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John thus addressed him, his words having the genuine ring of gratitude in them: "Once more, Mr. Hollister, let me thank you for having given me the command of the Drendnaught. I trust that you will not

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the Dreadnaught. I trust unit you be disappointed in me." "I am sure I shall not, John," said Hol-lister. "I don't believe I could have put the interests of our house into safer hands." The merchant exchanged a hearty grasp

of the hand of the young captain and walked away. Mrs. Allaire, followed by the nurse and little Walt, now joined her husband. Lew Barker and his wife were also of the group. The moment of sep-strating was rapidly approaching. There was nothing left for Captain Allaire to do, save to bid his wife and family a last goodby. This was only the second year of Molly's marriage and her baby boy was hardly nine months old; but, painful as were the thoughts of the separation now so near at hand, she kept back the tears and met her husband's gaze with unclouded eyes. Not so her cousin Kate. She was devoutedly attached to Molly, in whose society she had often found comfort and consolation when troubled and harrassed by the violent and overbearing conduct of her husband. But if Mollie was able to hide husband. but it storte hour, Kate knew only too well the secret suffering that op-John would be back again in six months, but even that was a pretty long separation -the very first since their marrisge-and as Molly was strong enough to bear up so bravely at such a moment, it seemed as if Kate's tears were flowing in her behalf.

As to Lew Barker, the man whose face was never softened with a tender look, he came never which hands in pocket and thoughts no one knew where. It was only too evi-dent that he was not in accord with the sentiment of affection which had brought others on board of this seabound vessel Turning to his wife, Captain John took her

Turning to his wife, Captain John took her hands in his and drew her towards him. "Dear Molly," said he, "it will not be long—a few months—and I shall be with you again. Don't worry, dearest. With this ship and this picked crew no gale will have any terrors for me. Bo strong as a captain's wife should be. Our little Walt will be 15 months old by the time I get back-quite a big boy. He will know how to talk, and the first word which I shall hear on my return home---'

"Will be your name, John!" murmured Molly, with a sad smile. "Your name will be the first word that I shall teach him! We shall begin the day and end it by talking photo deer papa far away on the sea! Darling, w every chance you get! Oh, how impatient - I shall look forward to your letters. Tell me eventing you Darling, w to your letters. Tell me eventing you have done and what you are about to do. Let me feel that I have not ceased to be a part of your life."

"Yes, yes, dear Molly, I'll write you. I'll keep you fully posted as to my move-uts. My letters will be like a l g book,

only the intervention of the second s not tormented by these separations-but no

-I mustn't think of all this." "My darling, bear in mind that it's for the sake of our little one that I go: for your sake, too, in order to make sure the comfort and happiness of you both. Should our expectation with regard to a fortune ever be realized, then nothing shall ever separate us againf

At this moment, Lew Barker and his wife approached. John met them with a smile "My dear Lew," said he, "I leave my wife-my boy in your care. You and Kate are their only relatives in San Diege. Look after them well."

"Depend upon us, John," replied Barker, making an effort at some slight show of feeling, "Kate and I will do the right feeling, "Kate and I who best of care thing. Molly will have the best of care

"And all the consolation I can give her," added Mrs. Barker. "You know how I love you, dear Molly. We shall see each other often. I shall be with you every day for a few hours which we shall devote to We shall see each

"Ah, yes, Kate," replied her cousinf,

"Ab, yes, hate, reprict the conversa-"he'll never be out of my thoughts." Again Shelton interrupted the conversa-tion. "Captain," said he, "it's time-" "All right, Rod," cried Allaire, "set the

jib and flying jib." The mate turned away to execute these orders which pointed to an immediate de-

every step?

ated outside the bay. For a moment only she caught a glimpse through a break in the cliffs of the pennant flying at the head of he topmast, and then the ship disappeared. "Goodby, dear John, goodby," she murmured. Why was it that a presentiment as dread

as it was inexplicable prevented her from adding: "Till we meet again!"

CHAPTER IL. SOME FAMILY MATTERS. In view of her importance as a leading

character in this story it will surely not seem out of place at this point to fill in the mere outline sketch of Mrs. John Allaire already made. Molly was now 21 years of age. She was

of American extraotion, but it would not a backwoodsman. Well, that's just what I am, Molly, and when I say a thing I mean it. Now, there are two things that I want have been necessary to trace her ancestry back to a very remote period to strike on to speak about: the generation which linked her to the "First-I am a bachelor and shall live and die one. It is not at all likely, Molly, that a man of my age-60-will be fool enough to commit the blunder of a young-Spanish or rather Mexican race-a race from which sprang the leading families of this section of the Republic. Her mother this section of the Republic. Her mother had been born in San Diego and the city was already in eristence at the time Cali-fornin still constituted a part of Mexico. This large harbor, discovered about three and a half centuries ago by the Spanish navigator Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, had first been called San Miguel. Its present name was given to it in 1602. In 1846 this prov-ince exchanged its tri-colored flag for the stars and stripes of the Union, at which date it became one of the sisterhood of States. Of medium height a countensnea lighted

enough to commit the blunder of a young-ster of 20 or 30. Hence, there's not the slightest chance that anything will happen to keep this property from going to you or to your children—no more than there is that the Father of Waters will stop emptying into the Gulf of Mexico.

into the Guif of Mexico. "Secondly—I intend to do my level best to keep this little fortune out of your hands as long as possible. I expect to live to be 100, anyway, and you musn't be offended, Molly, at this old man's obstinacy, this de-

Of medium height, a countenance lighted up by large and expressive dark eyes, warm olive complexion, a luxuriant growth of very dark brown hair, hands and feet a litvery dark brown hair, makes and teet a tree, a the larger than common with her race, a carriage full of decision, but not lacking in grace; a strong face, and yet one radient with kindliness of heart, such was Mrs.

dead, but some one else will look after that." Such was the strange epistle received by Mrs. Allaire. There could now be no room for doubt, she would be the sole devisee and legates of her uncle Edward. It might be a long way off, but some day she would find herself suddenly enriched—a half a million —and it would keep on growing, too. Tak-ing her uncle at his word, and, from what her father had told hef, he was as tenacious of purpose as an old Roman, her husband had done well in not resolving to give up the sea. His courage, his intelligence, his industry would no doubt enable him to acquire a competence long before her Uncle Edward would be ready to settle up his earthly accounts. earthly accounts.

