NO. 26

CHAPTER XIII. despite the very delicate state of her health, started at once for Spain, and one day arrived, quite unexpectedly, at the Castle when the duke and duchess

At the sight of her grandmother Constance was quite overcome. She cried bitterly, and passionately kissed the old lady's face and hands, greatly to the annoyance of the duke. 'My dear Constance." said Mrs. Mea-

'how pale you look! Why has the of Spain brought no roses to your "Your grandchild, madam, infinitely pre fers the fogs of England," said the duke,

"Well, is it not natural? It is her home; she is an English woman." The duke shrugged his shoulders.

It was a great consolation to Constance to have her grandmether with her, and during the days which followed the old lady's arrival she seemed more contented than she had been since her marriage. The duke soon noticed this, and did not seem well pleased. He was of that mor-bidly jealous disposition which grudges enjoyment even while not coveting it.

Besides all this, the duke had an irritating conviction that when the two womwere alone they were always extolling the virtues of the young officer who had was very soon made manifest. One day Mrs. Meason informed Constance of that fact that she was about to return home. Constance was amazed.

"Return home, grandma?" she said, "Why should you do that? Surely my home is your home."

"You are right, my child-it should be so; but your husband does not wish it." Constance started angrily.
"My husband!" she said, "the duke, has he dared to send you away?"

"Hush, my child; remember that he is your husband." "Do not ask me to visit you again, Constance," she said, in leaving. "Your hus-band has said things to me which will prevent my ever again living beneath his

Burning with indignation, Constance went instantly in search of her husband. She found him in his library.
"I wish to speak to you," she said,

quickly. "Let your communication be brief, for I am busy," he said. "What is it?" "My communication is of as much im-portance as your business to-day," she replied, haughtily. "You have insulted my grandmother. I wish to know the

"I have insulted her, you say? Pray, who is your informant?"

"My grandmother is my informant. Is it your wish, monsleur, to exile me from the one person in the world who cares for me?" "By this you mean your grandmother,

Well, if she cares for you I presume? he has had a most peculiar way of showing it-that is all!" "What do you mean?" asked Constance quickly.

The duke shrugged his shoulders. "If I explain," he said, "pray bear in mind that I was not the first to broach the subject. While in this house Mrs. Meason took upon herself the task of questioning my conduct toward my wife.

therefore intimated to Mrs. Meason that as the Duchess d'Azzeglio occupies too exalted a position to be permitted to pre-sent the world with food for scandal by dying of a broken heart away from her husband's roof, I must request her not to commence in my house the process which she had found so efficacious in the house of your father. When I first wooed you," continued he, "I knew I had the good wishes of your guardian. I thought at the time that she was influenced by some ered afterward that her sole object was to marry her grandchild in order that, as the Duchess d'Azzeglio, she might pass by with pride the man whom, above all others, Mrs. Meason disliked. Well, her ruse has not succeeded; the man is dead —and so far as Mrs. Meason is concerned your marriage has accomplished nothing." A vague feeling of dread was upon her; mething in her husband's tone rath er than in his words struck terror to her

"If your grandmother had been more with me at first, instead of allowing me to discover all her secrets for myself, it might have been better for me; it cer-tainly would have been better for her," their pale faces brightened with the glow tainly would have been better for her," continued the duke. "After I had offered to marry you she determined at all haz-ards to break off your engagement to your cousin. Now, as Mrs. Meason is a lady who generally accomplishes what she has set herself to do, she succeeded in accomplishing this—by a falsehood?"
"A falsehood?"

for breaking off your engagement was the death of your mother under the per-secution of Captain Howarth's family and particularly of his father-is it not

not marry him; my mother's spirit stood

between us."
"My dear Constance, allow me to inform you that the little story which sep-arated you from your lover was a fabrication; it was an outrage, as I took care to discover. The Earl of Harrington-Captain Howarth's father-was the very soul of honor; but he had one great fault—he disliked Mrs. Meason. They quar-reled, and no one was to blame but—the

hady. Her tyranny finally separated husband and wife, and hastened the death of the latter."

"Do you mean to say," said Constance, thoursely, "that this which you have told me is true; that the whole story of my poor mother's sorrow was a fabrication?"

"Not at all; the story of the poor lady's gerrowful death was true—it was altered gerrowful death was true—it was altered."

the station, and was just in time to catch the train to London.

Arriving, Frank called a hansom, and giving his servant the name of the hotel at which he meant to stop, ordered him to follow with the baggage.

