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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 I—Continued.

"I walked up to the Hall this morning," resumed Miss L'Estrange, when they had moved to the drawing room, "to look for that passage of Pope, about which you are so mistaken, and there found the squire, eating his breakfast at ten o'clock."

Winton muttered something inarticulately.

"Then he told me that Mrs. Ruthven, Lord and Lady Derrington and a lot of people were coming to stay, that he was going to give a grand ball to town and country folk, and to have great doings. So, mind, Mr. Winton, you are not to run away shabbily, but stay, like a self-sacrificing Christian, and dance with me."

Winton glanced at her, a slow smile brightening his face.

"And when I have sacrificed myself," he said, "you will show me your card filled up with the names of the golden youths who hover about you?"

"That is a base libel! At all events, shall have no court of Eton boys and ineligibles surrounding me here."

"Marsden is an extraordinary fellow," resumed Winton, thoughtlessly. "The last time I saw him, early in July, he offered me the shooting here, while I was staying with my aunt and the canon, and swore he hated the place, and would never see Eversleigh again if he could help it."

"How unaccountable!" cried Mrs. L'Estrange. "It is such a sweet old place and looks so lovely in autumn!"

"Yes! Do you remember our nutting expeditions when I was home thirteen years ago?"

"I do, indeed," said Mrs. L'Estrange with a quick sigh.

"Have you been thirteen years in India without once coming home?" exclaimed Miss L'Estrange. "I wonder you have any skin left."

"I had nothing to come home for! When Marsden was in India tiger hunting I saw a good deal of him. He was a prime favorite, in great request. They said that the rich Miss Guthrie was desperately annoyed not to have met him before she had pledged herself to her cousin. But as Marsden was only presented to her a couple of days before the wedding, even the charming Celia could not affect an exchange."

"Don't you like Mrs. Ruthven, that you speak so ill-naturedly?" said Miss L'Estrange, looking up from the complicated stitchery with which she was covering the pattern of a handkerchief. "I thought her nice and sympathetic, she was very kind to me."

"She is undoubtedly a charming woman. I may have the bad taste not to like her, that is nothing to the point."

"It is odd! I am afraid you have grown cynical," returned Mrs. L'Estrange, gently.

"I don't think I have."

"Celia," repeated Nora, "what an unusual name."

"Yes; I wonder where old Guthrie found it! It could not have been her mother's, for she was a Portuguese half-caste."

"Yet Mrs. Ruthven is fair," urged Mrs. L'Estrange.

"A caprice of nature, she will darken as she grows older."

"How long has she been a widow?" asked Mrs. L'Estrange.

"About two years. She left India after poor Ruthven's death, and wandered on the Continent till she could doff her weeds. Marsden ought to marry her; she has money enough to put him straight, if, as some say, he is a little dipped."

"He must know that, for he has something to do with her property, has he not?" said Mrs. L'Estrange.

"He is one of her trustees," returned Winton. "The other, an old friend of her father's, died last year. This projected visit and the ball looks as if Marsden was not going to let so rich a prize slip through his fingers."

"I don't think the squire is mercenary," said Nora, thoughtfully, letting her work drop into her lap.

"Perhaps not," replied Winton, carelessly. "Are you going to spend this fine day in the house, Miss L'Estrange?"

"No! I am going to the village. I always give poor old Mrs. Sykes an hour or two in the week. She is the blacksmith's mother, and is quite blind."

"You have soon fallen into English country ways," said Winton, looking steadily at her. "Are you undertaking the part of Lady Bountiful?"

"That I cannot, for excellent reasons," she returned, laughing, "and I am sorry to say I do not like visiting among the poor. I always feel I am intruding, and many of them so soon begin to take what you do as a right, or cringe and whine. Oh! it is so hard to know how best to help them; their lot is hard. I wonder they do not hate the rich more bitterly than they do; I should, I am sure. Life altogether is a terrible puzzle."

