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

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THE SILENT SHORE.

By John Bloundelle Burton

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

It had taken long in the telling, and the twilight of the summer night had come before he finished and she had learnt everything.

"That is what I came to tell you, Ida. Speak to me, and say that you forgive me for having kept it from your knowledge when last we met?"

"You said an hour ago," she replied, taking no heed of his prayer for forgiveness, "that dreams were idle fantasies of the brain. What if mine was such? What if, after all, I have seen the form of the man who murdered him, have spoken to him and let him kiss me, and have not recognized him?"

"Ida!" he said, "do you say this to me, to the man to whom you have plighted your love and faith? Do you mean that you suspect me of being my brother's murderer?"

"You did nothing," she answered, "to find out his murderer; you would have done nothing had that will not been discovered."

"I obeyed his behest," he said, "and what I did was done also through my love for you."

Again she paused before she spoke, and then she said:

"It is time that you should go now, it is time that there should be no more love spoken between us. But, if a time should ever come when it will be fitting for me to hear you speak of love to me once more——"

"Yes?"

"It will be when you can come to me and say that his murderer is brought to justice."

"And until that time shall come, you cast me off?"

"If you take it in that light—yes."

"I have sworn," he said, and she could not but notice the deep intensity of his voice, "upon his grave that my life shall be devoted to avenging him, and no power on earth shall stop me if I can but say my way to find the man who killed him. Even though I had still another brother, whom I had loved all my life, and he had done this deed, I would track him and bring him to punishment. I swear it before God—swear that I would not spare him! And my earnest and heartfelt prayer is that the day may arrive when, as you and I desire, I may be able to come to you and tell you that he is brought to justice."

"Ah! yes."

"Only," he continued, still with a deep solemnity of voice that went to her heart, "when I do so, com: I shall come to tell you that alone—there will be with that news no pleadings of love upon my tongue. You have doubted, but just now, whether you have not seen my brother's murderer standing before you, whether the kiss of Cain has not been upon your lips. You have reproached me for my silence, you have cast me off, unless I can prove myself not an assassin. Well, so be it! By the blessing of heaven, I will prove it—but for the love which you have withdrawn from me I will ask no more. You say it is to be mine again conditionally. I will not take it back, either with or without conditions. It is restored to you; it would be best that henceforth you should keep it."

Then, with but the slightest inclination of his head he left her, and went out from the house.

And Ida, after once endeavoring to make her lips utter the name of Gervase, fell prostrate on the couch.

"He will never come back to me," she wailed; "he will never come back. I have thrown his love away forever. Heaven forgive and pity me."

CHAPTER XI.

The Hotel et Cafe Restaurant de Lepantois is one of those many places near and in the neighborhood of Leicester square, where foreigners delight to sojourn when in London.

As a rule this establishment is patronized by Spanish and Portuguese gentlemen of a commercial status, persons who, more often than not, are connected with the wine trade of those countries, and it is also frequented by singers and dancers and other artists who may find themselves—by what they regard as a stroke of fortune fulfilling an engagement in the metropolis.

To them the Hotel Lepanto is a congenial abode, a spot where they can eat of the oily and garlic flavored dishes partaken of with much relish when at home in Madrid, Lisbon, Seville or Granada, and here they can converse in their own tongues with each other and with Diaz Zarates, the Spanish landlord of the house, to whom half a dozen Southern languages and many patois are known.

And sometimes, as has been the case of late, much to the disgust of Diaz Zarates, an English detective has made his appearance, and, essaying an Iberian meal, has endeavored to worm secrets out of him about his patrons and guests.

To the disgust of Diaz Zarates of late, because he knows perfectly well who Dobson is (although that astute individual is not aware of the landlord's knowledge of his calling), and because, honestly, he has never heard of any one bearing the name of Corot in his life.

And it is of such a person with that name, that Dobson has been making little inquiries whenever he has dropped in to try a Spanish luncheon or a Spanish dinner.

