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S. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Unsafe Lifeboats."

"Then the shipmen cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off."—Acts xxvii., 32.

Mr. Talmage recommends that houses be built on the international boat-company's Viceroy and the Valkyrie I, [illegible] those things which there is no [illegible] those outdoor sports, [illegible] and breeziness in [illegible] our religion. A stale and [illegible] religion may have [illegible] these, yet will not do for [illegible] our attention to a [illegible] and instead of the [illegible] and [illegible] the cross of the Viqilant [illegible] the other day compared, there is too much wind and the [illegible] boat.

[illegible] your attention so much [illegible] which Paul was the [illegible] but to the lifeboat [illegible] no one seems to notice. For a [illegible] the main vessel had been [illegible] For that two weeks, the [illegible] passengers had "continued fasting." I suppose the salt water, [illegible] and spoiled the sea biscuit, and the [illegible] was a sick anchor.

[illegible] it is no use; this ship [illegible] and they proposed among themselves to leave the lifeboat and get into it and take the chances for reaching shore, although they pretended they were going to get out [illegible] the ship and down into the lifeboat only to do sailors' duty. That was [illegible] for the sailors that I have [illegible] all through fellows and [illegible] with the ship than do [illegible] Jack Tars of my text although.

When the Mediterranean lost June the Viqilant sank under the ram of the Camperdown, the most majestic thing about that awful scene was that all the sailors stuck at their posts doing their duty. As a class all over the world sailors are valorous, but these sailors of the text were exceptional and pretended to duty while they were really preparing for flight in the lifeboat. But these "marines" on round-sea soldiers—had in especial charge a little missionary who was turned the wrong side down, and when [illegible] the trick the sailors were about to play they filled the cutlasses from the [illegible] and went those cutlasses to work to cut that hold the lifeboat, as it splashed in opposite the sea.

Mark the description it, "The soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat and let her fall off." As the canopy of night dropped and was capped on a [illegible] for two weeks winds and [illegible] in battle I think that many on board the main vessel felt their last hope of every sinking somehad vanished, in that comparison [illegible] a small boat could be [illegible] miracle.

My subject is "Unsafe Lifeboats." We cannot exaggerate the importance of the lifeboat. All honor to the memory of Lionel Lukin, the coach builder of Long Acre, London, who invented the first lifeboat, and I do not blame him for ordering put on his tombstone those the inscription that you may still read there—"Unsinkable."

The Lionel Lukin was the first who built a lifeboat and was the original inventor of that paragon of safety by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck, and he obtained for it the sum of [illegible] in the year 1785.

All honor to the memory of Sir William Hillary, who, living in the Isle of Man, and after obtaining with his own hand in the rescue of 400 persons from the shipwreck, stirred the English Parliament to quick action in the construction of lifeboats. Thanks to God for the sublime and pathetic and divine mission of the lifeboat. No one will doubt its [illegible] who has read of the wreck of the Amazon in the Bay of Biscay, of the Twenty running on the reefs of the Gulf of Mexico, of the Ocean Monarch on the Goodwin Sands, of the Birkenhead on the Cape of Good Hope, or of the Royal Charter on the coast of Anglesea, or of the Exmouth off the Scottish shores, or of the Cambria on the Irish coast, or of the Atlantic on the rocks of Nova Scotia, or of the Lexington on Long Island Sound.

To add still further to the importance of the lifeboat, remember there are at least 5,000,000 men following the sea, to say nothing of the [illegible] millions this moment ocean passengers. We "land-lubbers," as sailors call us, may not know the difference between a marlinespike and a ringbolt, or anything about heaving a lead, or rigging out a flying jibboom, or furling a topsail, but we all realize to greater or less extent the importance of a lifeboat as every marine equipment.

But do we feel the importance of a lifeboat in the matter of personal rescue? There are times when we all feel that we are out at sea, and as many disturbing and anxious questions strike us as waves struck that vessel against the sides of which the lifeboat of my text dangled. Questions about the church. Questions about the world. Questions about God. Questions about our eternal destiny. Every thinking man and woman has these questions, and in proportion as they are thinking people do these questions arise.

There is no wrong in thinking. If God had not intended us to think and keep on thinking, He would not have built under this [illegible] skull this thinking machine, which [illegible] not in its revolutions from [illegible] Even the midnight does not [illegible] the thinking machine, for when we are in deep sleep we are dreaming, although we do not know it as well. All of us who are accomplished thinking want to reach some solid ground of safety and satisfaction, and if we can find a good lifeboat that we may [illegible] I wish he would unswing it from its davits and let it get into it and put for the shore.

But I owe you fair notice I must first examine the lifeboat before I risk my soul in it or advise you to risk your soul in it. All the splendid Rainsgate lifeboats, and Margate lifeboats, and South Shield lifeboats, and American lifeboats were tested before being put into practical use as to their buoyancy and speed and stowage and self-righting capacity. And when you offer my soul a lifeboat I must first test it.