"Then don't go and read to this old woman in her stuffy room; come, both of you, and escort me back through Eversleigh Woods. They are looking their best."

Nora colored slightly, but shook her head.

"I must not disappoint poor old Betsy. I really believe my reading is a pleasure to her, and I like it, too; she is a woman of strong character and great intelligence. She and her son are Northumbrians, and he is a very stern, masterful sort of man. I should not like to be his wife."

"Do you intend to rule your future husband, Miss L'Estrange?"

"I have no distant intentions respecting that great unknown; but I am quite sure that equality is the soul of love and friendship. Now," rising, "I must start. Where is yesterday's 'Times,' Helen? My blind old friend prefers a newspaper to the Bible."

"If you will not escort me I will escort you," said Winton.

"With or without my leave?" exclaimed Nora, holding up a finger warningly.

Winton laughed.

"If you are graciously pleased to permit me," he added.

"Very well, you may come," and she left the room.

Winton looked gravely after her for a moment, his brows slightly knit as if he were puzzled—not agreeably puzzled.

Then he turned to Mrs. L'Estrange, and said abruptly:

"It is rather unusual to see step-mother and daughter on such good terms. They generally hate each other like poison. I suspect your nature sweetens the mixture; you were always a bit of an angel."

"You are too flattering, and you do not do Nora justice. She is the kindest girl that ever lived; most fortunately for us. Do you know that everything is hers? She might turn us out penniless if she liked to-morrow. I had no marriage settlement. Colonel L'Estrange was always going to alter his will—which left all he possessed to Nora—but died without having done so; and my poor Bea is quite unprovided for."

"What an infernal shame! They ought never to have allowed you to marry without a proper settlement."

"They? Who?" asked Mrs. L'Estrange with a tinge of bitterness. "I had few friends, and was not particularly self-helpful. They were too glad to find me provided for and off their hands, to raise any question that might delay the happy release. This was only natural! However, if Nora reaches one-and-twenty and is still a free agent, I am sure she will carry out her intention of making a provision for Bea."

"When does she come of age?"

"Next February."

"Hum! Time enough to marry and plague a man's heart out before that!"

"My dear Mark, what has put you out of humor with Nora? You must not dislike her unreasonably."

"Dislike her! she is not the sort of girl any man would dislike! But what a contrast between you two; I strongly suspect she bullies you! What hard lines you have had all your life; I sometimes think over old times and wonder how you pulled through."

He looked at her as he spoke, a wonderfully kind expression softening his eyes.

"I am very happy and tranquil now," returned Mrs. L'Estrange, "so let the past bury its dead."

"If I had been——" Winton was beginning, when Nora returned with her hat on—a very becoming hat.

"Are you not going to walk with us, Helen?"

"No, dear; I promised Bea to take her to see a foal and a baby peacock, at the Home Farm."

"Well, Mein Herr! I await you."

Winton rose, and shook hands with Mrs. L'Estrange.

"My aunt hopes you will come to luncheon to-morrow or on Friday, if you are in the town," he said.

"I will write to her. Good-by for the present."

"Oh! I had almost forgotten," cried Nora, turning back at the door. "The squire said he would come and ask for a cup of coffee this evening about eight."

"He shall have it," returned Mrs. L'Estrange.

Winton, who had passed behind Nora, turned a questioning look on Mrs. L'Estrange, then followed the young lady of Brookdale through the open entrance door into the sunlight beyond, and the sound of their footsteps on the freshly raked gravel soon died away.

Mrs. L'Estrange stepped out on the veranda, and looked after the retreating figures.

"He was always wise and kind," she murmured to herself.

"Mother," cried Beatrice from within, "I am quite ready."

CHAPTER II.

Some ten days later the sun was striving to pierce the sultry haze of an autumnal day in London, and making the half-deserted streets oppressively warm.