Such was the condition of things in the Allaire family at the time the Dreadnaught set sail for the far Western Pacific, and the reader now being in a position to get a clear understanding of the facts of this history, as they shall gradually come to light, it would seem to be advisable to give a little more than passing glance at the only relatives of

silent as sphinxes and quite as enigmatical

However, no damaging rumor had ever been current at San Diego concerning this

taciturn man, whose marriage to Kate had made him the cousin of John Allaire, and

it is therefore not at all surprising that John, not having any relatives himself, should have entrusted his wife and child to

John Allaire. She was one of those women who force you to take a second look at them, and before her marriage Molly had justly been reputed as one of San Diego's beautiful daughters-a genuine compliment, inasmuch as beauty is no rare thing in this part of the world.

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Home of Molly's Rich Unois.

world. She was nothing of a trifler; on the con-trary, rather deliberate, endowed with good sense and a bright mind-moral qualities which marriage would very certainly bring to greater development. Yes, under cir-cumstances of whatsoever gravity, once Mrs. John Allaire, Molly would never fail to do her duty. She had faced the problem of existence frankly and honestly; her views were not the result of any deceptive prism. She was a woman of lofty soul and prism. She was a woman of lofty soul and strong will. The love which her husband would inspire in her would only serve to in-crease her devotion to her duty, and if necessity demanded it-and this assertion as applied to Mrs. Allnire is something more than a mere wordy commonplace-she would lay down her life for her husband as he

would his for her and they both would theirs for their child. They worshiped this infant son who had just learned to fisp the word papa at the moment when the young captain was parting, with him and his mother. In feature little Walt resem-lied his forther way strangle, but in him and bled his father very strongly; but in his brilliant coloring favored his mother. Bo-bustly built, there would be no cause to dread the diseases of childhood. Besides would the diseases of childhood. Besides would ascendancy, amounting almost to a facing-not the most watchful care attend him at tion, over Kate, whom he had married five

years before in Boston, where she was living for this with her mother, who died a short time after this union, the consequences of which were destined to be so distressing. Kate's propperty would have been quite sufficient to support them both if Barker hadn't pre-ferred the devicus to the straight paths. But such was not to be the case. Having wasted a goodly portion of his wife's for-tune, Lew Barker, already in bad financial Having odor, resolved to leave the city of Boston. On the Pacific slope, in an entirely new country, whither his dubious reputation would not be likely to follow him, he hoped o find chances which were now denied him in the East. Kate, who now had an inkling of her hus band's true character, made haste to agree to this proposition, for she was anxious to leave Boston, where invidious comments had already become current, and she re-joiced also at the proposal of meeting her only living relative. Barker had now been a resident of San Diego for three years, and yet so skillful had he been in disguising the crooked nature of his transactions that not a breath of suspicion had attached to him. Such were the circumstances which had brought about the reunion of the two cousins at a time when Molly had not yet become Mrs. John Allaire. The closest intimacy sprang up between the young wife and the young girl, and although it would property. Hence the present condition of affairs, to say nothing of the future, called upon John Allaire to bestir himself, and in the choice of employers none in his mind was entitled to precedence over Andrew Hollister, especially as the house had guar-anteed to Captain Allaire an interest in the ventures of the Dreadnaught. There was, therefore, good reason to assume—now that Allaire was enacting the double role of sea-man and trader—that his labors would reyoung Captain-a marriage which gave no promise of ever resembling her own, and what sweet consolation and comfort could Kate not have drawn from the sympathy of the young couple could she have brought herself to uncover her hidden sorrow? As for Lew Barker, his position became more and more complicated. A crisis-was at hand. The last scrap of his wife's fortune which he had hastily collected upon leav-ing Boston would soon be exhausted. This man, by nature a gambler, or, rather, reckless speculator, was one of those wh regard chance as their only dependence and who are always ready to risk everything on a single throw. Such a propensity-abso lutely uncontrolled by the dictates of rea son-could not do otherwise than lead, and did lead, to deplorable results. Upon reaching San Diego, Barker had opened an office in Fleet street, one of those bureaus which it were more appropriate to call dens, in which any scheme good or bad become the station scheme good or bad becomes the starting point of a fraud. Very skillful depicting the possibilities of a combination, utterly unscrupulous as to the means resorted to, an adept in the art of persuation, with very shadowy notions of meum et tuum, he plunged headlong into 20 speculasions, all of which went to pieces; but the biter himself did not escape un-Allaire had been decided upon. The sol-emnization of the marriage had taken place a few months after his death, and the young couple had begun life with no other in-vested funds than the slender fortune left by the slice the sole of life. Still, as his operations had been entirely secret, he had some little credit by the slice the sole of life. Still, as his operations had been entirely secret, he had some little credit left and made use of it to launch new

inclined to look upon him simply as an un-lucky business man and not a man utterly devoid of moral sense, to whom all methods are permissible, provided they lead to fort-une. And John Allaire himself, although grizzlies which wear fur and claws, but a human bear that finds his pleasure in living quite outside the pale of what you call so-

ciety. "But don't let this worry you, Molly; you may have an old bear of an uncle, but he hasn't a bear's heart inside of him. He une. And John Allaire himself, although he had never been specially attracted by the man, was at this moment not in the least inclined to distrust him, and therefore it wis that during his absence he would count upon his wife being the recipient of Lewis and Kate's kind offices. Should the emergency arise, should Molly stand in need of their outstretched hand, she would need on the them in vain. Their house he hasn't a bear's heart inside of him. He doesn't ferget what he owes to Tom Man-son, and to you, as Tom's daughter, shall belong all the goods and chattels which I may leave behind me. " 'I think it's quite likely that it will be worth your while to look after the goods and chattels aforesaid. Under the hammer to-day they might bring, say \$500,000, and they will increase in value, for my business looks very promising. If you want to sail not call out to them in vain. Their house would be open to her and she would find a