He dined, then he strolled out into the streets. How desolate everything seem-get; and yet things were going on much

... the telling, that was all. The blam On receipt of a telegram, Mrs. Meason, laid at the door of the Harrington famlly; whereas the sole cause of it was Mrs. Meason herself; and your mother was a gentle, loving girl, and was received by your father's family with open arms. All would have gone well but for Mrs. Meaentered the house of the young married couple and put an end to anything like peace. She had always been an ambi-tious weman, and she looked forward to

the marriage of her daugnter as a mean of gaining for herself an entrance into society. When she was forbidden to enter her daughter's house her plans were shattered, and she resolved to have revenge. When Captain Howarth wood you, her time came; 'I will break his keart,' she said; 'I will avenge myself on the father by means of the son.' To accomplish this it was necessary to invent a falsehood; she invented that falsehood and her plan succeeded. Your engage ment to your cousin was broken, and you

were married to me." Again he paused, but this time Constance said nothing. She staggered from the library to her own room. Once there in a wild fit of despairing pain, she fell upon her knees, calling upon the name of the man whom she had loved so ardently, but who, alas! was dead.

Her first coherent thought was, how she could best get to her grandmother and demand from her the truth or falsehood of the terrible story she had heard. She made her arrangements quickly and in a manner to excite no suspicion. First of all she sat down to write to the

"I am going to London," she wrote "Until I have seen my grandmother and heard her version of this story, I cannot rest. CONSTANCE." She placed this letter on her dressing

table in a position where it would be easily found by her husband, then she ordered her carriage.
Weary with long travel, heart-sick with over-much grief, she stood in the drawing room at Portland place, gazing upon her randmother with large, wistful eyes, two

lays later. "Grandma," spoke the girl, with strange earnestness, "the duke has told me a ter-rible story, and I have come to ask you if it is true. I could not rest until I had seen you. He says you have been cruel to me; that by means of a falseh

separated me from Frank; but I do not elieve it; it is he who has been deceiving ne. You would not do so, you love me too well."

The old lady did not speak. Her face was agonized. There was no need for words; Constance looked into her eyes and read the truth. "Don't touch me!" she cried: "don't

come near me; I cannot bear it! Oh, may heaven forgive you!"
"Oh, my child, I have wronged you

bitterly; I see it now, but it is too late," cried the old lady. "Years ago Frank Howarth's father wounded me deeply, and I ewere that his son and one of my blood should never come together, and I kept my word. I married you to the duke, lieving that, once a wife, your childish passion for your cousin would soon fade away, but I was wrong. When I met you in Spain and looked in your eyes I knew that I had ruined your life, and I re pented when it was too late."
"Yes," said the girl, "too late. My lov

Now, I dislike unpleasant scenes. I is dead! He does not know what I have done; he will never know, and I can love him and mourn for him all my life. Oh, Frank, my darling, sleep peacefully henceforth I will be true to you, and som day perhaps we may meet again." "Constance, my child, remember yo

my husband. At your intercession I mar-ried the duke; I stood before the altar with him like one in a dream-a terrible dream. I realize it now; I have awakened to misery and death." CHAPTER XIV.

A week after the day when Constance standing before her grandmother, heard the story of the cruel wrong which had been done her, and in her heart thanked heaven that her lover was dead, a troopship from the seat of war was entering Portsmouth harbor, bearing the disabled

Portsmouth harbor, bearing the disabled soldiers home.

From the earliest hours of dawn the streets had been gayly decorated with flags, and crowds had begun to gather. When the great ship approached a cheer went up from every throat, and many eyes grew dim. On the deck the soldiers exthered straining their eyes shoreward. of expectation. For all knew that amidst to marry you she determined at all haz- that dense crowd stood a wife, a mother

misery. He wore his left arm in a sling, and listened to the joyful shouts like one in a dream. It was Frank Howarth. shrunk from watching the greeting be-tween the soldiers and their friends; so be sat there and thought bitterly of the

"Yes," murmured Constance; "I could Constance to become his wife, and she had consented. Yet, she had loved him then, he felt sure of it: but how soon her love "She was false as perdition!" he cried

"and yet I go to London because I wish to breathe the same air with her, to be near her, although the very thought of it almost drives me mad."

He waited till most of his comrades had

in the same old way. The Strand was thronged, and people hurried along, bard-ly giving a glance at the pale young felcarrying his arm m a sling. He

walked on, strolling up Regent street. Suddenly he heard a voice calling his name; he stopped, looked around and be-held a face he knew. A neat little brougham, drawn by a handsome pair of bays, had stopped near the curbstone, and from it protruded the head of Lady Seafield.