A brougham stopped at the door of a well-known hotel in Bond street, and attracted the attention of a waiter lounging on the steps. He descended to ascertain what the occupant wanted. She was a large, distinguished looking woman of more than a certain age, with almost white hair, and black eyes; whose traveling costume of dark gray serge and bonnet of gray straw and black ribbons had evidently been designed by a high-class modiste.

"Is Mrs. Ruthven here?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Is she at home?"

"I'll see, 'm."

The waiter disappeared, and soon returned.

"Mrs. Ruthven is in, ma'am."

"Open the door, then." And the inquirer alighted.

"Who shall I say?"

"Lady Dorrington."

The waiter ushered the visitor upstairs to a handsomely furnished room, where, before a long glass between the windows, stood a small, slight figure in an exquisite ball dress of pale-gold satin with draperies of fine filmy white lace, caught up at one side with drooping bouquets of wonderfully natural violets, clematis and ferns. Two women, one in a dainty cap, the other in a smart hat, were standing back as if they had just desisted from the task of arranging the beautiful costume.

"A thousand apologies, dear Lady Dorrington, for receiving you in this extraordinary apparel; but I would not keep you waiting, as I know you have only a few hours in town!" cried the lady in the ball dress, advancing and shaking hands with her visitor very cordially.

"I am charmed to have a peep at your robe of triumph, as I am sure it will be. It is quite perfect. Don't let me interrupt you; don't postpone the important study of final touches, now that you are full of your subject."

"There is little more to be done. We were just hesitating whether to loop up the lace on the shoulders with small bouquets, or with ruby and diamond butterflies. What do you say, Lady Dorrington?"

"My dear Mrs. Ruthven, I am no judge. I never attempted to dress, I knew it was no use. I just wore solid, serious clothes."

"You have admirable taste, I am sure. I am inclined for the butterflies sparkling among the lace."

"I think, madame," said the dressmaker, deferentially, "there would be an elegant simplicity in the bouquets."

"If madame permits me to speak," cried the maid, in French, "I would say, the rubies and diamonds will be infinitely more distingue."

Mrs. Ruthven stood a moment gazing fixedly at herself in the glass, and then said, decidedly:

"I will wear the butterflies. Bring me a tea gown, Virginie, and remember" (to the dressmaker) "I must have the dress complete by to-morrow; the changes you have to make might be done in an hour."

"Oh, madame! not in an hour!"

"I will return immediately, Lady Dorrington," said Mrs. Ruthven, not heeding her, and sweeping away toward her bedroom, the door of which stood open. "There is such a bad light in my room I was obliged to come here to see how I looked."

Her attendants followed—and Lady Dorrington, taking up "The World," which lay on the sofa, chose a comfortable chair and settled herself.

She had scarcely read half what "The World" says, when Mrs. Ruthven re-entered in a very becoming tea gown—all creamy muslin and lace, lightened by tufty knots of soft crimson ribbon. She was an attractive looking woman, without regular beauty—a soft pale complexion, with a certain richness of tint—a very red-lipped mouth, somewhat pouting—a wide, low forehead, and large, dark, beseeching eyes. Her hair was profuse—of a peculiar yellow, golden tint—and worn in a careless, irregular fringe—which gave orderly and narrow minded people an impression of untidiness.

"And, you do not go direct to Eversleigh?" said Mrs. Ruthven, placing herself on the sofa, and folding one foot under her, with Oriental suppleness.

"No. We leave at four o'clock for Bournemouth. Aunt Ilminster has been very unwell, and wishes to see me."

"Ah, the Duchess of Ilminster!" said Mrs. Ruthven, as if a little impressed. "But how will Mr. Marsden manage his preparations without you?"

"Perfectly well. He has excellent taste; he will order everything, regardless of cost, and leave the payment to Providence."

Mrs. Ruthven smiled, thoughtfully, with downcast eyes, as she opened and shut a large feather fan.

"You are a little hard on your brother! He has a right royal nature—and—a fine estate."