Seated, a few days after the murder of Walter Cundall, on one of the three chairs in the passage, and meditatively smoking cigarettes out of which, as is the case with Spanish made ones, the tobacco would frequently fall in a lighted mass on the marble table, was Senor Miguel Guffanta, as he was inscribed in Diaz's books.

Had the Senor been as carefully washed as the upper classes of Spaniards usually are, had his linen been as white and clean as the linen usually worn by the upper classes of Spaniards, and, had he been freshly shaved, he would, in all probability, have presented the appearance of a fine, handsome man.

But he had come down stairs this morning to smoke his cigarette, without troubling to look his toilette, putting on his yesterday's shirt, and going through no ablutionary process at all, and with a thick, heavy stubble of twenty-four hours' growth upon his cheeks and chin.

Still, with all this carelessness, Senor Miguel Guffanta was a handsome man.

As he sat there thinking and smoking the landlord came down the passage, and bowing and wishing him "Good morning" in Spanish, entered his box, and proceeded to make some entries in his books.

The Senor nodded in return, and then made another cigarette and went on with his meditations; but, when that one was smoked through, he rose and leaned against the door post of the bureau, and addressed Zarates.

"And have any more guests arrived since last night," he asked, "and is the hotel yet full?"

"No more, Senor, no more as yet," the landlord answered him. "Dios! but there is little business doing now."

"That is not well! And he who loved so much our Spanish luncheons and dinners, our good friend Dobson (he pronounced the name Dobesoon) with the heavy, fat face and the big beard—what of him?"

"He is a pig, a fool!" Diaz said, as he ran an unclean finger up a column of accounts. "He believes me not when I tell him that of his accursed Corot I know nothing, and that I believe that no such man is in London."

The Senor laughed gently to himself at this answer, and then he said: "And he has not yet found him?"

"Found him? No. Of that name I never heard before, no, never! There is no such name!"

"For what does he say he wishes to see this Corot? Is it that he has a legacy to give him, or has he committed a crime for which this fat man, this heavy Alguazil, wants to arrest him?"

"Quien sabe! He says he has a little friendly question to ask him, that is all. He says if he could see him for one moment, he would tell him all he wants to know. And then he says he must find him. But I do not think, now, he will ever find him."

"Nor do I," the Senor said. Then he looked up at the clock, and seeing it was past twelve, went to his room, saying that it was time he prepared himself for the day.

But when he reached that apartment, which was a small room on the second floor, that looked out on to the back windows of the street that ran parallel with the one in which the Hotel Lepanto was situated, it did not seem as if those preparations stood in any great need of hurry. Throwing himself into an arm chair that stood in the corner of the room, again gave himself up to meditation.

"Corot," he said to himself; "Corot. How is it that that man has ever heard the name—what does he know about it, why should he want to find him? I thought that, outside of Los Torros and Puerto Cortes that name had never been heard. Walter knew it, and Juanna knew it, and I knew it, but of others there was no one alive who knew it. Yet here is this big, stupid man, in this big, stupid city (where one may be stabbed to death and none find the slayer), with the name upon his lips. How has he ever heard it, how has he ever known of it?"

He could find no answer to these questions which he asked himself, and gradually his thoughts went off into another train.

"So, after all," he continued, "his name was not Cundall, but Occieve, and he it was who was this lord, this Penlyn, though that other bears the name. And he, who inherited all that wealth from the old man, had no right to it, no! not so much as Juanna—poor Juanna!—and I had. And now he is gone, and it is with the living that I have to do. Well, it shall be done, and by my father's blood the reckoning shall be a heavy one if this lord does not clear himself!"

He rose from his seat, and, going to a cupboard, took from it a suit of clothes of good, dark material, and after brushing them carefully, laid them out upon the bed.

From a shelf in it he took out a very good silk hat, which he also brushed, and a pair of nearly new gloves.

Then he rang the bell, and bade the servant who answered it bring him sufficient hot water for shaving and washing.

