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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 XV.—(Continued.)

"I know I lost this stud," said Marsden, very deliberately, "on that unlucky evening, and never could find it; but why should not the robber have picked it up if he found it, as he most probably did in the tent?"

"You are a brave man to face me as you do!" she exclaimed. "But I hold you in my hand," and she clinched it. "I will tell you who found it, and where! You sweet, beloved fiancee, when paying me a private visit in my room, admiring my ball-dress, espied the glitter of that diamond among the lace on the body, where it had dropped when you struggled to stupefy me with your horrible chloroform. Me, the woman you have been making love to ten minutes before—who was ready to give you all she had—you base midnight thief!"

"Do not be so positive. Might it not have fallen among your lace as we danced together, or when I was assisting to lift you?"

"No, no, no," she cried, as if carried out of herself, and speaking with immense rapidity. "I saw it on your breast when you left me, and Nora, your Nora, told me you never touched me! It is useless denying your guilt. Waite, the detective, knows you. He saw you here, here with me, before he started to pursue you. He was with you at Amsterdam, in Paris, at Chanlaire, when you went to your sick friend, De Mendon. He tracked you, he can swear to you. I have paid hundreds to prove it, and I have you in my grasp!"

She stopped, panting.

Marsden rose slowly, his eyes fixed upon her. She was frightened by his silence, his desperate look. She, too, rose; but her fury seemed to evaporate.

"What are you going to do, Marsden?" she said, quivering. "You would not murder me?"

He laughed a strange, discordant laugh. "I am blackguard enough," he said; "but I would not hurt a hair of your head. No! It is useless to contradict your assertions. You have me, indeed, in your grasp, and there is but one way of escape."

He moved to the door, but she was too quick for him. Setting her back against it, she stretched out her arms to keep him off.

"You shall not kill yourself! I forbid you! You are bad, and base, but you belong to me—you belong to me! No, Marsden, you shall not leave me!"

"What is life to me?" asked Marsden with a calm despair. "A dishonoring shackle! The sooner I am rid of it the better. I cannot struggle with you. If you have any pity, let me go!"

"I will not! I cannot! Oh! Marsden, how I have hated you! You have been so unspeakably false. To rob me, that you might shake me off and marry my rival. Yet," and her eyes softened as they rested on his fine face, so rigid in its despair, on his attitude, grand even in its expressive abandonment, "with all, I cannot let you destroy yourself! If I could hope that gratitude would awaken anything like affection, tenderness!"

"I am not worth saving," interrupted Marsden, speaking more collectedly. He began to calculate chances. "I know I have done a dastardly deed. I never saw its full baseness till I was found out." He smiled a bitter, cynical smile. "That does not show much of a moral nature to work upon; but I have so much decency left that it is torture to be under your eye, to hear your just reproaches. I do not ask for mercy. If you choose to call a policeman, do so. You will be in your right. I will not resist."

He folded his arms and stood quite still.

"And do you not know I should tear my own heart to pieces if I injured you?" she cried, in a passion of anger and love. "Oh! I can save you! I will save you! if you promise to give me the love I long for! Can I not win you by such service as man never had offered him before? I can save more than your life."

"I have no love to give!" said Marsden, in a low tone. "I have done with love and friendship; and, however generous you may be, how can you silence your detective?"

"I have bound up his interest with his discretion," she said, eagerly, still keeping between Marsden and the door.

"I tell you, your bitterest revenge is to prevent my escaping life and its intolerable pangs."

"And I tell you," she cried, hardening again, "that if you kill yourself I will blazon the story of your felony, your shame, to the whole world! I will myself describe to Nora L'Estrange your disguises, your creeping to and fro to sell your plunder."

"Silence!" interrupted Marsden, fiercely, making a step forward, then recovering himself. "It is not probable I can do anything to atone, to compensate. If I can——" he broke off.

Mrs. Ruthven paused and clasped her hands tightly together.

"If I hold my tongue none need ever know of your—infamy," she said, slowly. "It will be a secret between our two selves. Ought not that to be an indissoluble bond of union? There is not a breath of suspicon against you. Waite's interest is distinctly to be silent. If I choose to submit to so great a loss, that is my affair."

"It is a tremendous if," said Marsden. "How am I to repay so huge a debt?"

"By giving me your life," she returned in quickly resolute tones, "by giving me your name."

"Do you remember that I am not only in love with Nora, but openly engaged to her?"

"I do, and breaking with her will be a considerable part of your atonement. I know men tolerably well; you are quite capable of loving two."

"You are right! My love for Nora is—I cannot speak of it to you—it has hitherto been the most, the only, spiritualized passion I ever knew; there has been no time as yet for it to become incarnate. Now there is in you an undertone of devilry that always attracted me."

"Will you break with Nora for my sake?" demanded Mrs. Ruthven, imperiously.