Here is a splendid new lifeboat called Theosophy. It has only a little while been launched, although some of the planks are really several thousand years old, and from a worm eaten ship, but they are painted over and look now. They are really fatalism and pantheism of olden time. But we must forget that and call them theosophy. The first launching of this lifeboat was an oarswoman by the name of Mme. Blavatsky, but the oarswoman now is Annie Besant. So many are getting aboard the boat it is worthy of examination, both because of the safety of those who have entered it and because ourselves are invited to get in.

The theory that everything is God. Horse and dog and tree and man are parts of God. We have three souls—an animal soul, a human soul, a spiritual soul. The animal soul becomes, after awhile, a wandering thing, trying to express itself through mediums. It enters beasts or enters a human being, and when you find an effeminate man it is because a woman's soul has got into the man, and when you find a masculine woman it is because a man's soul has taken possession of a woman's body.

If you find a woman has become a platform speaker and likes politics, she is possessed by a dead politician, who forty years ago made the platform quake. The soul keeps wandering on and on, and may have fifty or innumerable different forms, and finally is absorbed in God. It was God at the start and will be God at the last. But who gives the authority for the truth of such a religion? Some beings living in a cave in central Asia. They are invisible to the naked eye, but they cross continents and seas in a flash.

My Baptist brother Dr. Hallenan says that a theosophist in New York was visited by one of these mysterious beings from central Asia. The gentleman knew it from the fact that the mysterious being left his pocket handkerchief, embroidered with his name and Asiatic residence. The most wonderful achievement of the theosophists is to keep out of the insane asylum. I suppose the truth of the statement that no religion ever announced was so absurd but obtained disciples.

Societies in the United States and England and other lands have been established for the propagation of theosophy. Instead of heeding the revelation of a Bible you can have those solutions from a cave in central Asia to tell you all you ought to know, and after you leave this life you may become a prima donna, or a robin, or a gazelle, or a sot, or a prize fighter, or a Herod, or a Jezebel, and so be enabled to have great variety of experience, rotating through the universe, now rising, now falling, now shot out in a straight line and now describing a parabola, and on and on, and up and up, and down and down, and round and round. Don't you see? Now, that theosophic lifeboat has been launched. It proposes to take you off the rough sea of doubt into everlasting quietude. How do you like the lifeboat? My opinion is you had better imitate the mariners of my text and cut off the ropes of that boat and let her fall off.

Another lifeboat tempting us to enter is made of many planks of good works. It is really a beautiful boat—almsgiving, practical sympathies for human suffering, righteous words and righteous deeds. I must admit I like the looks of the prow, and of the rowlocks and of the paddles, and of the steering gear, and of many who are thinking to trust themselves on her benches. But the trouble about that boat is it leaks. I never knew a man yet good enough to earn heaven by his virtues or generosities.

If there be one person here present on this blessed Sabbath all of whose thoughts have been always right, all of whose actions have always been right, and all of whose words have always been right, let him stand up, or if already standing let him lift his hand, and I will know that he lies. Paul had it about right when he said, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." David had it about right when he said, "There is none, but doeth good, no not one."

The old book had it about right when it said, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Let a man get off that little steamer called The Maid of the Mist, which sails up to the foot of Niagara Falls, and then climb to the top of the falls on the descending floods, for he can do it easier than any man ever will be able to climb to heaven by his good works.

If your thoughts have always been exactly right, and your words exactly right, and your deeds always exactly right, you can go up to the gate of heaven, and you need not even knock for admittance, but open it yourself and push the angels out of your way and go up and take one of the front seats. But you would be so unlike any one else that has gone up from this world that you would be a curiosity in heaven and more fit for a heavenly museum than for a place where the inhabitants could look at you free of charge.

No, sir, I admire your good works, and this lifeboat you are thinking of trusting in is handsomer than any yawl or pinnace or yacht or cutter that ever sped out of a boathouse or hoisted sail for a race. But she leaks. Trust your soul in that, and you will go to the bottom. She leaks. So I imitate the mariners of the text, and with a cutlass strike the ropes of the boat and let her fall of.

Another lifeboat is Christian inconsistencies. The planks of this boat are composed of the split planks of shipwrecks. That prow is made out of hypocrisy from the life of a man who professed one thing and really was another. One oar of this lifeboat was the falsehood of a church member, and the other oar was the wickedness of some minister of the Gospel, whose iniquities were not for a long while found out. Not one plank from the oak of God's eternal truth in all that lifeboat. All the planks, by universal admission, are decayed and crumbling and fallen apart and rotten and ready to sink.