velcome there-not only the one due to a were one there—not only the one due to a friend, but to a sister. Besides, how could there possibly be any suspicion of Kate Barker's sincerity of af-fection? Her love for Molly was as great as it was unselfish, and far from striving to set bounds to it. Lew Barker had encour-ered it to doubt with encourlooks very promising. If you want to sell things out after I am gone, don't hesitate to "Possibly you may think that I talk like

set bounds to it. Lew Barker had encour-aged it, no doubt, with some sinister motive, some shadowy vision of future gain, which he hoped he might be able to draw from it. He was perfectly sure, too, that Kate would not say aught which should be left unsaid, that she would be discretion itself as re-gards his present condition, giving no sign or hint as to the discreputable schemes in which he had become involved, or as to the sea of difficulties in which he was now floundering. As to all this Kate would hold her tongue, not even a word

foundering. As to all this Kate would hold her tongue, not even a word of blame would escape her. The domination of her husband was absolute, no power of resistence was left her although she knew him to be a man utterly without conscience, destitute of moral sense, who would not hesitate to commit a criminal act. And now that this man stood before her in his true colors how was it possible

Molly, at this old man's obstinacy, this de-termination to prolong my earthly career to such a ridiculous extent. "Now, don't take the trouble to answer this. There is no postoffice within ten mile. of my wild lands, and we often go weeks and weeks without getting news from the outside world. And I shall not write again, either, except it is to say that I'm dead, but some one else will look after that."

FLOWERS ON THE TABLE.

ancies That Make the Menu More Accept able to the Guesta.

L Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Clover luncheons are the fancy of the moment, and while the fragrant pink and white flower pom-pons lend themselves the captain's wife at San Diego, Mr. and gracefully to the most elaborate decoration, Mrs. Lewis Barker. It had only been a few years since Lewis Barker, a native of one of the Eastern States, now a man of thirty, had taken up his residence at San Diego. This New Englander, with his hard features and cold, the housewife of moderate means will obtain a good effect if she has a shallow tin form made four or five inches wide and long enough to reach within a short distance of each end of the table. Fill this with wet impassive physiognomy and strongly built frame, belonged to that class of men who while full of decision and action are as sand and crowd it full of clovers; fringe at

the edge with fern leaves of the blossom and set it on the snowiest of cloths, for the color of the clover is quite strong enough without any millinery litter of silk sashes and bows. There are any number of pretty clover couplets that may adorn these summer luncheons and menus alike.

The fragrant breach of the clover, As sweet as the kiss of a lover, A handful of clover sweet, I scatter before thy feet.

the Barkers. But, really, it was to Kate especially that he had commended his lit-tle family, knowing as he did of the genuine affection existing between the two The orchid menu is the newest and most attractive favor yet invented. It is a beautifully modeled flower of delicate papier mache and exquisitely scented and tinted, while the bell of the flower is the receptacle But John Allaire would have been very careful not to do what he did had he a glimwhile the bell of the flower is the receptacle for bon bons. The pretiest dinner table ar-rangement for summer is delightful, cool and dainty. The table cloth is of white brocade satin—(nice to spill claret and gravy on). In the center is a lamp or candelabra of silver veiled in billows of snew white ganze, which curl outward to surround smaller candlesticks or roses of silver, while peeping out here and there are feathery fern leaves, which form the only decoration. careful not to do what he did had he a glim-mer of the true facts of the case, had he suspected the deceit which lay hidden be-hind the impenetrable mask of Barker's im-passiveness, had he known with what in-difference this man looked upon the propri-eties of life, how little respect he had for himself or for the rights of others. Pos-sessed of a certain physical attractiveness, the man had from the start gained a strange ascendancy, amounting almost to a fascina-

TO BE FAIR, FAT AND FORTY.

HOW TO RUN A SHOW. Bill Nye Pours Out Information for the Benefit of Portland.

> ATTRACTIONS FOR EXPOSITIONS. was a native of the Rue de Foi Gras. Many of the visitors went to see this dance several times, and this Algerian girl practically owned the town, and carried away with her, figuratively speaking, to her desert home, the cosmopolitan pelts of those who wit-nessed her strange and yet graceful gambols. A 2-year-old colt that has just forsaken the home nest and made his glad debut on the clover studded lawn is not a circumstance to the gladness and grace of that perform-ance. You might think this over. Punch and Judy Will Catch English Tourists and Hold Them.

HILL BLAIR ET AL AS FEATURES

MORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.] PORTLAND, ORE., June 18.

> Y reputation as an Punch and Judy would draw the English Punch and Judy would draw the English people. It is a kind of humor that appeals to the English, and yet it leaves the brain tissue unimpaired. It is a broad yet pure humor, which is prompt in its action on the English mind, producing no dangerous re-lapse or secondary symptoma. Some kinds of humor are highly injurious to the Brit-ish, because they may recur to the mind at a future time when the victim is not pre-pared, or, still worse, the point of the joke expert has resulted in the following DEAR MR. NYE I have just been elected by a majority of the votes counted - assisted by the Board of Directors - Secretary

and Superintendent of the Portland Industrial Exposition. You will thus see I am to fill two flices at once. Now, it so happens that the office of Superintendent holds the most, and therefore needs the most filling. The great trouble with me is what kind of filling to use in order to make it look pretty in its

upholstered condition without too much embonpoint. In connection with an exposition, a superintendency is not a sinecure, they say, nor do I believe it is a mind cure. The man who fills it, I'm told, gets acquainted with a lot of queer people and some grief. I have filled everything from an aching void to the position of teacher in a night school, where the boys were so big I didn't dare to see any of the girls home, but as superintendent a big fair my personal experience is limited to working for first prize in the fat hog an-nex of the York State Fair of 1869.