As he went through his toilette, which he did very carefully, and putting on now linen of dazzling whiteness, with which the most scrupulous person could have found no fault, his thoughts still ran upon the subject that had occupied his mind entirely for many days.

"There is danger in it, of course," he muttered to himself; "but I am used to danger; there was danger when Gonzalez provoked me, though it was not as great as that I stand in now. These English are stupid, but they are crafty also, and it may be that a trap will be set for me, perhaps is set already. Well, after all, I have one damning proof in my favor, one card that, if I am forced to play, must save me! What I have to do, shall be done to-day. I am resolved!"

His toilette was finished now, he was clean shaved and well dressed from head to foot, and the Senor Miguel Guffanta stood in his room a very different looking man from the one who had sat, an hour ago, smoking cigarettes in the hotel passage.

He started forth slowly, making his way through Leicester square and down Picadilly, and, at nearly the bottom of the latter, turned off to the right and passed through several streets.

Then, when he had arrived at a house which stood at a corner, he stopped.

The big house outside which he was standing formed the angle of two streets, and ran down the side one that the Senor had now turned into.

At the back of it was a garden, fairly filled with trees, that ran some distance farther down this street, and into which an open-work iron gate led, a gate through which any passer by could look.

It was not a well-kept garden, and in it there was some undergrowth, and it was at this undergrowth, on the farthest right hand side, that Senor Guffanta peered for some few moments through the iron gate.

"It seems the same," he muttered to himself; "nothing appears disturbed since I was last there." Then he returned to the front of the house, and, mounting the steps, knocked at the hall door.

The footman who opened it motioned him to a seat, and put the card upon a salver to take to his master. "[illegible] Senor said, "Stay, I will put a word upon it," and, taking a pencil from his pocket, he wrote underneath his name, "From Honduras."

The man bowed and went away, returning a few minutes afterward to say that Lord Penlyn would see him, and the Senor followed him into the room in which so many other interviews had taken place.

Lord Penlyn rose and bowed, and Senor Guffanta returned the bow gravely, while he fixed his dark eyes intently on the other's face.

"You state on your card, Senor Guffanta, that you are from Honduras. I imagine, therefore, that you have come about a matter that at the present moment is of the utmost importance to me?" Lord Penlyn said.

"You refer to the late Mr. Cundall?" the Senor asked.

"Yes, I do. Pray, be seated."

CHAPTER XII.

"I knew him intimately." Senor Guffanta said; "it is about him and his murder that I have come to talk."

These were the words with which he had responded to Lord Penlyn's reception of him; and, as he uttered them, a hope had sprung up into the young man's breast that, in the handsome Spaniard who stood before him, some one might have been found who, from his knowledge of his brother, would be able to throw some light upon, or clew to, his death.

"I cannot tell you," he said, "how welcome this information is to me. We have tried everything in our power to gather some knowledge that might lead toward finding—first, some one who would be likely to have a reason for his death; and, afterwards, the man who killed him. If you knew him intimately it may be that you can assist us."

The Senor had taken the seat offered him by Penlyn, and from the time that he had first sat down until now he had not removed his piercing eyes from the other's face.

But, as he continued to fix his glance upon Penlyn, there had come into his own face a look of surprise that seemed to express a baffled feeling of consternation.

"What mystery is there here?" he said to himself. "I have made a mistake. I have erred in some way; how have I deceived myself? Yet I could have sworn that I was sure."

Then, when Lord Penlyn had ceased speaking, he said aloud:

"You will pardon me—but I am laboring under no mistake? You are Lord Penlyn?"

The other looked at him for a moment, wondering what such a question meant. Then he answered him:

"There is no mistake. I am Lord Penlyn."

The Spaniard passed his hand across his eyes as he heard this, but did not speak; and Lord Penlyn said:

"May I ask why you inquire?"

"Because—because I had thought—because I wished to be sure of whom I was speaking with."

"You may rest assured. And now, sir, let me ask you what you know about this unhappy Mr. Cundall and his life?"