Suntata Sentinel Land

"Good heavens, Captain Howarth," ex-claimed the little lady as Frank went up to her; "then it is really you. When I first saw you I thought it was your ghost!

"Why should you think it was my ghost, Lady Scaffeld?" "Why? My dear str, everybody be-fleves you to be dead. It was reported that you were killed in action, and the report was never contradicted."
"I have been wounded," said Frank, glancing at his injured arm.
"Ah! poor fellow!" exclaimed the coun-

tess, sympathetically, "and now you have come home to be petted and made much of. Well, the Earl of Harrington will find his friends melting to give him a glorious welcome. Have you seen Con-

Frank started, bit his lip and was amazed to feel that his face was flushing pain-

bave seen no one," he said. "Ah! the poor child will go crazy when she hears you are alive. Ever since that wore the deepest mourning and positively refused to go anywhere; but of course that will be all changed now. Every one expects her to be the sensation of the season, and I have no doubt she will be; she is more beautiful than ever she was in

Frank said nothing, but as he listened a cold eneer curied his lip. The countess saw and fancied she had told enough. "Well, au revoir," she said, "now that you are here and not dead, I hope you will come and see us."

Mechanically Frank raised his hat, and the brougham moved away. When it had gone a few yards the countess gave the "Go to No. 104 Park lane."

It was the temporary residence of the d'Azzeglio; for the duke had speedily followed Constance to London. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it was Constance's custom to take tea in her boudoir. In the ordinary course of things it would have been her hour for receiving deepest mourning, would go nowhere and

receive no one. That afternoon the door of her boudoir opened, and to her amazement the duke

"Constance," he said coldly, "to-morrow night I attend a state concert; I wish you to accompany me."
"I cannot go," she said; "it is impossi-

ble," and pointed to her black dress. "Pardon me," said the duke gravely: "it matters very much to me. It is now some time since you became my wife; when you accepted that honor I flattered myself that you would appreciate it at its worth. I have been disappointed; your mourning looks distress me, and make me think you are not happy."

diamond is my duchess. Do you under

Constance was about to reply when the door of her boudoir was opened again, and the servant quietly announced the Counters of Scaffeld, who chatted on undeparture, took his leave.

The moment he was gone the countess rushed at Constance, and, with many kisses and tears, told her of the miraculous resurrection of her cousin.

That same night the duke received to effect that she was ready to accompany him on the following evening to the con-

(To be continued.) Lincoln in the Five Points.

Not long before Lincoln was first minated for the Presidency he went to New York to make a political speech at the Cooper Union. While there, according to a writer in the Philadelphia Press, he wandered about the city a good deal, and once went to the Five Points, then the most notorious of New There he was attracted by the sound

of music, and perceiving upon a door an invitation to strangers to enter, he went in, and found himself in the Five Points Mission. His manner betrayed so much inter

est in the children, especially in their singing, that the superintendent, though he did not know him, invited him to Mr. Lincoln accepted the invitation.

and as the superintendent used to say, talked to the children just as a loving and a wise father might have talked to his own sons and daughters, without a trace of pedantry or cant. After the exercises the superintendent asked the stranger for his name.
"My name is Lincoln," was the an "I live in Illinois."

And then the superintendent knew that the speaker must be the man whose address at the Cooper Union had been so much talked about for the last

Every American President has had from three to thirty-two towns named for him. There are thirty cities and towns named after Alexander Hamilton, thirty Clintons, twenty-four Websters, nineteen Quincys, twenty-one Douglases and twenty Blaines.

Every man has just as much vanity s he wants understanding. It does us no good to admire what i good and beautiful; but it does us in-

finitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love. He who knows right principles qual to him who loves them,

We would rather take our chances the f ther of lies than the mother o go-sip. It is well to hope for success, but

meh better to deserve it. There are times when every man ealizes that he has too many friends. Do everything that means keeping in

The silver lining is always on the wrong side of the cloud. The man who is a failure seldon laims to be a self-made man.

Civilization is rapidly doing away vith the survival of the fittest. Hardress ever of hardness is

A great many men do not get the right kind of neckwear.

HE DAY I CARVED THE DUCK went to dine the other day With my mother-in-law-elect, And lost thereby my fiancee,

We'd reached the roast, when, wee The hostess asked me pleasantis If I would carve the duck.

I hastened to comply.

And little thought that fowl forsooth Could make a fortune fly.

Nor did I deem so small a bird Like any goat could buck, But I gained some points I had not hear The day I carved the duck

drove the fork up to the hilt And sought to see how it was built, But not a joint I found. I sawed it here and jabbed it there, With pertinacion: pluck; Oh, deep was my desire to swear The day I carved the duck.

