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

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CHAPTER XII.

Lady Raymond had given her ball, her one ball of the season, and now thought it time to have something else, and, it being the end of June, her ladyship presently fixed on a strawberry tea, with a recital, or lecture, or concert, or something of that nature, by way of food for the mind. Eventually a recital was on, the proper person for the same engaged, the ices, cakes, cream, and strawberries ordered, and two or three hundred invitations sent out.

"I asked Bellenden yesterday," announced her son one morning, as the family sat in conclave. "I say, mother, I think he has been rather neglected among us, for when I gave him the invitation, though I added that I did not think these sort of things were in his line, he laughed and said he was far too proud of being invited to refuse."

"I am sure I should have invited him if I had ever thought he would have cared to come," said she. "But he never called on us till this summer, and I only took his doing so once to be because he had taken Ethel in to dinner at Fitzwilbrahams."

"Perhaps it was," said Cecil, significantly. "At all events," he added, after a pause, "he is coming to the tea, and I should say we might ask him to dinner. Did you not say we had a place vacant, that some one had failed for Thursday?"

"He would never come on so short a notice, my dear."

"I don't know about that. Judging from to-day, I should say he would. He does not go out half so much as he used to do, and it might happen he was disengaged. At all events he could not object to being asked."

It ended in his carrying off the note in his pocket, and the same evening saw it accepted.

"I really don't know what has come over the fellow," Cecil privately informed his mother. "It was no fancy of mine, he really did look delighted when he read your note, and said he would come straight away, without referring to his engagements or anything. I dare say he was engaged, but he is not the man to stick at that; he would find an excuse sharp enough if he wanted one; and he evidently meant to come to us. Do you think—can it be Ethel? How long did she have of him? And did it strike you that he was taken with her?"

"I certainly observed that he went up to her as soon as the gentlemen appeared after dinner," replied her ladyship, "but we had such a very short time in the drawing-room before we had to leave, and as Ethel said nothing, and we met so many people that same evening at Lady Marion's dance, I forgot all about Sir Frederick Bellenden. He is a remarkably fine looking man, and, I am told, popular in the country. He is, I suppose, resigible?" and she looked inquiringly at her son, for the same idea was in both their minds, and up to her lights Lady Raymond was a good mother and it was a sine qua non with her that any applicant for the hand of either daughter must be "respectable."

"Oh, I should say particularly so," rejoined Cecil. "I have ah—been making inquiries about him once or twice lately. He lives now almost entirely upon his own place, and has gone in for being the country gentleman and all that. He seems quite different from what he used to be in several ways; hardly cares enough far appearances, you know, whereas he used to be such a very great swell. He still goes to the same tailor, but his boots yesterday were simply disgraceful. Made by some village shoemaker down at Bellenden, I should say."

"And very right if they were," said Lady Raymond, briskly. "A landed proprietor ought to encourage his own people. And he has stood for Parliament, too, I hear? Very right, very proper. I did not much care for him as Capt. Bellenden, I own; he was too much the man of fashion for me, but since he has, as you say, turned his attention to a more sensible and rational mode of life, why, there is no reason—no reason"—and she drew herself up emphatically, "why he should not come to our house as often as ever he pleases."

Perhaps it was in accordance with this conclusion that it was arranged to give Bellenden the agreeable Ethel as his partner at the Thursday dinner-party.

Ethel if not strictly good-looking, was charming and accomplished enough, and had enough conversation, and presence, and deportment to make her quite sufficiently attractive, her mother felt, for any sensible man, especially for one who had now settled down on his own estates, and was not ashamed to be seen in Pall Mall in boots made by his own village shoemaker.

It is impossible to say to what the indescribable pleasure she experienced in the mental contemplation of those boots can be attributed. They seemed to her to be a landmark in the young baronet's life, in them she felt she had something tangible, indisputable to point to, something to take hold of. They formed a distant line of demarcation between the past and present in her eyes. A man who could wear stout village boots, roughly toed and broadly heeled, at his club, and up and down St. James' and Piccadilly, must be, let who would gainsay it—a man of fiber, a man of resolution and principle; a man, in short worthy of herself, her family, and her daughter.

She prepared for her Thursday dinner-party with a sense of unwonted exhilarant on.

Geraldine was to be present at it, but not Mrs. Campbell, who was to take her granddaughter on to a very grand reception at some foreign embassy, and who considered she would not be equal to more on one night. Granny had sometimes been a little overdone of late, and now husbanded her strength more jealously. She would, she said, call for Geraldine a little before 11 o'clock.

