Look to the shafts of morning As they play in the moving clou's; Their arrows must cleave the darkness dense Which now like a veil enshrouds: Mountain and valley, vil'age and stream, Shall smile in the glow of the sunrise gleam.

But, O, in the vigil of walting, Before that dawn appears, Worn with the night of watching, Thou art filled with doubts and fears.

Doubt not, true sou!! Faint not, brave heart! In the joy of the dawn thou shalt have thy

I know thou art weary, so wesry; I know thy hopes seem dead; Rouse! for thy cares and sorrows With the night and the gloom are fled They are fled! And thy faith, like the lark to the skies.

Rise up with a song in thy glad surprise.

HIS FIRST OFFICIAL NIGHT.

BY W. P. CHAMBERS.

Years ago, when the ambitious city of Weston was simply a village, there lived on the hill beyond the creek a man | cost one dollar." who divided his time about equally between deer hunting and tilling the few rocky, sterile acres that constituted his farm. This man-George Bently, by name—was a prominent figure in that hands!" sparsely-settled region. He was a The young couple exchanged glances. giant in strength, daring in danger, cool If the truth must be told, the requireuneducated so far as the love of forest and stream was concerned, and his skill in deciphering the volume of human little hesitation both hands went up. nature was of no mean order. So at thirty-five he was an acknowledged leader among his fellows.

About this time a general election occurred, and during the day somebody suggested that George Bently be voted for Justice of the Peace for Weston Beat. The suggestion being acted on, that individual returned home about sunset, and with pardonable elation informed his wite that he had been elected a magistrate without opposition.

Without giving the matter any consideration, either as to the duties appertaining to the office or his own qualifications for their performance, he made the necessary bond, and in due time his commission, bearing the great seal of the State, was received, together with a copy of the Code. Now o'x new official had never uad a law book in his hands before, and he felt somewhat dismayed, but rather important withal, as he surveyed the bulky volume, bound in legal calf. Thrusting his commission into the beginner, and I hain't sot my prices yet. pocket of his pantaloons, for he had Where are ye goin' to stay till mornin'?" no coat, and taking the huge his homeward way. dignified than usual it was simply benot a part, of the State, in her sovereign | you'd stay. capacity of making and administering

he began at the title page. He had got repast which the young people really overpowered him, and he began to dis- in possession of the spare room, which robe for the night. As he was in the act | had twice served as a law office that of lying down a loud "hello!" was heard night. at the yard gate. When the door was

"Does 'Squire Bently live here?" "I'm the man." was the rather pompous

ceply. "I want a warrant for Jake Jones."

"What's he done?" "Him and Pete Brown got into a row

at old man Hall's house-raising this evenin' and he knocked Pete down with a handspike, and it looks like he's g in' to die "All right-come in "

By the time the officer had donned his clothes and replenished the fire the other man-one John Graham-had en-

Had 'Squire Bently been required to make an astronomical calculation he briffy explained the situation. would not have been more completely at his official honor was at stake and so, ing, Code for a "form," he proceeded to bring | could proceed no further without his lawforth from his inner consciousness the momentous document.

The first difficulty to be surmounted was the fact that there was not a scrap of writing paper in the house. Not anticipating emergencies wherein it would pencil-for it was developed that no pen, ink or even a lead pencil belonged to the Bently household he sat down, and, after infinite pains, produced the following warrant:

'taik jaik joans G. BENTLY, esq., j. p."

As Mr. Graham received this document, he asked: "Who will serve this warrant?" "You can do it as well as anybody

else, can't you?' "I guess so! Where must I take him

"Bring him here, of course." "When?"

"At once-or sooner, if you can find to hold an inquest." "All right!" and the Special Constable

took his leave.

Our officer now retired, but the incident of the warrant had unsettled him somewhat and he vainly courted sleep. After an hour or two of restless tumbling he was about entering dreamland when there was another call at the gate. Going to the door he was again met by

the inquiry:
"Does 'Squire Bently live here?" "Yes; what do you want?"