A cold dew pearled my forehead fair, As I chased it round the plate; It could not, built on wheels, I swear, Have struck a livelier gait. The table was a sadden ing sight, As if by lightning struck; You'd ne'er have dreamed the cloth was

The day I carved the duck. The hostess cast a gorgon glance, Rose wore a ghastly smile, As sprinting round that bird did dance, In most satame style. I pinned it down—it upward soared And to my boson; stuck; There were pailed checks around that

The day I carved the duck.

Then, seized with rage I could not still And hate I could not hold, From me I hurled that bird of ill, With fury uncontrolled. Then from that scene I fied away Like one who runs amuck, And I've never seen my fiances

Since the day I carved the duck.

Twentieth Century.

## ON CHICAGO LIMITED

It is the twilight time of the busiest, gladdest, most hurried day in all the year-the day before Christmas. The scene is the Grand Central depot, that portal through which, in the morning, pour the countless thousands who are as the sands of the shore in the midst of the great city; through which at night these countless thousands depart, and the city knows not that they have gone. On this evening the crowd is a glad and a merry one, and though there is much pushing and fostling every one is good-natured; for, indeed, is not this the eve of gladoess-that gladness which is the touch of nature making

the whole world kin? In the waiting-room of that road "What do you wish me to do?"
"Smile, laugh, be cheerful, look your best. It is not much I ask. When one possesses a diamond and sets it as a jewel train, is a little lady, who to a keenwhich leads to Chicago, on the edge of the holiday atmosphere. She is faultlessly tailor-made as to garbing, she is gloved and booted and hatted in the most exactly correct of the smart styles; and she carries a small handbag which looks as assured and self-contained as does the little lady herself She waits until she can pass the gate without being crowded, then shows her ticket, walks through, finds ber car, hands her little bag to the porter saying, "Section No. 9," and is presently omfortably seated facing the engine.

Altogether a very well regulated and systematic little lady, but evidently a little lady who either does not know it is Christmas eve or, knowing, is for some reason trying to forget it. As the train moves out of the great depot and the little lady watches the lights dashing rapidly by, two great tears creep out of her beautiful eyes and gleam for a moment on the veil that falls from the jaunty traveling hat. Soon dinner is announced in the dining car, and the little lady walks calmly through the train, eats her dinner, then as calmly returns to her place. As the porter passes she glances a the unoccupied section opposite and inquires pleasantly: "Porter, is No. 10 not taken?"

"Reserved for a party at Albany, Miss," is the reply.
"Then I may sit there for a while and watch the river," says the little lady, and she takes the sent by the window and looks out across the Hudson and watches the lights coming out one by one along the Palisades. After a time she return to her own place, takes a novel from her sachel and settles herself to its perusal, but by and by she discovers that it is all about a husband and wife who become estranged, and then make it all up and live happy evermore, and the little lady signifies her disapproval by closing the book with a vicious bang and saying, after a moment's thought, "Never!" She then alled the porter and had her section

prepared for the night. Ere long she had drifted to that land where dreams take possesion of us, and whether she would or not her dreams were all about a tall, dark man with merry eyes, which could look severe, and with a pleasant voice which called her Edith, and all through the dream was a little dog, a skye terrier, for which she did not seem to care at all but which seemed to have a great deal to do with everything-and then a pleasant voice said briskly:

"Porter, is No. 10 ready?" And the roice somehow seemed to go with the tall, dark man in the dream, and she half awoke with a dry little sob, and murmured sleeplly, "Never!" and went back to her dreams until the sunshine of Christmas morning came through the curtains and brought her again to the world of real things. As she emerged from her seclusion to complete her tollet she discovered that the opposite section had been made up and the oc cupant had departed to the smoking compartment.

A dress suit case and a traveling coat

were lying on the seat. As her eye was caught by the initials on the dress suit box her heart seemed to stand still, then she looked hastily at the coat and gasped, "It is Philip," then, becoming conscious of her disheveled condition, she made a frantic rush for the end of the car. When she appeared again she was as fresh and blooming as a rose. Her section meanwhile had

been made up, and she settled berself comfortably and gazed out at the beautiful snow-touched country through which the train was burrying, and in her eyes was a look of expec-

Presently she turned to find a tall. Bark man coming down the aisle toward her, and then she heard a voice with a wealth of love in its tones say, "Edith," and the voice was that of the tall, dark man in her dream. Then the pretty face hardened and the bright eyes grew cold and the little head lifted haughtily as she said: "Sir, you have made a mistake."