"Yes. An estate that—with a little prudence, and a little ready money—would soon recover itself. I am always impatient with Clifford. He is quite old enough now to give up his follies and take to work, to ambition! There must be some dozen girls in the marriage market with heaps of money, any one of whom would jump at Marsden of Eversleigh. Then Parliament, and a splendid career would be open to a man of his ability! I see him embassador, secretary of foreign affairs—anything—in short," cried Lady Dorrington, laughing, "I am hard on my brother, because I know what he could do—and see how he wastes his life!"

Mrs. Ruthven made no reply; she looked at her fan, and a slight color rose in her cheek.

"I see you have his last photograph," resumed Lady Dorrington. "Bad boy! He refused it to me! Well, dear Mrs. Ruthven, tell me—how are you? I was so sorry to hear you had sprained your ankle!"

"It was only a severe twist, and it is all right again. I was foolish enough to let myself be persuaded to climb down some rocks at Ventnor, and suffered accordingly. One should always stick to one's principle!—and mine is to avoid unnecessary exertion, except riding. I now hope to dance at your brother's ball."

"He will be greatly disappointed if you do not. He looks to you to be queen of the fete; and I fancy the county is on the tiptoe of expectation respecting you also."

"Why! what can they possibly know about me?" asked Mrs. Ruthven, with a pleased smile.

"Oh! we are sad gossips in Blankshire, and deeply interested in possibilities which may affect us socially."

"Does not that Miss L'Estrange, who was staying with you last spring, live near Eversleigh?" asked Mrs. Ruthven abruptly.

"Yes, close by. She has a little property bordering my brother's, and is a distant cousin."

"A little property! I was in hopes it was a big one; for I have an idea Mr. Marsden was a good deal taken in that quarter, nor am I surprised; Miss L'Estrange is a charming girl."

Lady Dorrington glanced at her keenly.

"Oh, very nice, indeed, but I should never forgive her if she married Clifford; and he could not be so insane. He would not marry her. Indeed, a mere inexperienced girl could never be so attractive to him as a woman of the world."

(To be continued.)

Sad Deprivation.

A certain old Doctor J. in Boston, who died long ago, was famous among all his colleagues for his scientific delight in obscure diseases. Introduce him to a strange case, and he betrayed an enthusiasm which nothing save medical zeal seemed to rouse in him. A dear friend of his, a man about his own age, died rather suddenly, and the nephew, also a physician, went to call upon old Doctor J.

"Doctor," he said, when he was admitted to the office, "my uncle died last night."

"What!" cried the doctor, "my dear old friend dead? Dear! dear! that strikes very near home. I shall miss him. I shall, indeed! What did he die of?"

"We don't know, doctor. We want you to come round to-morrow, and make an examination."

The doctor bent over his memorandum book, and whirled the leaves energetically.

"Let me see! to-morrow! No, I've an engagement with Doctor Holmes that can't possibly be put off. My dear boy, got Doctor ——. He's doing some fine work in that line. But I can't tell you how it pains me to say no. I can't tell you——"

The nephew's eyes grew moist. He knew some tribute of friendship to the dead was about to follow, but the doctor continued, with the same warmth and sincerity:

"I can't tell you how much I regret my inability to perform this last favor to my dear old friend!"

Moles can swim with great dexterity, their broad forepaws acting as paddles.

Men dislike details, and women are never content with mere statements of fact.

A man never learns how to step on the tack of adversity with comfort to himself.

Thou must learn to bridle and break thy will in many things, if thou wilt live a quiet life.

Keep your secrets to yourself.

Experience teaches us one thing more certainly than any other, and that is how little we know.

We often repent of what we have said, but never of that which we have not said.

Humor is one of the most deceitful things in the world.

If our faults were written on our faces, how quick we would all hang our heads.

The more money other people make the better chance you will have to make some.

It is human to err, and human nature to say, "I told you so."

