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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 II.—(Continued.)

"How goes it, fair cousin?" said Marsden, who was the last to enter. "It is quite thirty-six hours since I saw you; I suppose nothing strange has occurred in the interval? You shall have your puppy to-morrow. I told Stubbs to bring him over; do not feed him too well."

"What a pretty place," said Mrs. Ruthven, looking out on the lawn. "But the view is a little limited, is it not, Mr. Marsden? You must feel rather triste, my dear Miss L'Estrange, shut up here after the freedom of life abroad?"

"Life is much freer here, I assure you. I can go in and out as I like; and I find so much to do, the day is not long enough."

"When you are a little older, and ambition begins to wake," said Mrs. Ruthven, with a caressing smile, "you will sigh for a wider sphere—and, no doubt find it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Nora, her heart overflowing with a vague, delicious, unaccountable sense of pleasure, "I believe I am incapable of ambition. Why should I trouble about anything beyond my present state? I have all I want, all I can possibly wish for; if I need a little change I can travel awhile—but always with the delicious sense of having a home ready for me. I look upon myself as a very lucky girl."

Mrs. Ruthven laughed lightly, with a tinge of mockery. "I have at least seen one contented individual," she said, throwing a languishing glance to Marsden, who came to her side.

"I am glad to have been able to introduce you to a happy valley, which the princess, its possessor, does not pine to leave," he said.

A tempting tea table was spread with toast and hot cakes, and the conversation grew lively, and even noisy, as the prospects of the ball were discussed. At last the evening began to darken, and Lady Dorrington proposed their returning.

"You look pale and weary," said Marsden, in a low voice to Mrs. Ruthven "stay here, and I will send the pony carriage over for you."

"Oh, thank you! I shall manage to walk back."

Adieus exchanged, the party set forth, Nora and Ben accompanying them as far as the bridge. When half way across Marsden exclaimed: "Excuse me a moment—I quite forgot a message for Mrs. L'Estrange," and he turned quickly, overtaking Nora, who was alone.

"Be sure you send for what flowers you require, Nora," he said. "I told the gardener not to cut any till he knew what you wanted."

"You are really too good, squire. Your guests will want them all. I have what I need at home."

"Then I will select for you myself. See that you wear mine, if you prefer Winton's——"

"Why, Mr. Winton would never dream of offering any one flowers," said Nora laughing; "go and take care of Mrs. Ruthven," and she ran away into the house reaching it in time to say good-by to Winton, who was about to start on his homeward walk to Oldbridge.

Mrs. Ruthven was very tired, she said and therefore silent, but in reality she was asking herself, over and over again what it was that Marsden went back for. She deeply distrusted Nora.

CHAPTER III.

Both Mrs. L'Estrange and her stepdaughter uttered exclamations of surprise and admiration as they entered the hall of Evesleigh Manor House on the night of the ball.

The ladies of Brookdale came early they wished to see the rooms before the crowd assembled.

"Lady Dorrington is in the white drawing room," said the butler, opening the first door on the left.

This was the smaller of the two drawing rooms, and was as bright and beautiful as lights, flowers and groups of plants could make it.

Lady Dorrington, in velvet and diamonds, stood in the center, with nearly all the house party, re-enforced by several gentlemen Nora had not seen before, gathered round her.

Directly the butler announced "Mrs. and Miss L'Estrange," Marsden came forward, shook hands very cordially with Mrs. L'Estrange, and let her pass on to Lady Dorrington; then stopping Nora, to whom he showed a programme, said, "I have put down my name for waltz number eight," pointing out the word "Clifford," written in ink against that number; "you cannot alter it, you see."

"I shall not want to alter it," returned Nora, looking up with a smile. "I fancy you are the best dancer here."

She was struck with the expression of his eyes. They were fiercely bright, and had a certain indescribable look of intense resolution, while his face was white, and the veins in his forehead showed distinctly; otherwise he was strikingly handsome and distinguished. Evening dress suited him well.

"Mrs. and Miss Saunders, Captain Lethbridge, Mr. Winton," were announced in rapid succession. Lady Dorrington went forward to receive them.

"My severe duties are about to commence," said Marsden, who still held the program, which he now put into Nora's hand, managing to catch and press it as he did so. "I look to you for my reward by and by."

"I wonder," thought Nora, looking after him as he went to greet his guests, "if the squire is ever in earnest?"

Her conjectures were interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Ruthven, who came in from the room beyond. She looked radiant and fairy-like in soft satin and delicate lace, and absolutely ablaze with jewels.

"I never saw anything like her jewels," said Nora to Winton, who had taken his stand beside her.

"I should like to know their real value and what they cost old Guthrie," he returned. "I fancy there are some curious stories attached to these fine things."

