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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 XVI.

A day had passed—two—three—and Marsden had made no sign.

Nora began to hope he was wise enough to preceive that it would not be for his own happiness to insist on marrying a girl who was so reluctant to be his wife.

After some consideration, she wrote a sensible, dignified letter to Lady Dorrington, rebutting her accusations and assuring her that, so far from wishing to mar her brother's prospects by holding him to his engagement, she had earnestly begged him to set her free.

Christmas had gone by, to Bea's infinite disappointment, without the presence of her favorite, Marsden. There was a pause in the little drama of their lives! This interval was first broken by a few lines from Winton to Mrs. L'Estrange, in which he asked her to fix an hour when she could see him, as he was in town for a short time, and, if she adhered to her intention of returning to Brookdale early in January, it would be his only opportunity of wishing her good-by, as he hoped to complete his business and sail for India the end of the month.

Nora accepted this note as notice to be out of the way, and felt truly grateful to Winton for sparing her the pain of an encounter.

Mrs. L'Estrange began to form some idea of the truth. Though she liked Mark Winton, she thought Marsden would be a more suitable husband for Nora. He was bright and companionable, while Mark was older than his years, sobered too by a life of steady work and serious responsibility. Nora could not be so much attracted by a man too much in earnest for civil speeches or implied compliments, or any of the gallant trickery in which Marsden excelled—who differed from and argued with her as he would with a comrade of his own sex, and to crown all, had looks to boast of beyond a good figure and gentleman-like air.

However, she made out very little from their tete-a-tete interview.

Winton looked worn and gaunt, but seemed very glad to see her, and to find her alone. He spoke freely enough of his own affairs, of the division he had made of his uncle's bequest with the deceased's grandchild, and of his own approaching departure, of herself and her little daughter, in even a kindlier tone than usual; but not until he rose to take leave, after refusing her invitation to dinner, did he mention Nora. Then he asked calmly—"And Miss L'Estrange; I hope she is well?"

"Yes; very well."

"And when does the wedding take place?"

"I am not quite sure."

"I thought it was fixed for the beginning of February?"

"Yes; that was talked of; but we do not quite know yet."

"Are you pleased with the marriage?" he asked, looking at her very searchingly.

"Certainly, I am. It is a good marriage, from a worldly point of view; and then Clifford Marsden is so utterly devoted that I think dear Nora's happiness is sure to be his first consideration."

"It ought to be," very gravely. "But, Mrs. L'Estrange, Marsden's financial position ought to be looked into carefully before the marriage takes place. Marsden of Evesleigh sounds like a grand alliance, but he is a good deal dipped, of course, he may have cleared himself. Miss L'Estrange has no guardian, I believe?"

"No. Colonel L'Estrange, after making many wills, which he destroyed, finally died intestate; our good friend, Mr. Barton, the Colonel's solicitor, has managed everything for us, and I have got into the habit of looking on Lord Dorrington as an informal guardian; but he cannot, or will not, interfere now, because he, or rather Lady Dorrington, is so displeased with the proposed marriage."

"Ha! I feared so. Lady Dorrington was, I think, anxious her brother should secure Mrs. Ruthven's fortune. This must be a source of annoyance to Nora—I mean Miss L'Estrange—who is, I suppose, attached to Marsden; he is a sort of fellow to please a girl's fancy." There was a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Oh, yes, of course! But Nora is no sentimentalist, you know!"

"I do. She is something better. Well, good-morning, Mrs. L'Estrange."

"We shall see you again, though? You will not go without saying good-by to Nora and poor little Bea?"

Winton hesitated.

"I should like to shake hands with Miss L'Estrange once more," he said slowly. "As to Bea, you must keep me posted up in your own and her doings—if you consider me her informal guardian I shall be pleased."

"You are very good—you always were good, Mark," cried Mrs. L'Estrange, warmed out of formality. "But you are not going away forever! India is so accessible now; you can come to and fro, and——"

"India is the best place for me," he interrupted, somewhat grimly. "There I have work to do; here there are no ties to keep me! I shall come and say good-by before I start." He shook hands cordially and left her.

Mrs. L'Estrange hurried upstairs to report proceedings to Nora, who was pretending to read in her own room, where she was fond of retiring, finding the restraint even of her step-mother's kindly presence irksome in her present overtaxed condition of mind—consumed as she was by perpetual anxiety respecting her own position, and intolerable regret for what she had lost by mere misapprehension, or, worse still, the deliberate misleading.

"And Mr. Winton is to leave so soon!" she exclaimed, growing very white, as her step-mother ceased speaking. "Why does he hurry away?"

"I cannot imagine! He seems anxious to get back to his work, and to think there is no place for him in England."