"I know much about him. To begin with, I know that he was your brother—your elder brother—and that you have come to possess his fortune. But it is not of that that I have come to talk."

"Of what have you come to talk, then?"

"Of his murderer."

"Of his murderer!" the other repeated. "Oh! Senor Guffanta, is it possible that you can have any clew, is it possible that you think you will be able to find the man who killed him?"

"I am sure of it."

Lord Penlyn stared at him as he spoke, stared at him while in his mind there was a feeling of astonishment, mixed with something like awe, of the strange visitor.

This dark, powerful looking stranger, sat before him perfectly calm and unmoved, looking straight at him as he spoke these words of import, "I am sure of it," and spoke them as though he was speaking of some ordinary incident.

And in his calmness there was something that told the other that it was born of certainty.

"If you can do that, Senor Guffanta," he said, "there is nothing that you can ask from me, there is nothing that I can give that——"

"There is nothing I want of you," the Spaniard said, interrupting him, and making a disdainful motion with his long, brown hand. "I am not a paid police spy."

"I beg your pardon," the other answered. "I had no thought of offense. Only, sir, it is the wish of my life to see him avenged."

"And it is the wish of my life also. Will you hear a short story?"

"I will hear anything you have to say."

(To be continued.)

The Calf Stood His Ground.

A little farce, in which a young lady, a bicycle and a calf were the actors, is reported by the Utica Press. A young lady, bowling merrily along on her wheel, came to the top of a hill which offered a fine opportunity for a coast. Accordingly her feet went upon the rests, and the wheel started for an untrammeled cruise down the incline.

The coast was clear, with the exception of a calf standing inoffensively in the road about half-way down the hill.

Had it been a mouse, in all probability the fair cyclist would have at once dismounted and gone around by another route, or stepped into some house for assistance; but as it was only a harmless calf, that would in all probability make room at once at the approach of the wheel, the young lady kept steadily on.

The calf, however, had different views concerning the right of way, and calmly stood his ground. The wheel had now gained a great impetus, and despite the frantic efforts of its rider it struck the astonished calf, and in some unaccountable manner the young lady brought up on her hands and knees, with her head between the calf's hind legs.

This was too much for the calf, as it was also for the fair cyclist, and he moved off in a double-quick time, leaving the wheel and its owner to reorganize and continue.

Those who think the Barnum white elephant story of a few years ago a fake may find a record in the New York custom house, where Hon. P. T. swore that the animal was worth $200,000.

—Wild horses have increased to such an extent in Queensland that the animals are being shot, with a view to reduce the numbers.

—It is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on as when they have lost their edge.

—It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

—Mayor Baxter of Portland, Me., has on his desk a clock cased by the pupils of the Manual Training school in an exact model of the old City Hall.

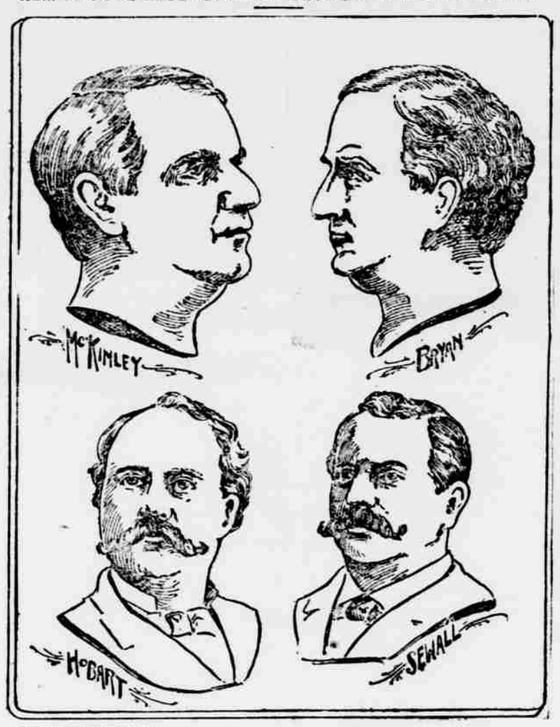
—Bew re of prejudices; they are rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudice creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

—It is estimated that one crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

—A North Missouri paper has adopted the plan of running the names of delinquent subscribers upside down in the paper whenever it has occasion to refer to them.