He Wants to Draw a Crowd.

ing on, it seems to me that you might give me a few pointers. I am particularly anx-ious to draw a crowd at the front door and then get it inside and have some fun with it if so disposed. I think I would like to

The Algerian Day the people time enough to sleep Sundays, proper man for you to put that question to. You know that I am prejudiced in favor of the ballet, and so you should not ask me that question. But the exposition of '39 had as one feature the Algerian, which was a very drawing card indeed. It was an odd dance, wildly barbarle, and a triffe on the decomposed Delsarte order, perhaps, with a beautiful Algerian girl in it, of the Lalla Rookh variety, who, I afterward learned, was a native of the Rue de Foi Gras. Many of the visitors went to see this dance several would have thought to have heard the same from a Presbyterian pulpit by a Presbyterian preacher? Think what the world has come to, when Brother Parkhurat affirms that really good Presby-terians will not be bound by the Confession of Faith—that they will accept no man as master—that they will not be bound even by the Bible when it seems to contradict Christ. Christ tells us to love our enemies, but the imprecatory. Psalms encourage men to curse their enemies and pray against them. In such case the reverend doctor THE WAVE OF HERESY Now Sweeping Over the Churches Will Leave a Lot of Wrecks. SIGNIFICANT TALK BY PARKHURST.

Such Men Will Not Be Bound by Anything

but Sound Reasoning.

them. In such case the reverend doctor proposes to turn his back upon David, and says he always reads the Psalms at his ser-vices from an edition of the Psalter from which all of the cursing Psalms have been HOT SHOT IN A SERMON AT ST. THOMAS' expurgated

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] When in New York we were told that the proper thing to do on Sunday was to go to St. Thomas' Church to hear the music, which was said to be the finest in the city. Very many attractions present themselves in the way of church going just now in the great metropolis and it was something of a problem where to go with Heber Newton making a noise in the world, with a lot of people boring Bishop Potter to have him disciplined for heresy, with Parkhurst doing his utmost to break the Westminster Confession to pieces, and pegging away

apparently to upset the very foundations of Presbyteriansm, and with Talmage praneing about the stage of his new tabernacle, and Dr. Hall holding forth in good orthodox style.

With not many Sundays at command, we did a good deal of church going while in New York, but of course could not take in all of the attractions. However, we did "do" St. Thomas' for the sake of the music. That was pretty much all there was of it. except the very fashionable people who compose the congregation and do their de-votions in the most elegant and esthetic manner.

### Not So Very Inhospitable.

St. Thomas', he is known, is away up St. Thomas', be is known, is away up Fifth avenue, where the "400" live and move and have their being. As may be sup-posed, it is a very handsome church, fur-nished in the most gorgeous and orthodox style. Before going we were told that its members were not very hospitable to strangers—that we would, very likely, be stowed away in an obscure corner where it would be difficult to either see or hear— that if we got a scat at all we would be in luck—that the gospel there was not disluck-that the gospel there was not dis-

luck—that the gospel there was not dis-pensed to sinners poor and needy. But let it be known to the credit of St. Thomas' that the Pittsburg pilgrims were treated quite royally, and were handed up to a high seat, where they reposed upon down cushions, with not a wrinkle in the roseleaf of pleasure, nor a ruffle of care to disturb an angelie frame of mind. No ex-pense seems to have heen sparsed to make pense seems to have been spared to make St. Thomas' enticing. Two grand organs fill its stately aisles with noble melody, and back up two choirs in their singing of sacred songs. A quartet of fine professional singers gave us some divine music, and the congregation indulged in the grace of hear-ing instead of singing.

#### Music to Be Raved Over. What all that wealth of sacred melody

costs we do not know, but it is no longer wonderful that people should rave over the music at St. Thomas'. The anthem seemed to be voiced by a "heavenly host," None of the singers being visible made the illu-

before this letter reaches you. He head of a foreign country yesterday evening that he has not tried yet. You cannot expect him. He is almost sure that he will go abroad, and is only waiting for a permit which may come at any time. You speak of Mr. Gould in a show win-dow ahearing coupons off his bonds as a feature. I would favor that, but you know, perhaps, that Mr. Gould cannot sit in a draft, especially a sight draft, as he has facial neuralgis or tic-Soo. Do not depend upou him, for I am sure he could net come. Your reference to Governor Hill is en-triely unworthy of the important of dieses he holds. Governor Hill has no notion of be coming Mayor of New York. His odtes at the hearers feel as if "compassed would not give the office of Mayor of New York that degree of espionage which it re-quires. A man who is Governor a sgreat State and Senator also does not care to be Mayor of New York, or open expositions with a few desultory remarks. Ensilage them feel as if there was some pleasure in life and some hope in the future. For the time they ceased to contemplate the bot-tomless pit and "endless fire and chains" and the "Gulf of Dark Despair." the churches, this indulgence in freedom of thought, this demand for revision of cread and Bible and the renunciation of old authorities is a wonderful manifestation of progress. Judging the future by the past, when Calvin comes down from his pedestal, is would not be a much greater change or sur-prise if Tom Paine should be held as a subprogress. A Pulpit Lies of Six But if the music was entrancing, the ser-mon was amazing. The only point made was that "unbelief" is the deadliest of all ect for canonization. BESSIE BRAMBLE

Allen. You might try it. Sam Jones is a straightforward preacher,

cheerfully telling people what miserable hounds they are, and warning them to flee

from the wrath to come, at so much per warn. He will not only bring thousands of eurious people to your exposition, but he will save quite a lot of souls at the same time.

An American Exhibit.

Humor for Johnny Bulls.

## Blair Sure of a Nice Job.

Mr. Blair is not available. He is going Mr. Blair is not available. He is going on a foreign mission. Possibly he will go before this letter reaches you. He heard of a foreign country yesterday evening that he has not tried yet. You cannot expect him. He is almost sure that he will go abroad, and is only waiting for a permit which may come at any time. You speak of Mr. Gould in a show win-dow shearing company of his hous we

He thinks the Church must move on or be left-that it will be as fatal to its future to pin it to the old name of Calvin as it would be to pin science to an old name. A six-teenth century church will not do in these days. He has no patience, it would appear, with those who assert that the Bible being divinely in-spired contains no errors. He makes spe-cial protest about the little "quibbling ways of some in their defense of God's Word." It is this little pettifogging, erayen cowardliness that excites the conternat of

word. It is this little pettifogging, enaven cowardliness that excites the contempt of people "who do their own thinking, and have conscience enough to see through its poltroonry."