Here Mrs. Ruthven came straight to where they stood, followed by a neat, accurately dressed, keen-eyed man.

"Ah! good evening, Miss L'Estrange. Isn't this a pretty room? Really, the decorations are in admirable taste. I must compliment you on your dress, if you will forgive me," she said, looking keenly at Nora from head to foot, with a comprehensive glance.

"I am infinitely flattered, Mrs. Ruthven," exclaimed Nora, with a pleased smile and a slight blush; "your approbation is a compliment—as to you, you are quite too dazzling. I never saw anything like your rubies before. I confess I should like to see all your jewels one day."

"You shall, if you like. Meantime, here is Captain Shirley, waiting for the introduction I promised him. Captain Shirley—Miss L'Estrange."

"May I have the honor of the first dance, Miss L'Estrange?" he asked, with a low bow and an air of repressed eagerness.

"With pleasure."

She handed him her card. Having inscribed his name, he hesitated, and said, with a smile of entreaty:

"Dare I ask for the second waltz?"

"Very well," returned Nora, with a little laugh at his imploring tone.

"I assure you, Captain Shirley is a capital partner," put in Mrs. Ruthven.

Then addressing him, she added:

"The rooms are filling rapidly. Give me your arm, and I will join Lady Dorrington. He shall return directly, Miss L'Estrange."

"Well," said Winton, who had exchanged a nod of recognition with Shirley, "I think you might have given me the first quadrille, any idiot can walk through a quadrille!"

"You know I could not ask you," said Nora, glancing up into his eyes with a bright, amused sparkle in her own. "And as you said nothing about it, I never thought you would deign to dance."

"I don't suppose you ever gave me a thought, and you are right; I have stiffened too much and too soon into elderly ways to be a fit partner for a creature like you."

"Mr. Winton," with an air half mocking, half kindly, "will you do me the honor of dancing the first quadrille?" and she handed him her program, from which he perceived that the first dance was a waltz, the second a quadrille.

Mark Winton flushed through his sun tanned skin as he returned the correct reply:

"Most happy! Where shall I find you?" he added eagerly, as he saw Shirley returning.

"Here, I shall return to this room," and she was gone.

Mrs. Ruthven's triumph began with the dancing. Though some of the country grandees were present, the host opened the ball with her, and he had never before been so charming, or so devoted in his attentions; he explained with an amusing air of martyrdom the cruel necessity for his taking the Marchioness of Blankford, an immensely stout, talkative woman, with gray hair and mustache, to supper; but there was no escape. Mrs. Ruthven had never felt so secure, so elated. What wonderful luck hers was, to be ardently in love with the right man!

Meantime, the guests poured in, and dancing had begun with great spirit.

"I feel as if I ought to look for you and offer you my arm," said Nora, as Winton rose to give her his seat beside Mrs. L'Estrange, when Shirley brought her back. "Having asked you to dance, I should act the role completely."

"I will excuse you."

"Why do you not dance, Helen?" she resumed. "Lord Dorrington tells me you refused him peremptorily."

"It would not be becoming in the chaperon of a great grown-up daughter to dance," returned Mrs. L'Estrange good humoredly.

"You must give me a quadrille, Mrs. L'Estrange," said Winton, "for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne.' I don't think I have danced since the old rectory days, when you used to be my partner—you remember?"

"I do, indeed!" A quick sigh caught Nora's ear, and she noticed the soft, sad look which stole over her stepmother's countenance.

Mrs. L'Estrange was a small, elegant but somewhat colorless woman, with pale-blue eyes, and pale-brown hair, a pretty figure, and very soft, quiet manners; she could talk well when roused, but had always the air of preferring to be still and silent. "She has had a trying life!" thought Nora, while Winton said, "Well—I will come and look for you presently." Then he gave Nora his arm, and they took their places.

"I think you must have danced more than you admit," said she, when the quadrille was over. "You made very few mistakes!"

"I watched my neighbors, and the evolutions are not difficult. No; don't go back yet; you will be snapped up by your next partner. Who is it, Lethbridge?"

"No, a friend of the squire's, who introduced him, Lord Alfred Harcourt."

"I don't think he will amuse you! Have you been in the conservatory yet? It is really very pretty."

"No!" yielding to his movement in that direction.

Winton led her into the hall, where numerous groups sat and stood about, down the passage before mentioned to the buffet, and then across the breakfast room as yet unoccupied, where card tables were set forth, into the conservatory.

This was dimly lighted by silvery lamps among the foliage, and freshened by the splash of a couple of fountains. The fragrance of the flowers, the cool stiffness, after the noise and heat of the ball room, were most welcome.

"This is lovely, indeed!" cried Nora, "none of the balls I was at in London were half so beautiful."

"How many did you go to?" asked Winton.

"Three," she replied; "you like accuracy."

"It is essential. What is this place at the end?"