"It could be managed," he returned thoughtfully, remembering his last interview with her. "Be that as it may, I shall never marry her now!"

"And my great sacrifice, will it not draw your heart to me!" she cried. "Oh! I have been wild with love and hate for you and I feel how madly foolish and despicable I am to act as I do!" She burst into a passionate fit of sobbing.

The light came back to Marsden's eyes.

"You are a woman any man might love," he said, "and as you wisely admit that men can love two or more (we are generally broader than women, some women), you shall have all the love left in me, of my life-long gratitude you may be sure. You are making a sorry bargain, I warn you. I shall never be the same again, but if you care to be Mrs. Marsden of Evesleigh, so be it!"

"Ah! you are simply selling yourself! And what a price I pay!"

"No! by heaven! I am grateful, and I always admired you! Even that night, when I unclasped your necklace I felt inclined to kiss the pretty white throat that was so velvety soft to my sacrilegious touch!"

"And why did you not? Had you brought back consciousness by kisses and confided your difficulties to me, all would have been well!" cried the infatuated woman, throwing herself into his arms.

What could a criminal so respited do but pay the tribute demanded with liberal lips?

For the moment Marsden was moved and really grateful, though a bitter sense of being sold into slavery tinged his feelings of relief.

"How could you be so fascinated by Nora L'Estrange?" asked Mrs. Ruthven, still leaning against him and looking up in his face. "She never could understand you as I do, she never could share your feelings as I can."

"She is what she is," said he, shortly, "and has been an infinite misfortune to me."

"I am glad you see it." Mrs. Ruthven sat down on the sofa and signed to him to sit beside her. "Can I trust you, Marsden?" looking intently into his face.

"I think so. Dictate your own terms—settle everything on yourself—everything of mine that is available. I shall never feel more than a dependent on your charity."

"You must not say that. You will see that, together, we shall command society."

"Tell me," resumed Marsden, after a moment's pause, "before we drop this accursed subject forever, how did that detective fellow see me?"

"Do you remember an engineer, a Mr. Colville, calling here and speaking to me of his having a little girl, who was my god-daughter?"

"Yes. Shirley was here."

"That man was Waite. I wanted him to see you. I wanted to test the completeness of his disguise by defying Shirley's recognition. Shirley found him for me."

"Good God, has Shirley any suspicion?"

"Not the faintest. Do not doubt; I took every precaution to shield the name I might possibly bear. I waited, oh, how impatiently! hoping you would avow your love and difficulties to me, then I should have hidden my knowledge even from you; but when I found you were going to marry Nora L'Estrange, to expose me to the contemptuous pity of all your world and mine, I was on the verge of getting a warrant of committal against you. My relapse saved you. Ay, and saved me. Does not Nora love you intensely?" with keen curiosity.

Marsden understood the drift of the question.

"It would be unchivalrous to boast,' said he, with a significant smile.

A look of delight in the suffering she hoped to inflict gleamed in Mrs. Ruthven's large dark eyes.

"I must let you go, dearest," she said, laying her hand caressingly on his shoulder, yet he fancied with a touch of proprietorship. "But you will be sure to return to dinner, and be sure you do not go to the L'Estrange's. A letter will do much better than an interview."

"An interview? God forbid!" he exclaimed, with unmistakable sincerity.

"How pleased Lady Dorrington will be," said Mrs. Ruthven, meditatively.

"Oh, charmed," returned Marsden, while he thought how cruel fate had been in permitting his affectionate interlocutor to leave Chedworth alive. "I must leave you now," he said. "I feel I must be alone. I am still dizzy and unhinged with—with the sense of your great goodness."

"But you will come back? You will not do yourself any harm?"—anxiously.

"No. I don't think I have pluck enough left to blow my brains out, or rather you have given me a fresh zest for life. You are looking awfully exhausted. You must lie down and rest."

"Do you care enough for me to wish I should rest?"

"How can you doubt? Good-by for the present." A little further tribute, and he fled from her, half mad with rage, despair and self-contempt.

His ruling motive for the last few minutes had been to escape from Mrs. Ruthven, to be alone with his crushing sense of discovery and defeat. He had been utterly out-witted, he was at the mercy of a deeply injured woman—a woman from whom he shrunk revolted, all the more because he had injured her.

The force of degradation could no further go, and he had been such a doubly damned fool as to believe himself safe! That he could defy this keen, subtle, tenacious woman, and hug himself in the belief that by so base, so shabby a crime, he could secure an adorable creature like Nora! He had said truly that failure, detection, showed him the depth of shame into which he had fallen. Had he succeeded, it would not have occurred to him to repent.

