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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: "The Gospel in Politics."

TEXT, "Now therefore cried one thing, and some another, for the assembly was confused, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defence unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out: Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"—Acts xix. 32.

Ephesus was upside down. It was about the silver jubilee. A manufacturer of silver boxes for holding heathen images had called his laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places assaulting image worship, and consequently very much damaging that particular business. There was great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the streets, violently gesticulating and calling each other hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silversmith. Other people favored the policy of Paul. There were great moral questions involved, but these did not bother them at all.

The only question about which they seemed to be concerned was concerning the wages and the salaried positions. The silversmith and his companions had put up factories at great expense for the making of these silver boxes, and now, if this new policy is to be inaugurated the business will go down, the laborers will be thrown out of employment and the whole city will suffer. Well, what is to be done? "Call a convention," says some one, for in all ages a convention has been a panacea for public evils. The convention is called, and as they want the largest room in the city they take the theatre.

Having there assembled, they all want to get the floor, and they all want to talk at once. You know what excitement that always makes in a convention, where a great many people want to talk at once. Some cried one thing, some cried another. Some wanted to denounce, some wanted to resolve. After awhile a prominent man gets the floor, and he begins to speak, but they very soon hiss him down, and then the confusion rises into worse uproar, and they begin to shout, all of them together, and they keep on until they are all in the face and hoarse in the throat, for two hour hours crying out "Great is Diana of the Ephesians. Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

The whole scene reminds me of the excitement we have almost every autumn at the elections. While that goddess Diana has lost her worship and her temples have gone into the dust, our American people want to set up a golden calf in her place of honor, and they want us all to bow down before it, and that god is political party. Considering our superior civilization, I have to declare to you that Ephesian idolatry was less offensive in the sight of God than is this all absorbing American partisanship.

While there are honest men, true men, Christian men, who stand in both political parties, and who come into the autumnal elections resolving to serve their city or their State or the Nation in the best possible way, I have noticed also that with many it is a mere contest between the ins and the outs—those who are trying to stay in and keep the outs out, and those who are trying to get in and thrust the ins out. And one party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" neither of them honest enough to say, "Great is my pocketbook!"

Once or twice a year it is my custom to talk to the people about public affairs from what I call a Christian standpoint, and this morning I have chosen for that duty. I hope to say a practical word. History tells us of a sermon preached amid the highlands of Scotland—a sermon two hours long—on the sin of swearing, where there were not more than three pairs of shoes in the audience, and during our last war a good man went into a hospital distributing tracts and gave a tract on "The Sin of Dancing" to a man both of whose legs had been amputated! But I hope this morning to present an appropriate and adapted word, as next Tuesday at the ballot box great affairs are to be settled.

The Rev. Dr. Reombus, in the early history of our country, in Massachusetts, preached about the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency. The Rev. Dr. Mayhew, of Boston, in the early days of our republic, preached about the repeal of the Stamp Act. There are times when ministers of Christ must look off upon public affairs and discuss them. We need go back to no example. Every man is, before God, responsible for his own duty.

If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks, and the Siberian is pleased with his land of perpetual snow, if the Roman thought it was the muddy Tiber was the favored river in the sight of heaven, and if the Laplander shivers out his eulogy of his native clime, and if the Chinese have pity for anybody born outside of the Flowery Kingdom, shall not we, born under these bir skies and standing day by day amid these glorious civil and religious liberties, be public spirited? I propose to tell the people very plainly what I consider to be their Christian duty at the ballot box.

First, set yourself against all political falsehood. The most monstrous lies ever told in this country are during the elections. I stop at the door of a Democratic meeting and listen and hear that the Republicans are liars. I stop at the door of a Republican meeting and listen and hear that the Democrats are scoundrels. Our public men microscopized and the truth telescoped. Who believes a tenth part of what he reads or hears in the autumnal elections? Men who at other seasons of the year are very careful in their speech become peddlers of scandal.

