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B. 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: "Elections."

TEXT: "And all the people saw the thunderings and the lightnings and the noise of the trumpet and the mountain smoking."—Exodus xx., 18.

My text informs you that the lightnings and earthquakes united their forces to wreck a mountain of Arabia Petrea in olden time, and travelers to-day finds heaps of porphyry and gneiss rocks, bowlder against bowlder, the remains of the first law library, written, not on parchment or papyrus, but on shattered slabs of granite. The cornerstones of all morality, of all wise law, of all righteous jurisprudence, of all good Government are the two tablets of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments.

All Roman law, all French law, all English law, all American law that is worth anything, all common law, civil law, criminal law, martial law, law of Nations were rocked in the cradle of the twentieth chapter of Exodus. And it would be well in these times of great political agitation if the newspapers would print the Decalogue some day in place of the able editorial. The fact is that some people suppose that the law has passed out of existence and some are not aware of some of the passages of that law, and others say this or that is of the more importance, when no one has any right to make such an assertion. These laws are the pillars of society, and if you remove one pillar you damage the whole structure.

I have noticed that men are particularly vehement against sins to which they are not particularly tempted and find no especial wrath against sins in which they themselves indulge. They take out one gun from this battery of ten guns, and load text, and aim for that, and fire that. They say, "This is an Armstrong gun, and this is a Krupp gun, and this is a Nordenfeldt fire-barrelled gun, and this is a Gatling ten-barreled gun, and this is a Martini thirty-seven-barreled gun." But I have to tell them that they are all of the same caliber, and they are all loaded to shoot eternity.

Many questions are before the people in the elections all over this land, but I shall try to show you that the most important thing to be settled about all these candidates is their personal moral character. The Decalogue forbids idolatry, image making, profanity, maltreatment of parents, Sabbath desecration, murder, adultery, incontinence, lying and covetousness. That is the Decalogue by which you and I will have to be tried, and by the same Decalogue you and I must try candidates for office.

Of course we shall not find anything like perfection. If we do not vote until we find an immaculate nominee, we will never vote at all. We have to make many faults of our own we ought not to be censorious or malicious or hypocritical in regard to the faults of others. The Christly rule is as appropriate for November as any other month in the year. "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Most certainly are we not to take the statement of redhot partisanship as the real character of any man. From nearly all the great cities of this land I receive daily or weekly newspapers, sent to me regularly and in compliance, so I see both sides—I see all sides—and it is most entertaining and most regular amusement to read the opposite statements. The one statement says the man is an angel, and the other says he is a devil, and I split the difference and I find him half way between.

There never has been an honest or respectable man running for the United States presidency, or for a judgeship, or for the mayoralty, or for the shrievalty since the foundation of the American Government, if we must believe the old files of the newspapers in the museums. What a mercy it is that they were not all hung before they were inaugurated! If a man believes one-half of what he sees in the newspapers in these times, the asylums will be very short outside of Bloomingdale insane asylum.

I was absent two or three years ago during one week on a political excursion, and I was dependent entirely upon what I read in regard to what had occurred in these cities, and I read there was a procession in New York of 5000 patriots and a minute after I read in another paper that there were 17,000, and then I read in regard to another procession that there were 10,000, and then I read in another paper that there were 500.

A temperance orator in the Walhalla Academy of Music received a very cold reception—a very chilling reception—said one statement. The other statement said the audience rose at him. So great was the enthusiasm that for a long while the orator could not be heard, and it was only after lifting his hand that the vociferation began to subside. One statement will twist an interview one way, and another statement will twist an interview another way. You must admit it is a very difficult thing in times like these to get a very accurate estimate of a man's character, and I charge you, as your religious teacher, I charge you to caution and to mercifulness and to prayer.

I warn you also against the mistake which many are making and always do make of applying a different standard of character for those in prominent position from the standard they apply for ordinary persons. However much a man may have or however high the position he gets, he has no especial liberty given him in the interpretation of the Ten Commandments. A great sinner is no more to be excused than a small sinner. Do not charge illustrious defection to eccentricity or slop off the Ten Commandments to suit especial cases. The right is everlastingly right and the wrong is everlastingly wrong. If any man nominated for any office in this city or state differs from the Decalogue, do not fix up the Decalogue, but fix him up. The law must stand, whatever else must fall.

I call your attention also to the fact that you are all aware of—that the breaking of one commandment makes it the more easy to break all of them—and the philosophy is plain. Any kind of sin weakens the conscience, and if the conscience is weakened that opens the door for all kinds of transgression. If, for instance, a man go into this political campaign wielding scurrility as his chief weapon, and he believes everything bad about a man and believes nothing good, how long before that man himself will get over the moral depression. Neither in time nor eternity.