Still aglow with the passion Nora had inspired, it was torture to give her up; yet he had so much sense of right left, or rather restored, that he felt it would be equally torture to meet her eyes, to hear her voice, knowing he was a despicable outcast, from whom, was she but aware of his true character, she would turn with scorn and loathing. Why, if he had murdered a man in anger, he thought, as he paced his room, or sat with locked doors, his head buried in his hands, he could face the world with comparative boldness, and yet, how unjust opinon is! What real harm had he done Mrs. Ruthven? Only deprived her of a few baubles she looked quite as well without. He had not robbed her of any comfort or necessity, or of money or lands. Why had he been so unlucky as to have taken such an overpowering fancy to a girl like Nora, unapproachable save by the tremendous sacrifice of marriage? This was really the mainspring of his misfortunes.

As to the future, he shuddered to think of it. Why should he not escape it? As to his solemn promise to Mrs. Ruthven, that weighed but lightly on his soul. What stayed his hand was partly the demoralization which seemed to paralyze him, but chiefly his dread of being hopelessly disgraced in Nora's eyes. She had immense power over him, and he had said truly, that all of good in him was linked with his feelings for her. No! he might have had resolution to end his ruined life, had he not felt convinced that Mrs. Ruthven, furious at being robbed of her prey, would tell all and make the worst of all to Nora. No; the one shred of comfort in the hell he had created for himself, was to remain unblemished in Nora's eyes. He would affect to release her by noble effort of self-denial, and perhaps she would give him a kind thought; perhaps, when wearied of a monotonous life with Winton or some other prig, a regretful thought.

What a sham life was altogether! Was Nora as true, as real, as she seemed? Yes, now, he would swear, but how long would her truth last the wear and tear of the world?

Well, he had escaped detection, and for Nora's sake, for his sister's, his name's sake, he had better drift with the tide which seemed sitting in his favor. His only way of enduring existence was to forget there was a yesterday or a to-morrow.

But dine with that woman, who was his mistress in the cruelest sense, he could not—at least, to-day. No; to-day he must be alone; he must be free to swallow, unchecked, such an amount of burgundy, champagne, brandy, as might drown the intolerable rage and remorse that maddened him.

His incoherent note of excuse, however, only brought Nemesis upon him, in the shape of Mrs. Ruthven herself, wrapped in shawls and furs, who sent up an urgent message, and sat in her carriage at the hotel door till her captive joined her, and was taken off in triumph.

(To be continued.)

FATALITIES AT SEA.

Large Increase Shown by the Report of the Inspector General.

The records of the United States steamboat inspection service, which during the last nineteen years has been under the direction of Gen. Dumont as Inspector General, show that during the last fiscal year the number of lives lost on steam vessels was approximately 368. This was an increase over the average of the preceding eighteen years of 128. This great increase was caused by the large loss of life by the foundering of the steamship Colima, recently, off the Pacific coast. This makes the average for the last nineteen years 247. The highest previous annual loss was 586 in 1874. The lowest was 133, in 1886. Notwithstanding the great increase in the number of vessels since 1870—over 100 per cent.—there have been but 759 disasters to steam vessels, with a loss of but 5,057 lives, the number of passengers carried per annum having increased from 122,589,130, carried in 1870, to not less than 650,000,000, carried in 1892.

The average loss of life under the law of 1852 was one person to every 250,181 passengers carried, while under the act of 1871, which greatly improved the efficiency of the service, there was only one life lost in 2,708,333 passengers carried, or a reduction in the number of lives lost of nearly 11 to 1 in proportion to the number of passengers carried. The service consists of about 175 officers and clerks, one supervising inspector general, ten supervising inspectors of districts, under whom are local inspectors, divided among the various customs collection districts of the United States. One of the most striking instances of the benefits derived from the powers conferred upon inspectors under the law is the almost entire absence of intemperance at the present time upon the part of licensed officers.

An alleged defect in the laws, and one which has caused much criticism, is in the local inspectors' power to investigate the cause of boiler explosions and casualties to steam vessels, thus giving the inspectors the right to pass judgment upon their own acts. The present head of the inspection service, Gen. Dumont, shares in the opinion of the opponents of such power, and has, unsuccessfully however, endeavored to have the laws amended to correct the evil. As long ago as 1889 he called attention in his annual report to the matter, and suggested a remedy in the form of a bill, which, however, never became a law. The bill provided for a court of inquiry, to be appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, to investigate acts of local inspectors in granting licenses, etc., such court to consist of three supervising inspectors of other districts than the one in which the inspector belongs. It is very likely that this matter will again be brought before Congress at the next session.

No Song, No Supper.

Those men that undertake to train birds how to sing the notes of musical instruments usually teach their pupils in classes—seven birds to a class, for instance. Girls and boys that have studied under the best of masters, at the best of schools, have an enviable time compared with the poor birds, who are shut up in a dark room to start with, and are, moreover, half starved if they are too long in beginning their task of imitation. On the other hand, if they get on nicely and are fairly "quick at the uptake," the light will be gradually admitted and their hunger will be partly relieved, to reward their efforts and encourage them to higher things. As soon as they come to find that a little light and food accompany song, in the long run they learn to sing of their own accord for these necessities of life. The flute is the chief instrument used in these bird classes.