"And Cecil goes with them," said Lady Raymond, informing her husband. "He has secured an invitation for himself, although he could not get one for us. It is a pity the girl's should not go, I must say, for it would have been such an excellent opportunity for them to have talked French, and they so seldom have that opportunity; but, however I am glad Cecil goes. Geraldine will not feel uncomfortable if she has him. I dare say her French is poor enough! What advantages can she have had in that out-of-the-way place, you know?"

"Humph! She seems to do uncommonly well without them," retorted the old peer, with a knowing look. It struck him that if his wife should now be lamenting the few opportunities his daughter had for airing a language, the advantage of acquiring which had been so often dinned into his ears, he hardly saw the force of her arguments. Here was her niece whom he understood, for he kept his ears open—to be running the gauntlet as one of the acknowledged beauties and fortunes of the season, being lamented over, moreover for a deficiency which in all probability would never come to light. It was humorous and Lord Raymond had more humor than any of his family. He saw the fun of the thing, and his eyes twinkled.

"So Jerry goes and they stay away," he said, "well I don't suppose it will be much odds in the long run. You do not imagine the embassy is a desert land of France? If Jerry likes to spout their lingo, the mounseers no doubt will let her, and pay her every compliment about it under the sun; but I warrant she needs none of it to help her along."

"My dear Raymond, not to speak French looks so shockingly ignorant."

"Which is worse? Not to speak it, or to speak it badly?"

"Really, I hardly know. Both are bad."

"Well, I don't speak it at all, and you, my dear, speak it abominably—even I can perceive that—so now which of us is the most 'shockingly ignorant,' eh? I dare say little Geraldine could give us points equally," added my lord, who was a bit of a bear, and who now went off chuckling over the snub so happily administered.

His wife, however, turned to Cecil for consolation.

"I am very glad you are going to the foreign reception on Thursday," she added; "but I do wish Cecil, you could have obtained an invitation for your sisters also. You know what excellent linguists they are, and it is really a pity they should not have this opportunity for showing it. Sir Frederick Bellenden is a good French scholar also, I remember hearing," added she, carelessly.

"He is not likely to be going, mother."

"Is he not? But no doubt he could go if he chose, and if we went, we could give him a seat in our carriage, and all go comfortably together. You will, of course, accompany my mother and Geraldine."

"I do not think he would care to go," responded Cecil, following her train of thought with acumen and sympathy. "But I will see what can be done. I will try to-day, and if I succeed, I will take care Bellenden knows."

Then Lady Raymond went out and herself ordered her turbot and salmon, her whitebait, and larks, and truffles, and what not—for she was by no means too great a lady to know anything of such matters, and although she had been left behind to potter about the rooms, get the chimneys cleaned, and the carpets shaken, get the proper "spring cleaning," in short, generally accomplish,—so that her ladyship, having held high conference with the lesser luminary, willingly proceeded to do her part—by no means an unpleasant one of driving about on a lovely June morning, ordering in all that was grateful to the eye, and tempting to the palate, from fishmonger, and poulterers, and fruiterers.

Her mind was very busy, and her heart light that gladsome morning. She shook her head quite graciously at the persevering flower girl's, who would not be dissuaded from hovering round her carriage in hopes of a purchaser; she did not scold her coachman, who trundled her through some long, disagreeable, and narrow streets, whereas she could herself have shown him a quicker and better route; she praised the freshness of the fish and flowers, the size of the pigeons, and plumpness of the poultry. Nothing came amiss to her.

If only she could be thus driving about, and stepping in and out of the shops, ordering her darling Ethel's trousseau!

Or, even dear Geraldine's—dear to her as a daughter already—as she was ready to assure Cecil at any moment when he should make known to her the crowning of his hopes and her own.

She would not more willingly exert herself for the one than for the other, for the daughter than for the neice.

As for the young people themselves, every one had but to see that Cecil and Geraldine were made for each other.

From his boyhood her son had made Inchmarew his second home; and how delightful it would be for her dear mother, now in the decline of life, to have him come, and take up his abode there permanently, instead of having to undergo the anxiety and uncertainty of finding out who or what some other choice of Geraldine's might prove to be.

The risk was always so great when an heiress chose among her suitors. But such a man as Cecil! And such a favorite as he had always been of his grandmother's. Could anything be more perfect?

Strange to say granny did not see it so.

