

"Be content with such things as ye have."—Heb. 13: 5.

If I should ask some one. Where in Brooklyn today? he would say, as Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island. Where is New York, to-day? At Long Branch. Where is Philadelphia? Cape May. Where is Boston? At Martha's Vineyard. Where is Virginia? At the Sulphur Springs. Where the great multitude from all parts of the land? At Saratoga, the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are at home, detained by business or circumstances. Among them all the newspaper men, the hardest worked and the last compensated; city railroad employees, and ferry masters and the police, and the tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of absence, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and others hindered by

STRICTING CIRCUMSTANCES,

and the great multitude of well-to-do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go. When the express wagon, with its mountain of trunks, directed to the Catskills or Niagara, goes through the streets, we stand at our window envious and impatient, and wonder why we cannot go as well as others. Fools that we are, as though one could not be as happy at home as any where else. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had as good a time as we have, long before the first spring was bored at Saratoga, or the first deer shot in the Adirondacks. They made their wedding-tour to the next farmhouse, or living in New York, they celebrated the event by an extra walk on the Battery.

Now, the genuine American is not happy until he is going somewhere, and the passion is so great that there are Christian people, with their families, detained in the city, who come not to the house of God, trying to give people the idea that they are out of town, leaving the door-plate unscoured for the same reason, and for two months keeping the front shutters closed while they sit in the back part of the house, the thermometer at ninety! My friends, if it is best for us to go let us go and be happy. If it is best for us to stay at home, let us stay at home and be happy. There is a great deal of

GOOD COMMON SENSE

is Paul's advice to the Hebrews: Be content with such things as ye have. To be content is to be in good humor with our circumstances, not picking a quarrel with our obscurity, our poverty, or our social position. There are four or five grand reasons why we should be content with such things as we have.

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit, advised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have been petted and fondled, and spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury, and have it alone, than, with it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagles' down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's axe or a reaper's scythe, than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge and venison and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon but who would have given his Versailles, and his Tuilleries, if with them we had to take his gout?

Oh, says some one it isn't the grosser pleasures I covet, but it is the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste. Why?

YOU HAVE THE ORIGINAL

from which these pictures are copied. What is a sunset on a wall compared with a sunset hung in loops of fire on the heavens? What is a cascade, silent on a canvas, compared to a cascade that makes the mountain tremble, its spray ascending like the departing spirit of the water slain on the rocks? Oh, there is a great deal of hollow affection about a fondness for pictures on the part of those who never appreciate the original from which the pictures are taken. As though a parent should have no regard for his child, but go into ecstasies over its photograph. Bless the Lord to-day, O man! O woman! that though you may be shut out from the works of a Church, a Bierstadt, a Rubens, and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre, or the Luxemburg, or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the no-day heavens, the King's gallery

of the midnight sky. Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment, is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table, and the last stick on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God; while in a very fine place, you will see and hear discord sounding her war-hoop, and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor. I stopped one day on Broadway, at the head of Wall Street, at the foot of Trinity Church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged, from their looks

THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE

were not those who went down into Wall Street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall Street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was fiercer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple-stand, knitting. I believe real happiness often looks out of the window of an humble home, than through the operaglass of the gilded box of a theatre.

I find Nero growling on a throne. I find King Ahab going to bed at noon, through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Hamon, prime minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death, because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and Abithopol, one of the greatest lawyers of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself. The wealthiest man, forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated over his large estate, replied, Ah, you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it! Byron declared, in his last hours, that he had not seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not believe that he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction. Napoleon I, said, I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of man. I hold life a horror; death is repose. What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension. While, on the other hand, to show

HOW ONE MAY BE HAPPY

amid the most disadvantageous circumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English Channel, a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down toward that voice, and found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the tune of St. Martin:

"Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high."

The heart right toward God and man, we are happy. The heart wrong toward God and man, we are unhappy.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text, is the fact that all the difference of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the land you culture, the places in which you barter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian

THE SCENE WILL SOON END.