"We want to get married!" was the rather hesitating and huskily spoken re-

"Come in!" and again the officia! hauled on his pantaloons, and out of that "one bird in the hand is worth two with its surviving brethren.

embers into a flame by blowing on them with his breath. When this was accomplished he arose, brushed the dust and ashes off his knees, and, reaching for his law book, demanded:

"Are you runaways?" "Yes, sir."

"What's your names?" "Mine is William Wright, this young lady's is Mary Banks." "Are you a son of John Wright?"

"I am, sir." "And is that one of old Tom Banks" gals?"

"Yes, sir." "What did you run away for?" "'Cause her folks were not willin' for

us to marry. "Have you got airy pair of license?"

Here, sir, is the license." "Keep 'em, young man, keep 'em. I of the United States to marry in this good shaking, and promising to wipe up State without a pair of license. The law only axes if you paid for 'em, and

how much. As he said this, 'Squire Bentley opened his book very wide and assumed a stern, judicial air.

"Yes, sir, the license is paid for, and "Where did you get 'em?"

"At the courthouse, of course. you please, sir, will you proceed?" "You bet I will! Hold up your right

in emergencies and fertile in expedients. ments of etiquette during the perform-Though illiterate, he was by no means ance of the ceremony had formed an important factor in their conversation since leaving the paternal roof. After a "You solemnly swear that you will live together as man and wife, sick or well,

> whole truth and nothin' but the truth, so help you God! Answer, 'I do.'" "I do," was the faint response. "I pronounce you husband and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls! The astonished couple still sat with

and that you will tell the truth, the

uplifted hands, gazing at the Magistrate with open-mouthed wonder. "That'll do!" said he in a less severe

"Is it over?" asked the bride, with a sigh of relief, as she lowered her hand. 'I reckon'so!" was the rather doubtful response of the groom

'Yes, certainly. You're hitched as hard and as fast as if the Guv'nor had done it."

"How much do I owe you?" "Not a cent, young man, not a cent," and then he added, in a semi-confidential tone, "You see, I'm a sorter new

"We expected to go from Mr. Gray's volume under his arm, he wended back to Uncle Bill Wright's, on Cane If his gait Creek; but that's ten or twelve miles was more staid and his bearing more from here. Isn't there atavern in town?"

With a little more urging, they consented; and while the groom and the As seen as supper was dispatched he, 'Squire were out stabling the horses, Mrs. with the aid of his wife, spelled out the Bently had arisen and prepared a room commission, and then taking up the Code | for the bride and groom. After a slight nearly to the end of the report of the needed (though both stoutly protested Codifying Committee when drowsiness against the extra trouble), they were left

An hour had passed, and most of the opened a voice in the darkness called inmates had fallen asleep, when there out: "Who is it now?" asked the master of

the house, as he opened the door. "It's me-here's your prisoner," sang out a voice in reply, that evidently belonged to Special Constable Graham.

"Who else is with you?" "Jim Hall, and brother Tom." "All right-come in!"

While our hard-worked Magistrate was again dressing himself, his wife suddenly inquired. "Where will you take 'em, George?"

This was a poser. The spare room was already occupied, and, worse than all, his lawbook was in there too!

Meeting the Constable in the vard he "We can build up a fire out here," he a loss how to proceed. But he felt that suggested at last, and the others assentthe fire was accordingly kindled. after a hasty but fruitless search in the and then Squire Bently realized that he

> Going to the door of the guestbook. chamber, he softly knocked. "What is it?" inquired the groom. "I want to get my book."

So the young man unfastened the door, and held it open till the officer be required, no stationery had been pro- went inside and "felt around" till he laid vided for official purposes. Unwilling hands on the coveted volume. Returning to be balked, he tore a blank leaf from to the yard, he opened court by administhe back of the Code, and borrowing a tering an oath to all present (including the constable and the prisoner) to tell

just how it was. The day had been a warm one. As the night wore on, the clouds began to threaten rain, and before the testimony was all in, a beavy shower came up, This necessitated an adjournment to shelter-and as the smokehouse was the nearest building, thither all hands repaired. While waiting for the shower to cease, another horseman came gallop-

ing up.
"Is 'Squire Bently at home?" "Yes; that's me!" was the reply. "They want you at Sim's Mill. There's a dead woman there, and they want you