If I utter a falsehood in regard to a man, I may damage him, but I get for myself ten fold more damage. That is a gun that kicks. If, for instance, a man be profane, under provocation he will commit any crime. I say under provocation. For, If a man will maltreat the Lord Almighty, would he not maltreat his fellow man? If a man be guilty of malfeasance in office, he will under provocation commit any sin. He who will steal will lie, and he who will lie will steal.

If, for instance, a man be impure, it opens the door for all other iniquity, for in that one iniquity he commits theft of the worst kind, and covetousness of the worst kind, and falsehood—pretending to be decent when he is not—and maltreats his parents by disgracing their name, if they were good. Be careful, therefore, how you charge that sin against any man either in high place or low place, either in office or out of office, because when you make that charge against a man you charge him with all villainies, with all disgusting propensities, with all rottenness.

A libertine is a beast, lower than the vermin that crawl over a summer carcass—lower than the swine, for the swine has no intelligence to sin against. Be careful, then, how you charge that against any man. You must be so certain that a mathematical demonstration is doubtful as compared with it.

And then, when you investigate a man on such subjects, you must go to the whole length of investigation and find out whether or not he has repented. He may have been on his knees before God and implored the divine forgiveness, and he may have implored the forgiveness of society and the forgiveness of the world. Although if a man commit that sin at thirty or thirty-five years of age, there is not one case out of a thousand where he ever repents. You must in your investigation see if it is possible that the one case investigated may not have been the exception. But do not chop off the seventh commandment to suit the case. Do not change Fairbank's scale to suit what you are weighing with it. Do not cut off a yardstick to suit the dry goods you are measuring. Let the law stand and never hamper with it.

Above all I charge you do not join in the cry that I have heard—for fifteen, twenty years I have heard it—that there is no such thing as purity. If you make that charge you are a foul-mouthed scandaler of the human race. You are a leper. Make room for that leper! When a man, by pen or type or tongue, utters such a slander on the human race that there is no such thing as purity I know right away that that man himself is a walking lazaretto, a reeking ulcer, and is fit for no society better than that of devils disturbed. We may enlarge our charities in such a case, but in no such case let us shave off the Ten Commandments. Let them stand as the everlasting defense of society and the church of God.

The compromising of one sin opens the door for the commission of other sins. You see it every day. Those embezzlers, those bank cashiers absconding as soon as they are brought to justice, develop the fact that they were in all kinds of sin. No exception to the rule. They all kept bad company, they nearly all gambled, they all went to places where they ought not. Why? The commission of the one sin opened the gate for all the other sins. Sins go in flocks, in troves and in herds. You open the door for one sin that invites in all the miserable segregation.

Some of the campaign orators this autumn—some of them—bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, will think no wrong in Sabbath breaking. All the week hurling the eighth commandment at one candidate, the seventh commandment at another candidate and the ninth commandment at still another, what are they doing with the fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?" Breaking it. Is not the fourth commandment as important as the eighth, as the seventh, as the ninth?

Some of these political campaign orators, as I have seen them reported in other years, and as I have heard it in regard to them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, yet tossing the name of God from their lips recklessly, guilty of profanity—what are they doing with the third commandment? Is not the third commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain"—is not the third commandment as important as the other seven? Oh, yes, we find in all departments men are hurling the indignation against sins perhaps to which they are not especially tempted—hurling it against iniquity toward which they are not particularly drawn.

I have this book for my authority when I say that the man who swears or the man who breaks the Sabbath is as culpable before God as these candidates who break other commandments. What right have you and I to select which commandment we will keep and which we will break? Better not try to measure the thunderbolts of the Almighty, saying this has less blaze, this has less moderation. Better not handle the guns, better not experiment much with the divine ammunition.

Cicero said he saw the "Iliad" written on a nutshell, and you and I have seen the Lord's Prayer written on a five cent piece, but the whole tendency of these times is to write the Ten Commandments so small nobody can see them. I protest this day against the attempt to revise the Decalogue which was given on Mount Sinai amid the blast of trumpets, and the cracking of the rocks, and the paroxysm of the mountain of Arabia Petræa.

I bring up the candidates for ward and township and city and state office. I bring them up, and I try them by this Decalogue. Of course they are imperfect. We are all imperfect. We say things we ought not to say; we do things we ought not to do. We have all been wrong; we have all done wrong. But I shall find out one of the candidates who comes, in my estimation, nearest to obedience of the Ten Commandments, and I will vote for him, and you will vote for Him unless you love God less than your party—then you will not.

Herodotus said that Nitocris, the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, was so fascinated with her beautiful village of Ardericca that she had the river above Babylon changed so it wound this way and wound that, and curved this way and curved that, and though you sailed on it for three days every day you would be in sight of that exquisite village. Now, I do care which way you sail in morals or which way you sail in life if you only sail in sight of this beautiful group of divine commandments. Although they may sometimes seem to be a little angular, I do not care which way you sail, if you sail in sight of them you will never run aground, and you will never be shipwrecked. Society is nothing up on all these subjects.

