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

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Marsden had braced himself up for a stormy interview with his sister.

After carefully reviewing his position and assuring himself there was no flaw in his armor, that the accounts of his trusteeship were in perfect order, he determined to announce his intended marriage to the world.

The first person to be informed was Lady Dorrington. That done, there was nothing more to fear.

He did not reach Chedworth till just in time to dress for dinner. There were one or two country neighbors to share that repast, and the conversation Lady Dorrington wished to have with her brother was postponed till the next morning.

Marsden observed that his sister looked very grave and portentous; but that in no way damped his spirits or lessened his efforts to amuse and interest his sister's guests, which were peculiarly successful. He listened with lively attention to the details Lady Dorrington poured forth respecting Mrs. Ruthven's sufferings and tedious recovery. She feared that the poor invalid would scarcely be able to see him. Marsden begged he might not be asked to do anything not quite agreeable to her.

"It is no question of what is agreeable," said Lady Dorrington severely. "It is of what will be safest for Mrs. Ruthven. You cannot imagine the weakness to which she is reduced. Any relapse now would be fatal. She is anxious to go away to the south of France, or the Riviera, but I trust she will not go alone."

"No; she had much better get some pleasant companion. You will find her one, I dare say. You always have such a supply of admirable persons on hand fitted to fill every possible position."

Lady Dorrington darted an angry warning glance at her brother, and addressed him no more that evening.

When breakfast was over next morning as the frost was too hard for hunting, Marsden sauntered into the billiard room, and was knocking the billiard balls about by himself, when the inevitable message reached him:

"My lady would be glad to see you, sir, in the boudoir."

"I have been waiting for you this half hour, Clifford."

"So sorry; I did not like to intrude on you till you sent for me," he returned, coming up to the fireplace, and leaning easily against the mantelpiece. "Do you know you are looking wonderfully well, in spite of your nursing worries?"

"My looks are of small consequence," said Lady Dorrington, sternly. "I want some serious conversation with you, Clifford; your conduct is very unaccountable and unfeeling. What, may I ask, is your motive for staying in town all this time?"

"Oh, because—because I like it."

"There is something more than that—or rather there is some strong attraction—which I do not understand, to keep you in London! Pray, has it anything to do with Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora?"

"They are very agreeable relatives and I see a good deal of them," returned Marsden, in a lazy, indifferent way, most irritating to his sister.

"Why, Clifford, you surely would not be so unprincipled as to delude Nora, your own cousin, with the notion that you are in love with her, and you could not be so insane as to think of marrying her? I shall certainly warn Mrs. L'Estrange against you; you are too regardless of everything except your own amusement."

"In this case I have thought more of my own happiness."

"What do you mean?" in a tone of alarm. "Do you mean to say you have taken one of your wild fancies to poor, dear Nora?"

"I do; and what is more, I have persuaded 'poor, dear Nora' to take me for better, for worse."

"Good God!" cried Lady Dorrington. She sat a moment staring at him in silence, as if dazed. Marsden was quite unmoved. "Clifford," gasped Lady Dorrington at last, "your conduct is most dishonorable toward Mrs. Ruthven."

"How do you make that out?"

"When she was at Eversleigh, every one thought, judging from your manner, your attentions—that you were engaged."

"Then every one was mistaken."

"I, myself, believed that you were determined to marry Mrs. Ruthven."

"Why? because I flirted with her! Don't you understand she is the sort of woman to whom the end and aim of existence is to flirt? She would not thank you for friendship, however true; for service, however kindly, if you did not offer her the homage of overt flirtation. I never intended to marry Mrs. Ruthven."

"Then you have behaved abominably, and just think of your own interests. Nora L'Estrange has nothing, or next to nothing."

"She has all I want."

"She has nothing you really want; she is a mere distant relative, a nobody; before six months are over, you will be sick of her, and wonder what madness induced you to be yourself to her."

"I think the madness will last a couple of years," put in Marsden in a low tone but his sister did not heed him.