"Let us explore!" cried Nora.

A door which let out to the terrace has been replaced by a deep red velvet curtain, which, looped to one side, gave admittance to a Turkish tent, draped with rich, mellow-colored Oriental stuffs, intermixed with gold. A divan with embroidered cushions occupied one side, and a stained glass lantern swung from the center, while a long mirror opposite the door reproduced the charming effect of the interior. "This is admirably done," said Winton, looking round.

"No doubt Mr. Marsden has had it done to please Mrs. Ruthven, and remind her of her Eastern life!"

"I don't suppose that would give her any particular pleasure," said Winton dryly.

"Are you sometimes taken with ill-natured fits?" asked Nora, looking up into his eyes.

"Never," he replied, emphatically, "I am always generous, just and reasonable! Will you sit down, and allow me to enlarge a little further on my own admirable qualities? The cushions are soft and comfortable."

"I must not, however interesting the subject! My partner will be looking for me—and—"

Without a syllable of remonstrance Winton gave her his arm, and they began to retrace their steps. "When the waltz is over we must bring Helen to see this beautiful tent," said Nora. "Tell me, Mr. Winton," she went on after a short pause, "was Helen ever young and merry, and thoughtless, like me, for instance?"

"Never like you," quickly; "I wish she had been, for her own sake. She never had your buoyancy or vitality; but she was bright once, and full of feeling; she had hard lines for some time after her father's death. I often used to wonder how she was getting on, poor dear little soul, and was glad to find her as happy as she is."

"Ah! Miss L'Estrange, where have you been hiding yourself?" cried Lord Alfred Harcourt, meeting them in the doorway of the refreshment room. "I have been looking everywhere for you; this is our waltz."

Winton resigned her to the new claimant and was almost immediately buttonholed by an old officer who had known him in India. It was some time before he got back into safe anchorage beside Mrs. L'Estrange; with Nora he did not get a word till later, as she only returned at intervals to be immediately carried off again by a fresh partner.

Mrs. Ruthven, bland, smiling, attentive to all with whom she came in contact, was nevertheless keenly watchful of her host and his doings. He had opened the ball with her, and then his duties kept them apart until the fifth or sixth dance.

"At last!" exclaimed Marsden, coming up to the sofa where she sat talking to Lord Dorrington, who speedily effaced himself. "At last I have a moment's liberty, and I hope you can give me the next. It is a waltz. I have watched you floating around the room with sundry incapables unable to do justice to the rhythm of your fairy feet, till I cursed in my heart, though obliged to give good words with my tongue! Let me see your card. 'Sir George Brocklehurst,' may I go and dispose of him? Yes, do let me promise and vow three, or thirty-three, things in your name. I must have this waltz with you!"

"I give you carte blanche," replied Mrs. Ruthven, with downcast eyes, almost overpowered with an intoxicating sense of delight at his tone. "Here he comes."

"My dear fellow," cried Marsden, addressing him, "will you do me a very great favor? I have only this one waltz free till nearly the end of the evening; will you resign your great privilege of dancing it with Mrs. Ruthven in exchange for—how many?—two dances after supper—may I say two, Mrs. Ruthven?"

Mrs. Ruthven bowed with a gracious smile, saying: "Perhaps Sir George has not so many disengaged."

"With Mrs. Ruthven's approval, I can refuse nothing to my good host," returned Sir George, a tall, thin, pompous man, with a profound belief in his own importance.

"A thousand thanks! Now let me provide you with another partner."

"Thank you, no! I do not much care for dancing in the abstract."

A low bow. "The first and second dance after supper, then." He wrote them solemnly on his card, and disappeared.

"Then, there goes the Marshal Niel waltz! Don't let us lose time. Come, ma belle Nourmahal! May I presume to call you so?" said Marsden in a low tone as he gave her his arm and they walked into the ball room. "Certainly in your shining golden gown and flashing jewels, you suggest the Light of the Harem."

He put his arm around her, and they whirled away into the crush of dancers.

(To be continued.)

What Esau Hunted.

"About noon we saw a beast standing on a mountain top looking down at us. When we saw it we thought that it was a camel, but Calinus said that the beast was a rhinoceros or unicorn. It hath a horn set in the midst of its forehead, four feet long, and whatsoever it butts at it runs him through and pounds him against the rocks. It is said by writers on natural history that they place a young virgin in his way, whereat he puts away from him all his fierceness, and lays down his head, and is held thus entranced until he be taken and slain."