When good seed is sown, the better the ground the better the crop.

There is no sweeter repose than that which is brought with labor.

Many a man's income is limited only by the amount he can borrow.

If some men had a bull dog's teeth they would bite when he wouldn't.

Do first thine own duty, and then look that another man do his.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Easter Jubilee."

TEXT: "Death is swallowed up in victory."—I Corinthians xv., 54.

About 1861 Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter until Charles IX made the year begin at Jan. 1. In the Tower of London there is a royal parchment roll of Edward I, on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for 400 colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter.

Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus, at Gaul, at Rome, at Achaia, to decide the particular day, and after a controversy more animated than gracious decided it, and now through all Christendom in some way the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21 is filled with Easter rejoicing. The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears a richer diadem and sways a more jeweled scepter; and in her smile nations are irradiated. We welcome this queenly day, holding high up in her right hand the wrenched off bolt of Christ's sepulcher and holding high up in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

My text is an ejaculation. It is spun out of hallelujahs. Paul wrote right on in his argument about the resurrection and observed all the laws of logic, but when he came to write the words of the text his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory!" It is a dreadful sight to see an army routed and flying. They throw everything valuable on the track. Unwheeled artillery. Hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of 20,000 corpses in the snowbanks of Russia, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethshemesh, while the battle axes, and the hailstorms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's hosts struck them with their fury.

But in my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and maladies and diseases and pestilences of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northeast wind, amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave mound. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread, commanded by consumptions; some in double quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit and some by one stroke of the battleax of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the doors of hospitals and sickrooms and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all the five continents. Forward, march! the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chief, and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars drop under the feet of his war charger.

But one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and miseries of the east it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given Him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth His two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchers will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will finish him from above, and "death shall be swallowed up in victory." The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his scepter, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely cairn of the Arctic explorer and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is the word, "Victory," the victory-crowned word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of triumphal arch under which conquerors return. Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blenheim; at Megiddo and Solferino; at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poitiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the king of terrors and put him back in the niche from which the celestial conqueror had just emerged. Aha, when the jaws of the eastern mausoleum took down the black giant, "death was swallowed up in victory!"

I proclaim the abolition of death. The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloakroom at a governor's or president's levee. We stop at such cloakroom and leave in charge of the servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a king's banquet, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of the world. At the close of our earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter, the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved, refitted and purified and glorified. You and I do not want our bodies returned to us as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses, and all their susceptibilities to fatigue, and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn is better than the sickest patient in the hospital.

But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best moods, in the very best room of the universe, the four walls furnished and paneled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view of course makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepultured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration, let them have it without caricature. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best of earth have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated. P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelist singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rogers cremated by persecution, Latimer and Ridley cremated at Oxford, Pothinus and Blondina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades, cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius. At least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has already been built, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for the resting places, but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body you will have it, I will have it. I say to you to-day as Paul said to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

That far up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East River, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark flats. Up yonder there, embodied in a cloud, and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can He not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drops a telescope on the floor, and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which He originally fashioned, can He not restore it? Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope, by a change of the glass and a change of focus, can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and earth. Resurrected. Resurrected. The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wing, where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb, under a block, were found flower seeds that had been buried 2000 years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up. It bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected. A traveler says he found in a mummy pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there 3000 years ago. He brought them out, and on June 4, 1844, he planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried 3000 years, yet resurrected.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many Nations. The pageantry of bannered hosts and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silk worms! And who shall be surprised if, out of this insignificant earthly life, our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities? Put silver into diluted nitar, and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper, and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves, another force reorganizes.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler and then stopped. They have taken no food; they want none. They lie dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the dead of the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as He does for the wasps, and the spiders, and the snails? This morning at half past 4 o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night, the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not every day a resurrection amid all the graves? Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced.