Further questioning elicited the fact that a negro woman had died very sud-denly, and the physician who had been Nature. Dr. Keeler saw one three feet that a negro woman had died very sudcalled, deeming the circumstances sus- long crawl under the dome of the six-inch picious, desired an inquest. It was now equatorial of the Lick Observatory. He past midnight, but our officer, feeling seized the anake by the neck with a pair that he ought to act promptly in the of blacksmith's tongs and put it into a matter, decided to go at once. But, un- bottle of water to drown it. Soon it fortunately, the two Grahams and Jim became obvious that the animal must Hall all felt called upon to go, too. soon become drowned. At this moment What to do with the prisoner was the it struck its fangs deep into its body. question. Somebody proposed taking him along with them, but the prisoner himself stoutly opposed that plan, but of fered to pledge himself to be on hand The snake died and is preserved in the whenever wanted.

deference to the occasion a coat was also in the bush," resolved to make sure of donned. By this time a very young man Jake Jones. So, after bringing a few and a shrinking maiden had reached the bundles of fodder from a stack near by, and two or three quilts from the "Come right in! Take chairs and sit house, he prepared a bed for his prisdown," came from the hearth, where our oner, and locked him up in the smoke officer was trying to fan the smoking house till his return, and the five men rode away.

In the matter of the inquest Dr. Smith assumed entire control. He prepared all the necessary papers, and it was only required of G. Bently, Esq., to set "his hand and seal" to various documents.

was near 10 o'clock when the Squire and his party returned from the inquest. They were all very drowsy and very hungry. Our officer found a rather unpleasant state of affairs on his arrival at home. As the meal and flour, as well as the bacon, were kept in the smokehouse, and as the door thereof was securely locked and the key safely stored away in his pocket, none of the family had broken their fast. The bride and groom had gone off hungry, but apparently happy; the children were fret-"Yes, sir, I have the license. We ex- ting; their mother was scolding, and pected Preacher Gray to marry us, but Jake Jones, from the inside of his prison, he wasn't at home, so we came to you. was indulging in some very loud, very profane and very disparaging remarks. In fact, that individual was only brought don't want 'em! I only axed to see if into a state of respectable quietude by you had 'em; for it's agin the laws the court's collaring him, giving him a

the ground with him after adjournment. Before this occurred, or even breakfast was served, Pete Brown rode up. He had concluded not to die; he and Jake made friends and the case was dismissed. After a hearty breakfast and dinner in one, his visitors departed. leaving 'Squire Bently to cogitate over the events of "His First Official Night." - |Louisville-Courier Journal.

WAR MEMORIES.

A \$1,960 Meal That Was Spoiled by an Inconsiderate Missile.

Connected with the Tobacco Exchange at Richmond, Va., is a gentle man who, according to the Detroit Free Press, was living "under the hill" in Petersburg during the perilous days. After several shot and shell had passed over his house, his family left it for safer quarters, but one evening decided to return. Everything was quiet for an hour, and then a shot came booming over. This was enough for wife and children, but the husband got mad and declared he would stay there that night if every gun in the Federal intrenchments was turned loose upon him. Half an hour went by, and he was patting himself on the back over his grit, when tne Federals suddenly opened five or six heavy guns at the hilf. Shot and shell roared and hissed and screamed, and the man's hair began to crawl. He stuck there, however, until boom! bish! crash! came a cannon ball as big as his head plump through one side of the house and out of the other, and then he flew outdoors and struck a gait just a little faster than greased lightning. Singularly enough, that was the only shot which ever hit the house, though dozens fell around it.