Thus wrote that delightfully naive observer, Father Felix Fabri, who visited Sinai 400 years ago. Modern pilgrims who have followed in his footsteps with their eyes open will at once recognize that the animal he saw was the bedan, or Sinaitic ibex, which gazes down on passing caravans from the cliffs which tower above their route. He is seldom visible to them unless his shapely figure happens to be silhouetted on the sky line. This wild goat inhabits the mountains on either side of the Red Sea and the steep gullies of Moab, and is the only representative of the deer or goat tribes in these regions. Esau doubtless hunted it, and those few sportsmen who have followed his example will not be surprised that the uncertainties of the chase cost him his birthright.—The Nineteenth Century.

Governor O. Vincent Coffin, of Connecticut, is said to be the best-dressed executive that the State has had for many years. He must have other good qualities, as he is very popular with the clerks and employes at the capitol at Hartford.

The Christian should never go where it would throw a damper over things to mention the name of Christ.

It is a doubtful felicity, that of reverencing."

I have fire proof perennial enjoyments, called employments.

Sometimes even the man who go wrong pays as he goes

There is no severer test of self-reliance than a threadbare suit.

You cannot step on a man's toes without hurting his feelings.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Benevolence is allied to few vices; selfishness to fewer virtues.

Hiding a sin isn't a bit safer than handling a rattlesnake.

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

It is merely a matter of progress and poverty with the fast young man.

Many a man is living an honest life who wouldn't if the jail were farther off.

The man who becomes a successful hypocrite has to work at every day in the week.

Individuals may form communities, but it is institutions alone that can create a nation.

Passion, in its first violence, controls interest, as the eddy for awhile runs against the stream.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Salvation."

TEXT: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."—Isaiah lv., 6.

Isaiah stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ, others a bust of Christ, but Isaiah gives us the full length portrait of Christ. Other Scripture writers excel in some things—Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime—but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all His grandeur and glory you involuntarily turn to Isaiah, so that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah" the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus," where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come in. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus and Philo and Sirach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles Isaiah was among the prophets.

My text finds him standing on a mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing and anxious that all men might know Him. His voice rings down the ages, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." "Oh," says some one, "that was for olden times." No, my hearer. If you have traveled in other lands, you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking house in New York and in St. Petersburg or Venice or Rome or Melbourne or Calcutta, you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age or for one land, is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and wherever it is presented for help the help comes. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I come to-day with no hair spun theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition, but with an urgent call to personal religion. The gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine. It either kills or cures. There are those who say: "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influences to come," and still you are waiting. You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. If you want to get to Albany, you go the Grand Central Depot or to the steamboat wharf, and having got your ticket you do not sit down on the wharf or sit in the depot. You get aboard the boat or train. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven, waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God.

Now, you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeavor. If you want to see a certain man in this city, and there is a matter of $10,000 connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him, you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but cannot find the name. You go in circles where you think perhaps he may mingle, and having found the part of the city where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street and from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and for months.

You say, "It is a matter of $10,000 whether I see him or not." Oh, that men were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one-half that persistence you would long ago have found Him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never see God, never gain heaven. Oh, that the Spirit of God would help me, while I try to show you, in carrying out the idea of my text, first how to seek the Lord and in the next place when to seek Him.

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne, with His arms resting on brazen lions and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for His children to come and climb on His knee and get His kiss and His benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go the "fountain of living water" and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask at the corner of the house to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God, which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much what posture you take in prayer nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly there would be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within your cry would not go further up than the shout of a plowboy to his oxen. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving. You are in your house some summer day and a shower comes up, and a bird, affrighted, darts into the window and wheels about the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say, "Poor thing, poor thing!" Now, a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and He catches it, and He feels its fluttering pulse, and He puts it in His own bosom of affection and safety. Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is an electric battery which, touched, thrills to the throne of God. It is the diving bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There was an instance where prayer made the waves of the Gennesaret solid as stone pavement. Oh, how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted and the enemies were after them one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: "Oh, Lord, we be as dead men unless Thou shalt help us! Oh, Lord, throw the lap of Thy cloak over these poor things!" And instantly a Scotch mist developed and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

Have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says, "He is loving and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to Him and say: "O Lord, I know Thou canst not lie. Thou hast told me to come for pardon and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep Thy promise and liberate my captive soul."

Oh, that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn, for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come to your place of business as He confronted Matthew, the tax commissioner. If a measure should come before Congress that you thought would ruin the Nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances. And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all round the earth to get back your physical health. Have you made any effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health?

Oh, that you might now begin to seek after God with earnest prayer! Some of you have been working for years and years for the support of your families. Have you given one-half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we meet face to face, and I tell you, first of all, if you want to find the Lord you must pray and pray and pray.