In the far east there is a place where once a year they let the people do as they please and say what they please, and the place is full of impurity, profanity and wickedness, and they call it the "devil's day." The nearest approximation to that in this country has been the first Tuesday in November. The community at such times seems to say, "Go to, now, let us have a good time at lying." Prominent candidates for office are denounced as unprincipled and renegade. A smart lie will start in the corner of a country newspaper, and keep on running until it has captured the printing presses of the whole continent. What garbling of speeches! What misinterpretation of motives! What misrepresentation of individual antecedents!

The trouble is that we have in this country two great manufactories—manufactories of lies—the Republican manufactory of lies and the Democratic manufactory of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prurient. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long limbed lies and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels, and scales like crocodiles, and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope's, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rifflers and binders and ready wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people, who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a political campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in these times. I should think he would shake his head and dare not go out at nights! What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is that many of them cannot understand the English language. For I suppose the German and Italian and Swedish and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after awhile. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade almost every autumn must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than cursing.

O Christian men, frown upon political falsehood! Remember that a political lie is as black as any other kind of a lie. God has recorded all the falsehoods that have been told at the city, state or National elections since the foundation of this Government, and the perpetrators and their victims may have gone into the dust, in the last day judgment will be awarded.

The falsehoods that Aaron Burr breathed into the ear of Blennerhassett, the slanders that Lieutenant General Gage proclaimed about George Washington, the misrepresentations in regard to James Monroe, are as fresh in God's book to-day as the lies that were printed last week about our local candidates. "And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

Again, I counsel you as Christian men to set yourselves against the misuse of money in political campaigns. Of the thousands of dollars already spent this autumn, how much of the amount do you suppose has been properly used? You have a right to spend money for the publishing of political tracts, for the establishment of organizations for the carrying out of what you consider to be the new. you have a right to appeal to the reason of men by argument and statistics and by facts. Printing and renting of public halls and political meetings cost money, but he who puts a bribe into the hand of a voter or plies weak men with mercenary and scorrupt motives commits a sin against God and the Nation.

Bribery is one of the most appalling sins of this country. God says, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." Have nothing to do with such a sin, O Christian man! Fling it from the ballot box. Hand over to the police the man who attempts to tamper with your vote, and remember that elections that cannot be carried without bribes ought never to be carried at all. Again I ask you as Christian men to set yourselves against the dissipations that hover over the ballot box. Let me say that no man can afford to go into political life who is not a teetotaler. Hot political discussion somehow creates an unnatural thirst, and hundreds of thousands of men have gone down into drunkenness through political life.

After an exciting canvass through the evening you must "take something," and rising in the morning with less animation than usual you must "take something," and going off among your comrades through the forenoon you meet political friends, and you must "take something," and in the afternoon you meet other political friends, and you must "take something," and being night has come something has taken you. There are but few cases where men have been able to stand up against the dissipations of political life.

It remained for Ella Waldron to discover the true purpose for which this hill was formed (so she said). It was in the early winter of 188– when the snow covered the whole expanse that she caught the inspiration as she looked up its dazzling cloak of pure white to where, half a mile above, Swazey's south gable just peeped over skeleton trees.

"What a toboggan slide!" she exclaimed.

Twenty seconds later she was before the gate, starting up the high road with the intention of unburdening her mind into the responsive ear of Will Swazey.

One of the town boys was just coming along on the way up the hill. It was Dick Carson, Will's chum.

"Good afternoon, Miss Waldron. I'm going up to—"

"Oh, Dick!" interrupted Ella, unable to restrain her enthusiasm. "I've got such an idea! You know the Swazey hillside, behind the house—such a toboggan slide! And we can form a club, you know and—and I was just starting up to see Will about it. Don't you think it's a perfectly splendid idea?"

"H'm!" exclaimed Dick. "Seeing that I was going to propose the same thing to Will, I think the idea is pretty fair."

"No, were you really? Well, come along then and we'll—"

"No-o, I guess not," returned Dick with a pretense of doubt. "I guess I'll turn back and mail an order to New York for a toboggan and an outfit."