## Critics Will Not Be Frightened.

Holding Fast to the Old.

Then he got after the General Assembly and Calvin and his doctrines. He asserted that the Assembly made itself ridiculous by confining its Committee on Revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith within the lines as hid down by Calvin. He ridi-culad the idea of thing a grant church is

culed the idea of tieing a great church in this live nineteenth century and in this

great country to the opinions and views of

a man who has been under the sod for 300

years. He did not profess to know whether as great a man as Calvin could be found in

the Presbyterian persuasion nowadays or not, but he did not like the idea of his be-

loved church being anchored to a cema-

tery. He thinks the Church must move on or be

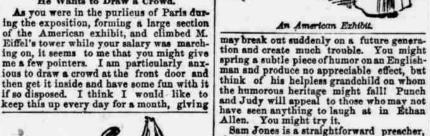
The attempt to shoo off the critics at this stage of the game, he thinks, will be futile, and he urges that the Bible should be open to criticism; that the proper way to proceed in that matter is to throw down the gnuntlet and challenge investigation; to stop the dickering policy and let the truth come out, or, in the words of his text, to "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." Dr. Parkhurst evidently trains with

Dr. Parkhurst evidently trains with Brother Briggs, and seems to have a consid-able flavor of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. It is not often that the Church and its people get such a haaling over the coals by one of its own ministers. But Brother Parkhurst has courage and energy, and believes evidently in calling a spade a spade. He preaches the doctrine of love, and asserts that vast the dootrine of love, and asserts that vast quantities of this will be needed in the next iew years "to prevent the Presbyterian Church from becoming," a veritable hades above ground." He thinks the battle is on, and the creed of Calvin must go. If he and those who think like him cannot get this done inside of the Presbyterian of done inside of the Presbyterian Church, they will do it inside of some other church, not so hide bound. He got in a clip as Princeton, which, he says, desires to turn out Presbyterian preachers as a machine turns out shoe pegs, and to secure church

# unity by cutting off the legs of those who do not walk in step, or taking off the heads of those who do not think in step.

## Nobody Sleeps Through Such Talks.

This sort of a sermon attracts the multi-



Mr. Hollister," said Allaire, "the ship's Isunch will take you and my wife and her relatives back to the wharf whenever you're "I'm all ready, John." answered the

merchant; "once more goodby and good

"Goodby, good luck," cried the others as

"Goodby, good luck," cried the others as they made their way down the ladder to boats waiting for them. "Goodby, Lew, goodby, Kate !" gried John, extending his hand to them. "Goodby, goodby !" eried Mrs. Barker, "Goodby, goodby !" eried Mrs. Barker, "Come, my dear Molly, I'll go with you to the gangway," said Allaire. The Dread-banch the couplit the bread shared Scherto the gangway," said Allaire. The Dread-naught has caught the breeze already. She's moving !"

Molly's heart was too full for words. She walked in silence by her husband, and upon coming to the ship's side could only sink upon his breast as he clasped her tenderly in a last embrace. And then little Walt, whom Molly had

taken from the nurse, stretched out his arms to his father, shook his baby hands

and lisped out: "Pa-pa ! pa-pa !" "There, dearcet," cried Molly, joyfully, "you have heard him utter his first word before parting with him." Stout-hearted as the young captain was he could not keep back the tears, and as Molly

took their child from his arms its cheeks "Molly," he murmured, "goodby, good-by!"

Then turning quickly away to hide his emotion, he cried out in a tone of command: "Cast off !"

In a moment after the boat was pushed off

and headed for the wharf, where its passes gers were landed.

Captain John gave himself up completely to the work of getting his ship under way. The anchor had nearly reached the hawse-hole, and the Dreadnaught, freed from hole, and the Dreadhaugus, ther sails, every drag, enught the wind in her sails, the folds of which were flapping violently. The jib had been set and caused the vessel to luff a little. This maneuver gave the Dreadnaught a, little more swing, so as to steer clear of several vessels anchored at the mouth of the harbor. Captain Allaire then ordered the main and the fore sails to be hoisted, which was done with an ease and rapidity that did credit to the crew. The Dreadnanght now caught the wind on the starboard quarter, and took the direction of in such a way as not to be the office obliged to change her tack.

Au admiring crowd still lingered on the wharf intently watching the ship, which seemed almost coquettishly to display her graceful outlines as she careened gently under the increasing pressure of canvas. During these maneuvers she passed within half a cable's length of the wharf where Mr. Hollister and Molly and Lew Barker and his wife were standing. In this way the young Captain was enabled to see his wife, her relatives and his friends once more and to shout a last adieu to them. Every voice answered the greeting, every hand was waved in response to Allairo's salutation. "Goodby, goodby!" he cried.

Cheer after cheer went up from the assembled multitude, while countless hand-kerchiefs like one vast white cloud hung trembling over their heads. The fact is Captain John Allaire was a

universal favorite and his native city was proud of the eminence he had attained, and lew were there in the wast crowd who did not secretly resolve to be on the wharf ready to welcome him home when the Dreadnaught should make her appearance outside the bay. As the Dreadnaught neared the mouth of

the harbor she was obliged to luff to avoid a long mail steamer which had just entered the narrows. The two vessels saluted each dipping their colors.

Still standing on the wharf, Mrs. Allaire kept her gaze riveted upon the Dread-naught, which gradually disappeared, run-ning before the fresh northwest breeze. She and did not wish to lose sight of the ship so long as her masts were visible above Point Island. But the Dreadnaught soon passed around behind the Coronado Islands, situ-