Pain, trial, persecution, never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting-place as one made out of silver-mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting-places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the senator, and the President, and the King, is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanic's hammer, or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now, whether there is a plain stone above them, from which the traveller pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtues to the skies.

IN THAT SILENT LAND

there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot-wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the fields in the East for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the sepulchres of kings and lords and mighty men. O the chagrin of those men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano!

Of how much worth now is the crown of Cæsar? Who bids for it? Who cares any thing about the Amphitryonic Council or the laws of Lycurgus? Who trembles now because Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats? Who fears because Nebuchadnezzar thunders at the gates of Jerusalem? Who cares now whether or not Cleopatra marries Antony? Who crouches before Ferdinand, or Boniface, or Alaric? Can Cromwell dissolve the English Parliament now? Is William Prince of Orange, king of the Netherlands? No; no! However much Elizabeth may love the Russian crown, she must pass it to Peter, and Peter to Catherine, and Catherine to

Paul, and Paul to Alexander, and Alexander to Nicholas. Leopold puts the German sceptre into the hand of Joseph, and Philip comes down off the Spanish throne to let Ferdinand go on. House of Aragon, house of Hapsburg, house of Stuart, house of Bourbon, quarrelling about everything else, but agreeing in this: The fashion of this world passeth away. But have all these dignitaries gone? Can they not be called back? I have been to assemblies where I have heard the roll called, and many distinguished men have answered. If I should

CALL THE ROLL

to-day of some of those mighty ones who have gone, I wonder if they would not answer. I will call the roll. I will call the roll of the kings first: Alfred the Great! William the Conqueror! Frederick II! Louis XVI! No answer. I will call the roll of the poets: Robert Southey! Thomas Campbell! John Keats! George Crabbe! Robert Burns! No answer. I will call the roll of artists: Michael Angelo! Paul Veronese! William Turner! Christopher Wren! No answer. Eyes closed. Ears deaf. Lips silent. Hands palsied. Sceptre, pencil, pen, sword, put down forever. Why should we struggle for such baubles!

Another reason why we should culture this spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that God knows what is best for his creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought to be. He criticises your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judgment is best for him. Now, God is the best of fathers. Sometimes His children think that He is hard on them, and and he is not as liberal with them as He might be. But children do not know as much as a father. I can tell you why you are not affluent, and WHY YOU HAVE NOT BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own surefootedness; but God roughened that path, so you have to take hold of His hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have loitered along the water-courses; but at the first howl of the storm you quickened your pace heavenward, and wrapped around you the robe of a Saviour's righteousness.

What have I done? says the wheat-sheaf to the farmer, what have I done, that you beat me so hard with your flail? The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes off the straw, and the mill blows the chaff to the wind, and the golden grain falls down at the foot of the wind-mill. After awhile, the straw looking down from the mill upon the golden grain banked up on either side of the floor understands why the farmer beat the wheat-sheaf with the flail.

Who are those before the throne? The answer came: These are they who, out of great tribulation, had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Would God that we could understand that our trials are

THE VERY BEST THING

for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we should know why it was that John Noyes, the martyr, in the very midst of the flame, reached down and picked up one of the faggots that was consuming him, and kissed it, and said, Blessed be God for the time when I was born for this preferment! They who suffer with Him on earth, shall be glorified with Him in heaven. Be content, then, with such things as you have.

Seven thousand people, in Christ's time, went into the desert. They were the most

IMPROVIDENT PEOPLE

I ever heard of. They deserved to starve. They might have taken food enough to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A lad, who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his satchel. He went out into the desert. From this provision the seven thousand were fed, and the more they ate the larger the loaves grew, until the provision that the boy brought in the satchel was multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six satchels. Oh, you say, times have changed, and the day of miracles has gone. I reply that, what God did then by miracle, He does now in some other way, and by natural laws. I have been young, said David, and now am I old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. It is high time that you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances, and who are fearing that you are coming to want, understood that the oath of the Eternal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

Let us all remember, if we are Christians, that we are going after awhile, whatever be our circumstances now, to have

A GLORIOUS VACATION.