"Well, well," you say, "no one will want to get into that lifeboat." Oh, my friend, you are mistaken. That is the most popular lifeboat ever constructed. That is the most popular lifeboat ever launched. Millions of people want to get into it. They jostle each other to get the best seat in the boat. You could not keep them back though you stood at the gunwales with a club, as on our ship Greece in a hurricane, and the steerage passengers were determined to come up on deck where they would have been washed off, and the officers stood at the top of the stairs clubbing them back. Even by such violence as that you could not keep people from jumping into the most popular lifeboat, made of church member inconsistencies.

In times of revival when sinners flock into the inquiry room the most of them are kept from doubting aright because they know so many Christians who are bad. The inquiry room becomes a World's Fair for exhibition of all the frailties of church members, so that if you believe all is there told you you would be afraid to enter a church lest you get your pockets picked or get knocked down.

This is the way they talk: "I was cheated out of $500 by a leader of a Bible class." "A sunday-school teacher gossiped about me and did her best to destroy my good name." "I had a partner in business who swamped our business concern by his trickery and then rolled up his eyes in Friday night prayer meeting, as though he were looking for Elijah's chariot to make a second trip and take up another passenger."

But what a cracked and water logged and gaping seamed lifeboat the inconsistencies of others! Put me on a shingle mid-Atlantic and leave me there rather than in such a yawl of spiritual confidence. God forbid that I should get aboard it, and lest some of you make the mistake of getting into it I do as the mariners did on that Mediterranean ship when the sailors were about to get into the unsafe lifeboat of the text and lose their lives in that way. "Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat and let her fall off."

"Well," says some one, "this subject is very discouraging, for we must have a lifeboat if we are ever to get ashore, and you have already condemned three." Ah, it is because I want to persuade you to take the only safe lifeboat. I will not allow you to be deceived and get on to the wild waves and then capsize or sink. Thank God, there is a lifeboat that will take you ashore in safety, as sure as God is God and heaven is heaven. The keel and ribs of this boat are made out of a tree that was set up on a bluff back of Jerusalem a good many years ago. Both the oars are made out of the same tree. The rowlocks are made out of the same tree. The steering gear is made out of the same tree. The planks of it were hammered together by the hammers of executioners who thought they were only killing a Christ, but were really pounding together an escape for all imperiled souls of all ages.

It is an old boat, but good as new, though it has been carrying passengers from sinking ships to firm shore for ages and has never lost a passenger. These old Christians begin to smile because it is dawning upon them what I mean. The fact is that in this way years ago they got off a wreck themselves, and I do not wonder they smile. It is not a senseless giggle that means frivolity, but it is a smile like that on the face of Christians the moment they leave earth for heaven—yes, like the smile of God Himself when He had completed the plan for saving the world.

Right after that big tumble of the Atlantic Ocean six or seven weeks ago on the beach at East Hampton I met the captain of the life saving station and said, "Captain, do you think a lifeboat could live in a sea like that?" Although the worst of it was over, the captain replied, "No, I do not think it could." But this lifeboat of which I speak can live in any sea and defies all breakers, and all cyclones, and all equinoxes, and all earth, and all hell. In twenty years the life saving apparatus along our Atlantic coast saved the lives of over 45,000 of the shipwrecked, but this lifeboat that I commend has saved in twenty years hundreds of millions of the shipwrecked. Like those newly invented English lifeboats, it is unsubmergible, self righting and self bailing.

All along our rocky American coast things were left to chance for centuries, and the shipwrecked crawled up on the beach to die unless some one happened to walk along or some fisherman's hut might be near. But after the ship Ayrshire was wrecked at Squan Beach, and the Powhattan left her 500 dead strewn along our coast, and another went on the rocks, 400 lives perishing, the United States Government woke up and made an appropriation of $200,000 for life stations, and life lines from fallen box are shot over the wild surf, and hawsers are stretched from wreck to shore and what with Lyles's gun and six oared surfboat, with cork at the sides to make it unsinkable, and patrolmen all night long walking the beach until they meet each other and exchange metal tickets, so as to show the entire beach has been traversed, and the Coston light flashes hope from shore to sufferer, and surfmen, incased in Merriman life saving dress, and life car rolling on the ropes, there are many probabilities of rescue for the unfortunate of the sea. But the government of the united heavens has made better provision for the rescue of our souls. So close by that this moment we can put our hand on its top and swing into it is our gospel lifeboat. It will not take you more than a second to get into it.

But while in my text we stand watching the marines with their cutlasses, preparing to sever the ropes of the lifeboat and let her fall off, notice the poor equipment. Only one lifeboat. Two hundred and seventy-six passengers, as Paul counted them, and only one lifeboat. My text uses the singular and not the plural, "Cut off the ropes of the boat." I do not suppose it would have held more than thirty people, though loaded to the water's edge.