I remark again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is the newest book in the world. "Oh," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old when God by His blessed spirit retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page, you will find that these promises are not one second old, and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they merely look at the outside beauty, why, it will no more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address, or the Koran of Mohammed, or the Shaster of the Hindoos. It is the inward light of God's word you must get. I went up to the Church of the Madeleine in Paris and looked at the doors, which are the most wonderfully constructed I ever saw, and I could have staid there for a whole week, but I had only a little time. So, having glanced at the wonderful carving on the doors, I passed in and looked at the radiant altars and the sculptured dome. Alas, that so many stop at the outside door of God's holy word, looking at the rhetorical beauties instead of going in and looking at the altars of sacrifice and the dome of God's mercy and salvation that hovers over penitent and believing souls!

When you come into the religious circle, come only with one notion and only for one purpose—to find the way to Christ. When I see people critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to [illegible] but an officer of the govern[illegible] pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison and says: "Here is your pardon. Come and get it." "What! Do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions." Ah, the man does not say that. He takes it. It is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if to-day that pardon from the throne of God is offered to our souls should we not seize it regardless of all nonessentials?

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us when we are to seek the Lord, "while He may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. To-morrow? You may not see to-morrow. To-night? You may not see to-night. Now! Oh, if I could only write on every heart in three capital letters that word N-O-W—now!

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say with a toss of the head and with a trivial manner, "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now, you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough, but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday or this morning, I could have cured the patient. It is too late now. The crisis passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis.

There are some here who can remember instances in life when, if they had bought a certain property, they would have become very rich. A few acres that would have cost them almost nothing were offered them. They refused them. Afterward a large village or city sprung up on those acres of ground, and they see what a mistake they made in not buying the property. There was an opportunity of getting it. It never came back again. And so it is in regard to a man's spiritual and eternal fortune. There is a chance. If you let that go, perhaps it never comes back. Certainly that one never comes back.

A gentleman told me that at the battle of Gettysburg he stood upon a height looking off upon the conflicting armies. He said it was the most exciting moment of his life. Now one army seeming to triumph and now the other. After awhile the host wheeled in such a way that he knew in five minutes the whole question would be decided. He said the emotion was almost unbearable. There is just such a time to-day with you—the forces of light on one side, the forces of death on the other side, and in a few moments the matter will be settled for eternity.

There is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board, you miss your passage for heaven. As in law courts a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term and from year to year till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time and from year to year until heavenly bliss is the bill of costs the man will have to pay for it.

Why defer this matter, oh, my dear hearer? Have you any idea that sin will wear out; that it will evaporate; that it will relax its grasp; that you may find religion as a man accidentally finds a lost pocketbook? Ah, no! No man ever became a Christian by accident or by the relaxing of sin. The embarrassments are all the time increasing. The hosts of darkness are recruiting, and the longer you postpone this matter the steeper the path will become. I ask those men who are before me now whether in the ten or fifteen years they have passed in the postponement of these matters they have come any nearer God or heaven? I would not be afraid to challenge this whole audience, so far as they may not have found the peace of the gospel, in regard to the matter. Your hearts, you are willing frankly to tell me, are becoming harder and harder, and that if you come to Christ it will be more of an undertaking now than it ever would have been before. The throne of judgment will soon be set, and if you have anything to do toward your eternal salvation you had better do it now, for the redemption of your soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever.

Oh, if men could only catch one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love Him! Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of Righteousness rises behind Calvary and sets behind Joseph's sepulcher? He is a blessed Saviour. Every Nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty, and Swiss beauty, and Italian beauty, and English beauty, but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ he pronounces Him "Chief among 10,000, and the one altogether lovely."

The diamond districts of Brazil are carefully guarded, and a man does not get in there except by a pass from the Government, but the love of Christ is a diamond district we may all enter and pick up treasures for eternity. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

Take the hint of the text that I have no time to dwell upon—the hint that there is a time when He cannot be found. There was a man in this city eighty years of age who said to a clergyman who came in, "Do you think that a man eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "Oh, yes," said the clergyman. The old man said: "I can't. When I was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the Spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off, I rejected God, and since then I have had no feeling." "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" "Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to." The minister knelt down and prayed and commended the man's soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After awhile the last hour of the man's life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said, "I shall never be forgiven." "Oh, seek the Lord while He may be found!"

Beef's Price Drove Him to Suicide.

James Yatman, thirty-two years old, shot himself through the heart while in his barn at Butler, Morris County, N.J. Yatman was a butcher. The high price of beef caused his trade to fall off. This made him despondent.

A new sled will push a boy up hill.

There is no "if" in the marriage ceremony.

The opinions of men who think are always growing and changing, like living children.

Economy may be as unwise as extravagance.

Mercy to him that shows it is the rule.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.

Various facts go to show that a man's age may be as ripe as the man himself is green.

If you think too little you will be sure to talk too much.

Fine feathers make fine sofa-cushions.

One dyspeptic stomach can sour a whole family.

Too many cooks spoil the corner policeman.

FORMS OF MONEY.

SOME OLD AND ODD MEDIA OF EXCHANGE.

