



CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He laughed as he accepted his cup of tea.

"Perhaps Harry would not be too hard on me if I overstaid my leave, forgetting the lapse of time in such charming society as an unlucky sailor is always sure to find in your house, Maud."

Mrs. Griffith sowed a tiny seed, destined to bear later fruit, in her reply, as she selected a sandwich for her young kinsman with her own fair hands.

"I fancy Harry would not be too hard on you if you disobeyed orders altogether."

The Harry in question, otherwise Captain the Hon. Henry Montagu Fitzwilliam, C. B., in command of H. M. S. Sparrow, was a veteran officer of dignified, not to say severe, mien; an inflexible disciplinarian, who made the lives of midshipmen and subofficials a burthen by reason of a vigilance deemed little short of galling tyranny and oppression.

Lieut. Curzon found transition of mood and surroundings alike soothing and agreeable. The idyl of youth and beauty in rags was dispelled by the presence of Mrs. Griffith and Miss Ethel Symthe, who bestowed upon the deeply appreciative sailor all those graceful and delicate attentions where-with wily sirens on land win the hearts of the followers of the sea. He was hot, a little tired and vexed, with all a young man's sense of amour propre, that he had clumsily broken a cup on entering the room. The eye of that son of Mars, Captain Blake, was still upon him, with an undefinable mockery, as of one who had scored a point in the social game to the discomfort of a rival branch of the service.

Mrs. Griffith, as the wife of a military man of high rank, was the power behind the throne in the places where the general was stationed. The tact and amiability of her personal influence were perceptible at Gibraltar, Cyprus, and in India alike. She was ever the Donna Pia of the miniature court of Urbino, organizing the festivities, adjusting all petty differences, giving zest and piquancy to gaiety. Her acquaintances ranged over more than half of the civilized world.

Removed to a new station, the lady invariably adapted her tea room to the requirements of a large circle, as an Arab adjusts his tent. Hence, in the palace of the Knights Templar at Malta, the low chamber opening on a court had a design of bamboo across the ceiling; the walls were wainscoted with panels of cedar, palm and red pine; and the floor covered with delicate matting. Vases filled with chrysanthemums; old screens of six panels, quaintly painted and heavily gilded; and divans covered with draperies wadded with silk, imparted, with the fragrant woods used in decoration, a pervading hue of rich brown



"THIS IS MY FRIEND MISS SYMTHE." to the room. In one corner was a curious household shrine dedicated to Buddha, with a brass lamp suspended before it, and a shelf, with a circular mirror and tiny trays for offerings of flowers, rice, and incense.

On the present occasion, Miss Symthe had insisted on kindling a stick of incense in a tiny brazier before the god, with a mischievous glance at an elderly clergyman with a weak chest.

Arthur Curzon, soothed by these feminine flatteries, asked himself what scheme his cousin might be maturing in her brain, on his own behalf, with a sentiment of awakening curiosity, as his glance followed the movements of the stout and handsome matron with the smooth black hair, clear complexion, and tranquil gray eyes. Mrs. Griffith was an inveterate matchmaker. No doubt she had a bride ready for him. Who, then? Miss Ethel Symthe, of course. Did he not know feminine tactics?

The young man was expansive in responsive greetings to the Ancient Mariner, otherwise Capt. John Fillingham, on the retired list, whose reminiscences extended over forty years of active service, chiefly in wooden ships; wars; the suppression of the African slave trade; or cruising off the Mosquito coast. He had shared the fresh impressions of life of midshipmen with Arthur Curzon's father, the admiral of many engagements.

A kindly old gentleman, warming rheumatic limbs in the winter sunshine of the Mediterranean shore, and with a countenance like the battered figure-head of a ship, the Ancient Mariner scanned the new-comer through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and remarked to Miss Symthe, sotto voce: "A fine lad, and he will prove an exceedingly clever man, if I am not much mistaken. A chip of the old block, as well. They are called the mad Curzons, you know. His father, Admiral Jack, fell in love with such a pretty girl, but without a penny. She was a nursery governess, or something of that sort. He saw her crossing a thoroughfare near his club on a foggy morning. She had neatly turned ankles. Dear me! it seems but yesterday! I was best man at the wedding. We were middies together."