With what dreams of happiness little creature just budding into life had the imaginations of these prarents already stored the future! Assuredly Mrs. Allaire would have been the happiest of women if her husband had been in a position to

abandon a calling whose greatest drawback was that it kept them separated. But how would it have been possible for her to interfere when the command of the Dead-naught was offered him? Was it not imperative that he should provide for the necessities of the household, lay up store for a family which would be pretty sure to increase? As for Molly's little fortune, it

only yielded her a comfortable allowance of pin money. At this conjuncture of circumstances it was natural that Allaire's thoughts should turn to the fortune which his wife's uncle would leave to her, for nothing save the happening of something extremely the happening of something extremely untoward and improbable would defeat this inheritance. Edward Manson's age was three score and Molly was his only heir, for Molly's cousin, Kate Barker, belonged to the maternal branck of the family and there maternal branck of the family and there

maternal branck of the family and there was no tie of consanguinity between her and Edward Manson. Therefore, was it safe to predict that Molly would be a rich woman, but 10, yes, 20 years might go by before her uncle's de-cease would put her in possession of this property. Hence the present condition of affairs, to say nothing of the future, called upon John Allaire to bestir himself, and in the choice of employers none in his mind

man and trader-that his labors would re-

sult in amassing a competence while he was waiting for the last will and testament of Edward Manson to become operative. One word concerning this most American of Americans: He was a brother of Molly's father, John Manson, and consequently the own uncle of the young girl who had mar-

own uncle of the young girl who had mar-ried John Allaire. It was Molly's father-Edward's senior by five or six years-who had, so to express it, raised him, for their parents had died young, and Manson the younger had always sought both by affection and gratitude to repay the debt. Fortune had favored him and he had reached the wished for goal while the sider

Fortune had favored him and he had reached the wished for goal, while the elder brother had gone astray in the side paths. While his successful speculations and enter-prises in clearing and opening vast tracts of wild land in Tennessee had separated the two brothers, for Molly's father had re-mained in New York, yet they had fre-quently exchanged letters. Upon the death of Molly's mother, her father had taken up a permanent residence in San Diego, his wife's birthplace, and had died there about the time that Molly's marriage with John Allaire had been decided upon. The sol-

by the elder Manson. Somewhat later a letter from her uncle had reached San Diego, addressed to Molly Allaire. It was the first he had ever written to his niece and was destined to be the last. This communication, which will be found to be as concise in construction as it is

simply because Tom and I didn't meet after he got married, and because I live in the extreme western portion of Tennessee and you live in San Diego. Now, it's several thousand miles from Tennessee to Cali-fornis and it wouldn't be at all convenient for me to make that journey. Therefore, if it would be a difficult matter for me to go

to see you it would be a still more difficult matter for you to come to see me, so pray don't think of it. "The fact is Molly, I'm an old bear of an uncle; not one of those North American

Contract No.

arash should come, possibly they would be

schemes and secure new victims. This conditions of affairs, however, could

not last. Any moment there might be an outburst, and the scheming Yankee who had transported his peculiar business methods to the Pacific slope might find himself obliged

practical in tone, read as follows: "My dear Molly—Although you and I live at a great distance from each other and although I have never seen you, yet I don't forget that you are my niece, brother Tom's only child. If I have never seen you, it is simply have never seen you, it is would have found many avenues of success open to him. But there were needful some things which Lew Barker didn't have-

moral rectifude, sfraightforward ideas and a mind free from guile. It is important to note here that neither John Allaire, Andrew Hollister nor anyone else had any suspicion of the true con-dition of Barker's matters. In industrial and commercial circles there was no ink-ling that this adventurer-and would to Any Woman Can Become I Healthy and Happy.

A distinguished professor of the College A distinguished professor of the College of Physicians and Surgeons gives the fol-lowing as the law of perfect health, beauty and longevity for women: "Eat fresh ani-mal food three times a day, and as much bread, crushed wheat, potatoes, rice, eggs, etc., as possible. Between the different meals and on retiring at night drink a glass of milk, if thin, or a cup of beef tea or breath if you are stouk. Every night and the state of etc., as possible. Between the different meals and on retiring at night drink a glass of milk, if thin, or a cup of beef tea or broth if you are stout. Every night and morning take a warm spenge bath with water in which about a tablespoonful of common salt in the basin has been dis-solved. After the bath, and a brisk rub with a common the stored arguing the prior to be the stored of the store of the stor

with a coarse towel, exercise ten minutes briskly with dumb bells or in any way you "Sleep nine hours at night and one in the middle of the day, and wear loose cloth-

ing," and he guarantees you to be thus "fair, fat and forty."

## THE COURTESY AND THE STEP.

## Educated Inflections of the Body Have Language of Their Own.

In the curriculum of physical education in advanced lines, much importance is given to the language of the courtesy and of the step in entering a room, says the New York Sum. The plebian form of the courtesy is known as the "bob," while the cultured and educated inflection of the body may express in its dip and rise condescension, respect, admiration, sarcasm, pride or con-tempt, exquisite graciousness or chilling admiration, sareasm, pride or con-As for the step, the most approved is

As for the step, the most approved is a traditional court step which those who can remember the days of the Prince Consort have seen as he led Queen Victoria into the room before her assemblies, and those of the younger generation who have seen Al-bani as Elsa know also in its perfection. It is a slow, stately kind of glide, so steadily accomplished that no movement of the head or shoulders can be detected.

## THE STOMACH AND COMPLEXION.

## Paris Beauties Are Learning That It Is Well to Live Like Anchorites.

The complexion of the Paris woman he undergone a noticeable change for the better, not altogether attributable to her art in applying artificial tints to her once sallow plying artinetal tints to ner once sallow epidermis. The lady of social place lives like an anchorite, they say, on a most lim-ited diet, drinking scarcely anything but milk, or if stimulant is needed, using a lit-tle pure whisky and water instead of wine. Hearty meat is renounced in favor of chicken or game, and only the most easily digested foods are transforming the sallow French complexion to ivory whiteness among the elegantes.