Nora was silent, and Mrs. L'Estrange continued to speak, repeating Winton's kind words, volunteering to be Bea's guardian. Suddenly she broke out, as if she had not heard what her step-mother had been saying:

"It is cruel of Clifford to keep me waiting so long—so long—for his decision. It will be five days to-morrow since he left me! And I cannot bear this horrible anxiety! Helen! Ought I to marry him when I have such doubts—such reluctance? Am I weaker than other people, that I cannot see the right thing to do—and do it? Would Clifford really break his heart about me? What shall I do Helen? Oh, what shall I do?"

She burst into a passion of tears, which absolutely frightened her step-mother, to whom she had scarcely ever—even in her childish days—displayed such strong emotions.

"Dear Nora," she cried, caressing her, "if it distresses you so dreadfully, do not marry Mr. Marsden! Better face the difficulty now than let yourself be indissolubly linked to a man you do not like—though why you do not I cannot understand.

There was a prolonged silence, while Nora's sobs subsided, and she gradually regained her self-possession.

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At the Duchess of Ilminster's dower house there was not unmixed joy on the receipt of a carefully composed letter from Mrs. Ruthven, announcing her engagement to Marsden.

Lady Dorrington could not make it out She was not so carried away by her eagerness for fresh betrothal as to lose sight of the probable injustice to Nora, whose proud, high-spirited letter had touched her and, more still, had inspired her with hopes that the mischief was not irreparable. She hastened with Mrs. Ruthven's epistle to Lord Dorrington.

"Well, my dear," said that sapient nobleman, when he had slowly perused it, "that brother of yours is a clever fellow. How he manages to get rid of one woman and secure another in the twinkling of an eye is beyond me altogether. Mrs. Ruthven is wisely vague on the subject."

"Clifford's momentary engagement to Miss L'Estrange seems to have originated in misapprehension on all sides; and I feel assured that she, too, will see the wisdom of setting an unwilling fiance free."

"Perhaps so; but I doubt if Clifford ever undertook anything against his will, unless under pressure of some tremendous necessity; and what the necessity was for his marrying Nora L'Estrange I cannot see."

"Depend upon it, my lettter is at the root of this very prudent change of front," returned her ladyship. "I feel anxious about Nora, however. I think I had better run to town and see for myself how matters stand. You return to Chedworth to-morrow. I will explain to my aunt that I am compelled to go to town the same afternoon instead of remaining the couple of days I promised."

It followed, of course, that my lady carried out her plans, and, having had a short interview with Mrs. Ruthven and found her brother was still absent at Evesleigh, she dispatched a telegram to Mrs. L'Estrange, whom she wished to see alone.

Mrs. L'Estrange had been out early, having walked with Bea and her governess to a music class which that young lady attended, and doing some shopping on her way back.

The dignified master of the house having gone to dinner, the door was opened by the "slavery" of the establishment, and Mrs. L'Estrange found the telegram on the drawing room table.

As Nora was not there, and the message boded nothing pleasant, Mrs. L'Estrange went down-stairs at once, and meeting her own maid in the hall, she told her she was obliged to go out again, in case Miss L'Estrange asked, and set forth to keep the appointment.

The bell sounded more than once during the sacred hour of rest and refreshment, but the task of answering was left to the neat little house-maid, whose lot it was to serve more than one master.

Nora meanwhile employed herself in her own room. She shrunk from meeting Winton alone, and he might come any day; so, while Helen was out she kept in her special stronghold.

She had been greatly disappointed that day. The morning post had brought her nothing from Marsden; so, with a sinking heart, she had set herself to compose a letter to him.

She had written "Dear Clifford," and sat looking at the words in a sort of despair as to how she would attack her terrible subject, when the servant of the house brought her a letter, at the sight of which her heart stood still; the writing was Marsden's.

"Has Mrs. L'Estrange come in?" she asked.

"Yes'm, she is in the drawing-room."

Nora tore open the envelope and glanced at the contents before rushing to confide them to her step-mother.

"Nora," it began—"I think I see the relief in your eyes—those sweet truthful eyes I love so well—when you read these words—I give you back your promise and set you free. There is that in you, I know not what, which forbids me to sham generosity. I give you up, because I cannot help it. A tremendous necessity, a necessity I cannot explain, compels me. No words can express the agony of bitterness and humiliation it costs me to release you, for I love you as passionately as ever, as I did from the first, when you unconsciously cast a spell over me that has been my ruin. Yet it has been all my own fault. I do not blame you. If I were to write forever, I could say no more. You never loved me, but I should not the less have insisted on your keeping your promise to be my wife. Now I renounce you, and hope never to see you again! You will give yourself to another, of course—I would rather know you were safe in your grave out of reach where none could touch you. So good-by! No one will ever love you so entirely, so intensely, as I do, though I curse the hour I first saw you. If it be possible you should ever regret me, I would break every law, every bond, to come to you. But this is madness! Yours—still utterly yours.

