

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?
Earth, those solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not signs and symbol of thy division from Him?
Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the reason why:
For is He not all but thou that hast power to feel "I am I?"
Glory about thee without thee; and thou fullest thy doom,
Making Him broken beams, and a stifled splendor and gloom.
Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice.
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.
Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in the pool.
And the ear of man can not hear, and the eye of man can not see;
But if he could not see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?
—Tennyson.

HOW HE WAS CURED.

"I am a miserable man," said Mr. Cyrus Maddox gloomily, "and it is best that the world should be rid of my presence. No one cares for me."
"Oh, don't say that, uncle," said Lizzie Silver beseechingly. "You know I love you. You are the only friend I have in the world, and if you were to die what would become of me?"
"I suppose young Guy Cheevers would console you for my loss," said Mr. Maddox grimly. "At any rate, I don't care. I will end my troubles and sorrow tomorrow at 12 m."
With these fearful words he strode out of the room, leaving Lizzie sobbing, with her curly black head resting on a dinner plate.
"What's the matter now, Bess? Has the milliner disappointed you in your love of a bonnet?" asked a warm, hearty voice, which was the property of "young Guy Cheevers," as Mr. Maddox called him, as that gentleman strode into the room.
"Oh, Guy!" sobbed Lizzie. "Uncle Cyrus is going to die to-morrow at 12 o'clock."
"How do you know?"
"He said so."
"But how does he know?"
"He's going to kill himself."
"So as to make himself a true prophet, eh?" asked Guy, laughing.
"Oh, Guy, don't joke!" cried Lizzie tearfully. "He will—I know he will!"
"I doubt it!" said Guy skeptically.
"But he tried to commit suicide several times," she persisted fearfully. "Once he tried to smother himself with burning charcoal, but he forgot to stop up the keyhole, and I smelt the smoke and got some neighbors to break open the door, and saved him. Then he tried to hang himself, but the cord broke, and he fired a pistol at himself, but forgot to put any ball in it, so that failed; and then—"
"Gracious!" cried Guy, as Lizzie stopped for want of breath; "what a determined man he must be! Such perseverance deserves to be rewarded. Have you any idea what plan he will try now?"
"I'm sure I don't know," said Lizzie.
"But what does he want to make away with himself for?" asked Guy wonderingly.
"Why, he says he is a miserable man—burden to every one, and that he has no joys for him, and that he is weary of this world."
"And so would like to try the next?" said Guy. "Perhaps he won't find it so pleasant as the one he is quitting. What an unreasonable man he must be! He is rich, talented, healthy, and has a very pretty niece"—here in a moment of abstraction he allowed his arm to wander around Miss Silver's waist—and what more can he want? But some people never are satisfied. It seems he is determined to pry into futurity, and it seems a pity to disappoint so laudable an ambition; but duty—duty to myself—compels me to interfere. I dislike any scandal or excitement. A coroner's jury would cause both; therefore, we must talk his little game."
"But how?" asked Lizzie curiously.
"A prudent general," said Guy haughtily, "never confides his plans to his army, particularly when the army is of feminine gender; so excuse me, mum's the word. But rest assured, my dearest Elizabeth, that unless your worthy uncle shuffles off this mortal coil in a surreptitious manner before 12 o'clock to-morrow he will not do it afterward—of course I mean illegally. Farewell till to-morrow."
Having concluded this address Guy strode off in a tragic manner, leaving Lizzie greatly surprised, but still quite reassured, for in her opinion what Guy couldn't do wasn't worth doing.
The next morning Mr. Maddox made his appearance, very saturnine and gloomy, and ate his breakfast with a mournful air that was terribly impressive. Having finished, he then took leave of his niece in a feeble manner.
"I am about to leave you," said he mournfully. "I am about to end this life of misery. I hope that you may be happy."
"Oh, don't go!" said Lizzie, tearfully clinging to him, and looking into his face pleadingly.
"It's useless," said Mr. Maddox firmly. "My mind is fixed, and nothing you can do can persuade me to relinquish my purpose. But you, my dear child, shall not be unprovided for. I intend to make my will in the few hours that are left me, and you will not be forgotten. Good by, my dear child, farewell!"
And then, after embracing his niece fervently, he rushed from the room frantically and securely locked himself in his own room, and began to prepare himself for his last journey.
"Nine o'clock!" he said to himself, looking at his watch. "Three hours yet!