Possibility of Gold's Displacement by Some Rarer Metal—Many Primitive Methods of Barter Among Uncivilized Races.

MONEY is a subject that has risen into such prominence of late that the first extraordinary session of the United States Congress since the '70s has been convened particularly on its account. This event seems to be one of the later stages of a sort of descending replacement among the metals used in coinage, a process that has, during the centuries and millenniums of human history, slowly but plainly substituted copper for iron, silver for copper and gold for silver, says the Washington Star. Each of these metals seems to have made its appearance as coin in ascending order, and some are even ready to speculate on the possible appearance in the future of some still more rare and costly metal to press the coveted yellow standard lower in the scale, as it has done to silver. Iridium, osmium and palladium, metals scarcely known outside the chemist's laboratory, are mentioned, but hardly with seriousness. Russia, in 1828, undertook the coinage of platinum, but the scheme was abandoned in 1845 because of the great cost of minting and because of the instability of its value. Aluminum seems to have larger prospects of gaining a place in the monetary system, particularly on a level below silver, with a probability of displacing copper, for the intrinsic value of the material in the prices of lowest denomination is now far less than the face value. The recent discovery of means for the extensive production of the new competitor is made in part to account for the depreciation of silver.

The word denoting money to the people of one of the north European races has an equivalent in the Lappish language, which still retains its original significance as the name for a skin in common with its later use. So money to a citizen of the United States means golden eagles, silver dollars, copper pennies or their paper representatives. Familiarity with these media gives to the innumerable other media, that are or have been in use among the peoples of the earth, an appearance of almost silly oddity.

But perfectly coined money is a comparatively recent convenience, and the story of the development to that which is at present in use is full of interest.

The natives of the Society Islands as they lived not many years ago will serve as the subject of the first lesson. A Parisian singer, making a professional tour around the world, gave a concert in the islands. She was to receive a third part of the receipts. When counted her share was found to consist of three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, 5000 cocoanuts, besides considerable quantities of bananas, lemons and oranges. At the French capital all the material would have added 800 francs to her resources, but on the islands it was worth to her only the value of that part which could be consumed.

Other travelers among tribes where primitive barter has not yet developed something having semblance to a common medium of exchange have been given a still keener appreciation of the advantages coming from the use of money. Wallace, when in the Malay Archipelago, could not secure supplies for dinner without a special bargain and much bickering upon each occasion. Because the vendor of edibles did not always happen to meet with something desired among the articles which the party had to offer in exchange, Mr. Wallace and his companions were often compelled to do without a meal. These experiences led them to hold in readiness a supply of such articles as the natives would invariably accept.

Such was doubtless the first form of money—any commodity which was esteemed by all persons, which would be readily received at all time, and which all desired to possess in unlimited quantities—the generalized value which constitutes the lubricator of commerce.

Probably the most primitive money consisted of the skins of wild animals. The foundation of this theory is the assumption that the earliest creatures which could be called men were hunters. The meat which was procured did not possess the requisite durability, the bones lacked high value, but the dried pelts possessed both qualities. Etymological researches, moreover, show that the earliest races used skins as the representative of value. Classical writers have recorded traditions to the effect that the earliest currency used at Rome, Lacedæmon and Carthage was made of leather, and such money is said to have circulated in Russia as late as the reign of Peter the Great.

In time some particular skin seems to have become the standard. This among the aborigines about Hudson's Bay the early traders found to be that of the beaver.

Some of the earliest forms in which the crude metal was shaped were small bars or spikes, and wire, rolled into bracelets or rings. Abundant specimens of this ring money have been found in various parts of Europe and Asia, and probably constituted the first approximation to coinage. It is said to be still current in Nubia.

Impressions were first made on only some portion of the ingot, spike or ring. The early flat coins were stamped on but one side, and rough edges prevailed until comparatively recent times. While circular coins vastly predominate, the forms into which others have from time to time been cast are peculiar. Many octagonal and hexagonal pieces have been issued in Germany, and money in the the form of squares and lozenges has been used in England. Plates of copper, seven and a half inches square, bearing an imprint in each corner, circulated in Sweden in the eighteenth century.

The Japanese coinage is composed of oblong flat pieces of silver covered on both sides with designs and legends, and oval pieces of copper with a square hole in the centre. The square hole in the centre of the circular Chinese money permits the coins to be strung. Cimeter-shaped pieces formerly circulated in Persia.

The first issue of continental currency in 1776 figured a sum over a dial and the coins bore the admonition; "Mind Your Business." This, however, was but an experimental issue, and until the mint was established in 1792 the several States maintained each its own currency. The designs are fantastic and varied.

Household Accidents.