"Fancy!" murmured Miss Symthe, and a slight glow of animation warmed her cheek.

"These young fellows are pampered nowadays," continued Capt. Fillingham. "In my time, we had to put up with salt horse and weevily biscuit, without too much complaint. The uncle, Archibald, if I am not in error—"

"John, dear, have another slice of bread and butter," interposed Mrs. Fillingham, a brisk matron, still proud of her dumping form as revealed to advantage in a Paris robe.



HE RECOVERED IT HASTILY.

The Ancient Mariner frowned, with an expression of affronted dignity. He was fond of unraveling the thread of reminiscences of dates, places, and people, when he found a congenial listener.

Mrs. Griffith gave the Lieutenant a gilded bonbonniere, with the admonition: "Ethel is very fond of chocolate."

The officer started from his reveries, and presented the box to the young lady. As he did so, the heavy medal fell from his pocket and rolled on the floor. He recovered it hastily.

"What treasure have you there?" inquired Miss Symthe, who possessed an unusually sharp pair of blue eyes.

"A Greco-Phoenician medallion," was the careless rejoinder.

"Where did you find it?" questioned Capt. Fillingham, with interest aroused.

"I bought it," said Lieut. Curzon, and paused abruptly.

"Dear me! You got it of a native, I suppose?" pursued the old gentleman.

"No. Mr. Jacob Dealtry sold it to me over yonder."

Capt. Blake laughed in a cynical fashion. "Has Jacob Dealtry any pretty daughters?" he insinuated.

"No," said Arthur Curzon, with superfluous curtness.

"Ah! Now I have it!" he pursued, ignoring feminine interruption. "Jacob Dealtry was the name of the merchant, or trader, at Jamaica, who disappeared so mysteriously after learning of the marriage of his only son in Spain. I was in the West Indian waters at the time, in command of the Vulture. We gave a ball to the ladies in the harbor of Kingston on the very night. Next day the whole affair was town talk. It was most extraordinary, you know. The trader was supposed to be well off, and he had disappeared without leaving a trace. Ensign White told me afterward about the son's return the following year with his Spanish wife, and his search for the missing parent. He hinted at foul play and robbery. There was something wrong. Stop a bit, though! Was the name Dealtry or Brown?"

Capt. Blake laughed again his mirthless, jarring, little laugh.

CHAPTER IV. ST. PAUL'S BAY.



MRS. GRIFFITH invited her friends to a picnic at St. Paul's bay on the ensuing day.

The weather was fine, and the spirits of the party in harmony with the exhilarating tones of their surroundings. On one side the island, barren and arid, caught the pervading radiance of golden sunshine, and the shadow of passing clouds in orange and purple tints on ridge and hollow, vivid, yet delicate and evanescent. On the other the limpid waves of the bay rippled gently on the strand, and the blue sea spread beyond rock and inlet to the limit of a transparent and luminous horizon. Everywhere was the permeating effulgence of a southern light and color, dazzling to the eye and steeping the senses in a soft languor of indolence. The warm sea breeze mingled with the perfume of flowers in adjacent gardens. Occasionally a bird winged its flight across the zenith. Little craft steered into the bay as the storm-beaten vessel of the apostle is reputed, by tradition, to have once sought refuge here.

The clergyman with a weak chest listened to the ruminating conjectures of the Ancient Mariner as to the much-disputed voyage of St. Paul, and whether the island visited had been Melida, Melita, or Malta, while the ladies manifested a half-fearful interest in the viper, and the possibility of descendants of the reptile lingering on the spot. Mrs. Griffith, handsome and suave, in her maize-colored draperies, appealed to her nautical cousin, Arthur Curzon, as to whether or not the wind Euroclydon was the northeast current which wafted hither the apostle of the gentiles.