After Grant had his guns in position, and more especially after he began "Yes—but why not stay here? It he could have knocked Petersburg to cause he felt himself an exponent, if won't cost you a cent, and I drother pieces in twenty-four hours. He would probably have done so had there been any excuse for it, but there was none. The Confederate lines were a mile and a half away, and Petersburg was only held by non-combatants. Nevertheless. Grant did not propose that any one in reach of his guns should sleep soundly of forget his presence. Occasionally shots were therefore pitched into the city to check any enthusiasm, and if anybody got over an hour's sleep at a time it was considered something to boast of. One night during a heavy firing to the left of the crater, the Federal guns were for a time so elevated that every missile cleared the Confederate lines, howled over Petersburg and fell among the houses under the hill. One shell entered the window of a house and exploded in the parlor. A part of the front of the house was blown out, one side demolished, the chamber floors driven through the roof and the whole building weakened. The people had moved out, but left their goods and a dog to watch them. No one could say just where the dog was when the explosion took place, but he was not killed.

During the same fire, and five minutes after a family had taken up their quarters in a bomb-proof of the back yard, a shell drove in the front door, penetrated the floor and exploded under the house. There were five rooms below and four above, and the explosion shook off every bit of plaster and knocked down every partition in the lower part. The family well was at the back of the house, and so much debris was driven into it that

no water could be got for days. In the winter of 1864 a citizen who had unexpectedly received \$2,000 in Confederate currency on an old debt, determined to have a good square dinner, and company to help to eat it. Rye, coffee bacon, meal, rice and molasses were about the only provisions in market; but at a cost of \$1,960 the chizen scraped together enough to justify him in inviting a company of six friends. The guests were in the parlor, the table set, and the cook was over the stove, when a shell entered the dining room through the side of the house. The explosion so wrecked the room that no one could enter it. The table, pieces of which I saw, could not have been demolished any better with an ax, and the plaster in two or three rooms was shaken down.

Suicide of a Rattlesnake,

That a rattlesnake may commit suicide observatory. It is to be boped that this Our Magistrate, acting on the principle | sort of thing may become more common

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sun. day Sermon.

Subject: "The Morning Star."

TEXT: "I am the bright and the morning

star."-Revelation xxii., 16. This is Christmas Eve. Our attention and the attention of the world is drawn to the star that pointed down to the caravansary where Christ was born. But do not let us forget that Christ bimself was a star. To

that luminous fact my text calls us.

It seems as if the natural world were anxious to make up for the damage it did our race in furnishing the forbidden fruit. If that fruit wrought death among the Nations, now all the natural product shall become a symbol of blessing. The showering down of the wealth of the orchard will make us think of him whom Solomon describes as the apple tree among the trees of the wood, and the flowers of tangled gien and cultured parterre e the dew glinted garland for the brow of the Lord Jesus. Yea, even the night shall be taxed, and its brightest star shall be set as a gem in the coronet of our holy religion. Have you ever seen the morning star ad-

vantageously? If it was on your way home from a night's carousal, you saw none of its beauty. If you merely turned over on your pillow in the darkness, giancing out of the window, you know nothing about the cheerful influence of that star. But there are many in this house to-night who in great passes of their life, some of them far out at sea, have gazed at that star and been thrilled through with indescribable gladness. That star comes trembling as though with the perils of the darkness, and yet bright with the anticipations of the day. It seems emo-tional with all tenderness, its eyes fill with the tears of many sorrowa. It is the gem on the hands of the morning thrust up to signal its coming. Others stars are dim, like holy candles in a cathedral or silver beads counted in superstitious litany, but this is a living stars, a speaking star, a historic star, an evangelistic star-bright and brilliant and triumphant symbol of the great Redeemer. The telegraphic operator puts his finger on the silver key of the electric instrument, and the tidings fly across the continent. And so it ems to me that the finger of inspiration is placed upon this silver point in the heavens, and its thrill through all the earth. "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy to all people. Behold, I am the bright and morning star." The meaning of my text is this: As the morning star precedes and promises the coming of the day, so Christ

ralds the natural and spiritual lawn.