A trance is death, followed by resurrection after a few days—total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit seemed to have departed. People came in day after day and said, "He is dead; he is dead." But the soul returned, and William Tennent lived to write out experiences of what he had seen while his soul was gone. It may be found some time what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world, from which it comes back—a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return.

Do not this waking up of men from trance and this waking up of grains buried 3000 years ago make it easier for you to believe that your body and mine, after the vacation of the grave, shall rouse and rally, though there be 3000 years between our last breath and the sounding of the archangelic reveille? Physiologists tell us that, while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a blemishment, and the injury of a toe joint makes us lame, still we have two or three apparently useless physical apparati, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell what they are good for. Perhaps they are the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state, to be indispensibly valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbis appear to have had a hint of this suggestion when they said that in the human frame there was a small bone which was to be the basis of the resurrection body. That may have been a delusion. But this thing is certain, that Christian scientists of our day have found out that there are two or three superfluities of the body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with rubbish of carpenter's and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper hangers doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before, when I visited that house, everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend has gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months when the building was to be done.

And, oh, what was his joy when at the end of six months he returned and the old house was enlarged and improved and glorified! That is your body. It looks well now. All the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after awhile your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished and adorned and raised and cupolaed and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a pain and your soul not re-echo it? Or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it, growing wan and weak under the depressing influence? Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step. Surely God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" And the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" And the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven. Victory!

Beef and Petroleum Dearer.

Beef is higher than in twenty years and Pennsylvania petroleum higher than in seven years.

Hawaii's Public Debt.

Hawaii's public debt now amounts to $4,300,000.

Importunity means holding on until you get what you want.

A thoroughly equipped lawyer is always a close law student.

Love often makes a man miserable, but it very seldom kills him.

Our motive power is always found in what we lack.

Economy may be as unwise as extravagance.

Nature never hurries, never halts and never fails.

He that can reason with a child can argue with a sage.

The most unsatisfactory thing in the world is the weather.

God never needs many soldiers when they are led by a Gideon.

A tale bearer is a lower order of creation than a tail wearer.

It is a great thing to know how to take a hint.

A CHOCOLATE FACTORY

WHAT COCOA IS AND HOW IT IS MADE

The Raw Product Comes From Venezuela and is of Many Different Kinds—Cocoa Butter.

THE biggest chocolate factory in this country is in New York. It uses 100,000 pounds of the beans in a year. They are not at all pretty to look at. From their appearance one would never suppose that such delicious preparations could be made from them. Most of them come from Venezuela. The concern described ordinarily keeps in stock as many as fifteen different kinds of them. Varieties differ so much in quality that prices paid for them run all the way from fifteen cents to seventy-five cents a pound raw. Fine chocolates are made from a mixture of the different sorts of beans in carefully adjusted portions, a few pounds of the best in each hundredweight contributing flavor.

The broken chocolate kernels, duly mixed, are poured into a hopper on the seventh floor. They fall through a metal tube all the way down to the first floor of the building. There they drop into a machine which grinds them between two great steel disks revolving horizontally in the fashion of a mill. From this mill they come out by a spout—not dry any longer, but in the form of a thick liquid. This is because the beans contain forty-five per cent. of oil. The cells holding the latter are broken by the grinding process, and the oil liquefies the powdered substance.

The processes by which the beans are transformed into commercial chocolate are very interesting. To begin with, they are roasted. Then they are broken in a mill, coarsely. Next, they are sifted. The shells separated from the kernels by sifting are sold for half a cent a pound to wholesale grocers, who grind them up to adulterate pepper with. Incidentally to the same process the vegetative germs of the beans are removed. It is desired to get rid of them because they are too hard to be utilized to advantage; but they are purchased by manufacturers of cheap candies for making a poor quality of chocolate. Each germ looks somewhat like a little clove. All of this work is performed on the seventh floor of the factory.