I tell you there is nothing worse to fight than the ten regiments, with bayonets and sabres of fire, marching down the side of Mount Sinai. They always gain the victory, and those who fight against them go under. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men being slain by the Decalogue. What is the matter with that young man of whom I read, dying in his disinterested and lingering delirium he said, "Now fetch on the dice. It is mine. No, no! It is gone, all is gone! Bring on more wine! Bring on more wine! Oh, how they rattle their chains! Fiends, fiends, fiends! I say you cheat! The cards are marked! Oh, death! oh, death! oh, death! Fiends, fiends, fiends!" And he grasped his last and was gone. The Ten Commandments slew him.

Let not ladies and gentlemen in this nineteenth century revise the Ten Commandments, but let them in society and at the polls put to the front those who come the nearest to this God-lifted standard. On the first Tuesday morning of November read the twentieth chapter of Exodus at family prayers. The moral or immoral character of the officers elected will add seventy-five per cent. unto or subtract seventy-five per cent. from the public morals.

You and I cannot afford to have bad officials. The young men of this country cannot afford to have bad officials. The commercial, the moral, the artistic, the agricultural, the manufacturing, the religious interests of this country cannot afford to have bad officials, and if you, on looking over the whole field, cannot find men who in your estimation come within reasonable distance of obedience of the Decalogue stay at home and do not vote at all.

I suppose when in the city of Sodom there were four candidates put up for office, and Lot did not believe in any of them, he did not register. I suppose if there came a crisis in the politics of Babylon, where Daniel did not believe in any of the candidates, he staid at home on election day, praying with his face toward Jerusalem. But we have no such crisis. We have no such exigency, thank God. But I have to say to you to-day that the moral character of rulers always affects the ruled, and I appeal to history.

Wicked King Manasseh depressed the moral tone of all the Nation of Judah and threw them into idolatry. Good King Josiah lifted up the whole Nation by his excellent example! Why is it that to-day England is higher up in morals than at any point in her National history? It is because she has the best rulers in all Europe—all the attempts to scandalize her name a failure. The political power of Talleyrand brooded all the political tricksters of the last ninety years. The dishonest vice presidency of Aaron Burr blasted this Nation until important letters were written in cipher, because the people could not trust the United States mail. And let the court circles of Louis XV and Henry VIII march out, followed by the debauched Nations.

The higher up you put a bad man the worse is his power for evil. The great fabulist says that the pigeons were in fright at a kite flying in the air, and so these pigeons hovered near the dovecote, but one day the kite said: "Why are you so afraid? Why do you pass your life in terror? Make me king, and I'll destroy all your enemies." So the pigeons made the kite king, and as soon as he got the throne his regular diet was a pigeon a day. And while one of his victims was waiting for its turn to come it said: "Served us right!" The malaria of swamps rises from the plain to the height, but moral malaria descends from the mountain to the plain. Be careful, therefore, how you elevate into any style of authority men who are in any wise antagonistic to the Ten Commandments.

As near as I can tell, the most important thing now to be done is to have about 40,000,000 copies of the Sinaitic Decalogue printed and scattered throughout the land. It was a terrible waste when the Alexandrian library was destroyed, and the books were taken to heat 4000 baths for the citizens of Alexandria. It was very expensive heat. But without any harm to the Decalogue you could with it heat 1000,000 baths of moral purification for the American people.

I say we want a tonic—a mighty tonic, a corrective, an all powerful corrective—and Moses in the text, with steady hand notwithstanding the jarring mountains and the full orchestra of the tempest, and the blazing of the air, pours out the ten drops—no more, no less—which our people need to take for their moral convalescence.

But I shall not leave you under the discouragement of the Ten Commandments, because we have all offended. There is another mountain in sight, and while one mountain thunders the other answers in thunder, and while Mount Sinai, with lightning, writes doom, the other mountain, with lightning, writes mercy. The only way you will ever spike the guns of the Decalogue is by the spikes of the cross. The only rock that will ever stop the Sinaitic upheavals is the Rock of Ages. Mount Calvary is higher than Mount Sinai.

The English survey expedition, I know, say that one Sinaitic peak is 7000 feet high, and another 8000, and another 9000 feet high, and travelers tell us that Mount Cavalry is only a bluff outside of the wall of Jerusalem, but Calvary, in moral significance, overtops and overshadows all the mountains of the hemispheres, and Mount Washington and Mont Blanc and the Himalayas are hillocks compared with it. You know that sometimes one fortress will silence another fortress.

Moultrie silenced Sumter, and against the mountain of the law I put the mountain of the cross. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," booms one until the earth jars under the cannonade. "Save them from going down to the pit. I have found a ransom," pleads the other, until earth and heaven and hell tremble under the reverberation. And Moses, who commands the one, surrenders to Christ, who commands the other.

Once by the law our hopes were slain.
But now in Christ we live again.