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Everybody was late to school, for everybody must look over his toboggan and his suit, to make sure they were all right, and then they all lost more time as they gathered about Will Swazey by the gate and listened to his mother's invitation to a great inauguration spread at their house after the sport was over. For of course the Swazey house, just at the top of the hill was to be the headquarters of the club.

Words can hardly describe the gay excitement of the night. Children and parents alike came, the former wrapped up to the ears in their brilliantly colored suits, and dragging their toboggans, the latter merely as spectators of the exhilarating sport.

And such a scene as it was on the crest of this snow covered hill, with the moon shimmering on a long, glassy crust sweeping down and away for very nearly half a mile!

But when it came to taking the first plunge at this new sport, there was some hesitation.

"Come along Ella; let us take the lead," and Ella responded with an alacrity which, it must be confessed, she really did not feel.

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The sleighs drove off one by one with tired but happy children, and the Waldrons were the last to leave. They were just getting into their sleigh.

"I'm sorry it's over," said Ella, looking wistfully toward the shoulder of the hill. "I could keep it up all night long."

"Ella! the idea!" exclaimed Mrs Waldron.

"I'll tell you!" cried Will. "Why not go home on that toboggan? We finish just behind your house you know. I'll take you down and walk back. I don't mind, for I am not tired a bit."

Ella jumped at the idea and Mr. and Mrs. Waldron finally drove off, leaving their daughter behind.

Somehow when Ella and Will again stood at the top of the moonlit hill for their last essay, they did not appear to be in any hurry to move, and so when Mr. and Mrs. Waldron arrived at their house, there was no daughter to meet them at the door, though Mrs. Waldron immediately exclaimed at the fact that every window seemed to have a light behind the shades.

When they had let themselves in with the latch key, there was the hall light ablaze and noisy with the over pressure.

"Ella!" called Mrs. Waldron.

No answer.

"Bridget!"

No sound came back.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Waldron, making a start for the kitchen stairs, below which the servant should have been waiting up.

Mr. Waldron, with an anxious look on his face, followed more slowly. When he reached the head of the stairs he heard Mrs. Waldron below utter a piercing scream, and he sprang down into the kitchen three steps at a time.

* * * * * *

When the distant sleighbells and shouts had finally died away the solemn stillness warned Ella that it was too late to dally longer on the hilltop.

She seated herself on the toboggan, tucked in everything securely, and then Will behind gave the necessary push, a great snowy spray rising up in their wake and sparkling in the moonlight like a shower of tiny brilliants.

There is no motion just like that of the toboggan with its electric speed, its direful roar, and the sense of plunging forward into space, which is a part of it. There is just enough of that sinking sensation of fear in the progress to give the sport a most fascinating excitement.

They were almost down, almost behind the Waldron house when their hearts suddenly stood still with a thrill of genuine fear.

A figure, black against the snow, was speeding across their path toward the woods.

A cry sprang from Will's throat, the figure stopped, looked, sprang away, and forward into the air flew the two tobogganers as if shot from a cannon.

Will found himself face downward, with his arms plunged deep into the snow. He scrambled out quickly and ran to where Ella was wildly floundering on her back not far away.

He quickly assisted her to rise.

"Are you hurt?" he asked breathlessly.

"No, I think not. I'm trembling so, though, I can hardly stand. What happened?"

"I don't know; it was so sudden I couldn't see."

"It seemed to me as if some great black rock rose up before us—look there! What is that?"

Will turned and looked up the hill, and saw a shadowy mass lying close to the spot where they had been upset.

"It doesn't look like the man," he said. "He seems to have been scared off. Let us see what it is."

First recovering their toboggan, which was smashed along one side, they climbed the few paces necessary to reach what seemed to be the object with which they had collided.

"It's a bag," said Will, after a brief examination; "a potato sack."

"That man, whoever he was, must have dropped it, and we bumped against it."

"And where's he gone to, I'd like to know?"

"Perhaps he thought we were killed and was afraid he'd be hanged for our murder."