I think by marine law all our modern vessels have enough lifeboats to hold all the crew and all the passengers in case of emergency, but the marines of my text were standing by the only boat, and that a small boat, and yet 276 passengers. But what thrills me through and through is the fact that though we are wrecked by sin and trouble and there is only one lifeboat, that boat is large enough to hold all who are willing to get into it. The gospel hymn expresses it:

> All may come, when we will;
> The ship receives poor sinners still.

But I must haul in that statement a little. Room for all in that lifeboat, with just one exception. Not you—I do not mean you, but there is one exception. There have been cases where ships were in trouble, and the captain got all the passengers and crew into the lifeboats, but there was not room for the captain. He, through the sea trumpet, shouted: "Shove off now and pull for the beach. Good-by!" And then the captain, with pathetic and sublime self-sacrifice, went down with the ship. So the Captain of our salvation, Christ the Lord, launches the gospel lifeboat and tells us all to get in, but He perishes.

"It behooved Christ to suffer." Was it not so, ye who witnessed His agonizing exploration? Simon of Cyrene, was it not so? Cavalry troops, whose horses pawed the dust at the crucifixion, was it not so? Ye Marys who swooned away with the sun of the midday heavens, was it not so? "By His stripes we are healed." By His death we live. By His sinking in the deep sea of suffering we get off in a safe lifeboat. Yes, we must put into this story a little of our own personality. We had a ride in that very lifeboat from foundered craft to solid shore.

> Come on the raging sea I rowed,
> The storm was hot, the night was dark
> The ocean yawned and rudely blew
> The wind that tore at my foundering bark.

But I got into the gospel lifeboat and I got ashore. No religious speculation for me. These higher criticism fellows do not bother me a bit. You may ask me fifty questions about the sea, and about the land, and about the lifeboat that I cannot answer, but one thing I know, I am ashore, and I am going to stay ashore, if the Lord by His grace will help me. I feel under me something so firm that I try it with my right foot, and try it with my left foot, and then I try it with both feet, and it is so solid that I think it must be what the old folks used to call the Rock of Ages.

And be my remaining days on earth many or few I am going to spend my time in recommending the lifeboat which fetched me here, a poor sinner saved by grace, and in swinging the cutlasses to sever the ropes of any unsafe lifeboat and let her fall off. My hearer, without asking any questions, get into the gospel lifeboat. Room! and yet there is room! The biggest boat on earth is the gospel lifeboat. You must remember the proportion of things, and that the shipwrecked craft is the whole earth, and the lifeboat must be in proportion.

You talk about your Campanias, and your Lucanias, and your Majesties, and your City of New York, but all of them put together are smaller than an infinite canoe on Schroon Lake compared with this gospel lifeboat that is large enough to take in all Nations, room for one and room for all. Get in. "How? How?" you ask.

Well, I know how you feel, for summer before last on the sea of Finland I had the same experience. The ship in which we sailed could not venture nearer than a mile from shore, where stood the Russian palace of Peterof, and we had to get into a small boat and be rowed ashore. The water was rough, and as we went down the ladder at the side of the ship we held firmly on to the railing, but in order to get into the boat we had at last to let go.

How did I know that the boat was good and that the oarsmen were sufficient? How did I know that the Finland Sea would not swallow us with one opening of its crystal jaws? We had to trust, and we did trust, and our trust was well rewarded. In the same way get into this gospel lifeboat. Let go! As long as you hold on to any other hope you are imperiled, and you get no advantage from the lifeboat. Let go! Does some one here say, "I guess I will hold on a little to my good works, or to a pious parentage, or to something I can do in the way of achieving my own salvation." No, no, let go! Trust the captain, who would not put you into a rickety or uncertain craft.

For the sake of your present and everlasting welfare, with all the urgency of an immortal addressing immortals, I cry from the depths of my soul and at the top of my voice, Let go! Last summer the life saving crew at East Hampton invited me to come up to the life station and see the crew practice, for twice a week they are drilled in the important work assigned them by the United States Government, and they go through all the routine of saving the shipwrecked. But that would give little idea of what they would have to do if some midnight next winter, the wind driving beachward, a vessel should get in the grasp of a hurricane.

See the lights flare from the ship in the breakers, and then responding lights flaring from the beach, and hear the rockets buzz as they rise, and the lifeboat rumbles out, and the gun booms, and the life line rises and falls across the splintered decks, and the hawser tightens, and the life car goes to and fro, carrying the exhausted mariners, and the ocean, as if angered by the snatching of the human prey from the white teeth of its surf and the stroke of its billowing paw, rises with increased fury to assail the land. So now I am engaged in no light drill, practicing for what may come over some of your souls. It is with some of you wintry midnight, and your hopes for this world and the next are wrecked.