—The perilousness of an army surgeon's life is illustrated by the fact that out of twenty surgeons on the battle-field of Abba Carina in Abyssinia, seventeen were killed in action.

REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCES BETWEEN THE CANDIDATES.



-Cincinnati Enquirer.

AN ORIGINAL POPULIST.

Seymour F. Norton, Whom Bryan Defeated at St. Louis.

The only competitor with any considerable following whom Bryan had to fear in the St. Louis convention of the Populists was Mr. Seymour F. Norton, of Chicago. Mr. Norton is a picturesque character and his handsome face and soldierly air would command admiration and attention in any assemblage. He is tall and evinces a kindly manner. His mustache is nearly white, and his bushy hair is streaked with the gray that comes with fifty years of life. He always wears a slouch hat.

His life has been a struggle against the favored few and in behalf of the

SEYMOUR F. NORTON.

people. What either of the great parties advocated he opposed, believing that they were not at bottom in sympathy with the people. Mr. Norton was a leader of the greenback idea before Peter Cooper arose to prominence in the Greenback party. On several occasions Mr. Norton had been the party's nominee for high office. In the hope of advancing the interests of the Greenbackers he wrote a book entitled "Ten Men of Money Island," in which money is made very easy to get. His party gradually dissolved and its remnants gravitated into the Populist movement at its inception. Mr. Norton is credited with having given the Populists their creed. He is said to be the author of their financial plank. For ten years past Mr. Norton has been the publisher of a weekly paper in Chicago. Mr. Norton is not a wealthy man, but he has given freely of his time and money to what he believed to be the cause of the people. He is a native of Vermont, but has spent the greater part of his life in the West.

Saved Two Lives in One Day.

Ferdinand Trentman performed two acts of heroism at Hailey, Idaho, Wednesday morning. One was the saving of a human life, and the other placing his own life in jeopardy. The warm weather having caused a very preceptible rise to the water in the river, it became necessary to remove the brush that had accumulated on the edge of the dam at the foot of Bullion street. James Riggen and Fred Trentman, a young blacksmith, were carried out to the dam in a chair, secured to ropes drawn down by pulleys. Having an ax apiece they soon cut the brush adrift.

Riggen then caught hold of the life-rope and was drawn to the shore. Trentman did not, however, even try to catch the rope. Taking hold of the axes he floated on the brush to the bridge, about 100 feet away. As he neared it, he yelled to those on the bridge to get out of the way. He then threw the axes on the bridge, and jumped on the bridge himself as he got in reach. The brush must have been moving at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. If he had failed to jump just when he did he would have been a dead man.