"Very possibly," assented the young man, with indifference; for Miss Symthe was in the act of transferring a rosebud from her belt to his button-hole at the moment.

"Tradition is a bore, don't you think?" added Captain Blake, as the young lady bestowed a similar gift on him.

"Not at all," she rejoined, in a tone of reproof. "All about St. Paul's bay is most interesting."

Here the clergyman opened a Testament, which he carried in lieu of a guide-book, and read aloud several passages in the Acts. Capt. Fillingham became inspired with a kindling enthusiasm of conviction.

"I believe we are standing on the very spot where St. Paul landed," he affirmed, with a sweeping gesture of his right arm, which included sea and shore.

"The violent wind had beaten the little chaloop about until the sailors were in despair, and all the cargo had been thrown overboard to lighten the vessel. Only the prisoner Paul, who must live to see Rome, was sustained by unwavering courage, and strove to reanimate the failing spirits of his companions. A man among men, in storm and darkness!"

"Paul was upheld by faith," interposed the clergyman.

"On the fourteenth night after quitting Crete, Paul counseled all of his companions to eat bread, and strengthen themselves, and in the morning they sighted land, when the ship was driven into this bay by the tempest with such fury that the prow was buried in the sand, the waves washed over the poop, and the whole craft was broken up. Am I right?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

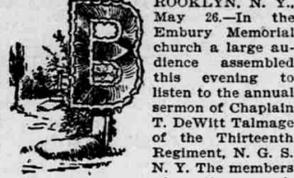
Jewelry in a Grave.

The largest amount of jewelry known to be in a single grave was buried in Greenwood cemetery several years ago. The undertaker who had charge of the funeral protested against it, but was severely rebuffed for his interference. The family had its way, and in that grave is buried fully \$5,000 worth of diamonds, with which the body was decked when prepared for burial. Sometimes families who desire to bury their dead in the clothing worn in life—in evening or wedding dresses, for instance—substitute less costly imitations for the jewelry worn in life, partly from motives of thrift and partly from a superstitious fear that anything taken off a body when it is ready for the tomb will bring ill luck to future wearers.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE GREATEST SOLDIER OF ALL TIME, THE TEXT.

"There Shall Not Any Man Be Able to Stand Before Thee All the Days of Thy Life." Joshua 1:5 — To the Soldier Boys.



ROOKLYN, N. Y., May 26.—In the Embury Memorial church a large audience assembled this evening to listen to the annual sermon of Chaplain T. DeWitt Talmage of the Thirtieth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. The members of the regiment occupied the body of the church. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject: "The Greatest Soldier of All Time," the text being Joshua 1:5: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

The "gallant Thirteenth," as this regiment is generally and appropriately called, has gathered to-night for the worship of God, and to hear the annual sermon. And first I look with hearty salutation into the faces of the veterans who, though now not in active service, have the same patriotic and military enthusiasm which characterized them when, in 1863, they bade farewell to home and loved ones, and started for the field, and risked all they held dear on earth for the re-establishment of the falling United States government. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and you showed yourselves willing to give your lives. We hail you! We thank you! We bless you, the veterans of the Thirteenth. Nothing can ever rob you of the honor of having been soldiers in one of the most tremendous wars of all history, a war with Grant, and Sherman, and Hancock, and Sheridan, and Farragut on one side, and Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, and Longstreet, and Johnston on the other. As in Greek assemblages, when speakers would rouse the audience, they shouted "Marathon!" so if I wanted to stir you to acclamation, I would only need to speak the words, "Lookout Mountain," "Chancellorsville," "Gettysburg." And though through the passage of years you are forever free from duty of enlistment, if European nations should too easily and carelessly forget the Monroe doctrine, and set aggressive foot upon this continent, I think your ankles would be supple again, and your arms would grow strong again, and your eye would be keen enough to follow the stars of the old flag wherever they might lead.