"CLIFFORD MARSDEN."

In the first infinite relief of finding herself free, Nora did not quite take in the fierce despair of this strange letter. Her impulse was to rush with her great tidings to Helen. She flew down stairs and into the drawing-room. Mrs. L'Estrange's arm-chair was in front of the fire and Nora just saw, as she thought, the dark line of her dress at one side, as if her feet were on the fender.

"Oh, Helen! dear Helen! Clifford releases me. Thank God, I am free, quite free!" she cried in joyous agitation.

She had scarce uttered the words when a figure started up from the chair and Winton confronted her.

Nora stood still and dumb, the open letter in her hand, feeling dazed and helpless in the crushing confusion which had so suddenly overwhelmed her.

"Has Marsden then released you at your own request?" cried Winton, impetuously, and coming forward quickly, forgetting in the supreme excitement of the moment all conventionality; while to Nora it seemed equally natural to answer with an emphatic "Yes, oh, yes! Where is Helen? I thought she was here?"

"So did I," returned Winton, recovering his self-possession and his reserve. "I called to—to say good-by, and I trust you will forgive my inopportune presence, my unguarded, and I fear very presumptuous, question. My sincere interest in—in your welfare must be my excuse."

"You are very kind, I—— Oh, where is Helen? I must go and look for her." Before Wilmot could stop her, had he been so disposed, she had fled.

Winton gazed after her, an expression of hope and joy gradually lighting up his somber face. She was free by her own desire. Life might be worth living yet! While he stood thinking, new and glowing views of much over which he had often puzzled suggesting themselves, the respectable Watson came in.

"If you please, sir, Mrs. L'Estrange went out again, and Miss L'Estrange does not know when she will return."

"Ah!—well, perhaps——" he hesitated. He was dying for a few words with Nora, but it would be bad taste to intrude upon her now. "Perhaps," he continued, "I may find Mrs. L'Estrange at home tomorrow. I should not like to leave without bidding her good-by."

He had nothing for it but to take his hat and depart.

Nora, greatly surprised at Helen's absence, could not compose herself to do anything. She wandered to and fro from room to room, sometimes sitting down—to fall into vague reveries. She read and re-read Marsden's lettter; its passionate despair sobered and dismayed her. What could have happened to make him give her up so freely? She was deeply grieved for him. She strove to compose a letter to him in her mind, but could not command her ideas; all she could do—and she was ashamed of the pleasure she had in doing it—was to inclose the two rings Marsden had given her in a neat packet and address them to the giver—later in the evening she would write.

At last Mrs. L'Estrange returned, looking pale and tired.

"Oh, Helen! Where—where have you been?" cried Nora, when her step-mother came into the room, now only partially lighted by the glow of a good fire.

"You will hardly guess!—I have been with Lady Dorrington." And she proceded to describe the telegram and her interview.

"I think Lady Dorrington is terribly afraid you are breaking your heart, Nora. She feels sure you have renounced Mr. Marsden in consequence of her letter, she is therefore quite pleased with you. But I have a wonderful piece of news. He has absolutely engaged himself to Mrs. Ruthven, and they are to be married soon."

"Then that, in some way, accounts for this letter," said Nora, handing Clifford's letter to Mrs. L'Estrange, who read it with surprise and regret.

Many and varied were the conjectures of both as to what could possibly be the mysterious necessity which influenced Marsden; both coming, reluctantly, to the conclusion that money must be the root of the evil—which was certainly Nora's good.

(To be continued.)

THIS CLIMATE OF OURS.

There Is Never a Happy Medium Between Roasting and Freezing.

Well, perhaps that little drop of thirty degrees that came between Saturday and Sunday didn't cause a sensation! exclaims the New York Recorder.

Who believed that it would ever be cold again?

I know of one misguided woman who, with a red face and shedding perspiration at every pore, had staggered through the Saturday's heat piling up and salting down—as it were—the winter clothes, and had, with the assistance of a hot handmaid, carried them to the tiptop floor and put them all away in an inaccessible place.

Then she crawled down, had the grates taken out of the rooms and sent down cellar; had the iron frames put in their places, and planned a little out-of-town trip with hubby for Sunday.

But when the cold awakening came on that morning this was what greeted her as she arose, shivering, from her bed:

"Say, what have you done with my thick tweed suit?"

"Why, dearie, it's packed with camphor up in the attic."

"For heaven's sake, don't tell me that! Well, I must put on my winter underwear again, then."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, but that's all packed away up there, too."

"Oh, of course. That's just like a woman!"

"Why, George, you told me yourself yesterday that we wouldn't have any more cold weather!"