News in Brief.

—The waters of North America are stocked with 1800 different varieties of fish.

—A mastodon skeleton unearthed in Border County, Texas, in August, 1894, had tusks attached to the skull which were ten feet long.

—Remarkable is the case of the seventy-seven-year-old citizen of Neat Falls, Wash., who is growing young again. His hair is changing from white to black, his eye brightens and his muscles are as limber at an angle-worms.

—Alderman John Sheehan, of Buffalo, N. Y., saved a Polack's life. The Pole, to prove his gratitude, offered Sheehan his baby boy as a gift, explaining that he was poor and had nothing else. Sheehan declined with thanks.

—The only dyes impervious to the bleaching power of the sun's rays are Prussian blue and chrome yellow.

—A pair of horses ran away in Cartersville, Mo., the other day dragging four little children in it. Just as every one was expecting they'd be killed, one horse fell into a mining shaft and the wagon stopped. Children and horses were all saved.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

A copperhead snake seven feet long was killed in a cigar store in Franklin, N. J., recently.

Microbes killed a bank clerk lately who, in counting a pile of bank notes, moistened his fingers with his lips.

A Maine physician prescribes for nervous exhaustion tomcod chowder, and the patient must capture his own cod.

Atlanta, Ga., is the only city in the United States that has a house constructed wholly of paper from foundation to chimney.

A petrified frog, found in an Elmira, N. Y., stone quarry in 1886 was two feet and eight inches in length and weighed over 100 pounds.

Tin is said to have been discovered in Huerfano County, Colorado, in better paying quantities than any other place in the United States.

B. H. Freeman, of Toomsboro, Ga., once kept a moccasin snake, tightly sealed up in a bottle, for two years without food or water, "yet it lived and grew fat."

In 1892 the cost of the election in England was £958,522, an average of a little over 4 shillings a vote. In 1874 each vote cost 14 to 15 shillings, and in 1859 over £1.

The amount of New England rum sent from Boston to Africa has decreased in the last two years from 1,025,226 gallons to 561,265. The cause of this decrease is not given.

The very largest "standpipe" in the United States is at the corner of Seventeenth and Crocker streets, Des Moines, Iowa. It is 135 feet high and twenty odd feet in diameter.

The French Government has purchased for the Luxembourg gallery a landscape, "Summer," by Maurice Cullen, a native of St. John's, Newfoundland. It was exhibited at the Champ de Mars salon.

The Louvre has recently become the possessor of a valuable Greek inscription found in the neighborhood of Djerach, in Syria. It contains portions of an ancient law concerning vineyards and their protection against thieves.

The Italian Naval Committee is said to have examined and reported favorably upon a new type of armor-clad of the first class. The plans, by Signor Brin, are said to be entirely different from any existing, either in Italy or abroad. The chief characteristics are very high speed and the submersion of very nearly the whole body of the vessel.

The cleaning of men's straw hats, says the New York Mail and Express, by means of a whirling wheel, soap, water, brushes and hot irons, is spreading to all parts of the city, and where there were only a few places downtown early in the summer they can now be found on most of the busy business avenues and streets as far north as 125th street.

An item of Rubinstein's will set aside a sum of money the interest of which, after accumulating five years, was to form a prize for the best piano concerto, a condition of the bequest being that it should be performed for the first time in public by the composer himself. The first of these competitions will take place in Berlin this week, the next in Vienna in 1900, and the third in Paris in 1905.

The Secretary to the Austro-Hungarian Chamber of Commerce has informed the world at large that a great exhibition will be held at Buda-Pesth next year in commemoration of the foundation of the Hungarian kingdom under Arpad, 1,000 years ago. The exhibition will be on a scale of great magnificence, organized under the auspices of Francis Joseph, apostolic king of Hungary.

Waterford is almost the only town in Connecticut that, after calling a meeting to vote on taking advantage of the law for improving highways, has decided against going on with the work. The meeting was held Wednesday and several speeches in favor of road building were made, but the sentiment of the meeting was the other way and the proposition was voted down by an overwhelming majority.

John Norton, who is 93 years old, has lived all his life in his house near Compounce Lake, Connecticut, and, although he has been in sight of both the Northampton Division of the Consolidated and of the New England Railroad, never rode in a car of any kind until recently. The old gentleman is hale and hearty, with all of his faculties keen and alert, and has a good prospect of living to be 100. He seemed to enjoy his ride very much.

A mortgage was put on record against the First Baptist Church of Cincinnati. It is in favor of Rev. C. Lockwood, who is about to retire from the pastorate, and his wife. The church owes Mr. Lockwood $1,000 salary, and Mrs. Lockwood the same amount, as money borrowed for some church improvements. The mortgage is to secure these amounts. This church is the oldest one of the denomination in Cincinnati.