She was fond of young Raymond, her only grandson, regarding him in the light of a dear, kind, useful boy, whom she could talk to or not, just as she chose; who could be left by himself in the drawing-room to wait if she were not inclined to come down to him at any time; whom she could dictate to on some points, and take counsel with on others who was, in short, unimpeachable in the capacity in which he at present stood—but she could not see him in any other. Least of all did her fancy his hanging his hat up permanently at Inchmarew, and her beautiful Gegaldine, the pride of her heart, the queen of the day, was going no further and faring no better than only her cousin, whom she might have had any moment of her life, and without budging an inch from her own doorstep.

Not but what the boy was well enough, and had he been any one else, any one but the lad she had seen grow up through all the stages of petticoats and nurseydom, and jacket and trousers and schoolboydom, she might have put up with him; she would have liked her child to be 'my lady'—yes and she would not have minded some of the Campbell money passing into the Raymond hands; but—but—and the upshot was that she had hitherto declined to perceive any hints and innuendos thrown out upon the subject.

Charlotte had thought her mother uncommonly dense at the first, but had latterly wondered whether there had not been some cause for the slight deafness, or absence of mind, or the like with which the old lady had parried her attempts. She was not altogether sorry that Geraldine was to come alone—as she could do to her own aunt's house—on Thursday.

Gerald was to have Cecil's arm to the dinner-table, of course.

Cecil had not said a word when the paper with its lists of names and appropriations had been submitted for his approval; but she had understood, nevertheless, that all was right. And when it had further come to light that by Lady Raymond's adjustment of her table, Geraldine would have on her other side a quiet old gentleman, whose attention would certainly be fixed upon his plate during the greater portion of the meal, Cecil had still cheerfully sanctioned everything.

But alas! for the "best laid schemes o' mice and men!"

Thursday came, and with it the appointed guests, save and except one—a lady.

A lady, and a somewhat inportant one, had been detained by illness, and poor Lady Raymond's face fell at least an inch as she strove not to appear too much disconcerted on her own account, and sufficiently anxious on that of her friend.

But it was hard work.

Here was Mr. Le Masserer, their country member, a man of considerable standing, their own neighbor and ally, yet not one too intimately known—here was he left in the lurch. A man with a temper and a dignity moreover, and worst of all, a man of whom Lord Raymond had a favor to ask.

It was out of the question that he should be unprovided for, whoever was. And she had not a minute to consider, and here was her husband signalling to her with raised eyebrows and portentous side glances, and at any moment the dinner might be announced.

She murmured one word in his ear. He nodded. Another whisper. Another acquiescing nod. The next instant it was "Mr. Le Masserer, will you take my daughter Ethel into dinner? We had hoped to have given you Lady Dawlish, but she has, unfortunately failed us," with the necessary explanation.

So far, well; but, of course, Lady Dawlish's defection could no more be permitted to bereave Sir Frederick Bellenden than Mr. Le Masserer. In a trice he had been coupled with Geraldine Campbell, and the unfortunate Cecil was seen to be the victim of the whole, the stranded solitary, the one who had a real and just cause for uttering maledictions on her ladyship's complaint, her absence, and the havoc she had wrought.

He could not even slip in on his cousin's other side.

All the table had been disarranged when at last he got down, and the places on either side of Bellenden and his partner had been held, and as neither of them had beard a word as to the cause of disarray, or indeed had been aware of any disarray at all, all having been so quietly and elegantly managed, each was now silently wondering why they had been so brought together? Bellenden conjectured that his hostess must be a sensible woman who would not throw her daughter at any one's head—Geraldine fancied it must be Cecil's doings.

He was always speaking to her of Bellenden, and the more she showed that the subject was distasteful, the more would it seem as if he were impelled to pursue it. That he should have desired his mother to deliver her over for the next two hours to the sole society and entertainment of a man for whom he was aware she had once experienced a feeling which she would fain now have buried in oblivion, was strange, and was hardly like Cecil, invariably attentive, courteous, and obliging; but if it had been done from a desire on the part of the extremely well mannered young gentleman that she should vindicate her own claim to an equal share of good-breeding by her deportment on so trying an occasion, she was ready to carry out his wishes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Title Acknowledged.