The tall man paused a moment, looking down at the averted face, and then said, softly: "Edith, will you not come to breakfast with me and talk it over?" "Certainly not," was the reply, in frosty tones; "I prefer to breakfast alone," and with that she rose and stalked past him directly away from the dining car. It was humiliating to be obliged to retrace her steps and pass him again, but she did it bravely, trying not to see that he sat with his head pressed close against the window. When after breakfast, she returned to her reat, her neighbor was not to be seen.

The great train rolled on, and the car wheels whirred and sung their Christmas carol, but to the little lady in sectiop 9 they brought no thought of 'peace on earth, good will toward men." the had taken another book from her satchel, and appeared greatly absorbed in it. A very dear old lady in the section back of her had been watching all the proceedings, and now, glancing over the shoulder of the little lady she noted that the leaves of the book were never turned, and she said to herself, with a kindly smile: "Poor children! a lovers' quarrel." Soon the book boy came through the train with his armful of books; he paused at section 9, and laid a volume of poems on the seat beside the little lady, as he said: "The ger tleman in the smoker said I was to

hand this to you, ma'am." Edith glanced at the book, then out of the window for a moment, then again at the book. She saw that a leaf was turned down, and her hand went slowly out toward the little volume, and the very dear old lady in the next seat looked on and smiled. Edith turned to the indicated page, and found a verse marked; it was part of a poem that the pleasant voice of the tall, dark man had many times read to her, and now it came to her as a message, and this was

Alas, how easily things go wrong A word unsung in a lover's song, There comes a mist and a blinding rain,

And life is never the same again. Alas, how hardly things go right? A storm may come in a summer's night. The stars will fade in the gloom away. And the summer's night is a winter's day

Sne read the verse softly through, and tender light came into her eyes; then, as the book dropped to her lap, she saw some ching was written on the flyleaf, ning to it she read: "Edith, from Philip; paerry Christmas," written in the strong, manly hand that had written her so many words of love. If Philin could have come to her then al would have been well; but such is the perverseness of fate we do not know wi en to "come back and be forgiven," and in the smoking compartment Philsat, glowering out of the window isting his mustache flercely and say

ng to himself: "Poor little girl, she is awfully hard with me and all about a beggarly dog. Confound the beast, anyway. I always lid bate little dogs!"

And the car wheels still whirred an and all their song was "Peace on arth;" and at every station the passer ers leaving the train, laden with thei leasant-looking parcels, were met and reeted by those who needed them to omplete their Christmas circle, and the train hands were greeted by their friends in passing, and everyone was appy and full of holiday cheer save only the little lady in section 9 and the tall, dark man in the smoking compart nent. Philip made another effort at incheon time; he came slowly down the aisle and said: "Edith, shall I get you some luncheon?" The little lady, see hig him approaching, had seized her novel, and, in response to his question gianced coldly up from its pages jus ong enough to say, with extreme rostiness: "Thank you, no."

Philip noticed the book of prems o the seat, apparently untouched, but he gained some trifling comfort from also noting that the novel in Edith's hands was upside down. He returned to the smoker, and Edith, throwing her novel ettishly down, sat gazing out of the vindow. Presently she had the porter oring her a cup of tea, and just as she had finished it she felt a light touch on her shoulder as a sweet voice said: "My lear, don't you want to come and talk o a tired old lady?" After they had chatted a while the

very dear old lady said: "I have been watching you all day, my little girl, and you must pardon an old lady if she asks you some questions. Is the tall young man your lover?" "No," said Edith, "I am sorry to say

ne is my husband." "Sorry!" said the old lady; "oh no ny dear, not that. And I am sure he is still your lover as well as your hus band. Don't you want to tell the old ady all about it? I have had a lot of experience, and perhaps I can help

Edith looked into the very dear of ace and then said: "Oh, thank you s much! Yes, I will tell you. But it h too late to help us. I can never forgiv Phillip." And then she told to this sympathetic distener the whole story; of her marri-

age six months before, of her dear little me in New York, of her happy life with Philip until-and here she paused with a slightly shamefaced expression -well, until she had one day spent an absurd sum for a fancy terrier. Philip had objected, half laughingly, half seri ously; then things commenced to go awry. The little dog carried off Philip's slippers, chewed up his rasor strop spocked his silk hat about the floor, an and done a thousand other annoying ittle things; and every time anything tappened Philip was disagreeable, and Edith had retorted; and so the little rife

n the lute widened. Then there came a day—and here the eyes of the little lady flashed-when