Enough to do all that I have to do. First to make my will!"
The last will and testament of Mr. Cyrus Maddox was evidently not a long one, as it was finished in less than an hour.
"Eleven o'clock," said Mr. Maddox, and I have finished. How slow the time passes, to be sure! Now, what shall I do until 12, for I am determined not to die until noon—"
A knock at the door.
"Go away," cried Mr. Maddox angrily; "you can't come in!"
"I am very sorry to disagree with you," said a voice outside, "but I can come in. I have a duplicate key here, and if you don't open the door I will."
Mr. Maddox rose and unlocked the door savagely, and Mr. Guy Cheevers stalked into the room, carrying an oblong box under his arm.
He placed the box on the table and then took a seat opposite Mr. Maddox and stared blankly at him.
"What do you want?" asked the latter fiercely. "Don't you see I am engaged?"
"Oh, I know," said Guy. "What are you about to do? Don't think that I'm going to interfere—not at all. But before you make your quietus I wish to ask you a few questions. Have you provided for your niece's welfare?"
"What's that to you?"
"Considerable. I am about to marry Miss Silver; so her interests are naturally mine."
"Then she is provided for—amply."
"Thank you for the information. Very glad to hear it. And now excuse the apparent impertinence of the question, but where is your will?"
"Here," replied Mr. Maddox, laying his hand on it.
"Suppose you give it to me to take care of?"
"Give it you! Why, pray?"
"It might become misplaced," explained Guy.
"I'll keep it myself," said Mr. Maddox in a rough tone.
"Then just leave a memorandum on the table," said Guy earnestly, "to tell where it is. It will save trouble, perhaps."
"Get out!" cried Mr. Maddox angrily.
"Ah, I see!" said Mr. Cheevers coolly; "in a hurry to begin. Well, I won't detain you; but I have a little suggestion to offer."
"Well?" said Mr. Maddox impatiently.
"It is this," said Guy. "Miss Silver informs me that you have made several previous efforts to cut short your trouble and your breath, and always unsuccessfully. Now it seems to me you'd do the right way about it. This box"—and here he opened the box alluded to—"contains several little plans that I think might please you. Here's one," and he showed a little steel instrument.
"What's that?" asked Mr. Maddox.
"This," said Guy, "is an article that you can place round your neck like a collar, then, by straining your hand on the left side of your neck, a sharp spike is driven into your jugular vein."
"But that would kill me!" said Mr. Maddox, staring.
"Well, ain't that what you want?" demanded Guy sternly. "Now, here's another," he went on. "Here's a wheel, you observe; you place this band round your neck, pass it round the wheel, and give it two or three turns—then let go. The recoil will twist your head almost off your shoulders—kill you to a certainty."
Mr. Maddox stared at him with unfeigned horror.
"Then," went on Guy coolly, "here's a little package, a torpedo. It contains nitroglycerine. You place it in your mouth, snap your teeth on it, and off goes your head, smashed into millions of atoms."
"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Maddox fearfully. "What a terrible idea."
"Not at all," said Guy soothingly. "Beautiful invention—I quite pride myself on it—scientific suicide, you see! Any one can take poison, or blow his brains out; but to do it scientifically requires real talent. You have it, and I am confident you will reflect credit on my inventive skill. Now if you could use all three of these inventions at once—cut your jugular, garrote yourself, and blow your head off all at once—why, I'd thank you."
"What!" cried Mr. Maddox fiercely. "Do you think I'm crazy? Do you think I'm going to use any of your infernal inventions? Leave this room, you cold blooded villain, before I throw you out of the window!"
"But I have a great many more to show you," remonstrated Guy, "and you see I want you to try as many as possible. Well, well," he added, as Mr. Maddox grasped the poker threateningly, "I'm going. But I'll leave this box here, and before you get rid of yourself just make a memorandum of what you will use and leave it on the table, because you know there will probably be nothing left of you to draw conclusions from, and so—"
Here any further speech was cut short by Mr. Maddox seizing his visitor and hustling him out into the passage.
"Well?" said Lizzie anxiously.
"I think it's all right," said Guy, grinning. "Get the luncheon ready. Your uncle will be down."
And sure enough, so he was; and though he spoke not, he ate most voraciously of everything on the table.
"Lizzie," said he suddenly, after an hour's pause, "did you ever see an infernal old fool and an idiot?"
"Never that I know of," said Lizzie.
"Why do you ask?"
"Because just look at me and you'll see one," said Mr. Maddox grimly, and he stalked upstairs.
Up to the present time of writing Mr. Cyrus Maddox is still alive, enjoying remarkably good health, and he seems to be on friendly terms with Mr. Cheevers and his wife Lizzie. He probably forgave that gentleman on account of a discovery that he made that the nitroglycerine torpedo contained nothing more dangerous than salt and the other "infernal inventions" were infernal in the same ratio; but Guy still maintains that when persons are weary of life they should end their troubles by scientific suicide.
How to get a woman to keep a secret—Give her chloroform.—Texas Siftings.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