"Do be advised by me, Clifford! Break off with Nora L'Estrange; she cannot care much about you in so short a time; she is reasonable and unselfish; she would not like to condemn you and herself to the horrible fate of becoming pauper gentry. I protest you drive me to my wit's end; you will disgrace yourself whatever you do. I assure you you have contrived to impress Mrs. Ruthven with a conviction that you intended to marry her."

"I cannot help her being highly imaginative, can I?" asked Clifford, quite unmoved. "I never said, and certainly never wrote, anything approaching a proposal. Now I have asked Nora to be my wife, and, after some prudent hesitation, she has consented. I cannot back out of that."

"Hesitation! Good heavens!" ejaculated Lady Dorrington.

"As to poverty, well, we shall not starve. I have almost come to an arrangement to get Eversleigh, with the shooting, etc., for six hundred per annum; that will help keep the wolf from the door, eh, sister mine? Then, after a few years' wandering in pleasant places I shall return a free man, and hold high revels in the hall of my fathers."

"Let Eversleigh!" said Lady Dorrington, aghast, as if that was the lowest depth.

"Yes! Nora quite approves," continued Marsden, serenely. "She is prudent, and very resolute for so youthful and charming a wood nymph. She will reform me, and my estate, depend upon it."

"And what—what am I to say to Mrs. Ruthven?" cried Lady Dorrington, pressing her large, white hands together.

"Whatever occurs to you," said Marsden politely. "Only that you require no hints from me. I would suggest your telling the simple fact as a matter of ordinary gossip."

"How can you be so unfeeling, so shameless?" exclaimed his sister, her eyes sparkling with indignation. "I would not answer for the consequences, were she told too suddenly of your treachery. I dare not face her with the knowledge of your base desertion in my heart. Do you know that she is worth two hundred thousand pounds, if not more?"

"Two hundred thousand!" repeated Marsden, slowly. "What a delightful rhythm there is in those words. Yes, my dear sister, no one knows better than myself her financial position. She is not quite so rich as that, but, I confess, I wish her fortune was Nora's; still I dare say we shall manage an immense amount of enjoyment without it."

"Clifford!" exclaimed Lady Dorrington, rising in her wrath, "you have not the ordinary gentleman's sense of honor, you have not the faintest regard for duty or justice, you are a slave to the grossest selfishness, regardless of everything except your own pleasure and self-indulgence; you are weak beyond what I should have expected, for you must have yielded against your better judgment to Nora's wiles, for I never will believe that she did not try to attract you."

Marsden laughed.

"You can take what view you like of the matter," he said, watching her with quiet eyes.

"Dorrington will be disgusted with you, and I quite give you up. As to Nora and Mrs. L'Estrange, I never wish to see them again. I did believe they were well-bred gentlewomen."

"Do well-bred gentlewomen never scheme?" asked Marsden innocently.

"If you had any honorable instincts, I would hope to move you," continued Lady Dorrington. "As it is, I give you up, and I beg you will leave my house, where you will never again be a welcome guest."

"Very well," looking at his watch. "There is a train at three-thirty, which will suit me. I will have luncheon and bid you very heartily farewell."

Lady Dorrington took up some letters that lay on the table before her, darted an angry, scornful look at her brother, and left the room without further speech.

Marsden's face grew graver and softer when he was alone.

"A man can't help his nature, I suppose?" he muttered to himself. "I cannot look on the cant and shibboleths of society as constraining truths, and I am certainly a better man than most of my fellows. How I hate unpleasant faces! The worst of this storm in a teacup is, that Isabel will not do the civil to Nora, and Nora will worry herself about it. At any rate I have her promise, and I feel I can trust her."

He rose, drew the writing materials to him, and quickly traced these words:

"Dear Mrs. Ruthven: May I hope to see you for a few moments, as I am obliged to return to town immediately. I should like to see with my own eyes how you are, and shall be most discreet."