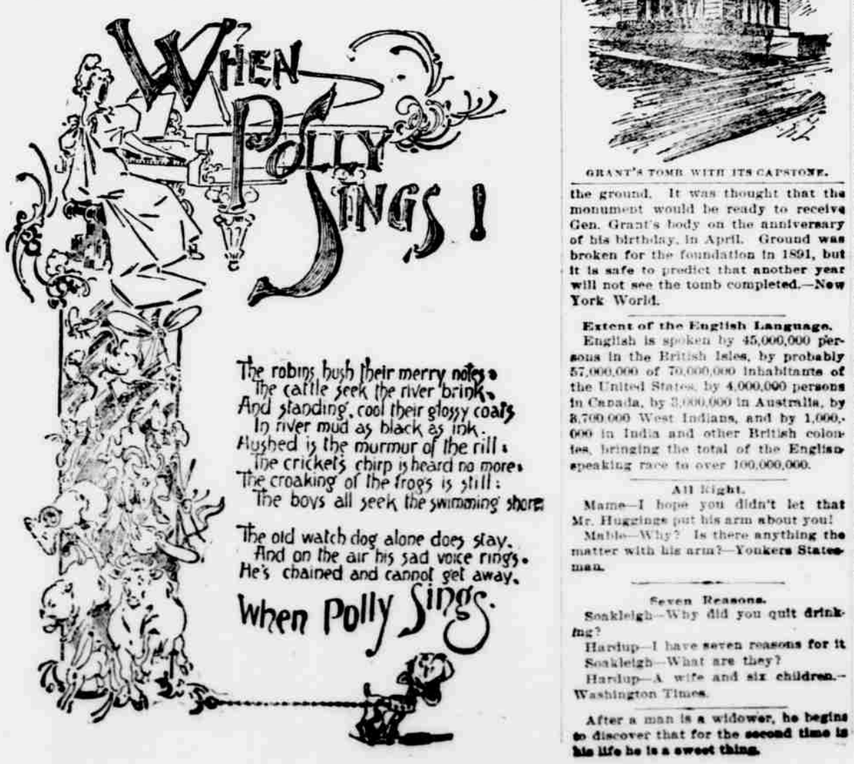
The same morning Joseph Yetzer, Trentman and others tried to dislodge a huge tree which had lodged against the central pier of the main bridge at Bullion street. Yetzer, who was standing on the bridge, attempted to lasso the trunk, but lost his balance and was pulled into the river on the upper side of the bridge, but reappeared on the lower side in a second or two. Trentman instantly jumped into the raging torrent, swam to his drowning partner, and succeeded in pushing him ashore, about 200 feet below.—Portland Oregonian.

Nobody hears half you say, and it is a good thing for you that they don't.

A lonely spot on a dark night—Would the gentleman be kind enough to assist a poor man? Besides this loaded revolver I have nothing else in the wide world to call my own.—Tid-Bits.

Judge—"Why didn't you call a policeman when the man assaulted you with a club?" Citizen—"Call a policeman! Good gracous, your Honor! Wasn't I thumped enough as it was?" New York Herald.

"That was an awful mistake Madge made at the Twigs's reception." "What was it?" "She sat and talked for twenty minutes to a cluster of chrysanthemums, thinking it was one of the guests."—Inter-Ocean.



THE WOODCOCK.

So Is Among the Most Exclusive and Aristocratic of Birds.

The season for shooting woodcock is now open in all or nearly all the States, and the real enthusiastic sportsmen will try to bag this wary bird, that is a migrator, here to-day and there to-morrow, as uncertain in his likes and dislikes as it is when on the wing. Many a man has seen numbers of woodcock along some favored spot and gone there in a day or two with dog and gun only to find the birds had vanished. Their habits are peculiar, their surroundings unique, and their capture the most difficult of any of the game birds in middle America.

As a game bird the woodcock has no equal for the table and in autumnal coloring, the rich browns, yellows, and dark reds, he is beyond doubt the handsomest of the birds the sportsman seeks.

It is a very fair day's work to bring in eight birds, for they never go in flocks, and are scarce and harder to find than any other game. They live in the brushy thickets, near wet grounds, in alder bushes, along little "runs," or brooks, and on islands along river bottoms. They must have soft soil to live on, and plenty of it, for they are enormous feeders. They feed mostly at night, and can stow away about half their weight in angleworms in twenty-

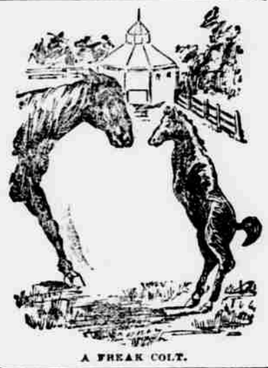
WOODCOCK AND ITS YOUNG.

four hours. Scattered from Maine to Mexico, the woodcock is found in the Eastern, Southern, Northern, and Western States, and no particular locality claims him as its own. Good shooting is obtained in Canada, and Louisiana has its favored grounds.