The chocolate beans are called "cocoa beans." The liquid stuff, somewhat thicker than molasses, is termed "cocoa." It is transformed into the chocolate of commerce simply by adding sugar. It is commonly imagined that cocoa is made from the shells of the beans, but such a notion is absurd. What cocoa is really will be presently explained. The liquid stuff is transferred to a circular receptacle on which huge rollers go round. Then sugar is put in. The rollers mix the cocoa liquid and the sugar thoroughly together. When this has been done the mixture is passed through other machines with rollers revolving against each other. It goes through them again and again, until it is so finely divided that there is not the smallest lump in it. Now it is finished and has merely to be cooled in molds in the refrigerating room in order to be ready for sale.

Commercial cocoa is exactly the same thing as chocolate, without any sugar, and with two-thirds of the oil taken away. Hence, in a dry state, it has little more flavor than so much dust. By subjecting the liquid stuff to pressure the oil is squeezed out of it. Of the original forty-five per cent. of oil thirty per cent. is extracted, leaving only fifteen per cent. This oil is caught in tubs. It is clear and limpid—almost as transparent as water. Poured into molds it hardens when cold, and is thus turned out in the shape of great cakes of a yellowish-white color. These cakes are sold to apothecaries and other dealers. They are pure "cocoa butter." To a great extent this soothing and deliciously fragrant substance has taken the place of the old fashioned cold cream. It is admirable for sun-burned noses and for chapped hands. In South America the natives have recognized its virtues for many centuries.

Cocoa butter, obtained from the chocolate factories, is sold by the ton wholesale. It is a useful and profitable by product of this sort of manufacture. But how about the cocoa? It comes out from the pressing apparatus in the form of dry cakes. These are reduced to powder beneath rollers, and the powder is then sifted through cloth to an impalpable dust. Now it is ready for market and is poured into a machine which fills cans with it automatically. The cocoa butter is put to another use. Some of it is added to the chocolate that is employed for coating creams and other candies, because it makes the flavor richer. The chocolate tablets for nickel-in-the-slot machines are made in molds and set in the refrigerating room to harden. Some people make a sort of tea out of cocoa beans and recommend it highly.

The factory described uses most of its chocolate in making candies and the greater part of that for coating creams and nuts. The way in which the creams are made is very odd. A shallow tray of wood is filled with finely sifted flour. Upon the smooth surface of this is laid down a board, the under side of which is covered with excrescences in whatever shapes may be desired. The board being removed perfect molds of the excrescences are left in the flour. A number of such trays of molds having been provided, the workman goes along with a cone of canvas filled with "cream," which is simply sugar and water boiled and flavored. At the point of the cone is a small copper spout, through which the operator squeezes enough cream into each mold to fill the latter. Now it only remains for the stuff to harden, and the trays are dumped into a sifter, thus separating the molded cream drops from the flour.

The cream drops next pass into the hands of a young woman with deft fingers, who drops them one after another into a copper pot filled with hot chocolate. As she fishes them out again she places them in rows upon sheets of waxed paper, which cover rectangular pieces of tin. To each one she gives a final touch, as she sets it down, by a twirl of her fingers, which makes a sort of curlycue of chocolate on the top of it. To do this properly requires great dexterity, though one would imagine that the entire process was extremely simple and easy. It is just the same if peppermints are to be chocolate-coated, or marshmallows or nuts. When finished in this manner the lollipops are placed, tin trays and all, upon shelves in a sort of cabinet on rollers. Here each trayful is carefully inspected by the foreman, who must see that every sugar plum is perfect.—Washington Star.

The Spanish Bull

The bulls used for fighting purposes are specially-selected, specially-cared-for class. They are all pedigreed. Andalusia is especially the district of the bull. Here, at the age of one year, the young bulls are separated from the heifers, branded with the owner's mark, and turned out loose on the plains to graze with others of their own age.