In the first place, Christ heralded the com-ing of the creation. There was a time when there was no order, no sound or beauty, wing stirred. No word was uttered. light sped. As far as God could look up, as far out, there was nothing. Immeasureable solitude. Height and depth and length and breadth of nothingness. Did Christ then exist? Oh, yes. "By him were all things made that are made; things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth." Yes, he antedated the creation. He led forth Arcturus and his sons. He shone before the first morning. His voice was heard in the concert when the morning stars serenaded the advent of our infant earth, when, wrapped in swaddling clothes of light, it lay in the arms of the great Jehovah. He saw the first fountain laid. He saw the first light kindled. That hand which was afterward crushed upon the cross was thrust into chaos, and it brought out one world and swung it in that orbit, and brought out another world and swung it in another orbit, and brought out all the worlds and swung them in their particular orbits. They came like sheep at the call of a shepherd. They knew his voice, and he called them all by their names. Ob, it is an interesting thought to me to know that Christ had something to do with the creation. I see now why it was so easy for Him to change water into wine. He first created the water. I see now why it was so easy for Him to cure the maniac. He first created the intell see now why it was so easy for Him to hush the tempest. He sank Gennesaret. now why it was so easy for Him to swing fish into Simon's net. He made the fish. now why it was so easy for Him to give sight to the blind man. He created the I see now why it was so easy for Him to raise Lazarus from the dead. He created the body of Lazarus and the rock that shut him me suppose that Christ came a stranger to Bethlehem Bethlehem. Oh, no. He created the pherds, and the flocks they watched, and the hills on which they pastured, and the heavens that overarched their heads, and the angels that chanted the chorus on that Christmas night. That hand which was atterward nailed to the cross, was an omnipotent and creative hand and the whole universe was poised on the tip of one of His fingers. Beworld came trooping up out of the darkness, and He greeted them, as a father greets his children, with a "good morning," or a "good night." Hall, Lord Jesus, morning star of the first creation.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of comfort

in a Christian soul. Sometimes we come to passes in life where all kinds of tribulations meet us. You are building up some great enterprise. You have built the foundation the wall-you are just about to put on the capstone, when everything is demolished. You have a harp all strung for sweetest accord, and some great agony crushes it. There is a little voice hushed in the house hold. Blue ere closed. Color dashed out o the cheek. The toot still. Instead of the uick feet in the hall, the heavy tread those who march to the prave. Oh, what are people to do amid all these sorrows? Some sit down and mourn. Some bite their lip until the blood comes. Some wring their pale hands. Some fall on their faces. Some lie on their backs helpless and look up into what seems to them an unpitying heaven. ne pull their hair down over their and look through with a flend's glare. Some with both hands, press their hot brain and want to die and cry, "O God, O God!" Long flight, bitter night, stupendous night of the world's suffering! Some know not which way to turn. But not so the Christian man. He looks up toward the heavens. He sees a bright appearance in the heavens. Can it be only a flashing meteor? Can it be only a falling star? Can it be only a delu-sion? Nay, nay. The longer he looks the more distinct it becomes, until after awhile he cries out, "A star—a morning star, a star of comfort, a star of grace, a star of peace, the star of the Redeemer!" Peace for all trouble, Balm for all wounds. Life for all dead, Now Jesus, the great heart healer, comes into our home, Peace! Peace that passeth all understanding. We look up through our tears. We are comforted. It is the morning star of the Redeemer. "Who broke off that flower?" said one servant in the garden to another. "Who broke off that flower?" And the other servant said, "The master." Nothing more was said, for if the master had not a right to break off a flower to wear over his heart or to set in the vase of his mansion who has a right to touch the flower? An when Christ comes down into our garden to gather lilies, shall we fight Him back? Shall we talk as though He had no right to come? If any one in all the universe has a right to that which is beautiful in our homes, our Master has, and He will take it and He will wear it over His heart, or He will set it in the vase of the palace eternal. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away blessed be the name of the Lord." Peace, troubled soul! I put the baim on your wounded soul to-night. The morning star, the morning star of the Redeemer.

the morning star of the Redeemer.