To this, a verbal answer was returned. "Mrs. Ruthven's compliments. She was sorry she did not feel equal to see any one, but would write when able."

"Is luncheon ready?" asked Marsden, when the footman had delivered this message.

"Not yet, sir. It will not be ready for quite half an hour."

"Then you must give me something to eat first and tell them to bring round a trap. I want to catch the three-thirty up train at Rockingham. Send my man to me."

Lady Dorrington was in Mrs. Ruthven's room, and Lord Dorrington had gone down to the Home Farm, when Marsden set forth. So he left without leave-taking, save from the stately butler and his satellite footman, with whom the easy-going, open-handed, affable squire was a prime favorite.

"Tant mieux," said Marsden to himself, as he gathered up the reins and drove off sharply. "I wonder if Mrs. Ruthven scents the battle from afar? Her message sounded warlike."

CHAPTER XIII.

It was more than an hour before Lady Dorrington felt sufficiently recovered from the excitement of her interview with her brother to present herself in the invalid's chamber. Lord Dorrington, whom she had sought as the only possible recipient of her indignant complaints, was out, and his whereabouts uncertain. She felt dreadfully uncertain how to act. She was afraid to break the news of his engagement to the deserted widow, lest it might produce a fatal effect, yet she felt it incumbent on her to enlighten Mrs. Ruthven as to the true state of affairs.

When, at last, Lady Dorrington entered the sitting room into which Mrs. Ruthven had been moved for a few hours daily since her strength could bear it, she found that lady writing on a movable desk attached to the arm of her easy chair. She was very white, and looked already weary; a lace cap, with pale pink ribbons, covered her hair, which had been cut short, and a white cashmere wrapper, trimmed with cream lace over pink, hung loosely on her attenuated figure.

"My dear," exclaimed Lady Dorrington, "you are not surely trying to write?"

"I really am," a smile parting her pale lips. "Only a few lines, for I am certainly stronger. Do not fear any imprudence; I am too anxious to get well. I should like to see Sir Harley Portman again; he will tell me when I can move. I begin to be very anxious to deliver you from the long-endured incubus of a sick guest."

"Believe me, we only care to see you well. There is not the slightest need to hurry away."

"I know you are all goodness, but there are matters to be attended to that no one can do for me. I have been scribbling a few lines to my lawyer. Will you write for me to Sir Harley?"

"Certainly. But you know when he was here last he said——"

"Yes, yes, that I could not move for three weeks. But one has passed, and if he sees what progress I have made I am sure he will let me go on Wednesday or Thursday next. Wherever I go ultimately, I must take London on the way."

"All I beg, dear Mrs. Ruthven, is that you will not hasten your departure on our account. You know we are to spend our Christmas with Aunt Ilminster, so there will be no party here! I am sure you are not equal to write, you look so weary."

Mrs. Ruthven lay back in her chair, and let her maid unfasten and remove the desk. When they were alone she said, as she lay back, her eyes closed, her figure very still:

"I had a message from Mr. Marsden just now."

"Indeed!" cried Lady Dorrington, feeling exceedingly uncomfortable. "He had no business to disturb you."

"He did not disturb me. I would not be disturbed. He asked to see me." There was a silence of nearly two minutes, while Lady Dorrington sought in vain for some wise and cautious words with which to reply before she found them. Mrs. Ruthven resumed very languidly, but opening her eyes and settling them on her hostess: "I suppose he wished to announce his engagement to Miss L'Estrange, if it is true. Is it true, Lady Dorrington?"

What a question! What would she not have given to be able to deny the fact with scorn and indignation? As it was, ought she not to be thankful the ice was broken?

"Why, my dear Mrs. Ruthven, who in the world told you?"

"Some one mentioned it in one of the letters I have been reading."

"Shirley," thought Lady Dorrington. "Viper!"

"But is it true?" persisted Mrs. Ruthven.

"Oh! I don't know what to think; I am afraid there is something in it. Indeed, I have been infinitely annoyed." Lady Dorrington paused abruptly, feeling inexpressibly awkward.