"Well, he ought to have had the sense to find out before he ran away. I think I'll give a shout to let him know we're all right as to our lungs any way. Then perhaps he'll come back for his bag. I wonder what's in it. It's pretty heavy and all full of knobs—a lot of soft things like clothes, too."

Will had been feeling over the outside of the bag, but now he rose, and turning towards the woods, he gave a ringing halloo.

There was no answer, but, while they were waiting the sound of a clicking gate made them turn, and what did they see but Mr. Waldron running towards them from his back yard.

"Ella, go right into the house and help your mother; and Will, if you can, I wish you'd run over to Dr. Somerby' while I go down to the Constable's."

"What's the matter?" Ella and Will ashed in unison.

"The house has been ransacked by a burglar. We found Bridget locked in the cellar and she is fainting every three minutes. Your mother is nearly distracted and we must—what is that?"

Mr. Waldron's excited eye had fallen upon the bag lying behind Will.

"Well, if I'm not mistaken, that is the plunder from your house, or part of it," responded Will, whose quick intellect had pieced several things together in a second.

"What do you mean? How do you know?" Mr. Waldron was excessively startled, it was plain.

"We nearly ran over a man who was crossing the snow, and we frightened him so that he dropped this bag, and we went shooting over it. He was coming from the direction of the house and—"

"Here, help me drag it back. We will see if you are right. Run ahead, Ella, and help quiet Bridget."

Between the two the bag was dragged to the house, just as Bridget was coming to out of her fifth fainting fit.

The announcement of their surprise at the contents of the bag seemed to revive her miraculously, and she tottered over to the group that waited patiently while Mr. Waldron's nervous hand cut the string that bound the neck.

One article after another was produced and excitedly identified—silver candlesticks, expensive table linen, trinkets from Mrs. Waldron's boudoir, and even a small but expensive traveling clock that was still ticking faithfully.

Later it was fully told how a low browed vagabond, who must have seen the folks drive away early in the evening, had called Bridget to the door, thrown his coat over her head, and then threatened her with instant death if she uttered a sound.

He had then thrust her down into the dark cellar, tying her hands with a piece of clothes line, and left her a prey to horrible fear.

Apparently he had passed a not unpleasant evening, for the kitchen table was strewn with the remains of a miscellaneous supper which he had gathered from the cupboard and ice chest.

He must have dallied a good deal, for comparing time, it would appear that he was still in the house when Mr. and Mrs. Waldron arrived at the front door. Hence his encountering the tobogganers on his hurried escape.

"After all, there's no great harm done beyond the fright," said Mr. Waldron, soothingly.

"And thanks to the toboggan meet and that last ride," supplemented Will, "which never would have occurred but for my bright idea about the hill."

"Yes, that is so," said Mr. Waldron reflectively. "I think I never appreciated till now what a really valuable sport tobogganing could be made to prove."

Then they all laughed heartily and Will went home.—The Argosy.

A Timid Millionaire's Gold.

In one of his romances Alexander Dumas tells of a man who kept all his savings in gold. When a war broke out in France and gold went to a very high premium, he exchanged all he had for Government notes and thus acquired a fortune. When the property left by the late Wilson G. Hunt was overhauled by his executors they found $800,000 in gold coin. The purpose of the old millionaire in keeping such a large amount of money lying idle will probably never be definitely known, as he did not confide his design to anyone, but it is supposed that he thought the unsettled condition of the money market would reduce gold to a premium, and he determined to have a stock of it on hand. Henry Clews, the banker and broker, who was one of Mr. Hunt's most intimate friends, and was at one time associated with him in business, was of the opinion that Mr. Hunt's action was inspired by fear.