Aristotle says that Mount Etna erupted one day and poured torrents of scoria upon the villages at the base, but that the mountain divided its flame and made a lane of safety for all those who came to rescue their aged parents. And this volcanic Sinai divides its fury for those whom Christ has come to rescue from the red ruin on both sides. Standing as I do to-day, half-way between the two mountains—the mountain of the Exodus and the mountain of the nineteenth of John—all my terror comes into supernatural calm, for the uproar of the one mountain subsides into quiet and comes down into so deep a silence that I can hear the other mountain speak—aye, I can hear it whisper, "The blood, the blood, the blood that cleanseth from all sin."

The survey expedition says that the Sinaitic mountains have wadys or water courses—Alleyat and Ajelah—emptying into Feiran. But those streams are not navigable. No boat put into these rocky streams could sail. But I have to tell you this day that the boat of gospel rescue comes right up amid the watercourses of Sinaitic gloom and threat, ready to take us off from the shadow of fear into the calm sunlight of God's pardon and into the land of peace.

Oh, if you could see that boat of gospel rescue coming this day you would feel as John Gilmore in his book, "The Storm Warriors," says that a ship's crew felt on the Kentish Knock sands, off the coast of England, when they were to be cut adrift to rescue men who felt they must die! They had given up all hope and every moment washed off another plank from the wreck, and they said, "We must die; we must die!" But after awhile they saw a Ramsgate lifeboat coming through the breakers for them, and the man standing highest up on the wreck said: "Can it be? It is, it is, it is, it is! Thank God! It is the Ramsgate lifeboat! It is, it is, it is, it is!"

And the old Jack Tar, describing that lifeboat to his comrades after he got ashore, said, "Oh, my lads, what a beauty it did seem, coming through the breakers that awful day!" May God, through the mercy in Jesus Christ, take us all off the miserable wreck of our sin into the beautiful lifeboat of the gospel!

A HAPPY FAMILY.

A Sight to Be Seen in London That Is Unprecedented.

It was the late P. T. Barnum who originated the novelty in animal shows known as the Happy Family, but like many others which have since been exhibited, Barnum's Happy Family was not a very startling mixture of animals, consisting, as it did, only of cats, dogs, monkeys, rabbits, and a goat.

At the Crystal Palace in London, however, there is at present on exhibition a happy family of animals which has attracted great attention among naturalists and the general public. There are lions, tigers, cheetahs, leopards, bears and boarhounds, which most persons will acknowledge make a surprising combination. The man who has accomplished the hitherto considered impossible feat of training carnivora to live, play, and sleep together in perfect harmony is Herr Carl Hagenbeck, the largest dealer in wild animals in the world, and whose place of business in Hamburg is one of the sights of the city.

All the animals in his happy family are young, the oldest in the group being the Thibet bear, which is a little over 2 years old, and they were all trained by kindness, clubs or red-hot irons not being used in their education.

Under the direction of the trainer and his assistants, the animals perform a variety of striking feats. Lions and tigers walk on revolving globes and ride tricyles, while a couple of lions play at see-saw, the Thibet bear acting as a plank balancer. This bear is practically the clown of the company. Then a lion, covered with a crimson cloak, is seen reposing in a chariot drawn by harnessed tigers, while two boarhounds act as footmen.

When the entertainment proper is over the real fun commences. The wild beasts left to themselves are literally as playful as kittens, and gambol one with the other in the most quaint and amusing way. The animals have been in close training since September last, and have never previously been shown to the public. A few losses have occurred among the young ones through teething and other complaints, but no difficulty whatever has been found in maintaining the most perfect peace. The trainer, who has been devoted in his attention to the animals, has been bitten three times, but not by a wild beast, one dog being the offender on every occasion. Indeed, the boarhounds are said to have been more difficult to keep in order than all the other members of this remarkable company.—[New York Sun.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A covetous man cannot own anything.

Birds with bright feathers are not always fat.

Your most deadly sin is the one you love the most.

Love never has to go to school to learn how to speak.

He that speaks doth sow; he that holds his peace doth reap.

The road to home happiness lies over small stepping-stones.

Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks in families.

When we destroy an old prejudice we have need of a new virtue.

Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood.

If our eyes were better the stars would give us more light.

Every day a man hears a dozen things he ought to do that he can't do.

In life there are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm.

There are too many people who are only pious when things go right.

A man may have a great deal of education and not be very wise after all.

When people are hired to be good they quit work as soon as the pay stops.

A MODERN VALENTINE.

I've written it, love, with a stiff steel pen;
For the geese, I understand,
Are so learned, now, that their quills, I trow,
Must supply their own demand.

I've secured it, love, by the aid of glue,
Instead of a strand of hair,
Which I cannot obtain, for I see, with pain
I have really none to spare.

I send it to you by the postman, love;
For Cupid, I grieve to hear,
Is afraid of the cold, and has grown so old
That he doesn't go out this year.