But see! See! The lights kindled on the beach! I throw out the life line. Haul in, hand over hand! Ah, there is a lifeboat in the surf, which all the wrath of earth and hell cannot swamp, and its Captain with scarred hand puts the trumpet to His lips as He cries, "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help." But what is the use of all this if you decline to get into it? You might as well have been a sailor on board that foundering ship of the Mediterranean when the mariners cut the ropes of the boat and let her fall off.

A large forgotten reservoir was tapped in Lockport, N. Y., the other day by workingmen who were excavating for a foundation. It belonged to a system of water works abandoned many years ago.

—Over twenty-six per cent of the reading men in every country are short-sighted or otherwise of defective vision.

—Scientists say that horses will eat eighty varieties of plants, cows fifty six and sheep 556 out of 600 plants in the test.

—Pantaloons were originally long stockings worn in Italy as a sort of religious habit of the devotees of St. Pantaleone.

—Caesar did not say "Et tu, Brute." Eye witnesses to the assassination deposed that he died fighting, but silent, like a wolf.

—While a baby was being photographed in Leominster, Mass., seven minutes after birth, it spoiled the picture by sneezing.

—In boring the Mount Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels ordinary means were first used, then steam power and finally compressed air.

—Large, long pearly teeth belong to sentimental, imaginative people; small, short yellow teeth to those of an unpoetical turn of mind.

—The circumference of Jupiter at the equator is about 275,000 miles, which would make his volume about 1,234 times that of our earth.

—The prediction is made that within ten years artificial ice will be in such general use that people will not care to buy the natural product.

HOME.

> The prince rides up to the palace gates
> And his eyes with tears are dim.
> For he thinks of the beggar maiden sweet
> Who never may wed with him.
>
> For home is where the heart is,
> In dwelling great or small,
> And there's many a splendid palace
> That's never a home at all.
>
> The yeoman comes to his little cot
> With a song when day is done.
> For his dearie is standing in the door
> And his children to meet him run.
>
> For home is where the heart is,
> In dwelling great or small,
> And there's many a stately mansion
> That's never a home at all.
>
> Could I but live with my own sweetheart
> In a hut with sanded floor,
> I'd be richer far than a loveless man
> With fame and a golden store.
>
> For home is where the heart is,
> In dwelling great or small,
> And a cottage lighted by lovelight
> Is the dearest home of all.

—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

TERRIBLY ACCUSED.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

THREE more pies went last night. This is getting a little provoking," and Aunt Jessamine sat down and looked at Jack who was mending some harness in one corner of the room.

"Bears!" said Jack, without looking up. "I tell you, mother, the varmints are gittin' too numerous for me, and we'll have to lock the larder o' nights if we want to keep things in safety there."

"It ain't bears—not of the kind that walk on four legs," determinedly replied Aunt Jessamine. "I tell you, Jack, it's the other kind, and, while I name no one, I believe I could, if I would, tell you where the pies go."

"Don't be suspicious, mother, I'll watch to-morrow night."

"Oh, he's not coming back that soon. I heard him say that he wouldn't be back for a week."

"Then you suspect some one?"

"I do."

At that moment the door opened and Rachel came in, a sweet backwoods girl, the belle of the settlement and the favorite of all. She stopped at the door and swept the room with her blue eyes which finally settled on her mother, whose perturbed countenance seemed to tell her that something was wrong.

"What's the matter, mother?" she asked, gently.

"Three more pies went last night—the three I baked for the preacher who will be here to-morrow."

"I thought some one was in the larder last night, for when I went in a while ago there were crumbs on the floor—"

"Yes, he ate them there—there's apparent room to believe this. He must have been very hungry."

"Bears are cute animals—"

"Bears?" and Aunt Jessamine glanced at Jack, about whose lips lurked a smile which she did not seem to catch.

"You remember that Billy saw tracks down in the ravine and that the Wilson girls were chased by a bear in the berry patch last week. I shouldn't be surprised it bears had found out your larder—"

"I think they have. There, we won't argue this question any longer," and Aunt Jessamine rose and swept out of the room leaving Rachel to look at Jack for an explanation.

"Do you know whom she suspicions?" asked Jack, stopping in his work and fixing his eyes on his handsome sister. "Mother is of the opinion that Josh ate the pies."

In an instant the face of the backwoods beauty colored and she gave utterance to a cry of astonishment.

"Impossible, Jack! She can't have such a terrible suspicion. It is nonsense," and she laughed, but presently continued:

"It is a good joke on Josh, anyhow, but I don't like mother's suspicion. What if it should get abroad—"

"Which it is quite likely to do unless we disabuse mother's mind of it. She really believes that Josh, your beau, stole into the outhouse and ate the pies. Strange to say pies have vanished on the nights of his visits; I have noticed that myself, Rachie, and, as mother has heard that Josh is a good hand at a feast, you should not blame her so very much."

"But he didn't eat them, no, he never went to the larder, and all this talk about his eating the pies is unjust."