Philip, in a burst of temper, had said:
"Edith, either that dog leaves this house or I do," and Edith had—in a tine temper also—answered: "Do as you please. Dandy shall not go." And Philip had packed a sachel and left, and all that was a week ago. Edith

had waited two days, becoming more alarmed and less bad-tempered all the ime, and had then paid a visit to a cousin in Brooklyn, where she remained until deciding to go, on the day before Christmas, to her mother in Chi

What Edith could not tell, because he did not know it, was that Philip ifter three miserable days at a hotel, had returned, penitent and loving, to the litt's apartment, to find Edith rone, the servant gone even the wretched little cause of all the trouble cone- and not a word of any sort for im. He had gone back to the hotel. He spent several days arranging business matters, then went to Albany to consult his married sister, who said: "Edith has probably gone home to Chicago; I would go there at once." And that was how Edith and Philip happened to be passengers on the lim-

ited on Christmas Eve. The very dear old lady listened without comment until Edith had finished hen she laughed a merry little laugh as she said: "And so it was all about a little dog; what a very inadequate cause for so much trouble! By the way, my dear, what did you do with he dog."

The corners of the pretty witched a little as Edith said, "I gave to my cousin in Brooklyn." Edith and the very dear old lady oked at each other a moment, then they laughed together, until the tears stood in their eyes, and Edith hastened to say, "You see, it wasn't the dog entirely, it was the principle I was

hinking of." "Nonsense," said the old lady, "you hought of nothing but having your own way, and from my point of view you will be a very lucky young person if that fine-looking, manly Philip will take you back at any price. Think of weighing a miserable little dog in the balance against the love of such a Why, my dear, I could shake man!

"But," faltered Edith, "do you think woman should give up everything to her husband?"

"Certainly not," said the old lady, and no true man will ask her to. You give up much, of course, and you ought to. Sacrifice is the essence of true love, and it is the essence of selishness as well, because you are far happier in sacrificing to one you love than you are in withholding. Now, my advice is, make it up with your Philip as soon as ever you can, and live happy ever after, and always renember how near your happiness ame to going to the dogs. And now, lo you realize that it is dusk? Let us to to dinner together."

As they were coming out of the dining car they passed a tall, dark man at ing the way, passed him with her eyes straight ahead, but as the very dear old lady reached him she paused for a noment as she whispered: "Do not worry, it is coming out all

Philip looked his thanks, then turned his dinner with more hopefulness han he had felt in many days.

A little later Edith and her new riend still sat side by side talking, and the wheels were singing and humming in merry meter, for the train was making up time.
"We shall soon be in Chicago now,"

said the very dear old lady; "will you speak to him before you leave the train?"

"Oh I think not" said Edith, and then added, with a little return of the haughty manner: "He must come to The old lady looked at Edith a mo-

ment indulgently, and said: "Don't wait too long." Soon they were gathering up their small traps, and the train was running into the city. The wheels seemed now to have ended their song and to be saying: "Well, if you have not had merry Christmas it's not our fault: we've sung to you all day long."

Just as Edith was pulling down her reit and drawing on her gloves Philip hurried in, threw his cont over his arm, picked up his sachel, and without glance at her left the car. Edith looked startled, then turned toward the old lady, who, having made s shrewd guess as to Phinp's plans, said "Well, my dear, good-by and God bless you! I think you may have a merry Christmas after all; now run along and get your cab," and the very dea. old lady watched her tenderly as she hurried out into the busy station. Just as Edith found a desirable looking cab she noticed Philip almost at her side, and in her agitation she got into the cab without giving any orders to the driver. Philip stepped quickly up, handed his sachel to the man, saying, "Drive to the Auditorium Hotel," and turned toward the cab.

"But, Philip, my trunks," gasped Edith. "You darling," said Philip, as jumped in and slammed the door. And the cab rolled away into the night.—New York Commercial.

Don't Peel Potatoes It is a great mistake to peel potatoes

pefore cooking them. The skin, like the bark of all medicinal roots, is the richest part of the tuber. Potatoes baked are more nutritions than prepared in any other form, because the raluable mineral salts are held in so ution by the pellicle of the skin. If it e desired to remove the skin it should be done by rubbing with a rough cloth which preserves the true skin.

Invading Residence Districts A New York dry goods firm has se cured a lodgment in upper 5th avenue at the corner of 55th street, in the hear of the most aristocratic quarter and under the shadow of the most palatia residences in the city. Others are sur

When a duck hunter kills a goos there is no living with him, he tell about it so much.

If a woman is rich and has coarse features they are referred to as being "strongly marked."

Republican.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "War."