But the message is ever the same, my love,
While the stars their course fulfil,
Though to me and to you it may seem quite new,
'Tis the old, old story still.

—C. W. Latimer, in Harper's Magazine.

THE PIECE OF GOLD.

BY JAMES VAUGHN.

THERE are times in every circle of story tellers, when a spirit of reverie seems to come upon every one. Thus it was when the learned judge of the court, sitting with his friends, had related an instance of one who through trying to defraud a sister of her share in the father's property, outwitted himself and came to a miserable end.

For several minutes no one spoke. At last, the lawyer said:

"Gold is worse than an enchanter; it is a demon. As you said, judge, men will sell their very souls for its possession. If any one of us could be given the power of seeing all the passions and motives of men laid bare, it would drive him crazy in a day. If what men conceal could be opened to the light, how men would recoil from their own doings! It is only by concealment that the petty, the mean, the dishonest can be satisfied with themselves."

"Very true," said the judge, still inclined to be silent.

Another spell of musing, which was broken by the lawyer. "I once had a queer experience in my own practice, in fact as odd a case as I ever knew. One of my first clients in New York was a wealthy, retired merchant, named Bertrand. He lived very simply, alone except for his housekeeper, in a retired, but very respectable part of the city. He had a nephew, Frank Bertrand, a brother's son, whom he regarded as a scapegrace, and with whom he was not at all on good terms.

"Frank seemed to me to be a modest, sensible sort of a fellow, and I wondered at the old man's feeling towards him, when he was the only relative he had in the world. My curiosity aroused, I pondered the matter somewhat, and came to the conclusion that the fault was the old man's, not Frank's. He was rather high spirited and wilful about making his own way in the world and doing as he pleased with himself, instead of allowing his rich uncle to dictate what he should do. This seemed to be the extent of his offence, so far as I could learn. The old man was testy and choleric, and childish about having his own way (a family trait, I guess), and not only forbade the nephew the house, but required me to make his will, cutting Frank off with only a very insignificant sum. All the rest of his large property he gave to his housekeeper, because, as he said, she had been kind to him, and would take care of him as long as he lived. I talked with Frank about this disposition of the property and advised him not to throw away such a chance but to attempt a reconciliation with his uncle, so he might change his will. The young fellow was obdurate and would promise nothing. He was an artist and his whole soul was in his work. This his uncle detested more than all else as a species of vagabondism he could never tolerate. No reconciliation was possible while this remained, and I could not help admiring the boy's energy and spirit when he declared he would not give up his profession for all the fortunes in New York. He said he had no ill will against his uncle, his property was his own to do with as he pleased; he spoke pleasantly of his uncle's peculiar notions, his temper and his weaknesses, and mentioned the housekeeper kindly as one who had treated him well. As he left my office I said to myself, 'Well, Frank Bertrand, you deserve a fortune if you don't get one. A man has reason to be proud of such a nephew as you.'

"Not a month after that interview word was brought me that Mr. Bertrand had been found murdered in his library. I summoned the best detective I knew of and hastened to the spot. An entrance had been made through the ordinary passages of the house, as there was no breaking. The victim had been struck from behind as he sat in his chair. The instrument used was a heavy one; the skull had been crushed and death was instantaneous. At first we thought not a thing in the room had been touched, but the housekeeper called my attention to the fact that a nugget of gold which remained attached to a piece of its quartz matrix, the single geological specimen and curio which adorned the library, was missing, as well as the little velvet lined box in which it had rested. Everything else was in its usual place as if nothing had happened there. This was our only clue, and to my astonishment and dismay it speedily led to the arrest of Frank Bertrand as the murderer.

"I had formed so good an opinion of the boy, and his manliness seemed so certain, that I found it hard to believe that he was even accused of murdering his uncle. That he was guilty was to my mind beyond the bounds of probability. I resolutely put that down for a fact. It being learned that he was seen in the vicinity of the house at the time of the murder, the detective went to his room to interview him as to his knowledge of the affair, and found him standing in the middle of the apartment in a state of excitement, and holding in his hand that same tell tale nugget of gold. So absorbed was he in it that he did not notice the quiet approach of the officer until he was close upon him. Then he made a movement as if to hide the nugget. It was a perfect case of circumstantial evidence against him. Being arrested he impetuously defied his accusers, and would have resorted to violence against them, had I not appeared on the scene and bade him desist. Seeing me he burst into a flood of tears.

"I demanded a further investigation of the case, but the detective informed me that it would be useless to look further for the murderer.

"Of course, my first move was to secure a calm, rational interview with Frank. This was in his cell. I will not repeat his indignant declarations of innocence, nor his pitiful appeal to me not to believe it of him. How came he by that piece of gold, and why was he at his uncle's house? Those were the questions to be answered.

"'I can answer the last easy enough,' he replied, 'but about the nugget I know no more than you.'