"You are not inclined for this marriage, then?" said Mrs. Ruthven, a peculiar and not very amiable smile passing over her face.

"Inclined for it! Why, it is the bitterest disappointment to me! You must know that, my dear Mrs. Ruthven!"

"Ah! Miss L'Estrange has but a small fortune, and it will take more than an ordinary one to put your brother's affairs in order."

"Besides that," cried Lady Dorrington, "there are other considerations! Nora L'Estrange is quite unfit to be Clifford's wife. He will tire of her in six months."

"That is very probable. He is not wise."

"And he actually talks of letting Eversleigh on a lease for years, and sinking into a continentalized dilettant Englishman."

Mrs. Ruthven compressed her lips, and her pale cheeks flushed as she answered in a low, clear tone:

"Your brother is changeable and impulsive. After all, it is quite probable the marriage may never take place."

"He appears to have committed himself fully," said Lady Dorrington, who, now that the ice was broken, found it a relief to talk on this vexatious subject. Mrs. Ruthven was silent, leaning her elbows on the arms of her chair, and pressing her finger tips together, while her face, which had grown deadly white again, expressed cold, implacable displeasure.

(To be continued.)

ROUGH ON THE CYCLIST.

How a Practical Joker Made a Mess of Trouble.

An elaborate practical joke has been played on a Belgian cyclist. While taking his usual afternoon ride along the central boulevard of Brussels he entered one of the cafes for some refreshments, leaving his machine against a lamppost.

A joker seated outside on a terrace pinned his trousers in the orthodox cyclist's style, as if he were a genuine bicyclist, and taking hold of the machine as if he had just dismounted, hailed one of those long white-bloused street commissioners to be met with at nearly every street corner in Brussels.

"My man, just you look well after my bicycle, and see that no one takes it during my absence, for there are so many bicycle thieves about the city you cannot be too careful, so keep a sharp lookout, and here's a franc for your trouble."

The joker then crossed the road, taking up his post at a cafe opposite to enjoy the result of the franc's investment. Out came the unsuspecting victim, and, taking the machine, was about to start.

"Hold, there, old chappie, we know your measure, so off with you," said the white-bloused one, at the same time gently forcing the astonished cyclist back.

At first he thought the man was drunk, and expostulated quietly with him, but all to no purpose, the trusty guardian simply replying that "he knew what he was about." Finding persuasion useless, Mr. X— lost his temper, and the discussion soon grew to angry menaces on both sides.

Meanwhile a large crowd had assembled, highly amused at the prospects of a pugilistic encounter. The appearance of a policeman put a stop to any fighting, and he took both the belligerents to the station, escorted by an immense crowd of spectators.

The unfortunate bicyclist soon recollected that he had in his pocket his license on which was recorded the number of his machine. In consideration of this testimony the machine was handed over to the rightful owner.

The movements of air commonly called winds are due to the heat of the sun. The warm air, being lighter, rises, and the colder air flows in to take its place. This principle is beautifully illustrated at the seashore in summer, where the daily sea breezes are due to the air over the heated land being displaced by a current of cooler air from the sea.

—Sea water is said to contain all the soluble substances that exist in the earth.

—The population of the German empire is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

—One thousand tons of soot settle monthly on the 110 square miles of London.

—A Spanish paper in the Pyrenees regulary suspends publication in hot weather.

—The banks of the United States during the year 1894 lost over $25,000,000 by theft.

—It is estimated that the gulf stream takes about two years to flow from Florida to Norway.

—Aluminum felloes in bicycles are regarded by some makers as an improvement on wood.

—A little machine for sewing on buttons, just invented, is like to prove a boon to bachelors.

—Corals are not found within the range of rivers flowing into the ocean as fresh water is fatal.

—If the earth's surface were level, the water of the ocean would cover it to a depth of 600 feet.

—The North British Railway Company is building a station at Edinburgh at a cost of $1,200,000.

OVER MOUNTAINS.