"How could I have said such a thing. I'm not Dunn! Have a fire made in the dining room, then."

"But the grates are all packed away, too!"

"Well, jumping jingo!"

"There's only the fire in the kitchen range."

"Well, you don't expect me to go in there and sit in the dark, do you? Light the gas."

So the gas was lit, and kept lit pretty nearly all day, but it wasn't really comfortable, for gas does smell gassy, you know. And how they wished for a climate where there was a medium state between linen dusters and fur over coats.

The Charm.

In years agone when he had not
The five-and-twenty cents,
He watched the daily ball game through
A knothole in the fence.
He sits within the grand stand now
And marvels much to know
Why he sees not half of what he saw
Through the knothole long ago.
—Detroit Tribune.

Judge not thy associate until thou hast been placed in his position.

Conquer a vice to-day and you save your descendants untold misery.

The good which bloodshed could not gain your peaceful zeal shall find.

A man who has no poor kin thinks it would be a pleasure to help them.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.

There are people who say they would like to do good who don't smile once a week.

Some men seem to have been made out of dust that had gravel in it.

An evil deed will run a thousand miles; a good action does not look out of the door.

A wise man reflects before he speaks, a fool speaks and then reflects on what he has uttered.

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them. Old friends are best.

He who increases the endearments of life increases at the same time the errors of death.

It is a consolation when another man is in trouble to think that it will prove a valuable lesson to him.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Gideon's Battle With the Midianites."

TEXT: "And the three companions blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal. And they stood every man in his place round about the camp, and all the host ran and cried and fled."—Judges vii., 20, 21.

That is the strangest battle ever fought. God had told Gideon to go down and thrash the Midianites, but his army is too large, for the glory must be given to God and not to man. And so proclamation is made that all those of the troops who are cowardly and want to go home may go, and 22,000 of them scampered away, leaving only 10,000 men. But God says the army is too large yet, and so he orders these 10,000 remaining to march down through a stream and command Gideon to notice in what manner these men drink of the water as they pass through it. If they get down on all fours and drink, then they are to be pronounced lazy and incompetent for the campaign, but if, in passing through the stream, they scoop up the water in the palm of their hand and drink and pass on they are to be the men selected for the battle.

Well, the 10,000 men marched down in the stream, and the most of them come down on all fours and plunge their mouths like a horse or an ox into the water and drink, but there are 300 men who, instead of stooping, just dip the palm of their hands in the water and bring it to their lips, "lapping it as a dog lappeth." Those 300 brisk, rapid, enthusiastic men are chosen for the campaign. They are each to take a trumpet in the right hand, and a pitcher in the left hand, and a lamp inside the pitcher, and then at a given signal they are to blow the trumpets, and throw down the pitchers, and hold up the lamps. So it was done.

It is night. I see a great host of Midianites sound asleep in the valley of Jezreel. Gideon comes up with his 300 picked men, and when everything is ready the signal is given and they blow the trumpets, and they throw down the pitchers, and hold up the lamps, and the great host of Midianites, waking out of a sound sleep, take the crash of the crockery and the glare of the lamps for the coming on of an overwhelming foe, and they run and cut themselves to pieces and horribly perish.

The lessons of this subject are very spirited and impressive. This seemingly valueless lump of quartz has the pure gold in it. The smallest dewdrop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth. God's mint coins no small change.

I learn in the first place from this subject the lawfulness of Christian strategem. You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when and in a way they were not expected—sometimes falling back to draw out the foe, sometimes breaking out from ambush, sometimes crossing a river on unheard of rafts, all the time keeping the opposing forces in wonderment as to what would be done next.

You all know what strategy is in military affairs. Now I think it is high time we had this art sanctified and spiritualized. In the church, when we are about to make a Christian assault, we send word to the opposing force when we expect to come, how many troops we have, and how many rounds of shot, and whether we will come with artillery, infantry or cavalry, and of course we are defeated. There are thousands of men who might be surprised into the kingdom of God. We need more tact and ingenuity in Christian work. It is in spiritual affairs as in military, that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and intrenched.

For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election. All his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for fifty years, and you will not take it, but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections, and in five minutes you capture him. I never knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argumet. You cannot hook men into the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms. Here is a man armed on the subject of perseverance of the saints. He does not believe in it. Attack him at that point, and he will persevere to the very last in not believing it. Here is a man armed on the subject of baptism. He believes in sprinkling or immersion. All your discussion of ecclesiastical hydropathy will not change him. I remember when I was a boy that with other boys I went into the river on a summer day to bathe, and we used to dash water on each other, but never got any result except that our eyes were blinded, and all this splashing of water between Baptists and Pedobaptists never results in anything but the blurring of the spiritual eyesight. In other words, you can never capture a man's soul at the point at which he is especially intrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child four years old may touch that bolt, and it will spring back, and the door will swing open, and Christ will come in.