"'You were taken with it in your hands,' I said.

"'I know it; I had just taken it from my pocket."

"'How came it in your pocket?'

"'I don't know.'

"'Well, that's singular, to say the least,' said I. 'Now, how came you there?'

"'Mrs. Bland called and said my uncle wanted to see me. I went, of course.'

"Mrs. Bland was the housekeeper. I thought I had struck a fact that would help us, and whistled softly. 'Did you see her when you got there?' I asked.

"'I saw no one there,' Frank replied. 'My ring was not answered. I tried the door and it was fast. I did not want to disappoint him after he had kindly sent for me, so I attempted to go in the back way as I had used to do, but I found that fast also. Then, as I could raise no one, I turned and came away. When I had got back in my room somewhat nonplussed at not being admitted after my uncle had sent for me, I happened to put my hand in my pocket, and found there the nugget. I knew it was my uncle's for I had often seen it there, and how it came to be in my pocket was a mystery that excited me somewhat. It seemed like witchcraft.'

"'Devil-craft more likely,' said I who was now more mystified than ever. I did not doubt the truth of Frank's story in the least. 'Some one put it in your pocket to throw suspicion on you; but how, and when, and where? Did Mrs. Bland come close to you when she came to say your uncle wished to see you?'

"'No. she did not come in. She left word at the door. But from my window I saw her go by. I'm sure it was her, but she could not have put the nugget in my pocket.'

"I may as well say here that the housekeeper had been investigated and was conclusively proved to be elsewhere when the murder occurred. 'Was she an accomplice?' was the question I was pondering. A thought occurred to me. 'Did you find in your pocket the little velvet-lined box, that held the nugget?' I asked.

"'No, there was nothing but the piece of gold, that I saw,' Frank replied.

"I went straight to Frank's lodgings and made a careful search. I searched the Bertrand mansion for the missing box, but found nothing.

"Mrs. Bland seemed very much distressed over what had happened and was much concerned for Frank. She declared she didn't believe a word of the story that he was guilty. She said his uncle called to her from his room, as he often did, and directed her to call Frank. As she was going to a neighbor's she stopped on the way for her errand. She locked the house behind her on leaving, as was her custom, and found it locked on her return. She did not see Mr. Bertrand when he spoke to her; only heard his voice.

"I then went to my office and shut myself into my private room to quietly analyze the situation. Who, besides his housekeeper had a motive for murdering Mr. Bertrand? I pondered the question over and over again. That there was an answer to it, I was sure. But who had that motive. That once settled fairly in my own mind, I would look further for the little box. I could easily see how Frank Bertrand had a strong existing motive to keep his uncle alive until he should make a different will. In his death he lost all hope. Only sudden anger under strong provocation could have moved him to the deed. But he was already out of my suspicion.

"I am a great believer in motive as the lever that moves human beings in the commission of all deliberate crimes. That it was not mere robbery, in this case, was evident—since only the nugget of gold was taken, and that I attributed to a momentary fancy rather than to any previous intention. It could not be hatred, for the old man had not an enemy in the world that we could discover. It must then be greed of some sort, some advantage to be gained though Mr. Bertrand's death. Here was another dilemma. His housekeeper was to have all the property, and she could not have committed the murder. It must then be somebody reaching further, somebody hoping for gain through her. But the old woman had not a relative in the world that I had ever heard of. She had lived very many years in the family, and I thought her relatives would have been heard from, if there were any greedy enough to commit murder in order to give her property which they might not get after all. Had she a lover?

"The thought struck me with such a sense of its affording a solution of the mystery, that it was like an electric shock. She would not marry while Mr. Bertrand lived; his death would make her free, and besides would make her wealthy, two great points to be gained, which might have a strong influence on a weak minded man. I was sure also from the taking of the nugget, that whoever he was he would be found to have been a miner or a collector of ores or minerals. Full of my new idea, I started out to investigate.

"I had great faith in Mrs. Bland's honesty in the matter, but I did not think it prudent to go to her now for information, for I had not proved her integrity as I had Frank's, and she might, if an accomplice, give a warning that would defeat my purpose. I went to the few persons she was intimate with and made cautious inquiries about her gentleman friends. It is almost needless to say I found one.

"He was a tall gaunt fellow, and swarthy, like those who have been much exposed to the sunlight. He had been a miner in Australia. Mrs. Bland had confided to a female friend that the man proposed, but she refused him, because she could not leave Mr. Bertrand.' I now decided to go straight to Mrs. Bland and ask if this man knew of the contents of the will. Tears came into her eyes as she admitted that he did. She had inclined to favor his proposal, and had agreed to marry him after Mr. Bertrand's death.

"I found where the man had his lodging, and taking an officer made all haste there. His room was shabby enough, but ah, there were the minerals, as I had surmised. We arrested him as the murderer of Henry Bertrand, and after some search among his rather mixed belongings found there the box with the velvet lining.