The "agricultural ants" of Sonora, Mexico, are said to plant fields of grain and regularly harvest their crops, upon which they depend wholly for food. In fact, should the crops fail, they would perish of famine. On the other hand, the cereals that they grow have been specialized by cultivation, like the wheat and other grains of the human husbandman, and, it is stated, would quickly disappear if the insects neglected to attend to them.

It is not generally known that the young flat fish have an eye on each side of the body, and that it is only in the adult stage that the eyes are both on one side. There has been much discussion among scientific men as to the mode in which the change takes place, but in the flounder the eye has been observed to travel over the ridge of the head, while in some other fish it passes directly through the soft tissue of the young fish to the other side.

A remarkable coincidence is noted in the family of Mrs. Matilda Craig, who lives near Sand Hill, Ky. She is the oldest child of a family of twelve children. Her mother was the youngest child of a dozen children. Mrs. Craig is the mother of twelve children. Each of these families had a pair of twins. Mrs. Craig was born May 5, 1823, and was married on the 3d of May. If she lives until the 3d of next May she and her husband will celebrate their golden wedding.

Paul Kreuper, of South Bend, Ind., retiring township trustee, upon casting up his accounts, found himself $5,000 short, and, without waiting for a re-examination, and nearly crazy with excitement, he notified some of his bondsmen, and there was the mischief to pay. The deputy county auditor found Kreuper toying with a revolver and well-nigh distracted, and the deputy sent him home and called in an expert. A re-examination demonstrated that not only was there no shortage, but a balance was due to Mr. Kreuper.

Miss Dora Remsen, daughter of Isaac P. Remsen, of Jamaica, L. I., was sent to Bloomingdale asylum last week, a raving maniac. Miss Remsen was a stout young woman, and a few months ago commenced taking a quack flesh reducer. In a short while the compound affected her mind. She was removed to the Amityville hospital, and in a short while grew worse. She was then brought to her father's house here. A few days ago Miss Remsen tried to assault her mother. Then it was decided to remove the unfortunate girl to Bloomingdale.

It is the custom of fishermen all along the Maine coast to pre-empt certain watery claims, to which they have no more real right than any other free-born American citizens, and the man who attempts to venture within these undefined boundaries gets into trouble. It makes no difference whether alleged trespassers find any paraphernalia or other signs of fishing in the locality or not. It is related that the master of the sloop Ranger, of Eagle Island, recently placed fifty lobster traps off Sears Island, which is rather celebrated for its salmon fishery, and during the captain's absence twenty or more of them were utterly destroyed, as a gentle hint that those waters and the lobsters therein besporting belonged to other parties.

A Curious Custom in Alaska.

A fact remarkable to our civilized women is the one that Alaska squaws make their ages public. They wear a piece of wood or bone in the lower lip, the size of the ornament indicating the age of the owner. When a girl marries her lower lip is pierced and a peg of wood or a piece of bone the size of a pea inserted. As she grows older this is increased in size until it is almost as wide as her chin, and one-fourth of an inch high. The result is naturally most unsightly. There is an interesting family at Fort Wrangel, which illustrates perfectly this peculiar custom. It includes four generations. A young girl may be seen sitting at one side of the one-roomed square house, while her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother are squatted on the earthen floor near the door, offering mats and baskets to the ship's passengers who come on shore. There is no disfiguring ornament on the girl's chin, but there is a big one on the lip of the great-grandmother.—Chicago Tribune.

Odds Against Macedonia.

Turkey has sent to the scene of the Macedonian outbreak fourteen battalions of infantry, nine squadrons of cavalry, and nine field batteries to put down the Christians of that province. As if the odds were not large enough against the Macedonians, the Christian powers, Germany, Austria, Italy and England, it is reported, have reached an agreement, which agreement is not to let the Macedonian Christians go too far in putting down the unspeakable Turks. It is astonishing the amount of consideration these cruel and bestial orientals receive from the great powers. As they have failed thus far, however, in any scheme to protect the Armenian Christians there is no reason to expect that the Macedonian cry "come over and help us" will be answered.—Chicago Tribune.

Quite Proper.

Surely it is in a measure unkind to laugh at one who is determined to do the proper thing! Says Scottish Nights:

A young farmer from the upper ward of Lanarkshire, who became a benedict recently, took his spouse to a Glasgow theater on their honeymoon trip.

"I see," said the bridegroom, consulting one of the large posters displayed outside the theater before entering, "that there's a guid wheen different kind o' seats. There's pit and stalls and dress circle and family circle and gallery. Which should we hae, Maggie?"

"Weel, Jamie," replied the buxom bride, with a becoming blush, "seein' that we're mairrit noo, maybe it wad be mair proper to sit in the faim'ly circle."

The New York Is Steady.