The Centre Democrat from now until after the election for 25 cents.

Narrow Escape from the Gallows

Death of Edward B. Rhoads, Who Was Tried for Murder at Sunbury in 1865 and Convicted.—On a Second Trial He was Acquitted.

It is learned from the Sunbury Daily that Edward B. Rhoads died in Shamokin Sunday, July 29, quietly passing away to his future home in the great unknown without a struggle, yet he came very nearly meeting his doom through the strong arm of the law in the yard of the Northumberland county jail twenty-three years ago. For years the people of that county have lost sight of Rhoads, and his name is unknown to many, or the story of his life, out in 1865 everybody in the county was interested in his fate, and his name was on every lip. There was never a case tried in the county courts that was so celebrated and none that created such widespread interest as the famous Rhoads murder trial.

THE CRIME

Lewis Chamberlain lived with his wife on a farm situated among the hills of Shamokin township, three miles south-west of Paxinos. He had married her in August, 1862, and she was his third wife. She was a short, heavy woman with a club foot and moved slowly and awkwardly. On the 24th of September, 1864, her husband left home in the morning about 7 o'clock to come to Sunbury on business. About 10 o'clock her daughter, by a previous marriage, who was living with her, left the house to go to a Sunday school picnic, three miles away, and this was the last time she was seen alive. When her daughter left Mrs. Chamberlain was busy baking bread and the dough was being mixed in the tray. In the afternoon Mr. Chamberlain returned home; when nearing his own house he met Mary Tharp and her son, who he invited to stop. They entered the house and failed to discover any one. Dire confusion reigned supreme, the drawers and closets were ransacked, \$40 in gold and \$90 in bank notes missing. The money was in an old-fashioned hair-trunk, the lock of which had been broken off with several vicious kicks, the papers in the trunk were in confusion, and on the front of it was the perfect impression of the heel of the man's boot, as if made in wax. Chamberlain sent over to Yeager's, his next door neighbor, and Mr. Yeager came. From the back of the house a road led to a strip of woods a hundred yards distant. On the edge of this strip was found in the soft clay the print of Mrs. Chamberlain's shoe, and a few yards further on was discovered her dead body; by her side was a gun belonging to the house. It was evident from the blackened face that the gun was discharged at short range, the load had entered the face on the right side above the mouth, and death followed the shot with the rapidity the echo followed the report.

RHOADS ARRESTED AND TRIED.

The funeral took place on Monday and Edward B. Rhoads, who had married Lewis Chamberlain's daughter by a former wife, was among the mourners. While the earth was falling on the coffin of the dead woman a constable arrested Rhoads and took him to Shamokin before Squire Lake charged with the high crime of murder. A warrant was issued to search his house and person, and in his pockets was found forty-five dollars in money, and he refused to make any explanation as to where it was obtained. His boots were taken from him, to which he offered no objections, and he was brought to Sunbury and lodged in jail.

The trial was held in the old court house, commencing January 3, 1865, before President Judge Jordan, and Associates Shipman and Turner. The prisoner was represented by J. W. Comly, of Danville, and S. P. Wolverton and J. B. Packer, of Sunbury, District Attorney Sol. Malick, Geo. W. Zeigler, William M. Rockefeller, of Sunbury, and William W. Lawson, of Milton, represented the Commonwealth.

The court house was packed from the commencement to the final rendering of the verdict, and popular opinion was almost unanimously against the prisoner. The bench was crowded with ladies and a greater part of the bar was surrendered to their use. Rhoads' wife sat by his side during the trying ordeal, as did his aged father and mother.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The evidence was entirely circumstantial. Edward B. Rhoads was employed and lived at the Lancaster colliery, two miles from Shamokin. At the commencement of the war he had enlisted in the Ninth Illinois Infantry, and served until August 21st, 1862, when he was severely injured in a cavalry charge. In August, 1863, he married Rebecca Chamberlain. It was proven by Mrs. Hummel that Rhoads and his wife came to her house some time previous to the murder and Rhoads said Mrs. Chamberlain was a bad woman and he would kill her, snapping a pistol as he made the remark. Isaac D. Kline swore that on Tuesday before the murder the prisoner said his wife had not fared as well as the other children of Mr. Chamberlain and it was Mrs. Chamberlain's fault. On Tuesday Rhoads went to Harrisburg and returned in the evening, and spent