"Of course, it is. I don't believe Josh would do that, but the pies have vanished; you will admit this. Mother is convinced that he is the deprecator and—and—"

Rachel, unable to control herself, had fled from the room and Jack went back to his task.

"It's queer," he said to himself. "Don't I know that Josh likes pies, especially pumpkin pies like mother bakes, and there is just the slightest doubt in my mind that he didn't come back after he bade Rachie good-night and tackled the ones in the larder."

Meanwhile Rachel Palmer was walking across the meadow toward the ravine that ran through the farm some distance from the house. It was a rich autumn day and the sun was painting the west with his most glowing colors.

She was still indignant, and now and then her white hands shut, and her eyes filled with a look which told the feeling tugging at her heart.

She made her way down the ravine till she came to a creek, the banks of which were clayey and soft.

"Here they are, just where I saw them a week ago," she said aloud, as she stopped and looked at certain impressions in the yielding ground. "They are bear tracks, but they wouldn't tell another anything in her present state of mind. Bears visit larders and play havoc there, and a feast of pumpkin pies would tempt them. But I'll write Josh not to come to see me till I send for him, for I don't want him to meet mother very soon."

Rachel did that that very day. In the solitude of her little chamber she wrote a letter to her sweetheart, telling him that he might postpone his regular visit for a fortnight, and ended by saying that she would explain all when they met again. This letter she entrusted to her brother Jack, who went to town especially to post it, and Rachel felt that she had done her duty.

In anticipation of the travelling parson's visit, more pies were baked and closely guarded. When the parson came they were set before him, and received the praise they so well deserved.

"You never have trouble with your pies, Mrs. Palmer," said the shepherd of the backwoods flock, as he helped himself to a second piece.

"Yes, but we have, Brother Linton. We miss them from the larder before we are ready to eat them. I regret to say that we have some unregenerate people in this neighborhood who are so fond of pumpkin pies that they are not particular where they find them when they are hungry," and Aunt Jessamine glanced at Rachel, who blushed, and for a moment hung her head.

"I would like to have these people come under the droppings of the sanctuary," replied the parson; but the next moment he was surprised at Rachel's remarks.

"You would want a gun to deal with them, I'm thinking," said the resolute girl. "You can't convert a bear with soft words and—"

"Rachie, Rachie, what are you saying?" broke in Aunt Jessamine.

Accustomed to obey her mother, the fair girl subsided and in a little while had passed from the house, leaving the parson and his host to continue the subject they were on.

Night seemed to come soon after that repast. The long, soft autumn shadows stole over the farm house and Rachel lighted the lamp and carried it to the sitting room where the parson was discussing the needs of his flock.

As for Rachel, she retired to her room in the gable and sat at the window. Across the clearing in front of the house lay the shadows of night; but by and bye the silvery disk of the moon appeared over the horizon's rim. It was a beautiful sight and one which she had seen a hundred times from that very window, and now she watched it as it seemed to grow in beauty and the whole earth became a bed of silver in the light of the moon.

All at once there appeared on the ground toward the ravine something that came forward, and Rachel watched it as it grew larger.

Now and then it stopped and for some time stood in outline for her inspection, and the more she watched it, the surer she became that it was an animal.

Presently Rachel Palmer sprang up, and leaning on the sill, gazed at the object with eyes that seemed to start from her head.

"It is a bear," she exclaimed. "What if it is mother's thief!" And as the thing moved on, showing the hugh hulk of its long body, the girl ran to a corner and took from it a rifle, which she knew how to handle with deadly effect.

When she came back to the window the bear was gone, and for a moment a feeling of disappointment took possession of her, and she feared she had missed her opportunity. But suddenly the animal came into view again, and this time in the vicinity of the spring-house, where the larder was.

Rachel looked to the priming of the gun and again the bear vanished. She was now almost certain the prowler intended a raid, and eager to encounter him and bring his schemes to naught, she slipped downstairs and out into the night.

As she passed from the house she could hear the voice of Parson Linton in conversation in the little parlor, and thought of Jack, who was paying his nightly visit to town three miles away.

The backwoods beauty stopped near the spring-house and watched it with anxious eyes. The door was reached by a descent of several steps, and it was common to fasten it with a chain, which could be unloosed without much trouble.

"Why, the door is open!" exclaimed Rachel as she neared the spring-house and ventured to look down the steps. "I slipped the chain over the staple with my own hands; but it is off now."

The next moment a noise startled Rachel and she fell back a pace, for it seemed to come from the spring-house.

Posting herself, however, with determined face, she waited for other proof that the larder was being attacked at that moment, and it was not long delayed.

All at once the huge, dark figure of something came out of the spring-house and as it rose in front of the girl, she felt an involuntary thrill, for it was a bear and he was standing on his hinder feet as if masquerading as a man.