The New York, of the American line, though not the fastest, has the best record for regularity of any of the Atlantic fleet. Her average time has not varied for years, and she can be expected almost on the minute every voyage. She has crossed the Atlantic more times than any other steamer of her age, and has been more regular about it. The New York made fourteen trips westward, in 1893, with an average time of 6 days 24 hours and 45 minutes. Her sailing distance was 2,770 miles. In 1893 she made thirteen trips, eastbound, with an average of 6 days 20 hours and 30 minutes, which was just one minute faster than her westbound time that year. In 1894 she made fifteen trips, with an average time of 6 days 20 hours and 24 minutes. Therefore, in crossing the ocean fifty-seven times in both directions, at all seasons of the year, her widest variation for two years was only 1 hour and 21 minutes.—London Engineer.

Smart.

He—The sea is very rough!

She—So would you be if you were crossed as often.—Town Topics.

Two Kinds of Paleness.

"You are awfully pale," said Esmeralda Longcoffin to Birdie McGinnis.

"Yes, I know I am pale; but my paleness is natural. It comes from dyspepsia; but you get your paleness by the box from the drug store."—Tammany Times.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Rough Sailing."

TEXT: "And there were also with Him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind."—Mark iv., 36, 37.

Tiberias, Galilee and Gennesaret were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance. The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, gorged, were so many hanging gardens of beauty. The streams tumbled down through rocks of gray and red limestone, and flashing from the hillside bounded to the sea. In the time of our Lord the valleys, headlands and ridges were covered thickly with vegetation, and so great was the variety of climate that the palm tree of the torrid and the walnut tree of rigorous climate were only a little way apart. Men in vineyards and olive gardens were gathering up the riches for the oil press. The hills and valleys were starred and crimsoned with flowers, from which Christ took His text, and the disciples learned lessons of patience and trust. It seemed as if God had dashed a wave of beauty on all the scene until it hung dripping from the rocks, the hills, the oleanders. On the back of the Lebanon range the glory of the earthly scene was carried up as if to set it in range with the hills of heaven.

No other gem ever had so exquisite a setting as beautiful Gennesaret. The waters were clear and sweet and thickly inhabited, tempting innumerable nets and affording a livelihood for great populations. Bethsaida, Chorazin and Capernaum stood on the bank roaring with wheels of traffic and flashing with splendid equipages, and shooting their vessels across the lake, bringing merchandise for Damascus and passing great cargoes of wealthy product. Pleasure boats of Roman gentlemen and fishing smacks of the country people, who had come down to cast a net there, passed each other with nod and shout and welcome, or side by side swung idly at the moorings. Palace and luxuriant bank and vineyard, tower and shadowy arbor, looking off upon the calm sweet scene as the evening shadows began to drop, and Hermon, with its head covered with perpetual snow, in the glow of the setting sun looked like a white bearded prophet ready to ascend in a chariot of fire. I think we shall have a quiet night! Not a leaf winks in the air or a ripple disturbs the surface of Gennesaret. The shadows of the great headlands stalk clear across the water. The voices of eveningtide, how drowsily they strike the ear—the splash of the boatman's oar, and the thumping of the captured fish on the boat's bottom, and those indescribable sounds which fill the air at nightfall. You hasten up the beach of the lake a little way, and there you find an excitement as of an embarkation. A flotilla is pushing out from the western shore of the lake—not a squadron with deadly armament, not a clipper to ply with the merchandise, not pirate vessels with grappling hook to hug to death whatever they could seize, but a flotilla laden with messengers of light and mercy and peace. Jesus is in the front ship. His friends and admirers are in the small boats following after, by the rocking of the boat and the fatigues of the preaching exercises of the day, is induced to slumber, and I see Him in the stern of the boat, with a pillow perhaps extemporized out of a fisherman's coat, sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn and weary, and on its surface there risen and falleth the light ship, like a child on the bosom of its sleeping mother! Calm night. Starry night. Beautiful night. Run up all the sails, and ply all the oars, and let the boats—the big boat and the small boats—go gliding over gentle Gennesaret.

The sailors prophesy a change in the weather. Clouds begin to travel up the sky and congregate. After awhile, even the passengers hear the moan of the storm, which comes on with rapid strides and with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The boat, caught in the sudden fury, trembles like a deer at bay amid the wild clangor of the hounds. Great patches of foam are flung through the air. The loosened sails, flapping in the wind, crack like pistols. The small boats poised on the white cliff of the driven sea tremble like ocean petrels, and then plunge into the trough with terrific concussion, and strike them with thunder crack, and overboard go the cordage, the tackling and the masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the stern of the boat and shout amid the hurricane, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifted his head from the fisherman's coat and walked out to the prow of the vessel and looked upon the storm. On all sides were the small boats tossing in helplessness, and from them came the cries of drowning men. By the flash of lightning I see the calmness of the uncovered brow of Jesus and the spray of the sea dripping from His beard. He has two words of command—one for the wind, the other for the sea. He looks into the tempestuous heavens and He cries "Peace!" and then He looks down into the infuriate waters and He says, "Be still!" The thunders beat a retreat. The waves fall flat on their faces. The extinguished stars rekindle their torches. The foam melts. The storm is dead. And while the crew are untangling the cordage and the cables and baling out the water from the hold of the ship the disciples stand wonder struck, now gazing into the calm sky, now gazing into the calm sea, now gazing into the calm face of Jesus, and whispering one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