"Mr. Hunt was an exceedingly timid man," said Mr. Clews. "His fortune of five millions was the result of many years of saving, and he never had sufficient courage to venture into any scheme that entailed even ordinary risk. Twice during my association in business with him he put all his money into gold, and each time he did it because he feared he would lose it. The first time was in 1857, when there was a panic, and the other was just before the war. It was really surprising that he should have have made so much money, but the most of it came from saving. He retired in 1860 from the dry goods business with a fortune of $750,000. He was unmarried, and lived with a niece at the Clarendon Hotel for forty-five years to my knowledge. His mode of living was very inexpensive, and I doubt that he spent over $5000 a year. Money invested in good securities, as his was, will double in ten years. His $750,000s therefore, amounted to $1,500,000 in ten years, to $3,000,000 in twenty years and to $6,000,000 in thirty years. As he left $5,000,000, it is evident that he did not do quite as well as he should have. I think very few rich men hoard gold in any time. The man who acquires riches usually has sufficient confidence in the great enterprises of the country to be willing to take his chances on their securities, and Government bonds appeal to even the timid as being safer than gold or any other kind of property."—New York Sun.

The Shell Mounds of Florida.

A ship's officer, who has spent much time on the St. John's River, Florida, thinks that he has solved the problem as to the origin of the shell mounds that occur along that stream. The river twists about in an extraordinary way, so that in many places the view along the water extends for only a few rods, but he finds that a tall object or the smoke of a fire shown from the top of one of these mounds could be seen from those next below and above, and he believes that these eminences were Indian signal stations, by means of which the natives were able to announce the approach of a hostile force along the river, as the Greeks signalled the news of the fall of Troy to their home cities by lights on the mountain tops, that were repeated from peak to peak.

A Butterfly Ten Miles Out at Sea

Charles Hawkins succeeded in capturing a handsome butterfly Sunday afternoon on board the tug that went out to meet the Numidian. The genial, light-winged messenger from a very distant clime, no doubt, hove in sight and sort of nodded to the passengers on the tug, is much as to say that everything was all right and that the rest of the crowd would soon be along. In his good nature and familiarity he took a seat on the rail and was soon made a prisoner.—Eastern Argus.

Lived Far Past the Century.

It seems to be established that Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, England, lived to 155, but there is a dispute as to his reaching 152. The same is true of James Bowes, of Killingworth, who died in 1656. Since then parish records of births have been preserved, and the following cases are conclusively proved: Lady Eccleston died in 1691, aged 143; in 1736, Colonel Thomas Winslow, aged 146; in 1772, Mrs. Clum, of Lichfield, aged 138; in 1780, Robert MacBride, of Berris, aged 130, and in the same year a Mr. Evans, of Spitalfield, aged 139. Of persons older than 120 and younger than 130 there is a very long list. William Beeby, last survivor of the battle of the Boyne and Aghrim, died at Dungarvan in 1774, aged 130.—New York Globe.

How Sir Walter Declared Himself.

It was in 1827 and at a theatrical fund dinner in Edinburgh that Sir Walter Scott declared himself to be the author of the "Waverley Novels." This is the speech he made on that occasion: "I did not expect on coming here to-day that I should have to disclose a secret. Now that it is out, however, I beg leave to observe that I am sole and undivided author of these novels. I confess I am guilty and am almost afraid to examine the extent of my delinquency. 'Look out again I dare not.' The wand of Prospero is now broken and my book is buried."

TRUE LOVE.

Unless you think when the song is done,
No other is sweet in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving,
Unless you can swear "For life, for death"
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breath of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that faith is fast,
Through behooving and unbehooving,
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

—Mrs. Browning.

What the Toboggan Found.

BY SMITH JAYNE.

THE Waldrons lived at the foot of the hill. Before the house swept the high road down into the town and behind them was a fringe of trees, and then the levelest grassy slope you ever saw.

It was pretty hard for the haymaker in the summer to swing the scythe and rake the hay up and down or back and forth across the steeply rising ground. Mr. Swazey, who owned most of the slope, declared it was a standing temptation to rival the vineyards he had seen on the river Rhine by planting terraces of grapes across its bosom.

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Ella jumped at the idea and Mr. and Mrs. Waldron finally drove off, leaving their daughter behind.

