do some things on Sunday which may be all right on other days of the week. This setting up of a Sunday conscience over against a week-day conscience is thoroughly illogical, for it creates two standards of right and wrong. The compass always points north. Conscience always points toward the pole star of eternal right; and it is just as foolish, for anyone who wishes to travel rightward, to go more obliquely toward it for six days than one does on the seventh, as to try to gain the north pole by going north-northwest for six days and due north the next.

Teacher—Tommy Figg, you may define the word "heroine." Tommy—A heroine is a woman that's always cryin' an' marries the biggest fool in the play, just because he's got a little dood mustache.