I learn, first, from this subject that when you are going to take a voyage of any kind you ought to have Christ in the ship. The fact is that those boats would all have gone to the bottom if Christ had not been there. Now, you are about to voyage out into some new enterprise—into some new business relation. You are going to plan some great matter of profit. I hope it is so. If you are content to go along in the treadmill course and plan nothing new, you are not fulfilling your mission. What you can do by the utmost tension of body, mind and soul that you are bound to do. You have no right to be colonel of a regiment if God calls you to command an army. You have no right to be stoker in a steamer if God commands you to be admiral of the navy. You have no right to engineer a ferryboat from river bank to river bank if God commands you to engineer a Cunarder from New York to Liverpool. But whatever enterprise you undertake, and on whatever voyage you start, be sure to take Christ in the ship. Here are men largely prospered. The seed of a small enterprise grew into an overshadowing and overshadowing success. Their cup of prosperity is running over. Every day sees a commercial or a mechanical triumph. Yet they are not puffed up. They acknowledge the God who grows the harvests and gives them all their prosperity. When disaster comes that destroys others, they are only helped into higher experiences. The coldest winds that ever blew down from snow capped Hermon and tossed Gennesaret into foam and agony could not hurt them. Let the winds blow until they crack their cheeks. Let the breakers boom—all is well, Christ is in the ship. Here are other men, the prey of uncertainties. When they succeed, they strut through the world in great vanity and wipe their feet on the sensitiveness of others. Disaster comes, and they are utterly down. They are good sailors on a fair day, when the sky is clear and the sea is smooth, but they cannot outride a storm. After awhile the packet is tossed a beam's end, and it seems as if she must go down with all the cargo. Push out from the shore with a lifeboat, long boat, shallow and pinnace. You cannot save the crew. The storm twists off the masts. The sea rises up to take down the vessel. Down she goes! No Christ in that ship.

I speak of young people whose voyage in life will be a mingling of sunshine and of darkness, of arctic blast and of tropical tornado. You will have many a long, bright day of prosperity. The skies clear, the sea smooth. The crew exhilarant. The boat stanch will bound merrily over the billows. Crowd on all the canvas. Heigh, ho! Land ahead! But suppose that sickness puts its bitter cup to your lips; suppose that death overshadows your heart; suppose misfortune, with some quick turn of the wheel, hurls you backward; suppose that the wave of trial strikes you athwart ships, and bowsprit shivered, and halyards swept into the sea, and gangway crowded with piratical disasters, and the wave beneath, and the sky above, and the darkness around are filled with the clamor of voices of destruction. Oh, then you will want Christ in the ship!

I learn, in the next place, that people who follow Christ must not always expect smooth sailing. When these disciples got into the small boats, they said "What a delightful thing this is! Who would not be a follower of Christ when he can ride in one of these small boats after the ship in which Jesus is sailing?" But when the storm came down these disciples found out that following Jesus did not always make smooth sailing. So you have found out, and so I have found out. If there are any people who you would think ought to have had a good time in getting out of this world, the apostles of Jesus Christ ought to have been the men. Have you ever noticed how they got out of the world? St. James lost his head; St. Philip was hung to death against a pillar; St. Matthew was struck to death by a halberd; St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets; St. James the Less had his brains dashed out with a fuller's club; St. Matthias was stoned to death; St. Thomas was struck through with a spear, John Huss in the fire, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they always find smooth sailing? Why go so far?

There is a young man in a store in New York who has a hard time to maintain his Christian character. All the clerks laugh at him, the employers in that store laugh at him, and when he loses his patience they say, "You are pretty Christian!" Not so easy is it for that young man to follow Christ. If the Lord did not help him hour by hour, he would fail. There are scores of young men to-day who would be willing to testify that in following Christ one does not always find smooth sailing. There is a Christian girl. In her home they do not like Christ. She has hard work to get a silent place in which to say her prayers. Father opposed to religion; mother opposed to religion; brothers and sisters opposed to religion. The Christian girl does not always find it smooth sailing when she tries to follow Jesus. But be of good heart. As seafarers, when winds are dead ahead, by setting the ship on starboard tack and bracing the yards make the winds that oppose the course propel the ship forward, so opposing troubles, through Christ, veering around the bowsprit of faith, will waft you to heaven when, if the winds had been abaft, they might have rocked and sung you to sleep, and while dreaming of the destined port of heaven you could not have heard the cry of warning and would have gone crashing into the breakers.