Wednesday night at Robert Farnsworth's, near Trevorton. On Friday night he staid at Salem Chamberlain's, his wife being with him. He left there at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, saying he would take dinner in Shamokin. He was off on a ride, but he refused. He was next seen by a boy going in the direction of Lewis Chamberlain's and not in the direction of Shamokin; at this time he was only one-fourth of a mile away from Chamberlain's. This was at 10 o'clock and in half an hour Absalom Yeager heard the report of a gun in the woods in which the body of Mrs. Chamberlain was found. At 1 o'clock Rhoads was seen on the streets of Shamokin, eight miles distant.

THE BOOT HEEL.

The strong point in the case was the mark on the trunk. The mark of the heel corresponded exactly with the heel of Rhoads' boot, every nail in place, so the prosecution claimed, and they placed shemakers on the stand to testify that it was impossible for two hand-made boots to correspond so that the nails did not vary the slightest part of an inch. The defense proved a strong alibi, the good character of the accused, and placed shoemakers on the stand to prove that it was possible for boots to be made alike. The three lawyers for the prisoner battled long and earnestly against the opinion of the public. The night before Mr. Comly made his speech he walked the floor of his room in the hotel all night. Mr. Wolverton did not average an hour a night of sleep during the five days' trial. Mr. Zeigler, of the prosecution, made the finest speech of his long career at the bar, over four hours in length. The jury retired as the evening shades were lengthening into night to bring in their verdict at the ringing of the bell. In Mr. Wolverton's office were gathered the wife, father and mother of the accused and his three counsel. The streets were crowded with people restlessly pacing backward and forward, all demanding the conviction of the prisoner. At a few minutes of twelve the court house bell sounded forth its wild notes on the night air. In a minute the building was packed to the door and amid the hush of the grave the jury announced, and found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree.

THE NEW TRIAL.

On the 16th of March, 1865, the motion for a new trial was argued, and Judge Jordan had written his opinion granting it. He turned to Judge Shipman and said he had written his opinion granting a new trial. Judge Shipman remarked he was opposed to it. Judge Turner voted with Judge Shipman and for the first time in Pennsylvania a Presiding Judge was overruled in a decision in a murder case. Rhoads was then called before the Court and Judge Jordan said: "You, Edward B. Rhoads, be taken hence to the place whence you came, within the jail of the county of Northumberland, and from thence to the place of execution, within the walls or yard of said jail, and that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul." The case was then taken to the Supreme Court and that body reversed the decision of the court below and sent it back for another trial.

THE SECOND TRIAL.

was commenced January 5th, 1866 and ended on the 11th. It created almost as much excitement as the first and ended in the acquittal of the prisoner. During the second trial public opinion was divided, many changing in favor of the prisoner. The attorneys engaged in the case made their reputations by it, it was so ably conducted. When the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal Rhoads arose and attempted to address the Court. He trembled with excitement and broke down in less than two minutes. Before leaving the court room all the parties shook hands and their promises with one another to forget the past were sealed with copious tears.

Between the two trials Mr. Chamberlain on a Sunday afternoon found some of the gold and silver on the threshing floor of his barn, which had been taken from the trunk. A note was also found, stating that Rhoads was not guilty of the crime.

After the acquittal Rhoads went to Shamokin and for many years was employed as outside boss of one of the collieries. The past two years he has retired from work. At the time of his death he was sixty-two years of age. He always stood well in the community in which he resided, and was a faithful member of the G. A. R.

Before the Battle

Whatever else we do, let us have our lines rightly laid, to the end that we, ourselves, and all others, may know precisely where we stand. Years ago, when the question of Revenue Reform was newly arrived upon the scene, the Courier-Journal declared that it had come to stay, and ventured the assertion that it would do at no man's bidding. Events have verified this forecast. What then is the present relation of the question to the country and to parties?