TEXT: "The tower of Davil builded for an armory, whereon there hung a thousand buckles, all shields of mighty men."—Solomon's Song iv., 4.

buckles, all shields of mighty men."—Solomon's Song iv.. 4.

The church is here compared to an armory, the walls hung with trophics of dead,
heroes. Walk all about this tower of David,
and see the dented shiels, and the twisted
swords and the rusted hemiets of terrible
battle. So at this season, a month earlier at
the south, a month later at the north, the
American churches are turned into armories
adorned with memories of departed braves.
Blossom and bloom. O walls, with stores of
self sacrifice and patriotism and prowess!

By unanimous decrees of the people of the
United States of America the graves of all
the northern and southern dead are every
year decorated. All acerbity and bitterness
have gone out of the national solemnity, and
as the men and women of the south one
month ago floralized the cemeteries and
graveyards so yesterday we, the men and
women of the north, put upon the tombs of
our dead the kiss of patriotic affection.
Bravery always appreciates bravery, though
it fight on the other side, and if a soldier of
the Federal army had been a month ago at
Savannah he would not have been ashamed
to march in the floral processions to the
cemetery. And if yesterday a Confederate
soldier was at Arlington he was glad to put
a sprig of heartsease on the silent heart of
our dead.

In a battle during our last warthe Confed-

our dead.

In a battle during our last warthe Confederates were driving back the Federals, who were in swift retreat, when a Federal officer dropped wounded. One of his men stopped, at the risk of his life and put his arms around the officer to earry him from the field. Fifty Confederate muskets were aimed at the young man who was picking up the officer. But the Confederate captain shouted, "Hold! Don't fire! That fellow is too brave to shoot." And as the Federal officer, held up by his private soldier, went limping slowly off the field the Confederate soldiers gave three cheers for the brave private, and slowly off the field the Confederate society gave three cheers for the brave private, and just before the two disappeared behind a barn both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their cape in gratitude to the private lifted their cape in gratitude to the confederate which is a soldiers' graves and find out. Vicarious panels for others, wounds for others, home-sickness for others, blood for others, private lifted their cape in gratitude to the

Confederate captain.

Shall the gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into

at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was when fathers and mothers gave no their was when fathers and mothers gave. up their sons, never expecting to see them again and never did see them again until they came back mutilated and crushed and

again and never did see them again until they came back mutilated and crushed and dead!

Four years of blood. Four years of hostille experiences. Four years of ghastliness. Four years of gravetigging. Four years of funerals, coffius, shrouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning! mourning! It was held toose. What a time of waiting for news! Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the boys at the front. First, announcement that the battle must occur the next day. Then the news of 30,000 slain, and of the names of the great generals who had fallen, but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! After many days a load of wounded going through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of the dead, and a long list of the dead and a long list of the dead, and a long list of the dead and a long list of the dead, and a long list of the dead and a lon ful waiting for news many a life perished. The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the

the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps as she solitoquizes, "Missing, missing!"

What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than at this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There were a few Christian philanthropists in those days, scoffed at both by north and south, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides, we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those Christian philanthropists, "Let the north pay in money for the slaves as property and set them free." The north said, "We cannot afford to pay," The south said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the north did pay in war expenses enough to purchase did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the south was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the north better have paid the money and saved the lives of 500,000 brave men, and might not the south better have sold out slavery and saved her 500,000 brave men? I swear you by the graves of your fathers and brothers and sons to a new hatred for the champion ourse of the universe—war!
O Lord God, with the hottest bolt of Thine omnipotent indignation strike that monster down forever and ever! Imprison it in the

down forever and ever! Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or moulded into howitzers. Cleave it with all the sabers that ever gittered in battle and wring its soul with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the configurations of the homesteads it ever destroyed. Deeper down let it fall and in flercer flame let it burn, till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions

flercer flame let it burn, till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims, I denounce it. The nations need more the spirit of treaty and less of the spirit of war.

War is more ghastly now than once, not only because of the greater destructiveness of its weaponry, because now it takes down the best men, whereas once it chiefly took down the worst. Bruce, in 1717, in his "Institutions of Military Law," said of the European armies of his day, "If all infamous persons and such as have committed capital crumes, heretics, atheists and all dastardly leminine men wors weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moderate number." Flogging and mean pay made them still more ignoble. Officers were appointed to see that cach soldier drank his ration of a pint of spirits a day. There were noble men in battle, but the moral character of the army was then linety-five per cent. lower than the moral character of an army to-day. By so much is war now the more detestable because it destroys the picked men of the nations.