## Another Old Soldier Made Happy.

During three years of the late war I was a member of Company I, One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volun-teers, or Second Bucktails. In the second terrs, or Second Bucktalls. In the second year of service I contracted chronic diar-rhoes, which has clung to me ever since, and in addition to this I was shot through the body near the small of my back (in the bat-tle of the Wilderness). One of the lasting effects of this wound is such that during attacks of diarrhoes I have no retaining powers over the movements of my bowels. I have used many remedies but up to An powers over the movements of my bowels. I have used many remedies, but up to Au-gust, 1889, I had supposed that there was no remedy that would quite reach my case, but since then myself and my family have thoroughly tested Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoes Remedy and have found it to be by far the best remedy we have ever used for bowel complaint, and without any hestination whatever I cheer. without any hesitation whatever, I cheer-fully recommend it to my friends and old army comrades. I value it more than its ling that this adventurer-and would be beaven he deserved no harsher name-was hastening to his ruin. And even when the weight in gold. J. E. MCINTRE, weight in gold. J. E. MCINTRE, weight in Core, Huntingdon county, Pa.

ould start in fresh a Monday. I tell you as a matter of fact we are to have a great exposition, but I want

you to make it sure. What do you think of introducing the

days' duration? How would he compar-with Dr. Tanner on a fast for that period o time? Could they hold the crowd. or would time? Could they hold the crowd, or would we have to lock the people in? Provided I battened down the hatches, locked every-thing up and oiled the burglar alarms, do you believe Jay Gould in the act of shear-ing coupons would draw a crowd or an

Watterson's Letter That Never Came. What will remove ink from the letter

What will remove ink from the letter that never came from Henry Watterson to D. B. Hill? Can you furnish me, for fram-ing, a copy of the law preventing David B. Hill from running for Mayor of New York in addition to Governor of and Senator from the Empire State? Can you send me for the art gallery a certified portrait of Annie Rooney, deceased? Should ensilage be eut often, and if so, in what quarter of the moon should the abridgment take place? May I safely introduce into the restaurant of the exposition gumquets as a side did? May I safely introduce into the restaurant of the exposition gumquats as a side dish? Do you think it a good idea to fix special days, such as press day, dog days, or would you leave it to your next almanae? Do you think that the free coinage of silver will in-terfere with the counterfeiting industry; if so, in what respect? Could I successfully cross the gold bug and the potato bug and use the resultant in the fat stock show? If not, why not? Do you think John L. Sul-livan would be out of place in the chamber of horrors which I propose introducing in the exposition?

the exposition?

These are simply details, but if you have any general ideas upon the conduct of an exposition, showing how it should be run, I would like to have a few sacks of the early variety. Yours anxiously, R. W. MITCHELL, Secretary and Superintendent.

Plenty of Information on Tap. To this frank avowal of ignorance, I ar

swered as follows: DEAR ROBERT-I am glad to know that you are to have a great industrial exposition in Portland worthy of the wonderful country in Fortiand worthy of the wonderful country of which she is the metropolis. How you came to be the Superintendent and Secre-tary I do not know. The Oregonians are humor loving people, and like to put up jobs on their neighbors. Possibly that has some-thing to do with it. Expositions should have in the fort place have, in the first place, a spinal column of worthy and valuable exhibits-a sort of hatrack, if you please, upon which to hang the popcorn privileges and other features which are of minor importance. I warn you first of all, as Superintendent,

against the American commercial spirit, which crops out at all times, but especially

in an exposition. A sausage stuffing ma-chine is one of the most beautiful sights, from a utilitarian standpoint, that I ever saw, but it will not bring people from a dis-tance. You must have something of art and beauty, and an element of the wonderful. Africa had an exhibit that ought to put a big blush, as wide as a Swiss sunset, on the face of the great civilized Republic which does so much to send missionaries to the Kongo. The diamond exhibit of that god-less continent, and the methods of working this somewhat expensive stone, attracted more attention in one day than all our oat-

meal and atmospheric pressure. Mast Have Something Unusual.

And the second second

I am an American, Mr. Superintendent, and proud of the land which gave me birth -after which it had a long spell of extreme mental depression-but foreign nations will not put up a luncheon and come to see the Portland exposition unless you give them something instructive and unusual. You ask about the ballet. I am not the

State and Senator also does not care to be Mayor of New York, or open expositions with a few desultory remarks. Ensilage should be cut as early as possible. Some use a teething ring for cutting their ensi-lage, but I think it injures the gooma. Gumquats are not popular in exposition restaurants generally, especially during the

heated term. What are gumquats, anyhe Something Decidedly Novel.

An exciting thing and a feature that has always drawn enormous crowds everywhere that it has been tried, is a discussion be-tween two able men on vital questions, like this, for instance: "Is the Tariff a Tar?" So many people would like to get down off their drygoods boxes and make experiments with industry if they only knew whether the tariff are the two off the the the target of target of the target of target of target of the target of target the tariff was a tax or not. As it is now, values are unsettled, industries languish, resources remain undeveloped, trade be-comes atrophied, commerce ceases and our shipping stands rotting at our docks. I would rather not speak of Mr. Sullivan

except in a non-partisan way, if you do not mind. I criticised his acting once, and from the way he acted the next time I saw him I judged that he hated to be criticised that way. He wishes me to say, however, that he is not drinking any now, and will

story or incubator and set an old political wheelhorse on a recently discovered mare's nest I think it would give good resulta. Did you ever try that? People would come for a long distance and pay good prices to

## at All American.

Mrs. Sartoris, nee Nellie Grant, is a specimen of the complete Anglicizing that a dozen years' resident on the other side can make in a native American, says the New York Evening World. Mrs. Sartoris was born and bred in the United States, and so were her parents, grandparents and great-grandparents before her. She married a Briton a dozen or more years ago, went over the seas to live with him, and now comes back to her people and friends with three beautiful children, named out of an English story book-Rosemary, Vivien and Lionel. Julia, Elien and Hiram are not so roman-tic, but they are names that her progenitors bore, and they are names too, that 20 years hence in all probability the descendants of the Dent-Grant-Sartoria family will prefer to their own ridiculous appellations. By the death of father-in-law, who admired by the death of father-in-law, t her very much, Mrs. Sartoris inherited a comfortable sum, which a dissolute son is not able to touch. Although perfectly in-dependent she could not be induced to live

in America again. She prefers England. CHEATING IN BACCABAT.