The Cook Got 100 Lashes Before the Mistake Was Discovered.
Sometimes the promptness with which orders are executed in Russia causes big blunders to be made, and the innocent frequently suffer for the guilty.
One of the foreign ambassadors at St. Petersburg saw a man entering his house with gleaming eyes, flushed face, and disheveled clothing.
"Justice, your honor, justice!" exclaimed his unlucky countryman.
"Against whom?"
"Against a Russian nobleman, my lord, the governor of the city, who has just now had me flogged with a hundred lashes."
"A hundred lashes!" repeated the astonished minister. "What had you been doing?"
"Nothing, absolutely nothing."
"But that is impossible."
"I swear on my honor, your grace."
"You are crazy, my friend."
"My lord, I beg of you to believe on the contrary that I am in possession of all my senses."
"But how can you expect me to believe that a man who is reported on every hand to be exceptionally just and merciful has been guilty of such violence?"
"Excuse me, your grace," cried the complainant, "but you must permit me to prove what I have said."
And at these words the unlucky Frenchman threw off coat and vest and showed the ambassador his shirt, red and stiff with blood.
"But how did it happen?" asked the ambassador.
"In the simplest way imaginable. I learned that the governor wanted a cook. Being out of a situation, I applied for it. The servant who undertook to introduce me threw open the door of the room saying, 'My lord, it is the cook.' All right," said the governor with an abstracted air, 'have him taken into the court yard and flogged.' They seized me, carried me into the yard, and in spite of my resistance, my threats, and my cries, they gave me exactly a hundred lashes, no more, no less."
"If what you say is true, it is infamous."
"If I have not told you the exact truth, I will agree to take as much more."
"Listen!" said the ambassador, detecting in the poor devil's complaint a tone of truthfulness. I will investigate the affair, and if, as I begin to think, you have not deceived me, you will get, I promise you, a slashing reward for this violence. If, on the other hand, you have lied to me in the slightest particular, I will have you conducted to the frontier and sent back to France."
"I will agree to the whole of it, my lord."
"Very well," said the ambassador, sitting down to his desk; "take a letter to the governor."
"No, no; I am obliged to you. I will not voluntarily set foot again in the house of a man who has so strange a fashion of dealing with those who have business with him."
"One of my secretaries will go with you."
"That is another thing. In company with any one from you I will go to the infernal regions."
The ambassador gave the necessary orders, and the trio left the house.
In less than an hour the victim of the beating returned looking radiant.
"Well!" asked the ambassador.
"It is all right," said the other, "everything is explained."
"To your satisfaction, apparently."
"Yes, my lord."
"I confess I would like to hear all about it."
"Nothing easier. His excellency had a cook in whom he had entire confidence. Four days ago he stole 500 roubles and ran away. It was his place I applied for, and went there for that purpose. Unluckily for me he had just heard of the arrest of his former cook, so that when his servant said to him 'My lord, here is the cook?' he thought it was the fugitive who had been brought back, and being very much engaged on a report to the emperor, he said without even turning around, 'Good, take him out, and give him 100 lashes!' and in that way I got the hundred meant for the other fellow."
"Did the governor make an apology?"
"Better than that," said the cook, chinking his pockets, "he gave me a gold piece for every stroke; has taken me into his service; and assured me that every lick I received in advance will be credited against every fault I may commit. So if I keep an eye on myself it will be several years before I get a thrashing."
At that moment a messenger from the governor arrived to invite the ambassador to taste the new cook's dinner next day. He staid 10 years with this master, and returned to France with a little fortune of 6,000 roubles, blessing the happy blunder to which he owed it.—Detroit Free Press.

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