COLT WITH TWO LEGS.

Property of Mr. George Ward of Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Mr. George Ward, of Mount Vernon, Ill., was the owner of a two-legged colt. The colt by rearing up on its hind legs would propel itself along in a short jump and while it had not strength to continue this form of locomotion long at a time would have soon gained strength enough to have gotten along



A FREAK COLT.

well. The animal would take nourishment freely and gave every indication of living a long life if assisted some at first, but Mr. Ward fearing life might prove a burden to it, and having no eye for freaks or the show business, had it killed, believing that to be the kindest and best thing he could do for it. A farmer east of town has its hide and intends to mount it.

Grant's Tomb Is Capped.

Grant's tomb is slowly nearing completion. The dome has received its topmost cap, which is 165 feet from

GRANT'S TOMB WITH ITS CAPSTONE.

the ground. It was thought that the monument would be ready to receive Gen. Grant's body on the anniversary of his birthday, in April. Ground was broken for the foundation in 1891, but it is safe to predict that another year will not see the tomb completed.—New York World.

Extent of the English Language.

English is spoken by 45,000,000 persons in the British Isles, by probably 57,000,000 of 70,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, by 4,000,000 persons in Canada, by 3,000,000 in Australia, by 3,700,000 West Indians, and by 1,000,000 in India and other British colonies, bringing the total of the English-speaking race to over 100,000,000.

All Right.

Mame—I hope you didn't let that Mr. Huggings put his arm about you!

Mable—Why? Is there anything the matter with his arm?—Yonkers Statesman.

Seven Reasons.

Soakleigh—Why did you quit drinking?

Hardup—I have seven reasons for it.

Soakleigh—What are they?

Hardup—A wife and six children.—Washington Times.

After a man is a widower, he begins to discover that for the second time in his life he is a sweet thing.

REV. DR. TALMAGE,

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject:—"The Great Trial."

TEXT: "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—I John ii., 1.

Standing in a court room, you say to yourself: "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors' bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judge's desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than any Over and Terminer or Circuit or Supreme or Chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal.

The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then, who are the witnesses in the cause, and lastly, who are the advocates.

When a trial is called on the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up then, O, Christian man, and hear the indictment of the court of high heaven against thy soul. It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai and when God came down how the mountain rocked and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Are you guilty, or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not, therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

The lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees and said: "O, Lord, I am Thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further, this lawsuit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the the Christian religion is an inconsistent profession. The Bible says religion is one thing; we, by our inconsistency, say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is that people can see faults in others while they can not see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling, all the years of her life about the inconsistencies of others, having no plea that she is inconsistent herself. God save the world from the gossip, female and male! I think the males are the worst!

Now you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! whoever hath anything to offer in this trial in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him now step forth and give testimony in this solemn trial.

The first witness I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the world—all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but, alas for the mistake! When they get mid-stream away will go the bridge and down will go their souls to perdition. O world of the greedy eye and the hard heart, come on the stand now and testify in behalf of the prosecution against this Christian soul on trial. What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the world, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever know. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God, but he is just full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself. I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, O World, with the greedy eye and hard heart. I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the World and the Church, and while the World on the witness stand to-day has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with much allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O, World of the greedy and the hard heart, that will do; you must sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is Conscience. Who art thou, O Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh," says Conscience, "I was born in heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpion I have scourged his wickedness, and I have tried to cheer him when doing right, and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God! It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of Him who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience. You can sit down.