My heart went roaming and flying
Where her treasure was;
The day was luridly dying,
A low wind sighed, "Alas!"

There was no bird at all
Out of his nest so warm;
Over the mountain wall
My heart went into the storm.

And when the night was mirk,
And on the shrieking sea
The wind was doing its work,
My heart came back to me;

Tapped at my window pane;
Out of the storm and din,
Out of the night and rain,
I rose and let her in.

"O heart, like a frightened bird,
Heart, like a small gray dove,
Say, hast thou seen or heard
Anything of our love?"

But never a word she said,
Her eye was leaden and dim,
Her breast had a stain of red,
She spake no word of him;

And whether she saw him or not
Over the mountains gray,
Or whether he had forgot,
I know not to this day.
—Good Words.

AN M. P.'S INFATUATION.

THE general impression among Jim Percival's friends was that he might have done a good deal better for himself than he did in his matrimonial venture.

An M. P., with a safe seat and decided abilities, young, good-looking, well connected, but having only a limited income, he was just the man who should have married money, and this is exactly what he had not done. He met his wife in Paris during a holiday trip. She was a pretty, vivacious Irish woman, ladylike and attractive, but she had no fortune, and was of no particular family. The M. P.'s friends shook their heads over the match, and all felt convinced that before long he would find out what a mistake he had made.

There could be no doubt that under the circumstances his marriage was an imprudent one. With his £800 a year Percival had subsisted comfortably enough as a bachelor, but as a married M. P. he found that his income went simply no way at all. To cut himself off from society and to live with his wife in economical seclusion, was, of course, out of the question. It would have made him unpopular with his constituents, as well as with certain influential friends in town, to whose good offices he looked for securing some post in the government when his party came back to power. And as he had no profession, but had launched himself for good or ill upon a parliamentary career, it would have been madness in him to prejudice his chances of political preferment.

The natural consequence followed. Percival got into debt. He consoled himself first of all for outrunning the constable by the consideration that his party must soon return to power, and that then he should be able to recoup his present expenditure. But the radicals remained "in" session after session; the looked-for general election came no nearer, and Percival began to feel very lububrious indeed. He already owed nearly £1,000—a crushing liability to a man with a small income and no capital; indeed, he did not attempt to disguise from himself that unless something very unexpected turned up he must soon be hopelessly insolvent. His wife had long been urging immediate and rigid retrenchment, but each time she mentioned it Percival shook his head.

The house was in committee on a bill which was being fought tooth and nail by the opposition, and urgent whips had been issued to the members of both parties to be as frequently as possible in their places. But there were many dreary intervals of debate, when no big division was imminent, and during those intervals Percival did not always remain in the precincts of the house.

He might no doubt have spent them at home or in escorting his wife to one or other of the famous social functions which, for his sake, she religiously attended. But in his worried state of mind the dullness of a domestic evening, or the yet deadlier boredom of a political conversazione, was uninviting. He preferred to forget his troubles in more enlivening scenes. Within a mile of the palace of Westminster there is, as all the world knows, a famous theater of varieties. It is under an exceptionable management; it puts forward the strongest and most enterprising program of the kind in London. One evening during a particularly drowsy debate a fellow M. P. had suggested to Percival that they should run across to the X. and see the rainbow danseuse. Percival had complied. After that night he went to see her pretty regularly.

Just before the dance the stage was darkened; behind loomed a background of murky clouds, gloomy as the sky before an impending thunder storm; then a brilliant blaze of sunlight burst upon the shadowed scene, and, whirling wildly in its dazzling rays appeared the famous rainbow danseuse. What a sight that was! How dextrously she managed her mass of gorgeous draperies, which floated all about her, and swirled and spun like a revolving wheel. At times nothing but the fascinating hues of these robes was visible. At other times a lovely face, crowned with golden yellow locks, stood out among them, radiant, spiritual, superb—and then, while this entrancing apparition smiled and the audience clapped and shouted, rumblings of thunder rolled upon the air; clouds overcast the sunlight; and, amid their gathering gloom, the rainbow goddess faded slowly from the scene.