In all her life she had never seen a bear of such proportions. He looked as tall as Jack, and as he tottered up the steps and the next moment stood in the moonlight a splendid target for Rachel's rifle, he was seen to have a face ludicrously daubed with the sweets of the spring-house.

Rachel summoned her nerve to her assistance and leveled the rifle at the intruder.

At that moment she heard a door behind her open, and her mother's voice rang out:

"Rachie, Rachie, where are you?"

The answer was the clear, ringing report of the family rifle, and there tottered from the fair girl an animal, which dropped upon all fours, only to fall to the ground and roll over in his agony.

Mrs. Palmer stood spell-bound in the door, and behind her was visible the white face of the parson.

"The other gun! quick, mother! the bear will get away!" cried Rachel, rushing toward the house.

"The bear! bear! Heaven help us all!" and Parson Linton discovered that he was safer inside than at the door, and he rushed back to be passed by Rachel, who snatched Jack's rifle from its pegs and turned again toward the yard.

As she crossed the threshold she saw the black form of the bear lumbering off toward the ravine, and taking deliberate aim, she sent a bullet after him which checked his career and stretched him on the leaves dead.

"There! I guess you're satisfied now, mother?" said Rachel, when the larder had been examined and the remains of two pies had been found on the floor. "You must recollect that bears as well as men can tell good baking when they see it. I think you ought to apologize to Josh."

"But I named no names," persisted Mrs. Palmer. "I didn't say that Josh ate the pies; but to tell the truth, Rachie, I didn't know who else would do it."

Three days later when the tall, handsome figure of Josh came over the clearing it was met at the gate by Rachel, and the two came into the house together.

"I guess it's got to be done!" said Aunt Jessamine, as she watched the couple. "There'll be a wedding here before he goes back, and to please Rachie I'll apologize."

And when Josh had shaken hands with Aunt Jessamine, she looked up to his honest face and said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Johnson, I thought you ate the pies, but I was mistaken; it was the other bear!"—Yankee Blade.

A DEPRAVED PEOPLE.

A Barbarous Custom of the Botocudus Indians, Brazil.

The Botocudus Indians, inhabiting the country along the upper portion of the Rio Doce, 200 miles northeast of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, are little known to readers and are among the most depraved people of the southern republic. Formerly these Indians wore no cloth at all, but now, being to a greater or less degree influenced by civilization, clothing is coming into more general use among them. The children are dirt eaters and are sold as slaves, usually for the merest trifles.

BOTOCUDU MAN. (Ornament removed and the distended lobe hanging free.)

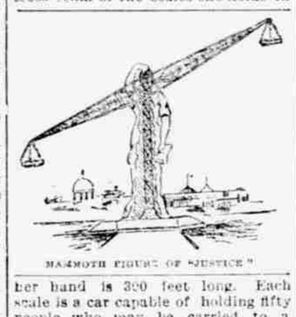
The custom of wearing lip and ear ornaments is very ancient among them and is very general. The opening in the lower lip, where the ornament is worn, is made when the person is quite young by piercing it with a long, slender thorn that grows in a kind of palm tree; this opening is enlarged with the point of a deer's horn and a stick or small stone is inserted and the wound is greased with some kind of salve. These openings are gradually enlarged by forcing bigger and bigger plugs into them until the desired size is attained. The ornaments worn are green stones, polished bones, and clay burned like pottery. The ear ornaments do not essentially differ from those worn in the lips. The plugs are of the same materials, size, and appearance; they differ only in that they are worn in the openings made in the lobes of the ears instead of in the lower lip.

BOTOCUDU WOMAN. (With both lip and ear ornaments of average size.)

GREAT FIGURE OF JUSTICE.

This May Be One of the Attractions at the Mid-Winter Fair.

Among the many applications for permission to make novel exhibits at the mid-winter fair at San Francisco is one by Edward M. Greene. It is a mammoth scales of Justice. The figure of Justice, according to the Chronicle, is 150 feet high. The cross beam of the scales she holds in her hand is 300 feet long. Each scale is a car capable of holding fifty people, who may be carried to a height of 288 feet. The whole arrangement is to be manipulated by machinery placed beneath the base of the statue. There is telephonic communication between each car and the engine-room and everything may be regulated smoothly and quickly.



MAMMOTH FIGURE OF "JUSTICE."

THE WHITE HOUSE DOCTOR.

The Physician to Whom the President's Health Is Intrusted.

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, to whom the health of the President is intrusted, was a member of the Board of Health of New York City for six years, a position which he resigned last March. While a health commissioner he did much to improve the sanitary condition of New York. Dr. Bryant and Secretary Dan Lamont married sisters, and it was through the Secretary of War that Dr. Bryant became intimate with the President, whose family physician he now is. During the summer he and President Cleveland went on many fishing expeditions together.

DR. J. D. BRYANT.