A slight cut or abrasion of the hand, or a slight burn, may become a serious matter if it is totally neglected. Where the skin is torn or cut it is desirable in the first place that the wound should bleed freely. Cases of lockjaw are of rare occurrence where this is the case, and a very slight wound of the hand or foot has been known to produce this dangerous malady where bleeding did not follow.

One of the greatest dangers lies in a wound of a kitchen knife, which may have held impure matter, and even from the scratch of a pin, and fatal cases of blood-poisoning have frequently resulted from so simple a cause. Absolute cleanliness, therefore, is necessary in the treatment of such a wound. After the wound has bled a little it should be washed with perfectly clean water. That which has been boiled is best for the purpose, and there is no harm in using a little carbolic acid in the proportion of a drop or two to a quart of water.

Do not attempt to stanch bleeding by the use of cobwebs, which are naturally dirty and full of impure germs, but use a little lint and a clean cotton or linen cloth. These should be always kept in the houses for use in case of such accidents. A trustworthy druggist will always supply some preparation of carbolic acid, properly weakened for household use. Even household ammonia, though it is painful at first, is recommended as a mild way of cauterizing a simple wound. A thick paste of equal parts of common baking-soda and flour, wet to a paste with cold water, is the best remedy for a burn. It is better than lime-water, because lime-water is liable to become incrusted, while the paste of soda and flour is cooling to the surface and can easily be removed. The object of treating a burn is to cover the extremities of the nerves which have been injured and give them opportunity to heal. While such a paste is being prepared cover the wound for the moment with common flour and wrap it up in clean cotton.

A simple healing plaster which may be prepared in the household calls for half a pound of rosin, an ounce each of mutton tallow, camphor-gum and beeswax, half an ounce each of British oil, cedar oil gum myrrh and linseed oil. Melt the rosin, mutton tallow, camphor-gum, beeswax and gum myrrh together and add the oils. This plaster should be spread on cotton when needed and applied to the wound.—New York Tribune.

Bacon at $10,000 a Pound.

"No, sir; I have no use for Mexico," said Miner B. N. Drazad to a Chicago Tribune reporter. "It was ten years ago when I purchased a strip of land near Sonora, Mexico, forty miles from the mouth of St. Pedro River, and thirty miles from Cananara. The land was good mining property, and I knew if it were worked right I could make a good many thousand dollars. I had $8000 when I started to work, and with part of this I purchased mining implements, powder, etc. For eighteen months I worked alone at the mine, drilled a tunnel 605 feet long through hard rock, and finally struck what I was looking for—an arsenica ledge of silver. I had worked Sundays, Christmas, Thanksgiving and figured out $40,000 in sight.

"All at once I felt a craving for a bit of bacon. There is no such thing as Mexican bacon, you know. Hogs there have to lean against a tree to grunt. The duty in Mexico on pork is seventy per cent., and, as I could get bacon for twenty cents a pound across the line at Orchoville, Arizona. I determined to ride over there and get some. I did it, and enjoyed my bacon; but ten days later the Mexicans seized me and confiscated my mine. That bacon cost me $10,000 a pound."

Whistling Fireworks.

One of the features at the Crystal Palace (London) fireworks display recently were whistling pieces, which in burning give a wild, screaming noise. There is some mystery about how this noise is produced. Messrs. Brock themselves are unable to say, and do not know anybody who can tell them. The firework consists of a stout paper tube 2½ inches in length, and with a bore of about ¼ inch. About two inches of this little tube are stuffed with picrate of potash, leaving ½ inch or so empty. When lighted by means of a fuse it does not explode, but burns away with great violence, and with the uncanny shriek which gives the thing its interest. Pyrotechnists have tried many other compositions and many other kinds and forms of tubes, but picrate of potash is the only thing that will give anything but the faintest trace of a whistle.—Scientific American.

Bengal Peasant Proverbs.

The wisdom of the Bengal peasant cultivators finds expression in proverbs, of which a collection has been made by a Babu in the Agricultural Department of that province. His appreciation of the outwardly revered Brahmin betrays itself incidentally in the maxim. "Rain and inundation disappear when south winds blow, like the Brahmin as soon as he has received his fee."

Other Bengal rural aphorisms are "Have the land which receives the washings of the village, and the bullock which walks fast, and marry the girl whose mother is good." "He who works in the field himself with the laborers gets the full profit; he who, being unable to work himself, supervises the workings of the laborers, gets half the profit; he who orders the laborers from his house does not get enough to eat."—London News.

—Dahomey is the smallest State in Africa. It has 4000 square miles

SLY REYNARD.

THE FOX IS A MERRY BEAST AND A BOLD FREEBOOTER.

Restless, Alert and Full of Resources—His Career is Often Short-Lived, but His Existence is a Happy-go-Lucky One.