If it had ended with his merely admiring this ravishing beauty from a distance, all might have been well. But such infatuation as Percival's was not satisfied to confine itself within those modest limits. A strong desire came over him to make her personal acquaintance. He ought, of course, to have withstood it. It should have been perfectly obvious to him that, in giving way to this desire, he was voluntarily thrusting himself into the path of danger.

But he gave way, nevertheless. He went farther. He actually addressed one or two letters to the young lady. To his great chagrin she sent him no reply. At last, in desperation, he procured an introduction to the manager of the X., and besought that gentleman's aid in his foolish and culpable project.

"Just so," said the manager, rather coldly. "Well, Mr. Percival, I will communicate your wish to the young lady, and will then let you know her reply. I cannot hold out hopes that it will be favorable; for a number of other gentlemen have desired introduction to her, and have all been refused. You see, she is a simple, modest girl, who is merely using her talent to support her family, and has no desire for a circle of male admirers. However, as I said, I will tell her that you wish to be introduced."

The following night, when he ought to have been in his place in the house, listening to the ministerial leader's statement, he was hovering near the stage door of the X. He had made up his mind to follow his goddess home and so find out her private address.

Percival had a cab waiting for him at the corner. He noticed another cab drawn up opposite the stage door. He strolled up and accosted the driver.

"You're a lucky man to have such a charming fare," said Percival, carelessly.

"'Oo said I 'ad a charmin' fare?" retorted the man, suspiciously. Then he added: "If that's your sort, young feller, you may save yourself the trouble of doin' the civil to me. For she's a thoroughly good young 'ooman, I can tell yer, and won't stand no followers 'oolin' around—not she!"

Percival affected to laugh, and strolled away. In a few minutes he saw the girl hurry out and get into her cab. Then he jumped into his own—having instructed the driver to follow the other vehicle and keep it carefully in sight. His heart was beating fast. He was in an almost uncontrollable excitement. Yet he felt ashamed of himself at the same time. To persecute a virtuous and modest girl with unwelcome attention was shabby conduct in any one—especially in a married man. And Percival was conscious that he was committing a contemptible action. Yet, somehow, he could not help it. His ridiculous infatuation had bound him hand and foot.

When they had driven about a mile his cab stopped. The M. P. got out. He saw the young lady alighting from her cab about 100 yards ahead. She turned and walked rapidly away. With a beating heart and trembling steps he followed her, keeping an interval of seventy or eighty yards between them.

She had not alighted at her own door, but at the end of a street of private houses, down which she was now walking. Percival realized with a certain thrill of uneasiness that it was P— street, the street in which his own house was situated. But something worse was in store. The young lady stopped, appeared to be carefully scrutinizing the numbers; then, after some evident hesitation, she walked straight up to the door of Percival's house and rang the bell. A minute later she was admitted.

All at once the truth flashed upon the unhappy M. P. There could, of course, be no doubt upon the subject. This young lady, annoyed and frightened by his persistent attentions, and seeing that silent disdain had no effect in stopping them, had taken the ready and effective method of reporting him to his wife!

Percival leaned against some iron railings, near which he stood, and wiped his clammy forehead with his handkerchief. His dismay was altogether beyond words. If he had been on bad terms with his wife—if love, on either side, had ceased between them—if she had not been perfectly fond and trusting toward him, he could have stood the thing better. But as it was he felt like a man who has suddenly received a knock-down blow. His knees were trembling violently; a sense of sickness, of faintness stole over him; in the face of this fearful exposure his infatuation for the danseuse seemed to die; for the first time he realized what an abject idiot he had been.

It was a long time before he could make up his mind how to act. He patrolled the street for more than half an hour before he had decided, and a bad half hour he found it. Then he took a sudden resolution. He would go in and make a clean breast of the whole affair to his wife. That, after all, was the most honest, and probably the most prudent course. She might or she might not believe him, but he would tell her all the truth, express his sincere penitence and throw himself upon her womanly mercy.