"When that was brought forth, his defiant manner fell away from him and he begged for mercy like a child. He confessed all, even to brushing against Frank Bertrand on his way home, to slip the nugget into his pocket. At the time of the murder he caught sight of the gold lump, and was suddenly possessed of a fancy for it. Realizing later how dangerous was its possession, he disposed of it to throw suspicion upon Frank. All my theories were thus curiously verified."

The lawyer paused, apparently at the end of his story. There was one present who had the general appearance of a detective, who had been carefully following his narrative. He asked:

"Pardon two questions, sir. How came the murderer in the house without the housekeeper's knowledge, and who was it sent for the nephew?"

"I was going to tell you that presently," said the narrator. "The fellow explained that he had been determined for some time to get Mr. Bertrand out of the way, as that meant for him both a wife and a fortune. He had been waiting for an opportunity. Going to the house that day, he found the door unfastened and slipped in and concealed himself. He heard the old man give directions to have Frank called, and heard Mrs. Bland say she was going to stop awhile with a friend. Fortune was favoring his plans. Not only that but the fear came that Bertrand was relenting towards his nephew and might spoil all his hopes unless speedily despatched. Frank Bertrand would be brought to the house just in time to be accused of the deed. It was the propitious time.

"The blow fell, the old man passed to his reward, and he fled. To his annoyance the door locked with a spring behind him, and Frank, whom he was watching as he came, could not get in. Then came the thought to fasten the crime on him more severely by putting the nugget in his pocket.

"It has been truly said that men committing great crimes always do some act or leave some act undone, despite all their precautions, that tells the tale of their wrong doing. So this man, who seemingly had all his plans perfect, in his eagerness and excitement, forgot to put on Frank's person the box as well as its contents, and now it rose up a conclusive witness against him."

"Now I've got a question," ventured another listener. "What did the old lady do with the property? Did she hunt up another husband, or, as some of them do, give it to an asylum?"

"Neither. She was a really good woman, and was struck with horror at the villainy of the man who wanted to marry her for her prospective money. I think that every day, for she is now living, she thanks the Lord that she escaped the fate of marrying him. She turned the whole property over to Frank, saying she had no doubt his uncle would have relented toward him if he had lived. She lives with him, making a home for him like a mother, and they think a great deal of each other. The piece of gold and the velvet box which played so important a part in the tragedy of their lives, still rest in their old place in the library."—Yankee Blade.

The Giant of All Timepieces.

The greatest horological wonder in the world to-day is the gigantic clock in the tower of the immense "Public Building" at Philadelphia. When everything is in running order this marvel of the clockmaker's art will be stationed a distance of 351 feet from the pavement. Its bell weighs between 23,000 and 25,000 pounds, and is the second largest bell of any kind in America, the great bell at Montreal being the largest, weighing 29,000 pounds. The dial of this Philadelphia titan is twenty-five feet in diameter, and the striking hammer is as large as a pile driver weight. The minute hand is twelve and the hour hand nine feet in length. The machinery is arranged so that the clock will strike every fifteen minutes, the quarter, half, three-quarters and hours. The Roman numerals on the face are two feet eight inches in length, the dark part of the figures being 3½ inches in width. As it is entirely out of the question to talk of winding such a monster by hand, a three-horse power engine has been placed at the square of the tower for that especial purpose.

Died Decked in Her Diamonds.

Seldom has a more extraordinary display of parvenu bad taste been witnessed than that which took place at Paris recently around the death-bed of Mme. Gaston Menier, the wife of the chief partner of the great chocolate house of that name.

Mme. Menier was not only one of the most elegantly dressed women in Paris, but also the possessor of a superb collection of diamonds, pearls and other precious stones.

When she felt that her end was approaching she entreated her husband to bring her all her jewels.

She had strings of huge pearls wound in her hair, her neck encircled by a superb diamond necklace, diamond stars attached to the Valenciennes of her night robe, bracelets on her arms and rings on her fingers.

When fully adorned in this manner all her servants and intimate friends were summoned to pass before her bed and to wish her good-by.

A curious idea this, but demonstrating that even to the last her thoughts were for the pomp and vanities of this world.

Two hours after the close of this luxurious parade the lady expired, taking her departure for another world where jewels are believed to be of no account.—New York Recorder.

WHEN a man gets into a scrape, and can't get out of it, he tries to win admiration by telling that he could clear himself if he were not too honorable to give others away.

SHE WOULD TRAVEL ALONE.

A New York Woman's Terrible Adventure in a Railway Train.

"I feel very uncomfortable about letting you travel alone," said Mr. A——, as he put his spouse on the northward-bound train at C——.

"Why, I have done it over and over again," said his wife languidly. She was a tall, fair woman, whose pretty face bore traces of recent illness; and, as she spoke, she passed her delicate hand, laden with costly rings, over her forehead.