I think that the finest of all the fine arts is the art of doing good, and yet this art is the least cultured. We have in the kingdom of God to-day enough troops to conquer the whole earth for Christ if we only had skillful manœuvering. I would rather have the 300 lamps and pitchers of Christian strategem than 100,000 drawn swords of literary and ecclesiastical combat.

I learn from this subject also that a small part of the army of God will have to do all the hard fighting. Gideon's army was originally composed of 32,000 men, but they went off until there were only 10,000 left, and that was substracted from until there were only 300. It is the same in all ages of the Christian church. A few men have to do the hard fighting. Take a membership of 1000, and you generally find that fifty people do the work. Take a membership of 500, and you generally find that ten people do the work. There are scores of churches where two or three people do the work.

We mourn that there is so much useless lumber in the mountains of Lebanon. I think of the 10,000,000 membership of the Christian church to-day if 5,000,000 of the names were off the books the church would be stronger. You know that the more cowards and drones there are in any army the weaker it is. I would rather have the 300 picked men of Gideon than the 32,000 unsifted host. The many Christians there are standing in the way of all progress! I think it is the duty of the church of God to ride over them, and the quicker it does it the quicker it does its duty.

Do not worry, O Christian, if you have to do more than your share of the work. You had better thank God that He has called you to be one of the picked men rather than to belong to the host of stragglers. Would not you rather be one of the 300 that fight than the 22,000 that run? I suppose those cowardly Gideonites who went off congratulated themselves. They said: "We got rid of all that fighting, did not we? How lucky we have been! That battle costs us nothing at all." But they got none of the spoils of the victory. After the battle the 300 men went down and took the wealth of the Midianites, and out of the cups and platters of their enemies they feasted. And the time will come, my dear brethren, when the hosts of darkness will be routed, and Christ will say to His troops: "Well done, my brave men. Go up and take the spoils. Be more than conquerors forever." And in that day all deserters will be shot.

Again, I learn from this subject that God's way is different from man's, but is always the best way. If we had the planning of that battle, we would have taken those 32,000 men that originally belonged to the army, and we would have drilled them and marched them up and down by the day and week and month, and we would have had them equipped with swords or spears, according to the way of arming in those times, and then we would have marched them down in solid column upon the foe. But that is not the way. God depletes the army, and takes away all their weapons, and gives them a lamp, and a pitcher, and a trumpet, and tells them to go down and drive out the Midianites. I suppose some wiseacres were there who said: "That is not military tactics. The idea of 300 men unarmed conquering such a great host of Midianites!" It was the best way. What sword, spear or cannon ever accomplished such a victory as the lamp, pitcher and trumpet?

God's way is different from man's way, but it is always best. Take, for instance, the composition of the Bible. If we had had the writing of the Bible, we would have said: "Let one man write it. If you have twenty or thirty men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says: "Let not one man do it but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own standpoint and temperament, so that the matter of fact man has his Moses, the romantic nature has Ezekiel, the epigrammatic has Solomon, the warrior has Joshua, the sailor has Jonah, the loving has John, the logician has Paul. Instead of this Bible, which now I can lift in my hand—instead of the Bible the child can carry to Sunday-school, instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is different from man's, but it is best, infinitely best.

So it is in regard to the Christian's life. If we had had the planning of a Christian's life, we would have said: "Let him have eighty years of sunshine, a fine house to live in. Let his surroundings all be agreeable. Let him have sound health. Let no chill shiver through his limbs, no pain ache his brow or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy the prosperity of others so much I would let every man have as much money as he wants and roses for his children's cheeks and fountains of gladness glancing in their large round eyes. But that is not God's way. It seems as if man must be cut, hit and pounded just in proportion as he is useful. He falls from a third story window and has its life dashed out. His most confident investment tumbles him into bankruptcy. His friends, on whom he depended, aid the natural force of gravitation in taking him down. His life is a Bull Run defeat. Instead of 32,000 advantages he has only 10,000. Aye, only 300—aye, none at all. How many good people there are in their wits' end about their livelihood, about their reputation? But they will find out it is the best way after awhile. God will show them that He depletes their advantages just for the same reason He depleted the army of Gideon—that they may be induced to throw themselves on His mercy.

A grapevine says in the early spring: "How glad I am to get through the winter! I shall have no more trouble now. Summer weather will come, and the garden will be very beautiful." But the gardener comes and cuts the vine here and there with his knife. The twigs begin to fall, and the grapevine cries out: "Murder! What are you cutting me for?" "Ah," says the gardener, "I don't mean to kill you. If I did not do this, you would be the laughing stock of all the other vines before the season is over." Months go on, and one day the gardener comes under the trellis, where great clusters of grapes hang, and the grape vine says: "Thank you, sir. You could not have done anything so kind as to have cut me with that knife." "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." No pruning, no grapes; no grinding mill, no flour; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown.