He nerved himself to the effort. He went in. He entered the drawing room. His wife was now alone. She looked up at him with a cold, altered expression, that made him wince. But he persevered. He spoke. He told her all. She averted her face, and heard his confession to the end in ominous silence.

"And so, Jim, my make-up, my golden wig, and my whirling draperies—to say nothing of the shifting lights and shadows thrown upon one, baffled even your penetration, eh, sir?"

Jim was staring at his pretty wife, who had now risen and stood before him, smiling archly, in evident enjoyment of his obvious relief and astonishment.

"And you fell in love with my make-up. For that is what it comes to, doesn't it, Jim?"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed with emphasis, "that explains it. It was your eyes that did it, little girl. They drew me to the theater night after night to worship you. I could not resist their spell. I could not explain it to myself. Yet I felt there was something half familiar in their magnetic influence upon me. To think I never guessed. By Jove! I was a duffer. I ought to have known that no such other eyes were to be found in all England!"

"Or in all America, either?" questioned the rainbow danseuse, playfully. Jim's explanation was, unconsciously, the most diplomatic that he could have devised. Those incomparable eyes beamed upon him with tenderness and loving humor.

"But, I say," asked Jim, an idea striking him, "these social functions which you have been attending so assiduously for the past few months—have they been simple blinds to dupe your unscrupulous husband—eh, Jennie?"

"Not at all, sir. I went to them all. But as my 'turn' at the theater lasted only ten minutes or so, I was able to go there as well. Besides," she added, with the slightest tinge of playful reproach in her tone, "you have not been at home enough lately to miss me very much, have you, Jim?"

"By Jove!" he cried. "I'll turn over a new leaf in that respect to-night."

He went up, placed his arm round his wife, and kissed her fondly. She leaned her head upon his shoulder and held up a pink slip of paper to his eyes.

"There! Dear old Jim!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Y. has paid me—what do you think? £5 a week. That is a check for ten weeks' salary. At this rate your rainbow goddess will soon dance you clear out of debt—won't she, Jim?"

And she soon did.

Sacramento's Electric Power

The city of Sacramento, in California, hitherto has been known principally as the official Western terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad. It now has taken on a new dignity. It is being supplied with a vast current of electric power obtained from the fall of water in the American River at Folsom, twenty-three miles away. The fall of the river from the dam to the terminus of the canal at Folsom is eighty-two feet, and seventy feet of this is utilized for power purposes. This will furnish some 10,000 horse power, 80 per cent. of which can be delivered at Sacramento when needed, the other 20 per cent. being lost in generating and transmitting. At present about 4,000 horse power is available, and much of that was used last week in moving the street cars during the fair. Of course it is expected to do far more than this. The Bee of that city says Sacramento is not only the first city in the world to receive electrical energy from a distance so great, but is to-day the only city in the world that contains so large an electric plant. It "has become the most favored spot in the United States if not in the world for manufactures, for here may be obtained the cheapest and most economical power, with a broad, free river to transport the manufactured products to deep sea water, and with lines of railway radiating in all directions." But this is not all. The waters of the American River form only one of the great number of streams that flow down into the great valleys of the State from the Sierra Nevada, and it is in contemplation to use many of these, an additional stimulus to the improvement being furnished by the fact that coal is expensive in that region. Wires for the transmission of power have long been in use in the East and in Europe, but only for short distances. The power generated at the Falls of Niagara is carried only seven miles from the place of its birth, but it is evident that an extension there may be counted on when the Niagara Falls Company see what is being done in and around Sacramento.

Nature's Beverage in Kentucky.

The weary teetotaler, riding along a dusty white-hot turnpike in Kentucky, came to a farmhouse with a well-sweep in the front ward and a man sitting in the shade by the gate.

"Good-day," saluted the traveler. "Can I be accommodated with a drink here? I am very thirsty."