When Marshal Lefebvre was made Duke of Dantzic, the new duchess (who was the original of Sardou's Mme. Sans-Gene) want to the Tulleries to thank the Empress Josephine. As Mme. la Marechale had not demanded an audience, the usher, accustomed to call her by that name, entered to take the orders of the chamberlain-in-waiting; he returned and addressed her: "Mme. la Marechale may enter." The lady looked askance at him, but entered the salon, and the Empress, rising, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying, with engaging graciousness: "How is the Duchess of Dantzic?" La Marechale, instead of answering, winked intelligently, and then, turning toward the usher, who was in the act of shutting the door: "Hey, my boy," said she, "what do you think of that?"

Lost Her Money.

Ouida is reported to be poor now, after a considerable career of extravagance. One who knows her says that "life without riches, perfumed boudoir, priceless bits of china, and the rest will seem almost a desert to her," but for the present she is retrenching. She has sold her Italian palace and fittings, and his living quietly. Part of her large earnings has been lost in reckless speculation.

—The first building and loan association in the country was organized near Philadelphia in 1831.

—Soldiers in the United States Army lose on an average twenty-one days every year from illness.

—An injured nail on the right hand will be renewed ten days or two weeks sooner than if on the left.

Cast iron blocks are being substituted for granite blocks along the tramway rails in Paris streets.

—The two fields of Waterloo and Linden are each covered with a crop of crimson poppies every year.

—According to Muller the total number of words, or rather ideas, expressed by Chinese characters is 43,596.

—A fatal fall from a great height is said to be painless, as unconsciousness precedes the crash of concussion.

—A new application of electro plating is the sealing of cans of fruits and meat, and of bottles of chemicals.

—Automatic machines have been devised for use on a moving train which mechanically record the condition of every foot of the track.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "A Call to Outsiders."

TEXT: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."—John x., 16.

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we may fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park at which we may look through the barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the deer and the statuary and pluck the flowers and fruits in the royal conservatory. No. It is the Father's orchard, and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood next to the country schoolhouse there was an orchard of apples, owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. One day, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by the same temptation, some of us invaded that orchard, but soon retreated, for the man came after us at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse and cried out, "Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you."

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business here, though the Lord wants them all to come and take the largest and ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea, because you were baptized at thirteen months of age, and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, that therefore you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for I shall place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there, for, as Christ said to His favored people long ago, so He says to you and to me, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

MacDonald, the Scotchman, has four or five dozen head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather; some of them are lying down under the trees; some of them are in his yard—they are scattered around in eight or ten different places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have thirty sheep. I have just counted them." "No," says MacDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than that. Some are here and some are elsewhere. They are scattered all around about. I have 4000 or 5000 in my flocks. Other sheep I have which are not in this fold."

So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians, and there is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pedo-Baptist fold, the only difference between these last two being the mode of sheep washing, and so they are scattered all over, and we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousands of the Lord's sheep, but Christ responds: "No, no. You have not seen more than one out of 1000 of My flock. They are scattered all over the earth. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'"

Christ in my text was prophesying the conversion of the gentiles with as much confidence as though they were already converted, and He is now, in the words of my text, prophesying the coming of a great multitude of outsiders that you never supposed would come in, saying to you and saying to me, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

In the first place, I remark that the Heavenly Shepherd will find many of His sheep among the nonchurchgoers. There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves which by chemical preparation have had all the greenness and verdure taken off them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week and with ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as they shine one week. But the other kind of a church is an armory, with perpetual sound of drum and fife, gathering recruits for the Lord of Hosts. We say to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side—the safe side and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are sandals to put upon your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breastplate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battlefield. Quit your selves like men."

There are some here who say, "I stopped going to church ten or twenty years ago." My brother, is it not strange that you should be the first man I should talk to to-day? I know all your case. I know it very well. You have not been accustomed to come into religious assemblage, but I have a surprising announcement to make to you—you are going to become one of the Lord's sheep. "Ah," you say, "it is impossible. You don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about it. I have wandered up and down the world, and I understand your case. I have a still more startling announcement to make in regard to you—you are not only going to become one of the Lord's sheep, but you will become one to-day. You will stay after this service to be talked with about your soul. People of God, pray for that man. That is the only use for you here. I shall not break off so much as a crumb for you, Christians, in this sermon, for I am going to give it all to the outsiders. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