Again, Christ heraids the dawn of millennial glory. It is night in China, night in India, night in Siberia, night for the vast majority of the world's population. But it seems to me there are some intimations of the morning. All Spain is to be brought under the influence of the gospel. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Presented. Pyrenees? The morning! Yes, all Italy shall receive the gospel. She shall have her schools and her colleges and her

churches. Her vast population shall surrender themselves to Christ, What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Alps?
The morning. All India shall come to God.
Her idols shall be cast down. Her juggernauts shall be broken. Her temples of iniquity shall be demolished. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Him-slayas? The morning. The empurpled clouds shall gild the path of the conquering day. The Hottentot will come out of his mud hovel to look at the dawn; the Chinamar will come up on the granite cliffs, the Nor wegian will get up on the rocks, and all the beach of heaven will be crowded with celestial inhabitants come out to see the sun rise over the ocean of the world's agony. They shall come from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God. These sweltered under tropical suns. These shivered under Icelandic temperature. These plucked the vineyards in Italy. These packed the teaboxes in China. These were aborigines lifting up their dusky faces in the dawn. And the wind shall waft it, and every mountain shall become a transfer of the same and the work of the same and the same shall become a transfiguration, and the sea will become the walking place of him who trod the wave cliffs of stormy Tiberias, and the song of joy shall rise toward heaven, and the great sky will become a sounding board which shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of the Almighty, and the morning star of Christian hope will become the full sunburst of millennial glory.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of heaven

upon every Christian's dying pillow. I sup-pose you have noticed that the character istics of people in their healthy days are very apt to be their characteristics in their dying days. The dying words of ambitions Napoteon were, "Head of the army." The dying words of poetic Lord Byron were, "I must sleep now." The dying words of affectionate Lord Nelson were, "Kiss me, Hardy." The dying words of Voltaire were, as he saw one whom he supposed to be Jesus in the room, "Crush that wretch." But I have noticed that the dying words of Christians always mean peace. Generally the pain is all gone, and there is great quietude through the room. As one of these brothers told me of his mother in the last moment: "She looked up and said, pointing to some supernatural being that seemed to be in the room, 'Look at that being town." bright form. Why, they have come for me The lattice is turned so that the light is

very pleasant. It is peace all around. You ask yourself: "Why, can this be a dying room? It is so different from anything I ever expected." And you walk the floor, and you look out of the window, and you come back and look at your watch, and you look at the face of the patient again, and there is no change, except that the face is becoming more radiant, more illuminated. The wave of death seems coming up higher and higher, until it has touched the ankle, then it comes on up until it touches the knee, and then it comes on up until it reaches the girdle, and then it comes on up until it reaches the lip, and the soul is about to be floated away into glory, and you roll back the patient's sleeve and you put your finger on the pulse, and it is getting weaker and weaker, and the pulse stops, and you hardly know whether the life has gone or not. Indeed, you cannot tell she goes away, she goes away so calm-Perhaps it is 4 o'clock in the morning, and you have the bed wheeled around to the window, and the dying one looks out into the night sky, and she sees something that attracts her attention, and you wonder

Why, it is a star. It is a star that out of its silver rim is pouring a supernatural light into that dying experience. And you say, "What is it that you are looking at?" She says, "It is a star." You say, "What star is it that seems so well to please you?" "Oh." she says, "that is the morning star-Jesus!" I would like to have my death bed under that evangelistic star—1 would like to have my eye on that star, so I could be assured of the morning. Then the dash of the surf of the sea of death would only be the billowing up of the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. All other lights will fail—the light that fall from the scroll of fame, the light that flashes from the gem in the beautiful apparel, the light that flames from the burning banquet-but this light burns on and burns on. Paul kept his eye on that morning star, until he could say: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at I have fought the good fight. I have unished my course. I have kept the faith." Edward Payson kept his eye on that star until he could say, "The breezes of heaven fan me." Dr. Goodwin kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "I am swallowed up in God." John Tennant kept his eye on that evangelistic star until be could say, "Welcome, sweet Lord Jesuswelcome, eternity." No other star pointed a mariner into so safe a harbor. No other star ever ther star ever sunk its silvered anchor into No other star ever pierced such the waters. imulated cloud, or beckoned with such a

With lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to in visible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other, and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridge seem to span the bottomless The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverus, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock and from depth to depth making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as

you think that you are 250 feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth. The guide after awhile takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you, "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks. and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns and placing it in a cleft of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars com-ing out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern, and wanders on, and wanders off, until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning, and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating ourself over the wonderful spectacle. Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterraneous, and all echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that aiways fall, and the gloom of earth seems com-ing up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalac-tite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place at that to me,

Our Divine Guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the schoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and after awhile we look up and, behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a king's star chamber. And while we are looking at the pomp of it an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in

stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and as the gate flashes open you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulchre has become the illumined Star Chamber of the King!