"Certainly," was the hospitable response. "What would you like to have?"

"Nature's beverage, of course," replied the teetotaler, somewhat shocked.

"All right," said the native, taking a bottle of corn juice from his pocket and handing it over. "There's about a pint in there and plenty more in the house. Help yourself."

How to Keep Lemons Fresh.

It is not generally known that lemons may be easily and almost indefinitely preserved under glass. Some, one year were purchased on the Fourth of July, and, by way of experiment, each one was put under an inverted goblet. Thus kept from the air, they were finally removed on Christmas Day, in perfect condition, and as juicy as ever.

Crowded Out.

The traveler shaded his eyes with his hand and looked anxiously about him.

"Is there a man in the village," he asked, "who can shoe a horse?"

"Yes, sir," said a boy in the crowd, "but he's busy mendin' a horseless carriage, and there's six broken bicycles ahead o' you besides. You'd better go on to the next town, mister."

Hot Water.

A prominent physician of New York recently declared that hot water is woman's best friend. It will cure dyspepsia, if taken before breakfast, and will ward off chills when she comes in from the cold. It will stop a cold, if taken early in the stage. It will relieve a nervous headache and gives instant relief to tired and inflamed eyes. It is most efficacious for sprains and bruises, and will frequently stop the flow of blood from a wound. It is a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness, and, in conclusion, the doctor asserts, "wrinkles flee from it, and blackheads vanish before its constant use."

Incubation of Birds.

Investigation into the period of incubation of birds and the temperature requisite to hatch the eggs have led A. Sutherland, of Australia, to formulate the laws which he has discovered. It is known that sitting birds keep at a practically constant temperature. He finds that for animals of the same size the time of embryo development is in inverse proportion to the square of the temperature, the temperature being reckoned from a definite point; and that at the same temperature the period of development is directly proportional to the sixth root of the weight of the animal.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Surpassing Splendor."

TEXT: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard."—I Corinthians ii., 9.

"I am going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God forever, and is it not natural as well as Christianly appropriate that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen?

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed for splendor the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all Nations.

The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthiarii," paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1000 slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world. They had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves. They had passed their whole lives away among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned.

Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "Ah! this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. You citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians, think this is a splendid city. You think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that however exalted our ideas may be of heaven they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to the estimate—that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven there will be a room for each soul, a room 16 feet long and 15 feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculate!

I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiriting than music. In the battle of Waterloo the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play with utmost spirit a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted up on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths.

They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were tuned and broken in the music, voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the sceptered of eternity beat time to the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotion of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth, the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white robed children. Choirs of patriarchs! Choirs of apostles! Morning stars clapping their cymbals! Harpers with their harps! Great anthems of God roll on, roll on! Other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are full of it and the Nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany redeemed will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the train of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

In the athletic sports which took place at Tipperary, Ireland, J. M. Ryan, the British champion, broke the world's record for the high jump, clearing six feet four and a half inches.

Those people have the least vanity and envy who have the most of anything else.

Follow the dictates of your conscience, and if you fail, Heaven is responsible not you.

Fortune is a great flatterer, and those who listen to her are sure to be beaten at last.

What the world wants just now more than anything else is more turkey and less talk.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.

There is no man so uncultivated that you can't learn something from him.

would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every lay is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled and how glad you were to see him. What, then, will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated! After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But, oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed spot, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is goodby, goodby. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window and at the steamboat wharf. Goodby! Children lisp it and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way, "Goodby!" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Goodby! Ah, that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Goodby! Goodby!

But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem, little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place! If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side where their group is augmented. It is graves here and coffins and hearses here.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven. Don't cry," and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and looking down at the body of her mother said, "Is this heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here. It is darkness here, but there is merry making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived, "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus," and the missionary said, "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes. That's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven, what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell, what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said, "Massa, where Jesus is there can be no hell."

Oh, to stand in His presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid all the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now, our lo