When a year older, the young bulls are gathered together, in order that their mettle and fighting qualities may be tested. One of them is separated from the herd, and chased by a man on horseback, who, by the skillful use of a blunted lance, overthrows the escaping bull, whereupon another rider comes in front of the animal with a sharper lance, to withstand the expected attack. If the bull, on regaining his feet, attacks the rider twice, it is passed as a fighting animal; but if he turns tail and runs off, then it is set aside to be killed, or to be used in agricultural work. And so with each animal, until the whole herd of two-year-olds have been tested.

Each bull that has stood the test successfully is then entered in the herd book, with a description of its appearance, and receives a name—such as Espartero, Hamenco, and the like. This process of careful selection goes on from year to year until the bull is five years old, when, should its mettle still prove true, it is ready for the arena, and flaming posters appear on the walls of Madrid or Seville announcing that Espartero (or whatever his name is) will on such and such a date make its first and final appearance.

A good "warrantable" five-year-old bull for the fighting rings cost from $350 to $400.

Depth of the Ocean.

A dispatch from Victoria, British Columbia, says the United States steamer Albatross reports having made deep-sea soundings off the coast of Alaska, reaching a depth of 4500 fathoms, which, it is added, is "the greatest depth ever reached." If by that is meant the deepest soundings ever made in any ocean there must be a mistake in the figures reported or the claim is not correct. The depth of 20,000 feet has been exceeded three times. In what is called the "international deep," near the island of St. Thomas, one of the West Indies, independent soundings were made by American and English officers and a depth of 27,366 feet established. In 1874 the British ship Challenger found a depth of 27,450 feet near the Larone Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and in the same year the United States ship Tuscarora, under command of Captain George E. Belknap, sounded to the depth of 27,930 feet near the Kurile Islands in the North Pacific. This is the lowest point yet reached, being over five and one-fourth miles, or nearly equal to the height of the Himalayas. In the days before scientific deep-sea soundings there were reports of depths of 7000 to 8000 fathoms having been reached, but these are now conceded to have been apocryphal. The Tuscarora's record of 4561 fathoms stands without a rival as yet.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Deer Caught for the Catskill Park.

Speaking of the results of his attempts to capture deer for the Catskill Park, Game Warden Fox said to an Albany (N. Y.) Argus reporter:

"We employed a little different method from any of those hitherto known to get the deer. After they were driven in the lake a boat would put out, and, after firing two shots as a signal for help from the other foresters, the men would row up and slip a sort of noose made by twisting together two Y-like branches at the end of a pole over the head of the swimming doe. In this way it could be held till help arrived. Then the men in the second boat turned it on its back and tied all four feet together, lifted it out on a boat, and there it was secure and unharmed.

"I do not know just how many will be sent down altogether, but I think there will be a herd of at least sixty-five in the Catskill reserve, aside from the three dozen or so now loose in the woods. This is the breeding season, and although it is not a fact, as many suppose, that does always bear twin fawns, though they generally do, I expect to find about ninety or a hundred deer in that park next spring. At this rate it will not be long before there will be plenty of deer in the Catskills again."

Those twelve does were shipped through Albany via the National Express, in crates, and will be placed in the park at once.

A Home Field.

The Pastor—Miss Ethel, you should be engaged in some missionary work.

Miss Ethel—Oh, I am, and have been for some time past.

The Pastor—I'm so gratified to hear you say so! In what field are you engaged?

Miss Ethel (proudly)—I'm teaching my parrot not to swear.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Horses, after the first shock of a wound, make no sound.

A Tennessee horse thief was killed by a pet bear which was chained in the stable.

The cavalry was the aristocratic arm of the Greek service. All the horsemen owned and provided for their own horses.

The sun throws vertical rays on the earth's surface only on an area equal to about thirty-five square miles at any one time.

The rei of Brazil is an imaginary coin, no piece of that denomination being coined. Ten thousand reis equal $5.45.

In ten hours as many men fell at Waterloo as in three days at Gettysburg, the armies being practically of equal numbers.