"It is too vexatious, too," continued her husband, noting anxiously the gesture, "that every seat in the drawing-room car is taken. Don't you think I had better ask the conductor to look after you?"

"No, please don't, Jack," answered his wife; "he would only worry me. I shall be comfortable enough, and, after all, it is only six hours before I arrive at R——, where I will meet the B——s. Good-bye, dear, and don't fret; I will wire you this evening."

After her husband left, Mrs. A—— gave a careless look at her fellow-passengers. In the seat across the aisle sat a respectable-looking, ruddy-faced, middle-aged woman, whom the invalid regarded with satisfaction. A man and woman, with a family of several children, occupied the place near the door; the rest of the car seemed empty, but as her eyes followed the line of the seats, she felt a disagreeable start on finding her gaze met by the bold, direct stare of a well-dressed, sinister-looking man, who occupied the third seat in her rear. By his side sat a burly-looking giant, who, although cleanly and neatly dressed, was evidently of an inferior class. Disagreeably impressed, she knew not why, she turned around, and, opening her book, endeavored to beguile the tedium of the journey.

After a couple of hours the express stopped at ——, and here, to her regret, she saw her kind-looking neighbor leave her seat. The family party that she had noticed also hurried past with children and bundles, pushing past the new people who were coming in, and it was with a feeling of positive annoyance that she saw the men behind her leave their place, and quietly take possession of the seats the pleasant-faced woman had left vacant.

Again the train sped on. Mrs. A—— felt quite vexed with herself on account of the uneasy, nervous feeling that gradually stole over her, and the half-dread she felt of the dark, Mephistophelian-looking man who had placed himself so near her. Several times she looked toward him, feeling instinctively that his eyes were fixed upon her, and each time she never failed to find the bold and glittering orbs staring into her face.

"How absurd I am!" she said to herself, impatiently; "what harm could any one do me in a car full of people," and she resolutely turned her back and began to read.

But, suddenly, she gave a violent start and a half-scream as she felt, rather than saw, the dreaded face bending over shoulder, while he said: "We get out at the next station, madam."

Just at that moment the welcome sound of "Tickets!" was heard from the conductor, who was making his rounds before the train stopped. The man, to her great relief, left her immediately, but, to her surprise, walked up to the official and, drawing him aside, engaged him in earnest conversation. In spite of herself, she could not help turning around to see what her persecutor was about, although she devoutly hoped to see him leave the train, thus making it unnecessary to take any notice of his behavior. That they were talking about her was evident, for the conductor kept glancing toward her as the man spoke, and, to her annoyance, she saw him resume his seat and begin to confer rapidly with his companion.

Resolved to save herself from further trouble, she laid her hand on the conductor's arm as he passed.

"Please bend down your head," she said to him, in a low voice, "that man must be out of his senses; he has been annoying me ever since we left C——. Will you please take me to the next car?"

To her utter amazement and terror, the conductor only gave her a compassionate glance, and said gently: "Madam, you are under this gentleman's charge, and he is going to take you where you will be made quite well again; I am sure a lady like you will go with him quietly."

Like a flash the frightful situation dawned upon her bewildered senses. The man was pretending she was mad, and that he, with his assistant, were taking her to an asylum. In vain she attempted an explanation; terror paralyzed her tongue, and made her quite incoherent. The horrible man smiled down upon her, and she felt in her weakness that a grewsome fate, over which she had no control, put her in his power. Her vehement protestations and sobs were regarded by the kindly conductor as so many symptoms of her malady.

Meanwhile the train was stopping. A little crowd collected around the "poor mad lady," who was protesting so vainly against her fate; and so in the broad daylight, in the midst of pitying, warm-hearted people, the unfortunate woman was gently forced out of the train, put in a carriage by the two men, and driven rapidly away. More dead than alive, she finally fainted.

When she came to herself, she was alone in a strange room, lying on a sofa. All the most recent dreadful occurrences rushed over her distracted mind as she came to herself. The cause for the desperate piece of villainy was not difficult to find; her costly diamond and ruby rings, her pocket-book containing a roll of bills of several hundreds of dollars, her watch and charm, and even the little pin that held her collar—all had vanished. But, thanks to Heaven, she was alone.

Tottering to her feet, she found she was in a bare, clean room, with an open window looking out on a tranquil village street. As she opened the door and looked out into the hall, an angular, freckled-faced maiden appeared at the foot of the stair.

"D'you feel better?" she asked, with a good-natured smile on her homely face. "Your brother, he said you'd git all right soon; he told me to tell you that he'd be back this afternoon late."

The kindly voice and the comforting sense of a woman's companionship caused the distraught, terrified creature to burst into a storm of sobs, and she brokenly told her story to the landlord's daughter, who "kep' house for pa." It naturally excited incredulity at first, but the good people believed her at last, and a telegram was sent to her husband from the nearest station.

Although the gre