Two propositions, to begin with, are plain and conclusive to our mind. First, that the Government has no constitutional power to levy any tax except for a public and general purpose.

This is the doctrine embraced by the demand for "a tariff for revenue only."

Second, that the protective theory, that is, the idea that the Government has the right to interpose its authority to help directly build up any class of business interests, is unconstitutional in law, and false in principle.

The antithesis to these propositions is not necessarily free trade, which, literally construed, is the abolition of customs duties and the raising of the necessary moneys to sustain the Government by direct taxation.

The objective point, therefore, is not free trade, but free trade, looking to the ultimate overthrow of the doctrine and the system of restriction, mis-called protection. That doctrine and system is the cornerstone of Paternal Government. It is the parent of untold material corruption and moral debauchery. It enables the rich to plunder the poor. It protects no man in his labor, or his wages. It is the most transparent of frauds and swindlers. We have yet to find a man advocating it, pure and simple, who had not somewhere an interest in some business either drawing, or imagining that it drew, a bounty through the tariff. As long as we live, and wherever it appears, we shall assail and expose it.

The twaddle about "incidental protection" we brush aside, as the smugged conceit of the coward, who has not the courage to commit grand larceny, but would pursue the devices of the pick pocket under the impression that there is something respectable about petty larceny.

So much for mere doctrines. Now, then, let us come to their application. It is one thing to preach the gospel. It is another thing to practice morality. It is one thing to condemn a tenement. It is another thing to remove it. The restrictive system, rotten as it is, and wickedly mis-called protection, is the existing system under which we live, and have lived for a quarter of a century. No sane man, no man worthy the name of statesman, would dream, or does dream of plucking the foundations of this from under it, or of proceeding to abate its excesses and to lessen its imposition with any rash precipitation. On the contrary, the message of the President unfolds an eminently moderate scheme of reform, whilst the Mills bill embodies a most conservative measure of revision—scarcely touching the question of protection at all—but looking solely to the removal of the surplus and the reduction of war taxes, confessedly, of all men, too high.

One thing at a time. We may defer considering how we shall cross the river until we get to it. The question immediately at issue is the surplus. Its extinction involves reduced taxation. The President proposed that the reduction should come off the customs duties exclusively. That was his general view, and it was ours. The Mills bill, however, coming down to the business of legislation, makes the cut from both the Internal and the External taxes. That is a detail to which, since it is deemed necessary we agree, and to which the President agrees. But the Mills bill still leaves a general average of forty per cent. on imports, and is thus, itself, highly protective. Yet we accept it. We accept it not for the sake of the protection, but for the sake of the reduction. There is here, as everywhere, a divergence between actual business and theoretical policies.

Our objective point, let us repeat, is not free trade. The manufacturers may ultimately demand free trade. The mob may ultimately force free trade. But our objective point is that of a statesmanship at once wise in method and sound in doctrine, embodied in the only tariff authorized by the Constitution, a revenue tariff, a tariff exclusively for public purposes; and this is the demand of the National Democratic Platform of 1884, reaffirmed at St. Louis in 1888, as "correctly interpreted" by the President's message.

Let our Democratic friends cease to quibble about terms and phrases. In the foregoing we have been specific and positive in order that there may be no mistaking our position. We mean to provoke no man by our plain-speaking, nor to invite any controversy with those who, though differing with us, yet support the National Democratic ticket. The contest in the party is, at least for the present, over. We are in front of the enemy, and he is no true Democrat who would split any hairs about past differences, or seek to turn the result at St. Louis to the personal account or dis-credit of any faction or individual. We are satisfied. If gentlemen on the other side are satisfied, all is well. If they are not, however, they must quarrel all by themselves, for they will get no quarrel out of us.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was an entire stranger to the girl present, and the boys were mean and would not introduce him. He finally plucked up courage, and stepping up to a young lady, requested the pleasure of her company for the next dance. She looked at him in surprise, and informed him she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. "Well," remarked Casanova, "You don't take any more chances than I do."