Somehow when Ella and Will again stood at the top of the moonlit hill for their last essay, they did not appear to be in any hurry to move, and so when Mr. and Mrs. Waldron arrived at their house, there was no daughter to meet them at the door, though Mrs. Waldron immediately exclaimed at the fact that every window seemed to have a light behind the shades.

When they had let themselves in with the latch key, there was the hall light ablaze and noisy with the over pressure.

"Ella!" called Mrs. Waldron.

No answer.

"Bridget!"

No sound came back.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Waldron, making a start for the kitchen stairs, below which the servant should have been waiting up.

Mr. Waldron, with an anxious look on his face, followed more slowly. When he reached the head of the stairs he heard Mrs. Waldron below utter a piercing scream, and he sprang down into the kitchen three steps at a time.

* * * * * *

When the distant sleighbells and shouts had finally died away the solemn stillness warned Ella that it was too late to dally longer on the hilltop.

She seated herself on the toboggan, tucked in everything securely, and then Will behind gave the necessary push, a great snowy spray rising up in their wake and sparkling in the moonlight like a shower of tiny brilliants.

There is no motion just like that of the toboggan with its electric speed, its direful roar, and the sense of plunging forward into space, which is a part of it. There is just enough of that sinking sensation of fear in the progress to give the sport a most fascinating excitement.

They were almost down, almost behind the Waldron house when their hearts suddenly stood still with a thrill of genuine fear.

A figure, black against the snow, was speeding across their path toward the woods.

A cry sprang from Will's throat, the figure stopped, looked, sprang away, and forward into the air flew the two tobogganers as if shot from a cannon.

Will found himself face downward, with his arms plunged deep into the snow. He scrambled out quickly and ran to where Ella was wildly floundering on her back not far away.

He quickly assisted her to rise.

"Are you hurt?" he asked breathlessly.

"No, I think not. I'm trembling so, though, I can hardly stand. What happened?"

"I don't know; it was so sudden I couldn't see."

"It seemed to me as if some great black rock rose up before us—look there! What is that?"

Will turned and looked up the hill, and saw a shadowy mass lying close to the spot where they had been upset.

"It doesn't look like the man," he said. "He seems to have been scared off. Let us see what it is."

First recovering their toboggan, which was smashed along one side, they climbed the few paces necessary to reach what seemed to be the object with which they had collided.

"It's a bag," said Will, after a brief examination; "a potato sack."

"That man, whoever he was, must have dropped it, and we bumped against it."

"And where's he gone to, I'd like to know?"

"Perhaps he thought we were killed and was afraid he'd be hanged for our murder."

"Well, he ought to have had the sense to find out before he ran away. I think I'll give a shout to let him know we're all right as to our lungs any way. Then perhaps he'll come back for his bag. I wonder what's in it. It's pretty heavy and all full of knobs—a lot of soft things like clothes, too."

Will had been feeling over the outside of the bag, but now he rose, and turning towards the woods, he gave a ringing halloo.

There was no answer, but, while they were waiting the sound of a clicking gate made them turn, and what did they see but Mr. Waldron running towards them from his back yard.

"Ella, go right into the house and help your mother; and Will, if you can, I wish you'd run over to Dr. Somerby' while I go down to the Constable's."

"What's the matter?" Ella and Will ashed in unison.

"The house has been ransacked by a burglar. We found Bridget locked in the cellar and she is fainting every three minutes. Your mother is nearly distracted and we must—what is that?"

Mr. Waldron's excited eye had fallen upon the bag lying behind Will.

"Well, if I'm not mistaken, that is the plunder from your house, or part of it," responded Will, whose quick intellect had pieced several things together in a second.

"What do you mean? How do you know?" Mr. Waldron was excessively startled, it was plain.

"We nearly ran over a man who was crossing the snow, and we frightened him so that he dropped this bag, and we went shooting over it. He was coming from the direction of the house and—"

"Here, help me drag it back. We will see if you are right. Run ahead, Ella, and help quiet Bridget."