Again, my subject teaches me that good people sometimes get very much frightened. From the tone and manner of these disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fearfully scared. And so it is now that you often find good people wildly agitated. "Oh!" says some Christian man, "the infidel magazines, the bad newspapers, the spiritualistic societies, the importation of so many foreign errors, the church of God is going to be lost, the ship is going to founder! The ship is going down!" What are you frightened about? An old lion goes into his cavern to take a sleep, and he lies down until his shaggy mane covers his paws. Meanwhile the spiders outside begin to spin webs over the mouth of his cavern and say, "That lion cannot break out through this web," and they keep on spinning the gossamer threads until they get the mouth of the cavern covered over. "Now," they say, "the lion's done, the lion's done." After awhile the lion awakes and shakes himself, and he walks out from the cavern, never knowing there were any spiders' webs, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. Let the only one that you had, and your soul has ever since been like a desolated castle, where the birds of the night hoot amid the falling towers and along the crumbling stairway. Or perhaps it was an aged mother that was called away. You used to send for her when you had any kind of trouble. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, when they died she was there to pity you. You know that the old hand will never do any more kindness for you, and the lock of white hair that you keep so well in the casket of the locket does not look so well as it did on the day when she moved it back from the wrinkled forehead under the old fashioned bonnet in the church in the country. Or perhaps your property has gone. You said, "There, I have so much in bank stock, so much I have in lands, so much I have in securities." Suddenly it is all gone. Alas! for the man who once had plenty of money, but who has hardly enough now for the morning marketing. No storm ever swept over Gennesaret like that which has gone trampling its thunders over your quaking soul. But you awoke Christ in the back part of the ship, crying, "Master, carest Thou not that I perish?" and Christ rose up and quieted you. Jesus hushing the tempest.

There is one storm into which we must all run. When a man lets go this life to take hold of the next, I do not care how much grace he has, he will want it all. What is that out yonder? That is a dying Christian rocked on the surges of death. Winds that have wrecked magnificent flotillas of pomp and worldly power come down on that Christain soul. All the spirits of darkness seem to be let loose, for it is their last chance. The wailing of kindred seems to mingle with the swirl of the waters, and the scream of the wind and the thunder of the sky. Deep to deep, billow to billow, yet no tumor, no gloom, no terror, no sighing for the dying Christian. The fact is that from the back part of the boat a voice sings out, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." By the flash of the storm the dying Christian sees that the harbor is only just ahead. From heavenly castles voices of welcome come over the waters. Peace drops on the angry wave as the storm jobs itself to rest like a child falling asleep amid tears and trouble. Christ hath hushed the tempest.

THEY COURT INSULT.

Amber's Opinion of Hypersensitive Females of Modern Society.

Says Amber in the Chicago Herald: A man was once walking along a country road. The morning was blithe with dew and bird-song, and the way wound by many a musical brook and flowing mead, until lost at last within the embrasure of a leafy wood.

The man was heavily burdened. In one hand he carried an iron pot and a live chicken by the legs, in the other a staff, and a cord to which was attached a gamesome pup.

Shortly before entering the forest the man was overtaken by a buxom maid. For a time they journeyed together in pleasant converse. The maid was going forth to gather wintergreen berries, she said, and for that purpose she carried a bright tin pail. Hardly had they entered the umbrageous shade of the forest before she dropped her pail and began to shriek with terror.

"For heaven's sake what is the matter?" exclaimed the man, while the chicken squawked, the pup frisked and the maid continued her piercing cries.

"I fear that you are going to kiss me here in these lonely woods," she sobbed, "and I cannot help myself."

"You talk nonsense," said the man; "how do you suppose I could kiss you if I wanted to with my hands so full?"

"Nothing easier," moaned the maid. "All you would have to do would be to stick your staff into the ground and fasten the dog to it, then put your chicken down and turn the iron pot over it to keep it from running away. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do, with nobody nigh to hinder?"

"Well thought out!" cried the man, and handed the maid the pail to hold while he secured the dog, after which he imprisoned the chicken and proceeded to kiss the shrieking maid.

The fable is exemplified from day to day by those people who are always on the alert for insults. They never ride in the car, nor go on a journey, nor walk through a crowded passageway, nor sit in a restaurant, nor travel in the streets but what some one either looks, suggests or does something to shock them. True modesty is not always on the lookout for offense, any more than a homing dove turns aside to troop with vagabond crows. True modesty is not easily affronted and is slow to think evil.

If a girl is brought up right she needs no champeron to protect her. Her own dainty discrimination, her own sweet sense of savoir faire will carry her the wide world over as the May morning carries a bird through its azure air or as June