When the Atlantic went to pieces on Mars' rock, and the people clambered upon the beach, why did not that heroic minister of the gospel of whom we have all read sit down and take care of those men on the beach, wrapping them in flannels, kindling fire for them, seeing that they got plenty of food? Oh, he knew that there were others who would do that. He says: "Yonder are men and women freezing in the rigging of that wreck. Boys, launch the boat." And now I see the oar blades bend under the strong pull, but before they reached the rigging a woman was frozen and dead. She was washed off, poor thing. But he says, "There is a man to save," and he cries out: "Hold on five minutes longer, and I will save you. Steady; steady. Give me you hand. Leap into the lifeboat. Thank God, he is saved!" So there are those here to-day who are safe on the shore of God's mercy. I will not spend any time with them at all, but I see there are some who are freezing in the rigging of sin and surrounded by perilous storms. Pull away, my lads! Let us reach them. Alas, one is washed off and gone. There is one more to be saved. Let us push out for that one. Clutch the rope. Oh, dying man, clutch it as with a death grip. Steady, now, on the slippery places. Steady. There—saved, saved! Just as I thought. For Christ has declared that there are some still in the breakers who shall come ashore. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Christ commands His ministers to be fishermen, and when I go fishing I do not want to go among other churches, but into the wide world, not sitting along Hohokus creek, where eight or ten other persons are sitting with hook and line, but, like the fishermen of Newfoundland, sailing off and dropping net away outside, forty or fifty miles from shore. Yes, there are nonchurchgoers here who will come in. Next Sabbath they will be here again or in some better church. They are this moment being swept into Christian associations. Their voice will be heard in public prayer. They will die in peace, their bed surrounded by Christian sympathies and to be carried out by devout men to be buried, and on their graves be sculpted the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." And on resurrection day you will get up with the dear children you have already buried and with your Christian parents who have already won the palm. And all the grand and glorious history begins this hour. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

I remark again, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of His sheep among those who are positive rejectors of Christianity. I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through hearing Theodore Parker preach, or through reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," or through the infidel talk of some young man in your store. It may have been through the trickery of some professed Christian man who disgusted you with religion. I do not ask you how you became so, but you frankly tell me that you do reject it. You do not believe that Christ is a divine being, although you admit that He was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think there are some very fine things in it. You believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are fifty things that I believe that you do not believe. And yet you are an accommodating man. Everybody that knows you says that of you. If I should ask you to do a kindness for me, or if any one else should ask of you a kindness, you would do it. Now, I have a kindness to ask of you to-day. It is something that will cost you nothing and will give me great delight. I want you by experiment to try the power of Christ's religion. If I should come to you, and you were very sick, and doctors had given you up and said there was no chance for you, and I should take out a bottle and say: "Here is a medicine that will cure you. It has cured fifty people, and it will cure you," you would say, "I have no confidence in it." I would say, "Won't you take it to oblige me?" "Well," you would say, "if it's my accommodation to you, I'll take it." My friend, will you be just as accommodating in matters of religion? There are some of you who have found out that this world cannot satisfy your soul. You are like the man who told me one Sabbath after the service was over: "I have tried this world and found it an insufficient portion. Tell me of something better." You have come to that. You are sick for the need of divine medicament.

Now I come and tell you of a physician who will cure you, who has cured hundreds and hundreds who were as sick as you are. "Oh," you say, "I have no confidence in Him." But will you not try Him? Accommodate me in this matter; oblige me in this matter; just try Him. I am very certain He will cure you. You reply, "I have no especial confidence in Him, but if you ask me as a matter of accommodation introduce Him." Well, I introduce Him—Christ the Physician who has cured more blind eyes and healed more ghastly wounds and bound up more broken hearts than all the doctors since the time of Æsculapius. That Divine Physician is here. Are you not ready to try him? Will you not, as a pure matter of experiment, try Him and state your case before Him this hour? Hold nothing back from Him. If you cannot pray, if you do not know how to pray any other way, say: "O Lord Jesus Christ, this is a strange thing for me to do. I know nothing about the formulas of religion. Those Christian people have been talking so long about what Thou canst do for me. I am ready to do whatever Thou commandest me to do. I am ready to take whatever Thou commandest me to take. If there be any power in religion, as these people say, let me have the advantage of it." Will you try that experiment now? I do not at this point of my discourse say that there is anything in religion, but I simply say try it, try it. Do not take my counsel or the counsel of any clergyman, if you despise clergymen. Perhaps we may be prejudiced in the matter; perhaps we may be hypocritical in our utterances; perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some very respectable laymen, as John Milton, the poet; as William Wilberforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician. They never preached or pretended to preach, and yet putting down, one his telescope, and another his parliamentary scroll, and another his electrician's wire, they all declare the adaptedness of Christ's religion to the wants and troubles of the world. If you will not take the recommendation of ministers of the gospel, then take the recommendation of highly respectable laymen.