"HOW few people know what an interesting chap the fox is," said the naturalist in the New York Sun. "They know him only by reputation and that as a chicken-thief, which he is. But he has lots of points, I tell you. A merry, sly dog is reynard. All summer he lives in luxurious ease, roaming the woods and sauntering by the pearly brooks, or basking in the noonday sun.

"He loves fish; and going down to the stream he waits till he spies a plump trout. It's all over in a twinkle. A leap, a snap, and off he trots with his juicy morsel. A stupid crawfish moozes by his hole near the water's edge. Reynard drops his tail in the water and tickles him with it. The angered crustacean comes out of his hiding place and is seized and crushed, armor and all. When the ripening corn is ready to drop, and the luscious fruits have reached their maturity, and all nature is plethoric with ripening fullness, then Master Fox is in clover. Timid rabbits prick up their ears and run, unconscious of danger, along the hillside; the quails skulk noiselessly in the wheat stubble; birds pour forth their notes of praise—and he catches them all. He loves fruits, stealthily stealing into orchids, where apples and plump pears tempt, and in the vineyard he fairly revels in grapes. His cubs grow fat and saucy. He shows them how to pilfer honey, and when the busy bees have laid up a winter store he crawls to the hives near the garden fence and jumping up to the small opening licks the sweet drops with pure delight. Out come the stinging, humming honey-makers, and settle like a pall on his thick pelt; but he doubles up in a twinkling and rolling over and over crushes them by the score and eats them as a relish.

"Cunning? No animal beats him. Look at his brainy head. His delicate ears—broad below to catch every sound from the highest note of the shrill warbler to the low crooning of the cricket, or the distant murmur of storm, or the fevered pants of the prancing hounds, and tapering so sharply to a point that they can shape themselves to every wave of air that makes the tiniest rustle of noise. Note the crafty calculation and foresight of the low, flat brow. What a nose! Now full of resolute purpose pointing straight forward, and anon turning up with concentrated malice and scorn. The eye, deep set, a regular robber's eye, lacking the soft beauty of the timid deer, or the fascinating glare of the cat's, yet it trembles with modest humility or glares with murderous rage, flashing fire and vengeance. Energy and self-control speak in the thin, cynical lips, and the mouth opens from ear to ear. He can leap, crawl, run and swim with the velocity of lightning, and his wiry body is carried so noiselessly along that scarce a trace is left. His delicate footfalls echo no response even among the dead leaves of the forest. His walk is treacherous, his glance sinister. Seizing a bunch of grain in his mouth, he will swim into the midst of a flock of ducks and seize the plumpest for a dinner.

"He will feign death like a 'possum and even the hound's teeth and the flash of gunpowder have failed to arouse him. A farmer surprised one in a hen-roost. Believing that the fox was dead from over-eating the farmer kicked the stiffened body on the floor, picked it up by the tail and flung it out in the barnyard. In a jiffy the fox gathered up his legs and escaped.

"He is voracious, is reynard. When hunger-pressed, and gaunt and lean from starvation, he'll not refuse serpents and toads and moles and rats. He has been known to attack and kill young calves and lambs, and if the seashore is near will revel in oysters and shellfish. A group of rabbits are feeding in a clover patch. He'll crawl along, nibbling the juicy flowers until near enough to make a grab. He'll stalk a bird with his hind legs dragging behind him, until near enough to make a spring. How farmers dread his inroads in the poultry yard. Fasten the yard up tight and he will burrow a winding passage into the ground beneath and suddenly appear among the drowsy chickens and stupid geese, whose shrill and alarmed cries arouse the farmer from his bed to sally forth finding all safe. Then the fox will sneak back and pack away the plumpest pullet or the fattest goose.

"February is the month when reynard goes a-wooing, and a wide range he takes, flirting and toying with any vixen that chances in his way. It is fully sixty days before mamma clears the brush all out of her burrow and brings forth her young, from three to six at a litter. It will be fully a month before the sharp-nosed cubs begin to play and gambol about the doorway of their home. Perhaps it will be at the root of an old tree, beneath a ledge of rocks or in the hollow of a dead tree trunk or a burrow with several entrances in the sand or loam. Tell-tale chicken bones and feathers and fur strewn about the entrance speak of many a hen-roost robbed or of foolish rabbits and overconfident grouse that have furnished food for the ever-hungry cubs. The mother fox faithfully feeds her young and boldly steals to support them. She knows, as all sportsmen know, that the hounds will not follow her while she has a family depending upon her.

"A merry, never-say-die life does the fox lead, indeed! It may be a short one, for traps and snares are many, hunters are many and the scent of the hound is keen. But reynard rollicks and roysters and plays the bold freebooter amid it all."

Got Rid of Him.

De Smile—Why don't you go to see the De Pinkie girls any more? De Bore—They are too careless. They leave the front door unlocked, and I lose a new overcoat every time I go