So God's way, in the redemption of the world, is different from ours. If we had our way, we would have had Jesus stand in the door of heaven and beckon the Nations up to light, or we would have had angels flying around the earth proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Why is it that the cause goes on so slowly? Why is it that the chains stay on when God could knock them off? Why do thrones of despotism stand when God could so easily demolish them? It is His way; in order that generations may co-operate and that all men may know they cannot do the work themselves. Just in proportion as these pyramids of sin go up in height will they come down in ghastliness of ruin.

I learn from this subject that the overthrow of God's enemies will be sudden and terrific. There is the army of the Midianites down in the valley of Jezreel. I suppose their mighty men are dreaming of victory. Mount Gilboa never stood sentinel for so large a host. The spears and the shields of the Midianites gleam in the moonlight and glance on the eye of the Israelites, who hover like a battle of eagles, ready to swoop from the cliff. Sleep on, O army of the Midianites! With the night to hide them and the mountain to guard them and strong arms to defend them, let no slumbering foeman dream of disaster. Peace to the captains and the spearmen.

Crash go the pitchers! Up flare the lamps! To the mountains! Fly, fly! Troop running against troop, thousands trampling upon thousands. Hark to the scream and groan of the routed foe, with the Lord God Almighty after them! How sudden the onset! How wild the consternation! How utter the defeat! I do not care so much what is against me if God is not. You want a better sword or carbine than I have ever seen to go out and fight against the Lord Omnipotent. Give me God for my ally, and you may have all the battlements and battalions.

I saw the defrauder in his splendid house. It seemed as if he had conquered God as he stood amid the blaze of chandeliers and pier mirrors. In the diamonds of the wardrobe I saw the tears of the widows whom he had robbed and in the snowy satins the pallor of the white cheeked orphans whom he had wronged. The blood of the oppressed glowed in the deep crimson of the imported chair. The music trembled with the sorrow of unrequitted toil. But the wave of mirth dashed higher on reefs of coral and pearl. The days and the nights went merrily. No sick child dared pull that silver doorbell. No beggar dared sit on that marble step. No voice of prayer floated amid that tapestry. No shadow of a judgment day darkened that fresco. No tear of human sympathy dropped upon that upholstery. Pomp strutted the hall, and dissipation filled her cup, and all seemed safe as the Midianites in the valley of Jezreel. But God came. Calamity smote the money market. The partridge left its eggs unhatched. Crash went all the porcelain pitchers! Ruin, rout, dismay and woe in the valley of Jezreel!

Alas for those who fight against God! Only two sides. Man immortal, which side are you on? Woman immortal, which side are you on? Do you belong to the 300 that are going to win the day or to the great host of Midianites asleep in the valley, only to be roused up in consternation and ruin? Suddenly the golden bowl of life will be broken and the trumpet blown that will startle our soul into eternity. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night and as the God armed Israelites upon the sleeping foe. Ha! Canst thou pluck up courage for the day when the trumpet which hath never been blown shall speak the roll call of the dead, and the earth, dashing against a lost meteor, have its mountains scattered to the stars and oceans emptied in the air? Oh, then, what will become of you? What will become of me?

If those Midianites had only given up their swords the day before the disaster, all would have been well, and if you will now surrender the sins with which you have been fighting against God you will be safe. Oh, make peace with Him now, through Jesus Christ the Lord! With the clutch of a drowning man seize the cross. Oh, surrender! Surrender! Christ, with his hand on his pierced side, asks you to.

Sixty-four Paperless Counties.

There are sixty-four counties in Texas in which no papers are published.

—Reindeer as a rule are not very strong they can carry only forty or fifty pounds on their backs and draw from 250 to 300 pounds.

—A band of thieves frequent the underground sewers in Naples, Italy, and bore their way into shops in order to rob tills and carry off goods.

—Trunk wires to connect London by telephone with Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin, have just been put by the English post office department.

—Mrs. Frank Behr, of Boquet, Penn., gave birth to a child that weighs but two pounds and two ounces. The child is fully developed and doing well.

HE STOLE MILK.

Jack Avoided Detection for a Very Long Time.

The milkman who supplied Bloomfield, N. J., families living in the neighborhood of Lawrence and Harlow streets, is happier than he was a week ago. His customers suspected then that he was giving them short measure. Although he put in an extra gill as an evidence of good faith, there was still a deficiency in many of the tin pails that were set out on the front stoops at night to await his coming in the early morning.