O men, skeptical and struck through with unrest, would you not like to have some of the peace which broods over our souls to-day? I know all about your doubts. I have been through them all. I have gone through all the curriculum. I have doubted whether there is a God, whether Christ is God, I have doubted whether the Bible was true, I have doubted the immortality of the soul, I have doubted my own existence. I have doubted everything, and yet out of that hot desert of doubt I have come into the broad, luxuriant, sunshiny land of gospel hope and peace and comfort, and so I have confidence in preaching to you and asking you to come in. However often you may have spoken against the Bible, or however much you may have caricatured religion, step ashore from that rocking and tumultuous sea. If you go home to-day adhering to your infidelities, you will not sleep one wink. You do not want your children to come up with your skepticism. You cannot afford to die in that midnight darkness, can you? If you do not believe in anything else, you believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Then let me tell you that God loves you more than them all. Oh, you must come in. You will come in! The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and Jesus this very moment—whether you sit or stand—looks into your eyes and says, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Again I remark that the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many sheep among those who have been flung of evil habits. It makes me sad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and after they had run out there was nothing to touch the depth of a very bad case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the brakes and bushes for the lost man than they have been looking for that lost soul. People tell us that if a man have delirium tremens twice he cannot be reclaimed; that after a woman has sacrificed her integrity she cannot be restored. The Bible has distinctly intimated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon 490 times—that is seventy times seven. There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin, but saved by the grace of Jesus and washed in His blood they stand there radiant now. There are those who plunged into the very lowest of all the hells in New York who have for the tenth time been lifted up, and finally, by the grace of God, they stand in heaven gloriously rescued by the grace promised to the chief of sinners. I want to tell you that God loves to take hold of a very bad case. When the church casts you off, and when the club room casts you off, and when society casts you off, and when business associates casts you off, and when father casts you off, and when mother casts you off, and when everybody casts you off, your first cry for help will send the eternal God clear down into the ditch of your suffering and shame.

The Good Templars cannot save you, although they are a grand institution. The Sons of Temperance cannot save you, although they are mighty for good. Signing the temperance pledge cannot save you, although I believe in it. Nothing but the grace of the eternal God can save you, and that will if you will throw yourself on it. There is a man in this house who said to me: "Unless God helps me I cannot be delivered. I have tried everything, sir, but now I have got in the habit of prayer, and when I come to a drinking saloon I pray that God will take me safe past, and I pray until I am past. He does help me." For every man given to strong drink there are scores of traps set, and when he goes out on business to-morrow he will be in infinite peril, and no one but the everywhere present God can see that man through. Oh, they talk about the catacombs of Naples, and the catacombs of Rome, and the catacombs of Egypt—the burial places under the city where the dust of a great multitude lies—but I tell you New York has its catacombs, and Boston its catacombs, and Philadelphia its catacombs. They are the underground restaurants, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness. Young man, you know it. God help you. There is no need of going into the art gallery to see in the skillful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his sons wound around with serpents. There are families represented in this house that are wrapped in the martyrdom of fang and scale and venom—a living Laocoon of ghastliness and horror. What are you to do? I am not speaking into the air. I am talking to hundreds of men who must be saved by Christ's gospel or never saved at all. What are you going to do?

Do not put your trust in bromide of potassium, or in jamaica ginger, or anything that apothecaries can mix. Put your trust only in the eternal God, and He will see you through. Some of you do not have temptations every day. It is a periodic temptation that comes every six weeks, or every three months, when it seems as if the powers of darkness kindle around about your tongue the fires of the pit. It is well enough at such a time, as some of you do, to seek medical counsel, but your first and most importunate cry must be to God. If the fiends will drag you to the slaughter, make them do it on your knees. O God, now that the paroxysm of thirst is coming again upon that man, help him! Fling back into the pit of hell the fiend that assaults his soul this moment. Oh, my heart aches to see men go on in this fearful struggle without Christ.

There are in this house those whose hands so tremble from dissipation that they can hardly hold a book, and yet I have to tell you that they will yet preach the gospel, and on communion days carry around consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, because of their holy life and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

While I have hope for all prodigals, there are some people in this house whom I give up. I mean those who have been churchgoers all their life, who have maintained outward morality, but who, notwithstanding twenty, thirty, forty years of Christian advantages, have never yielded their heart to Christ. They are gospel hardened. I could call their names now, and if they would rise up they would rise up in scores. Gospel hardened! A sermon has no more effect upon them than the shining moon on the city pavement. As Christ says, "The publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of God before them." They have resisted all the importunity of divine mercy and have gone during these thirty years through most powerful earthquakes of religious feeling, and they are farther away from God than ever. After awhile they will lie down sick, and some day it will be told that they are dead. No hope!