And next, I greet the Colonel and his staff, and all the officers and men of this regiment. It has been an eventful year in your history. If never before, Brooklyn appreciates something of the value of the armories, and the importance of the men who there drill for the defense and safety of the city. The blessing of God be upon all of you, my comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment! And looking about for a subject that might be most helpful and inspiring for you, and our veterans here assembled, and the citizens gathered to-night with their good wishes, I have concluded to hold up before you the greatest soldier of all time—Joshua, the hero of my text.

He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. In my text, he gets his military equipment, and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "Oh," you say, "anybody could have courage with such a backing up as that." Why, my friends, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the Chieftain of eternity promises to do just as much for us as for him. All the resources of eternity are pledged in our behalf, if we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua. God fulfilled this promise of my text, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshets, and the next with a stone wall; and the next, leading on a regiment of whipped cowards; and the next battle, against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last, against the King of Terrors, Death—five great victories.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the overthrow of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshets. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after a while they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain of the text, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the Ark of the Covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet, than by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleaners and tamarisks and will-sooner have they reached the bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and

roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped, thirty miles up yonder they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the Almighty hand is taken away, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? Because perhaps we may want to go back. Oh, Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through, now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, in your forty feet deep in the rear, Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead; behind you death and darkness and war and hell. But you say: "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they had such splendid chance—standing on top of the bank thirty or forty feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river. I will tell you why. God had made a promise and he was going to keep it. 'There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life.'"

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis of the Canaanites, the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the perforation of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is: "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell and the Israelites run like reindeer. The northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the church of God on the retreat. The Bornean cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary. "Fall back!" said great many Christian people—"Fall back, oh church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornean cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say: "Fall back, oh church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back! Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say: "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of God have never any right to fall back.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says: "Oh, Lord God, wherefore has thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

I am very glad Joshua said that. Before it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us; but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore hast thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. This battalion in strategic fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of this scattered, or seemingly scattered, battalion, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israel-

ites in the city march down and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzzas of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They say: "There are five kings after us; we are going to destroy you; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say: "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and aching foreheads retreat, the catapults of the moon pour a volley of halibones into the valley and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pounds the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon, and at the faint crescent of the moon, and you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And they stood still. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays, or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know, and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What?" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out and battle for God, and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged, and prolonged, and prolonged.

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is a hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac, and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After a hundred and ten years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the King of Terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done.

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. I handle him very gently; and sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot, the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

MEN AND WOMEN.

John J. Ingalls is going to be a candidate for the senate against Peffer.

Mrs. Annie Louise Cary Raymond was thrown from a bicycle in Portland the other day and rather painfully injured.

Senator Cal Price has announced his opposition to free silver, but, as Mr. Toots would say, "It's of no consequence."

Mrs. Ann Daffin, who died last week at Philadelphia, was present at the coronation of Queen Victoria. Mrs. Daffin was born in Hull, England, in 1806, and came to this country in 1833.

President Angell of the Humane Society offers a prize of \$50 for the best collection of instantaneous photographs of docked and over-checked horses, with the names and addresses of their owners.

Dr. Siemens, the electrician, has his residence in Berlin fitted from cellar to roof with electric appliances, and the dining-room, kitchen and wine cellar are connected by an electric railway system.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A snowstorm which raged in Lancaster, Pa., and vicinity on March 1, 1892, brought down thousands of minute, amber colored worms.

The Central Railway of Peru crosses the Andes at a place 15,635 feet above sea level, an elevation equal to that of the summit of Mount Blanc.

The barracks built for European soldiers are generally far better than the houses of the peasantry. Chelsea barracks, in England, cost \$245 per man.

Silk is so cheap in Madagascar that the poorest people wear clothing made of it.

It is estimated that the annual sales of German toys in England amount to \$2,000,000.

The weight of the earth is calculated by Professor Boys at 5,322,064,000,000,000,000 tons.

It is claimed that there are fifty-five dogs in the United Kingdom to every 1,000 inhabitants.

Most of the black pearls in existence come from the dark-dippled oyster of lower California.