The police were asked to find out who was rushing the lacteal growler. They tried to do so, but they failed. A few mornings ago the culprit was discovered. The reader might surmise by the appearance of his mouth and tongue, conspicuous in the picture, that he has a capacity for milk in large quantities.

He is a big Newfoundland dog, and he belongs to Mrs. Moffatt, who lives in Harlow street. Mrs. Moffatt was looking out of the window early in the morning, when she saw Jack hiding behind a clumb of bushes and with a most interesting expression watching the milkman filling the tin pail on the stoop of the Rev. Mr. Winan's house. When the milkman left Jack trotted over to the stoop, picked up the pail with his teeth, carried it a short distance, set it down, took off the lid, and

JACK.

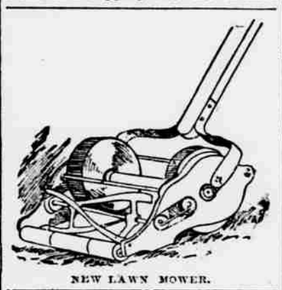
drank nearly all the milk. Then he put on the lid and carried the pail back to the stoop. Mrs. Moffatt told the clergyman's family about it, and soon the neighbors and the milkman all knew about the milk drinker.

A NEW LAWN-MOWER.

The Inventor Claims It Has Points of Advantage Over Old Styles.

The lawn-mower here illustrated was invented by a Pennsylvanian, and the Scientific American thus describes it:

The knives are driven by crank and pitman connection with the ground wheels, the driving mechanicism being located entirely within the outer face of the frame and there being no projections to collect the cut grass. The axle carrying the ground wheels is journaled in depressions of the side or cheek pieces of the frame, the wheels being cupped on their outer frame. The wheels are loosely mounted, and ratchet wheels on the axle adjacent to the hubs are adapted for engagement by a dog on each wheel, the dogs turning the axle when the mower is pushed ahead and slipping over the ratchets



NEW LAWN MOWER.

when the mower is drawn backward, the cutting mechanism being then inoperative. In each of the side pieces is a horizontal depression or well having near its center an opening.

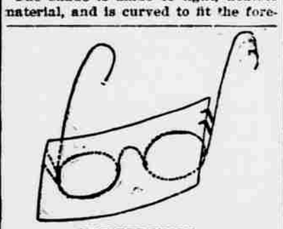
The shaft of the cutter is journaled in the inner walls of the wells, and on the shaft are spiders which carry the spiral cutting knives, extending from the inner face of one side piece to the inner face of the other side piece, the knives being thus protected from obstacles at the sides of the machine and adapted to cut a swath of nearly its full width.

A NEW EYE-SHADE.

It May Be Readily and Conveniently Attached to the Spectacle Frame.

The accompanying illustration shows a device recently invented by a man out West, by which the inconvenience of the ordinary eyeshade is done away with.

The shade is made of light, flexible material, and is curved to fit the fore-



NEW EYE-SHADE.

head of the wearer. It may be readily attached to the frame of the spectacles by means of wires provided for that purpose.

An Adventurous Fellow.

A young man named Bennett has put his bicycle to profitable use in the Australian gold fields by establishing with it a postal route between Coolgardie, the center of the mining district, and Dundoo, which is two hundred and eighty miles away. Strapped on the wheel is a small letter-box, in which he carries letters between the two towns for a shilling a piece and telegrams for five shillings, making one round trip a week. A revolver, a sharp knife, and a water bottle complete the rest of the outfit.

"For the life of me I cannot see why people think it so comical a thing for a man to get married," complained the young man who was on his bridal tour. "Nor me, neither," remarked the passenger with the white whiskers. "And I may state furder that I been married twelve years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some people who pass in their checks do not find much to their credit

RETURN FROM ELBA.

The Army Went Wild When Napoleon Came Back Again.

Philip met the truth at Lyons. The air was full of rumors that speedily became facts. With less than a thousand of his grenadiers—his "brave growlers," as he sometimes called them—the Emperor had landed in France. The army had gone over to him, wild with joy. The Empire would be proclaimed once more. France would be free of the Bourbons.

Philip found Lyons in a ferment. Napoleon was almost at its gates. The Bourbon prince who commanded the troops in that important city ordered his soldiers to the walls to repel or capture "the bandit from Elba." But what was a Bourbon prince before "our Emperor?"