I would God that if my sermon to-day does not lead you to Christ, that before morning, looking out of the window, the astronomy of the night heavens might lead you to the feet of Jesus.

Hark! Hark! To God the chorus breaks From every host, from every gem; But one alone, the Savior speaks— Is the Star of Bethlehem.

She'll Soon Own the Universe.

The persistence of the crank is one of the most extraordinary attributes of the genius. When Gen. Grant was in the White House a woman named Thurstan came to him with a deed on parchment for the entire State of Maine. She wanted him to accept it in trust for the people, and pay her an annuity in consideration thereof. Subsequently she made a similar application in reference to a like paper which proved her title in fee to the whole United States. In return she demanded an allowance of \$300,000 per annum. Since March 4 last she has been seeking an interview with Mr. Cleveland. She owns all Europe now, and is anxious to hypothecate the property.

Canada's Chinese Question.

Canada has an *important Chinese question. The Canadian Parliament in 1886 enacted a law imposing a duty of \$50 upon all Chinese, with certain exceptions, who entered the Dominion. The number of Chinese to be landed from one vessel was also limited. It is now stated that the validity of the act is so strongly questioned that a Chinaman will test it before the Supreme Court. The act is held to be in violation of the treaty between China and England, or at least opposed to the spirit of the treaty. Should the act be declared irregular, Canada will have to refund a considerable sum of money received in admission taxes.

A Misguided Inventor.

A New Jersey man has invented a bicycle with an intricate system of oog wheels that increases its speed "just double what it is the present day." In other words, he has geared it up to 125 inches, more or less, which can easily be done with a safety bicycle of the usual type by simply doubling the number of teeth in the forward sprocket wheel. If the New Jersey inventor will supply a rider for his machine with twice the strength and endurance of the best rider now living, he may be able to realize his dream of 'a mile a minute." but not otherwise.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR-Balto, Best Pat.\$ High Grade Extra..... WHEAT—No # Red..... ORN-No. 2 White. OATS-Southern & Penn. Western White..... Good to Prime....... 14 50 STRAW—Rye in car lds.. 10 50 11 00 Wheat Blocks.... 7 00

Oat Blocks..... 8 59 CANNED GOODS. TOMATOES-Stnd. No. 3.\$ 75 @ CORN-Dry Pack..... Moist..... HIDES. CITY STEERS..... 51/2 \$

City Cows..... Southern No. 2..... POTATOES & VEGETABLES. POTATOES-Burbanks .. \$ 65 @ \$ PROVISIONS. HOGS PRODUCTS-shids.\$ 8 @\$

Clear ribsides..... 103 Mess Pork, per bar.... LARD—Crude...... BUTTER. BUTTER-Fine Crmy....\$ 29 @\$ Under fine..... Boll CHEESE.

CHEESE-N.Y. Factory.\$ 121/@ \$ 121/4

N. Y. flats..... Skim Cheese..... EGGS. EGGS-State..... 25 North Carolina..... POULTRY.

7 @ \$ CHICKENS-Hens.....\$ Ducks, per fb..... TOBACCO. TOBACCO .- Md. Infer's.\$ 150 @ \$ 150

Sound common...... 3 00 Middling..... 6 00 Fancy..... 12 00 LIVE STOCK. BEEF-Best Beeves.....\$ 4 50

Good to Fair.... FURS AND SKINS. MUSKRAT..... 10 Red Fox....Skunk Black....

Otter..... NEW YORK.

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FLOUR—Southern....\$
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....
RYE—Western.....
CORN—No. 2.....
OATS—No. 3..... CHEESE-State....

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern....,\$3 60 @ WHEAT—No. 3 Red 6434 CORN—No. 3 42 OATS—N. 2 35 4 BUTTER—State 29 VGGS—Pauga ft 2716 EGGS-Penns. ft......