Between the two the bag was dragged to the house, just as Bridget was coming to out of her fifth fainting fit.

The announcement of their surprise at the contents of the bag seemed to revive her miraculously, and she tottered over to the group that waited patiently while Mr. Waldron's nervous hand cut the string that bound the neck.

One article after another was produced and excitedly identified—silver candlesticks, expensive table linen, trinkets from Mrs. Waldron's boudoir, and even a small but expensive traveling clock that was still ticking faithfully.

Later it was fully told how a low browed vagabond, who must have seen the folks drive away early in the evening, had called Bridget to the door, thrown his coat over her head, and then threatened her with instant death if she uttered a sound.

He had then thrust her down into the dark cellar, tying her hands with a piece of clothes line, and left her a prey to horrible fear.

Apparently he had passed a not unpleasant evening, for the kitchen table was strewn with the remains of a miscellaneous supper which he had gathered from the cupboard and ice chest.

He must have dallied a good deal, for comparing time, it would appear that he was still in the house when Mr. and Mrs. Waldron arrived at the front door. Hence his encountering the tobogganers on his hurried escape.

"After all, there's no great harm done beyond the fright," said Mr. Waldron, soothingly.

"And thanks to the toboggan meet and that last ride," supplemented Will, "which never would have occurred but for my bright idea about the hill."

"Yes, that is so," said Mr. Waldron reflectively. "I think I never appreciated till now what a really valuable sport tobogganing could be made to prove."

Then they all laughed heartily and Will went home.—The Argosy.

NATURE'S MURDERER'S.

Birds of the Air and Beasts of the Field Which Are Constantly at War.

In Prof. Newman's letters to the newspapers he says that "if we give up the cruelty of mangling birds with the gun and leave the little hawks to destroy themselves with divine dexterity, they will remain as numerous as now." Surely imagination is at work here more tenderly than keenly. Any one who has spent quiet days on the lonely moors must have seen a sparrow hawk chasing a lark. We cannot tell what the lark's private opinion may be, but to all outward appearances it never appreciates "divine dexterity." The chase often lasts from twenty minutes to half an hour. Sometimes the lark gets clean away; sometimes it takes refuge at the feet of a man or in some friendly cottage; but more often the poor creature's flight grows feeble, and the savage enemy stoops and brings it down. When the captive and captor reach the ground the divine dexterity makes itself manifest in a most butcherly process of tearing and rending. Partridges and grouse, which are pursued by the larger hawks, seem also to suffer terrible agony during their flight. In fact, from all observation, I incline to believe that if the birds could be got to deliver an impartial opinion, they would declare in favor of the swift oblivion given by the gun rather than in favor of the long terror of flight and the cruel rending of beak and talons. Prof. Newman may have means of accurately gauging ornithological opinion, but we, the most part of us, can only form judgment from common observation. Those who favor the professor's views of nature's operations should try to spend one long day in some wild place. They would find that day a cycle of murder. Supposing that the place is by the sea, lie down, first of all, by the side of some deep break in the rocks, and watch what goes on as the tide flows in. The goby lurks behind the waving weeds and dashes out now and again on his prey; the dog crab slides along and watches his chances; the black eel winds sinuously about with his villainous eye and his snaky coils making him look like the very genius of murder. By the time the gap is completely filled the observer sees one great battle of species against species; and he knows that the same fight is going on in every bay down the coast.