The tidings of the imperial adventurer came thick and fast. Napoleon had landed near Cannes; he had marched over the mountains to Dijon; he had first fronted the white standard with his tricolor at Laffrey; with bared breast he had faced the soldiers of the King in the Vale of Beaumont, bidding them welcome or kill him; and behold! the soldiers of the King had fallen on their knees before him, cried "Long live the Emperor!" and hailed him as their "father." He had kissed the restored eagles at Vizille; he had entered Grenoble, through the gates burst open by the peasants without and the revolted soldiers within; escorted by mountaineers and farmers singing the Marseilles Hymn, he advanced from Grenoble to Lyons with his little "army of deliverance" already grown from one thousand to six thousand soldiers waving the tricolored cockade. Off hurries the Bourbon prince in terror of his life; down go the barricades, wrecked by the very soldiers who had piled them up; "Long live the Emperor!" shout garrison and citizens; and to the accompaniment of twenty thousand welcoming voices Napoleon enters Lyons.—St. Nicholas.

The Child's Mind.

Child instruction should in the first instance proceed upon the principle that the young mind is an incalculable possibility, and that schooling should be of a character to carry that possibility just as far as may be toward its realization, writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in the Ladies' Home Journal. The child's mind is as thickly studded with interrogation points as the sky is with stars. The primary genius of a child is the genius for asking questions. There is a natural affinity between the mind and the truth. Inquisitiveness is as natural to intelligence as hunger is to the stomach. One of the most common effects of current schooling is to destroy that affinity. Intellectual stuffing in the nursery or in the schoolroom is worse and more wicked than gluttony in the dining-room. Children who commence going to school when they are 6 and continue at it until they are 16 hate knowledge a good deal worse than they do sin, and if they had the courage of their impulses would assassinate their instructors and practice nihilism on their schoolrooms and text-books. The distinct symptoms of nihilism are discernible in every schoolroom that has been used for educational purposes more than six months. This intellectual demoralization of the schoolroom will pursue its present course till teachers are selected who have enough of the genius of Froebel to understand that the mental constitution of the child is itself descriptive of the course to be followed in its development, and that the proper office of school commissioners and school committees is to help the teacher carry out the intentions of nature rather than to compel him to embarrass and controvert those intentions.

Can't Convict Slave Dealers.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will not attempt to prosecute the Chinese who sold little Ah Soo into slavery, although there is a city ordinance which forbids the traffic in human flesh, and makes it punishable as a misdemeanor.

"It is utterly useless to attempt any prosecution in this case," said Secretary McComp yesterday. "Our informant and all our witnesses are Chinese, and they have told us that if called on to go into court and testify they must disclaim all knowledge of the matter. This is because they fear assassination at the hands of the highbinders, and as a matter of fact we recognize that in case they did testify, their lives would not be worth an instant's purchase."

Special Officer Frank Holbrook holds similar views. Some years ago he was instrumental in rescuing thirty-two white children from Chinatown slavery. One woman was convicted of selling her child into slavery and was given six months in jail, but in that case there was a white witness who knew the circumstances.—San Francisco Call.

Good Greenbacks in Bad Company.

Charles M. Burks, one of the city policemen, hit a streak of luck a few days ago that was worth to him $120. He found that much money in a box of old Confederate bills that his father had owned before his death. The old gentleman was quite well-to-do, and lived on a fine farm in Troup County. He had a box full of Confederate money that was on hand when the war closed. He laid the box away, considering its contents worthless. He died in 1878, and the box was left to his children. Some time ago Mr. Burks' sister sent the box to him from her home down in Troup County. In counting over the money he came across several bills that looked like good money to him. Mr. Burks went to J. C. Dayton of the State Savings Bank for an opinion of the money. Mr. Dayton told Mr. Burks that he thought the bills were good, and that he would cash them if they were not in such bad company. Mr. Dayton proposed that the bills be sent to the treasury at Washington, to which Mr. Burks consented. They were sent last Friday, and Wednesday Mr. Dayton received from the treasury a letter inclosing a check for $120. Mr. Burks still has $44,000 in Confederate money in that old box, which he would be glad to exchange for checks.—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal

CULTIVATION OF RAMIE.

A Recent Invention Will Make Its Production Profitable.

The agitation of the subject of cultivation of ramie, a member of the nettle family, in the Southern States has received a new impetus from the invention, by a New Orleans man, of a decorticating machine, which promises to revolutionize the methods of preparing the fiber of this plant for use in the manufacture of cloth as radically as the

TOP OF WHITE RAMIE, SHOWING SEEDS.

methods of separating cotton fiber were revolutionized by Whitney's great invention of the cotton gin in ante-bellum days. It is reported that practical tests of the new machine, the invention of S. B. Allison, have already demonstrated its effectiveness, and the newspapers are paying great attention to all current developments in the case.

Here are some of the products made of ramie: Ropes and cables that exceed the strength of manilla hemp; table cloths that excel the gloss of Irish linen; lace that equals the delicacy of cotton and surpasses its durability; plushes that rival the luster of sealskin; velvets, damasks and brocades whose exquisite finish embarrasses a further advancement in textile art. Ramie is combined with cotton, linen, wool and