The third witness I call in the case is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, what doest thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh," says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have washed him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes, when he knew it not, I led him into green pastures and beside still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him, I fought them back with infinite fierceness, and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky, he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again amongst the sinless ones before the great white Throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We bow down before Him. Holy Spirit, knowest Thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the holy one, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved Me, although the Bible warned him, saying: 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the Spirit.' Yes, he has driven Me back. Though I am the Third Person of the Trinity, he has trampled on My Mission, and the blood of the Atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul, he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert, and comfort and sanctify, and yet look at that man and see what he is compared with what, uncovenanted, I would have made him."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebutal testimony. What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes, I am lean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have now come to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in. The advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those who in the profession have been guilty of a great many meannesses. That profession will be honorable as long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield, and Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Southard, and William Wirt. The court room has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

But I turn from the recital of this memorable occasion to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian for the life of his soul the advocates are mightier, wiser and more eloquent. The evidence all being in, severe and stern Justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Then he says: "O, Thou Judge and Lawgiver, this is Thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and heaven agree that the man has sinned against these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unsinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die!"

O, Christian, does it not look very bare for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the Judge will look over the bar and say: "Is there any one who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?" And some young man rises up and says: "I will be his counsel;" perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that any one will volunteer? Yes, yes! One rising. He is a young man, only thirty-three years of age. I see His countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of the heavens are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Oh, Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all, you may not have to die. The law of God is on the side of the prisoner, and He has never lost a case. Courage, O Christian soul! I think that, after all, there may be some chance for you, for the great Advocate rises to make His plea. He says: "I admit all that has been proved against My client. I admit all that is alleged against him. I admit all that is true, ay, more; but look at that wounded hand of Mine and look at that other wounded hand, and at My right foot and at My left foot. By all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of My tears. Count all the drops of My blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemane, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand that he go free. On this arm he hath leaned; to this heart he hath flown in My tears he hath washed; on My righteousness he hath depended. Let him go free. I am the ransom. Let him escape the bar. I took the scourging. Let the imp pass from him; I drank it to the dregs. Put on him the crown of life, for I have worn the crown of thorns. Over against my throne of shame set his throne of triumph!"

Well, the counsel on both sides have spoken, and there is only one more thing now remaining, and that is the charging of the judgment. If you have ever been in a court room you know the silence and solemnity when the verdict is about to be rendered, or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial—shall it be saved or shall it be lost? Attention! above, around, beneath. All the universe cries: "Hear! hear!"

The Judge rises and gives this decision, never to be changed, never to be revoked. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

But, my friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the world but the church must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plow, the merchant will be in the counting room, the woodman will be ringing his ax on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the roar of machinery, the clanking of flying machinery, the musical may be at the bar pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit preaching the gospel, the drunkard may be reeling and his cups and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo! The sun hides. Night comes down at mid noon. The stars depart at noon-tide day. The earth shudders and heaves in an earthquake throes and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and seas uprearing, cries to the flying Alps and Mount Ararat. Beasts bellow and moan and seek the darkness. Clouds fly like a host of swift eagles. Great thunders beat against and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Lord, mighty rising on His throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel trump repeats it till all the living hear, and the continents of dead spring to their feet crying: "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready?

[illegible] well in your trust? Were there some side or against you? Do you see [illegible] in the last great assize, if your sins against you, and the world is against and the angels of heaven are against and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you, before this day secure an Advocate.

Manhood begins when we have in any way made trouble with [illegible] but begins joyfully and triumphantly when we have reconciled ourself to necessity.

—The man who sits next to a pretty girl in a street car is always willing to move up a little closer to her to give somebody else a seat.

A coward never forgave. It is not in his nature.

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the winding sheet of time, the canker worm of liberty.

Another discovery has been made at a Delphi, Greece, where a bronze statuette of Apollo, of great beauty, has been found. The figure is about eight inches in height.

The more a man [illegible] the more he deserves his [illegible] life isn't long enough to educate a man to the full extent of his abilities.

If you want to gain a reputation for eccentricity, and to be [illegible] dreaded, if not hated, blurt out the plain truth on all occasions.

Strength must be founded in truth, or it will never be found in [illegible]. High-sounding words without thoughts corresponding, are efforts without effect.

If you have a good impulse act upon it before it leaves you.

The only justification for debts is the immediate prospect of profit.