Again, by this national caremony we mean

Again, by this national estemony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departs is soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts, and many of those who were drafted might have many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furbourie or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at the cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dving message to the home circle. We

re. The world wants more of it. The church of God is in world need of nen who can stand un or fire. The lion of worldly derision roars and the sheep tremworldly derision roars and the sheep tremble. In great reformatory move ents at
the first shot how many fail back! The great
obstacle to the church's a transement is the
inanity, the vaculty, the soft-prettiness, the
mamby publish of professel Christians.
Great on a parade, cowards in battle. Afmid
of getting their plames ruffled, they carry operated over their helmet. They go into
battle not with warrior's gauntlet, but with
kid gloves, not clutching the sword hilt to
light less the gloves split at the back.

In all our reformatory and Christian work
the great want is more backbone, more
mettle, more daring, more proves. We
would in all our churches like to trade off a
hundred do nothings for one do everything.
"Quit yourselves like men; be strong." "Quit yourselves like men; be strong.

The saints in all this glorious war

Again, we mean by this national observ-ance to honor self sacrifice for others. To all these departed men home and kindred wereas dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felf? Just as you and I would feel starting out to-morrow morning with nine chances out of ten agai returning alive, for the intelligent ness and exhaustion. Had these men chosen you are. They chose the camp not because they liked it better than their own house, and followed the dram and life not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South Mountain and Murfreesboro and the swamps of Chickahominy

were not playgrounds.

These heroes risket and lost all for others.
There is no higher sublimity than that. To keep three-quarters for ourselves and give one-quarter to others is honorable. To divide even with others is generous. To keep nothing for ourselves and give all for others is magnanimity Christiike. Put a civile arctical your body and them measure a girdle around your body and then measure a girdle argind your body and then measure
the girdle and see if you are fifty or sixty
inches round. And is that the circle of your
sympathies?—the size of yourself? Or, to
measure you around the heart, would it
take a girdle large enough to encircle the
land and encircle the world? You want to
know what we dry theologians mean when
we talk of vicarious suffering. Look at the
soldiers' graves and find out. Vicarious—
pangs for others, wounds for others, home-

Those who visited the national cemeteries at Arlington Heights and at Richmond and Gettysburg saw one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other—"Unknown." When, about twenty-one years ago, I was called to deliver the oration at Arlington Heights, Washington, I was not so much impressed with the minute guns that shook the earth or with the attendance of president and cabinet and forcien ministers and generals of the army and commodores of the navy as with the pathetic and overwhelming

of the southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of noon, so the typical gray and blue of noon, so the typical gray and blue of old war times have blended at last, and they quote in the language of King James's translation without any revision, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Now, what do we mean by this great observance?

First, we mean instruction to one whole generation. Substract 1865, when the war ended, from our 1896, and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war, or were so young as to have no vivid appreciation. No one under forty-one years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror. Do you remember it? "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away while she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought to pray, and mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house and they told me she was dead."

There are others who cannot remember the roil of a drum or the tramp of a regiment or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation a rain and again until there was one dead in each house. Now, it is the religious duty of those who do not. My young friends, there were such partings at rail car windows an i steamboat whar's, and at front doors of comfortable homes as I front doors of comfortable home

tional animosities would have Here go our regiments into the battlefield— Fifteenth New York volunte rs, Tenth Alabama cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania rifle-men, Tenth Massacausetts artiflery, Seventh South Carolina sharpshoopers, I do not know but it may require the attack of son

It is all that we can do for them now. only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Wellington catafalque. Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them as much. We will never get over it. Bested Lord Jesus, comfort our broken hear a. From every bank of flowers breathes promise of

resurrection.

In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over the grass had been them before our cases. the still feet that ran to service, or over the

will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separated. Instead of cry-ing with Jacob or Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning,"
let us cry with David, "I shall go to him."
On one of the gates of Greenwood is the
quaint inscription, "A night's lodging on
the way to the city of New Jerusalem."
One for the way to the city of New Jerusalem. Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of Him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with its softest tenderness. The Christ of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will intold you in His arms. The white robed angel who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the scene from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord Himnelf shall descend from heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel. So the "Dead March" in "Saul" shall be

When a women "puts two an1 two together" the result is always more than four.

A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them. If you pay a school teacher a com

pliment she will not observe the grammatical errors. If did not require much of a phil-

osopher to discover that all rich willows are handsome. Marriage is a failure when the man handles all the assets and the woman Every day we realize how comforta-

ble we jog along without something that the day before we were persua! ed we couldn't live without. Much of the trouble in this country happens because men take too much time to make money and too little to