But I turn to outsiders with a hope that thrills through my body and soul. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." You are not gospel hardened. You have not heard or read many sermons during the last few years. As you came in to-day everything was novel, and all the services are suggestive of another day. How sweet the opening hymn sounded in your ears, and how blessed is this hour! Everything suggestive of heaven. You do not weep, but the shower is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark! God help me! God pity me!" Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition that sets all heaven flying this way, and God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennels, and around about the poor wounded soul puts the cover of His pardoning mercy. Hark, I hear something—something fall! What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The shepherd lets them down, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in, some of them their fleece torn with the brambles, some of them their feet lame with the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

A Remarkable Tribute.

The recent meeting of the North Dakota Legislature in joint memorial session to express the common sorrow that prevails throughout North Dakota over the death of Mrs. Hansbrough, the wife of the senior Senator from that State, is perhaps the first instance of the kind on record. There is not in mind a similar occurrence as transpiring in any other commonwealth of the Union, and it will ever be stand as a credit to the new north State that its Legislature is the first to meet in joint memorial session to pay tribute to the memory of a woman. The proceedings of this remarkable assemblage were of a most interesting nature, the speeches by prominent Senators and members of the Legislature being unusually eloquent and touching. Upon the announcement of the death of Mrs. Hansbrough both houses of the Legislature, then in session at Bismarck, immediately adjourned, committees of the two branches were appointed to draft resolutions, and a week later the two houses met in joint session.

Lieutenant-Governor Worst presided, and made a feeling address, speaking of the suffering uncomplainingly endured by Mrs. Hansbrough for over four years. The joint committee on resolution presented its report, extending the sympathy of the Legislature of the State to the Senator in the time of his bereavement. Remarks were made, in seconding the resolution, by Representatives Prosser, of Ramsay County, and Edwards, of Cass, and Senators Day, of Ramsay; Gregory, of Ward; Stevens, of Dickey, and Burke, of Rolette, after which the resolutions were adopted by a rising vote, and this remarkable legislative session adjourned.

A Matter of Taste.

Two little oranges in Chicago, the other day, brought twelve physicians and several fruit dealers into consultation. After an hour of serious conversation on the scientific points involved it was found necessary to perform an operation. This consisted in dissecting the two oranges. The recent freezing of one-half of the Florida orange crop, meaning a loss to growers of over $2,500,000, was what brought about the consultation. No one of the twelve physicians could tell the chilled orange from the good one. There apparently was no difference, and the dealers were consequently happy. This did not end their troubles, however, as the consumers declined to be convinced, and, to emphasize the fact, continued to a man to buy California oranges. Chicago people do not appreciate the favor of having their fruit iced, no matter how nice it tastes.

Death of the Original Train Robber.

John Reno is dead at Columbus, Ind. He was a member of the first train robbing gang in the United States. He planned the idea for several years and made a success of it in the end, but his brothers were hanged in 1869. In 1866 an express train, then known as "the south-bound J. M. and I" fast train, was stopped at Rockfort station. The robbers entered at a side door and soon overpowered the expressman, securing packages of money amounting to $90,000. Fully this amount was dropped from the car window and left lying on the track, the thieves being unable to carry away the spoils.

Menacing Onlookers in China.

In Chinese waters at present Great Britain has twenty-eight war ships, representing a total water displacement of 71,943 tons and an ordnance armament of 212 guns. Russia has twenty-two ships of 71,590 tons displacement, carrying 346 guns, and France thirteen vessels, representing 29,548 tons displacement and armed with 155 guns. Although numerically smaller, it will be noted that the Russian fleet is stronger than the British by 134 guns.

News in Brief.

—A horseshoe to be affixed without nails has been invented.

Charles II. was the mutton eating King from his fondness for spring lamb.

—Leon Lilienfield, a young chemist in Berlin, has produced artificial white of egg.

—The African ostrich has but two toes on each foot, and one of them has no claw.

The slashes or openings in an outer garment to show the one beneath were formerly calle panes.

—Birds as a rule, cannot focus their eyes on an object save at a considerable distance, and then only with great difficulty.

—Vienna, Austria, is to have an elevated railroad with the wheels on top of the cars, which will hang suspended from the rails.