Inland the same kind of wild work may be seen by dexterous watching. A rabbit stumbles hopelessly among the tussocks. It seems dazed and foredone. A few yards behind comes a tiny brown creature with white breast and vicious little teeth; and the poor rabbit knows that there is no escape from this deadly pursuer. Unless you care to deliver the rabbit from divine dexterity you will see how nature's butchers work. The chased beast begins to run in halting circles; then it stops and screams, then there is a brown flash, and the weasel is fixed like an ugly parasite behind the poor victim's ears; then there is silence. Half an hour after you will see the rabbit abandoned with a gaping wound in its neck. If your terrier accompanies you, then the rabbit is saved and the would-be murderer is murdered. The weasel turns on the dog and squeaks with a thin sound that sets the teeth on edge; he also emits an abominable stench, which stays long in the air. The terrier knows that divine dexterity must be exercised (not so much for the purpose of sparing the weasel pain as for preventing that lively creature from getting a hold on his jugular), so he poises a second before striking. Then he catches the soft little brute by the middle; there is a quick flapping sound as the dog shakes his head, and the weasel flies four feet into the air. Evolution and training have made this butcher efficient. Watch among the sloe-bushes of some deep ravine. Down in the hollow there is a red gleem as Reynard works his way among the sedges. He comes into the open and you actually see him curl his lips into a queer kind of Mephistophelian smile. He glances over his shoulder and advances with a wary gait. The innocent water hen goes on nodding her head and making little noises, without being the least aware of the greedy eyes and the bare teeth that are flashing so close behind her. The fox makes his dart; there is a gurgling scream, and divine dexterity is once more made manifest. How many more sights and sounds of death meet the eye and ear in the course of day and night there is no need to say. Let New man should go and see; and he might learn that man is not, after all, the cruelest of animals.

Experiment in Justice.

"The law's delay," which Hamlet thought was one of the things which made life worth living, has been a subject of raillery on the part of satirists, and of serious concern on the part of statesmen, in all ages. The poor man who, at the present time, has gone into court, and who fears that justice will never be done him there, may assure himself that at least his troubles are nothing new.

The chronicles, in part composed of traditions, of the time of the great Emperor Charlemagne, who was the master and to a great extent the lawgiver of Europe in the eighth and ninth centuries, record an interesting and amusing attempt on this monarch's part to prevent the delays of justice.

He could not deny that the excuses made by the judges were plausible, but he was convinced that they could decide cases more promptly if they would.

He decreed, therefore, that when a judge had failed to render a decision within a certain reasonable time, the complainant in the case should have the right to take up his residence in the judge's house, to eat at his table and to lodge at his expense until the decision should be made.

The decree was promptly taken advantage of by various litigants, who praised the wisdom and righteousness of their sovereign as they tasted the fare and slept on the beds of their dilatory judges.

They found, however, that there was another side to the picture. They succeeded in hastening the decision of the judge; but when it was reached it was generally found to be unfavorable to the complainant. It was his way, as we should express the matter in the nineteenth century, of "getting even."

This interesting method of enforcing decisions, therefore became unpopular. And what the wise and powerful Charlemagne failed to accomplish has never since been effectually secured.

MILITARY POWER OF CHINA.

About 600,000 Men Available, 100,000 Being Armed With Latest Improved Rifles.

The possibilities of China as a military power have hardly been considered by the Western nations. It has been vaguely realized that China might some day become a menace to any power that offended her if what may be called the "national militia" of that country should ever be turned into trained troops. A nation of 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 people should have 20,000,000 or 25,000,000 able-bodied men in the prime of condition for military service. With such a force as this, the San Francisco Examiner thinks, China would be an antagonist that no nation would attack. While the fact that China possesses this enormous mass of the raw material of soldiery has been understood, the inefficiency of the Government and the absurd showing heretofore made by its armies have spread the idea that China would not have to be reckoned with as a military power in the life of any man now living. Recent reports, however, indicate that there has been a change in the Chinese armies. While no attempt has been made to develop the strength of the national militia, the regular army has been partly remodeled and made an effective force. European and American officers have been employed, Western tactics have been taught, strict military discipline enforced and the equipment of the troops altered to the European style. The rearmament of the troops with the latest improved rifles is now in progress, and already a force of 100,000 men is fully equipped and ready for service.

The Chinese army is all told but about 600,000 men, and the larger portion of these have not yet been reached in the system of army reform. But the fact that the transformation has proceeded thus far and is still going on shows that China has realized her deficiencies and is anxious to remedy them. The fact may mean much to the world. The Chinese are good sold