#### The Little Trick Gordon-Cumming is Alleged to Have Practiced.

It is easily understood that in playing baccarat by holding extra chips in the hand and leaning forward so as to bring the raised hand, sitting as a punter does often with his elbows nearly on the margin of the

of burning and burying alive have been modified and have assumed more esthetic forms, but there is the same queer impulse back of it all." and, they say, detected by the ladies and gentlemen who were with the Prince of

sins. Dishonesty, drunkenness, immorality were all pretty bad, but the crowning sin of all was to doubt anything in the creed or doctrine held by the church as truth. To keep all right, and make yourself secure for heaven — as Dr. Parkhurst says — you must "pluck out your eyes and replace your brains with sawdust." According to this poor little "Episcopal," no man or woman can be an independent thinker and a good churchman.

can be an independent thinker and a good churchman. But if this good brother's sermon was weakly stupid in these days of vigorous thinking and heresy-hunting, there was plenty of strong talk in that of Dr. Park-hurst, who boldly discoursed upon the dis-quiet of the Presbyterian Church particu-larly, and the rumpuses in the church at large. This mental and doctrinal uncasi-ness he describes as a tempest sweeping over the entire continent, not in any special denomination, but in the air—a sort of grip as it were. The Roman Catholic Church has its McGlynn element; the Baptists are berating Bridgeman; the elevate the stage again next season. If you could erect a sort of glass conserv-

Church has its McGlynn element; the Baptists are berating Bridgeman; the the Baptists are berating Brageman; the Episcopal brethren have §"bounced" Me-Queary and are now after Newton; the Presbyterians are battling over Briggs, while the Methodists have their fight over the heresy of admitting women to the full privileges of the church. for a long distance and pruly, see this, I think. Yours truly, BILL NYR.

IS THOROUGHLY ANGLICIZED.

Pleasures of Heretic-flunting Nellie Grant. Though Native to America No.

Brother Parkhurst says the church now, as always, has a quick, keen relish of prose-cution. There is no pursuit it so much loves as heresy-hunting. To run down heretics and put on the screws is one of the comforts the church enjoys. What Calvin, or John Knoz, or Cotton Mather, or any of the old Purituric growt in the grant he the old Puritanic growd in the great be-yond will think of that sermon, there is no means of knowing—unless the Spiritualists get a medium to tell—but there is nothing more sure than that in their times Brother Parkhurst would be branded as a heretic of the most mischievous pattern, and very likely be tortured or burned at the stake. He made bold to say in this sermon that the Church took vastly more pleasure in hunting down a heretic than in converting a sinner. That it raised piles of money to convert a 'heathen and get him into the Church, but the moment of extreme felicity -the time when enthusiasm flashes up into -the time when enthusiasin mastes up into one compact flame of radiance and heat-is when there is a prospect of "getting a man out of the Church" Really in this amaz-ing sermon he was about as hard upon "the cloth" and the Church as Ingersoll himself.

log seriion he was about as hard upon the cloth" and the Church as Ingersoll himself. Hear this: "The Church has always fought new ideas. It never subscribes to a dis-covery in science until it has to. It always

widens its conceptions grudgingly and sulkily. When on the frontier between the known and the unknown, it has always be-haved as though it were scared. And the man who has a new understanding of things is always a hated man. No matter what his character may be, no matter what his

His Life for the Truth

integrity, no matter how willing he might be to lay down table, over his stakes, a man who wishes to table, over his stakes, a man who wishes to cheat and finds that the cards favor him can drop an extra chip or two to join his de-posit, especially when the counters are ife. They think they are doing God service made of Russian leather which makes no noise, so as to increase his winning, or, with a finger, jerk away one or more of what he has already put up in order to diminish his loss. That was the trick which was watched and they say detected by the ladies and

Wales at Tranby Croft. There are other ways of cheating at baccarat, but in such cases a confederate, generally a club servant, has been necessary.

This is exactly what Brother Ingersoll has been saying [all along; but who

## THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

It Mast Now Have a Picture of the Devated One Who Gave IL. New Tork Sun.]

The girl that has only a commony

solitaire engagement ring might just as well have said "No" to the old question. The

girl who tries to look down on her, with

her heart-shaped hoop of blood-red rubica

her heart-sniped noop of blood-red rubies or shimmering pearls, is an object of pity, just the same, and the victim of mistaken ideas, for the proper ring indicative of plighted troth must contain the features of the beloved giver set beneath a large, clear and perfectly flat diamond, in a frame of small surrounding emeralds which see ser-

small surrounding emeralds, subies, or say-

phires. In exchange for this somewhat massive fetter the lady gives her finnce a penell case of gold or silvor, with a miniature portrais of herself set in the end of the case beneath

the large, clear diamond, in a circle of tiny

DYSPEPSIA OF THE MIND.

College Graduates are Not Likely to Ba

Really Well Educated.

Benjamin Franklin said he made himself

an educated man simply by learning things

when he wanted them. Whenever he had

use for any kind of knowledge, he acquired

it. His appetite was good, his mental di-

gestion was in order, and hence he assimil-ated his knowledge and made it a part of his intellectual organization. A man cannot be made wise upon knowl-

A man cannot be made wise upon knowl-edge which he doesn't want to learn, any more than he can be made strong upon pis which he doesn't want to eat. Compulsory pie can only result in dyspepsia, and com-pulsory knowledge is inevitably followed by intellectual indigestion. There are there are there are there are there are there are

thousands of men who are graduating from our colleges at this season of the year who, from the very nature of the case, must be

KIPLING AND HIS TYPEWRITER.

The Popular Story-Teller Is Quite Success

So Mr. Rudyard Kipling has taken to the

typewriter. His work recently increased at

such a prodigious rate that he found it ut-

terly impossible to cope with it in the

ordinary way. Mr. Walcott Balesteir-the

representative in England of the American

publishing house of Lowell-came to the

publishing house of Loweil-came to the rescue with the suggestion that he should typewrite his stories. Mr. Kipling adopted the suggestion, and he now manipulates the instrument with considerable skipl. Mr. Besant does not use the sypewriter himself, but he invariably gets his stories

typewritten before sending them to the printers. He regards the fair copy as a proof, corrects it accordingly, and refuses to allow his printers to make any charge for

what is technically known as "authors' cor-

A Cool Proposition.

A small boy of 4 was riding on a rocking

horse with a companion. He-was seated

rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck.

After a reflective pause he said: "I think if one of us gets off I could ride much

rections."

ful in Using the Keys.

jewels.

Ladolp ant

nentally dyspeptic.