—A New York florist is selling flower pots and "ground to fill them." They are for window gardeners who live high above the ground.

PORTRAITS BY TELEGRAPH.

Device Especially Useful in Aiding to Detect Criminals.

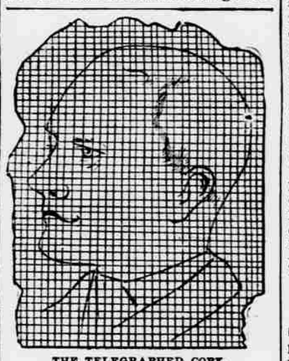
With no tools but a working wire, a stump of a lead pencil and a sheet of paper ruled off into minute squares, a San Francisco inventor, Charles Willoughby, says he can telegraph a picture of anything anywhere, around the globe as well as from one room to another.

THE ORIGINAL COPY.

A few months ago he evolved out of the simple process of checkers by wire his ingenious system of photo-telegraphy, as he has chosen to call it on his application for a patent. The process and the system are very similar. On the telegrapher's checkerboard the squares are indicated by figures or letters, and in the system by which pictures are telegraphed the squares are infinitely smaller, and are located by combining letters and figures.

Here, for example, is a picture as it goes over the wire: Da93 Cu89 Cp87 Cm85 Z Cm82 & Ck81 & half, Cb80 Z2 Dd56 break, etc.

It looked rather like a cryptogram to the inventor's audience of one, but Willoughby was ready for a practical test of his invention. He sat down with a sheet of finely ruled paper, and as the groups of letters and figures were read off to him his pencil described straight lines, curves and curls, some heavy and some light, and when the reader with a sigh of relief said "Nabob," the last word of the cryptogram, the inventor held up an outline picture of a man's head, almost an exact reproduction of the original at which he not not once glanced while he worked. Measured together the drawings showed hardly so much as a hair's breadth of difference.



THE TELEGRAPHED COPY.

HE IS SORRY FOR HIS SINS.

How Chinese Penitents Make It Profitable to Reform.

This Chinese person deserves no sympathy, though he is suffering physical pain inflicted by his own desire, and doubtless for money-making purposes. A long bodkin has been thrust through both his cheeks. His eyes are nearly closed, and the large photograph from which this picture was made plainly shows the torture that is depicted in the man's face. He is voluntarily doing penance for his sins, and the story of his various enormities is told in large characters on the board behind him.

Although he is suffering, he derives both pleasure and profit from this act of self-immolation. The public heart is touched to see this young man so very, very sorry for the evil he has done, and the public pocketbook flies open and coppers are showered on him, for, of course, he cannot do anything to support himself while he is standing here advertising his wickedness. On this side of the sea we would probably call him an impostor and a mendicant, and lock him up. But in China his action is looked upon as very commendable. He has probably been drafted into the Chinese army.

A VERY WICKED YOUNG MAN.

The Song's Composer.

Banks—What's Fred doing down?

Tanks—He's trying to write a popular song.

Banks—Heavens! Does he want to become the most unpopular man in the United States?—New York World.

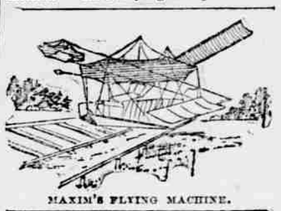
Easier to Get Trusted.

Featherstone—"Well, I suppose I've got to get me a new suit, and I ought to order it right away." Ringway—"Why don't you get a ready-made suit?" Featherstone—"I would, old man, but I can't afford it."—Clothier and Furnisher.

MAXIM'S FLYING MACHINE.

It Has Been Given Its First Public Exhibition in England.

Hiram S. Maxim's flying-machine made its first public appearance in England recently, when it was exhibited at Baldwyn's Park, Bexley, in aid of the funds of the Bexley Cottage Hospital. Mr. Maxim's experiments have been so far perfected on the basis of his observation that while small birds, such as sparrows, are able to move in any direction through the air, it is quite impossible for very large birds, such as the condor and some other forms of vultures, to rise in the air in a vertical direction. To use Mr. Maxim's own words, these latter "can only rise by taking a long run, and then, springing into the air, work their wings very vigorously for a short time, and raise themselves in the air at an incline." "In studying the question of



MAXIM'S FLYING MACHINE.

a flying-machine," says Mr. Maxim, "I came to the conclusion that it would have to raise itself after the manner of the large birds; that is, it would have to run along the earth