Weather Glass.

Nitrate of potash and sal ammoniac, of each half a dram; camphor, two drams; rectified spirits of wine, two fluid ounces. These ingredients are to be put into an old-fashioned eau de cologne bottle or tube of glass eight or ten inches long and about three-fourths of inch in diameter, and the mouth covered with perforated bladder. The following are the changes which are observed. If the weather promises to be fine, the insoluble matter will settle at the bottom of the tube, while the liquid remains pellucid; but previous to a change for rain the compound will gradually rise, the fluid remaining transparent. Twenty-four hours before a storm or very high wind, the substance will be partly on the surface of the liquid, apparently in the form of a leaf. The fluid in such case will be very turbid, and in a state resembling fermentation.

—Tiberius made an edict forbidding men over sixty and women over fifty to marry, but so many petitions were presented against it by windows that it was soon repealed.

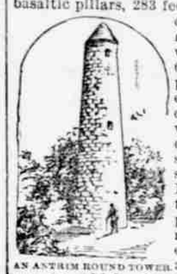
WONDERS OF NATURE.

GRAND AND IMPRESSIVE SCENERY IN IRELAND.

Few Places in the World Are Comparable in Wild and Rugged Grandeur with Portions of the Coast of County Antrim.

In the Green Isle.

For wild and rugged beauty and grandeur and impressiveness of scenery few places in the world are comparable with that portion of the coast of County Antrim, Ireland, which lies between Fairhead and Portrush. The promontory of Fairhead is grand in the extreme. It is composed of a range of enormous basaltic pillars, 283 feet high, resting on a base which makes the whole altitude 636 feet. The precipice, towering majestic over an awful waste of broken columns, presents to the spectator, says Dr. Drummond, the most stupendous colonnade ever erected by nature and in comparison to which the proudest monuments of human architecture are but the efforts of pigmy imbecility to the omnipotence of God.



AN ANTRIM ROUND TOWER.

Near the little village of Ballintoy is the picturesque hanging bridge of Carrick-a-rede. It is a rope bridge thrown across a wild chasm in the rocks, through which the waves dash and foam in wildest fury. The chasm is sixty feet deep and the rock on either side rises to a height of eighty feet from the surface of the water.

ENTRANCE GATEWAY, GLENARM CASTLE, COUNTY ANTRIM.

Near the small town of Antrim stands one of the most remarkable of the ancient round towers, ninety-three feet high and fifty-three feet in circumference, upon which much learned research has been spent.

But the Giants' Causeway, a term applied to a small portion of the eight miles of basaltic cliffs between Fairhead and Portrush, is the grandest sight on the coast. It is a platform of basalt, composed of closely arranged columns, ranging from fifteen to thirty-six feet in height. The platform extends from a steep cliff down into the sea until it is lost below low water mark. It is exposed for 300 yards and exhibits an unequal pavement formed of the top of polygonal columns. Each column is divided by joints of unequal length, the concave hollow at the end of one division fitting exactly into the convex projection of the other and so closely that a knife blade cannot be inserted between them. The causeway is divided into the Little, Middle, and Grand Causeway. The Grand Causeway, is about thirty feet wide and runs more than 200 yards from its exposure on the cliff till it is overed by the sea.

THE ROPE BRIDGE OF CARRICK-A-REDE.

Floral Mystery.

The Chinese, Japanese and Siamese are peculiarly skillful at botanical feats. One of their wonderful achievements is known as the "changeable rose." This bloom is white in the shade and red in the sunlight. After night or in a dark room this curiosity of the rose family is a pure, waxy white blossom. When transferred to the open air the transformation immediately steps in, the time of the entire change of the flower from white to the most sanguine of all sanguine hues depending on the degree of sunlight and warmth. First the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue color, and rapidly changes to a faint blush of pink. The pink gradually deepens in hue until you find that your lily-white rose of an hour before is as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.

If every person on earth spoke the truth and nothing but the truth upon one appointed day of each year we would soon revert to barbarism,

THE COYOTE.

The Lean, Hungry, Keen-Scented Scavenger of the Plains.

The coyote, now fast disappearing before civilization, was formerly the scavenger of the Western plains, and still flourishes in the vicinity of small settlements. Its cry is one of the most dismal, and, heard in the darkness and solitude of the night, is well calculated to strike a chill into the breast of man. Now the plaint ceases, but in an instant it breaks forth with renewed vigor, yelping, howling, crying, strangling, and dying away like the wail of a lost soul sinking into hades.

THE COYOTE.

Wherever easy prey, dead or alive, is to be obtained, there the coyote will be found. In the days when herds of buffalo existed, the sneaking coyote prowled at their heels in great numbers, eagerly watching for a wounded or dying animal. In strong bands they would fall upon the unfortunate creature which lagged in the rear and tear its quivering flesh before life had fully