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

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CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Timmons was taking the air on his own threshold late in the afternoon of that last Thursday in June. It was now some hours since the dwarf had called.

Although it had not yet struck six o'clock, he was thinking of closing his establishment. As he was about to retire for the long shutters that by night defended and veiled his treasure from predatory hands or prying eyes, his enormous left ear became aware that feet were approaching. He turned his pale blue eyes in the direction of the sound and saw coming along close to the wall the figure of a low-sized stout woman. She carried a fish basket in her hand. Out of this basket projected the tails of half a dozen red herrings.

"Good afternoon," said Timmons.

"Afternoon," said the woman entering the store without pausing. Then nodding her head back in the direction whence she had come she asked: "Any one?"

"No," answered Timmons. "Not a soul."

"I thought I'd never get here. It's mortal hot. I've brought you some fish for your tea."

"Herrings," he said, bending to examine the protruding tails. "Fresh herrings, or red?" he asked in a hushed, significant voice.

"Red," she whispered hoarsely, "and as fine as ever you saw. Are you going to have company at tea, Mr. Timmons?" asked the woman in a tone and manner of newly awakened interest.

"No; I am not expecting any one. I am going to have tea all by myself. I am very busy just now. I have had a visitor to-day—a few hours ago——"

"Well," whispered the woman, eagerly.

"And he'll do it!"

"He will. He's been to Milwaukee and has arranged all. They'll take every bit they can get and pay a good price—twice as much as could be got otherwise—from any one else."

"Fine! Fine! You know, Mr. Timmons, how hard it is to find a bit now, and to get so little for it as we have been handling is very bad—heart-breaking. It takes all the spirit out of Tom."

"How is Tom? Is he on the drink?"

"No, he isn't."

"That's a bad sign."

The woman rose and he handed her some money. Then followed a long, good-humored dialogue in which she begged for more, and he firmly, but playfully, refused her. Then she went away, and Mr. John Timmons was left once more alone.

He took up the basket, drew out the wooden skewer by which it was closed, caught the herrings in a bundle and threw them behind him on the gritty earthen floor. He opened the bag that lay beneath them and peered into it. Holding it in his left hand upon his upraised thigh he thrust his right hand into it and fumbled about, bending his head down to look the better. He was on the point of drawing something out when he suddenly paused and listened motionless.

"It's Stamer himself," cried Timmons, in a muffled voice. Then he added: "What does he want? More money? Anyway, I suppose I must let him in."

He turned round, caught up the scattered red herrings, thrust them into the bag, fixed it with the skewer, and then threw it carelessly on the hob of the old grate.

When the newcomer was inside the door and the bolt drawn once more, Timmons said, in a slow, angry tone, "Well, Stamer, what do you want? Is a bargain a bargain? You were not to come here in daylight, and only in the dark when something of great consequence brought you. I gave your wife all I will give just now, if we are to go on working on the co-operative principle. What do you want?"

The low-sized, round-shouldered man, dressed in fustian and wearing two gold rings on the little finger of his left hand, said in a whisper:

"You're going to see this cove to-night?"

"Yes."

"At what o'clock?"

"Midnight."

"Ah! It will be dark then!"

"What news you tell us. It generally is dark at midnight."

"Are you going to take much of the stuff with you—much of the red stuff—of the red herrings?"

Timmons drew back a pace with a start and looked at Stamer suspiciously.

"Have you come to save me the trouble, eh? Would you like to take it yourself? Eh? Did you come here to rob me? I mean to share fair. Do you want to throw up the great co-operative principle and bag all?"

Stamer's eyes winked quickly, and he answered in a tone of sorrow and reproach:

"You know I'm square. Tell me how much stuff you are going to take with you to-night?"

"About two pounds."

"I'm sorry, gov'nor, for bothering you. I'd give my life for you. Look here, guv'nor, suppose he is not an honest man, like me. He isn't in our co-operative plan, you know. Suppose he isn't particular about how he gets hold of a bit of stuff?"

"And tried to rob me?"

"That's not what I'd mind!" He put his hand to the back of his waistband. "You know what I carry here. Suppose he carries one, too?"

"You mean that he may murder me first and rob me after?"

Stamer nodded.

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you, Stamer, indeed I am; but I'm not a bit afraid, not a bit. Why, he's not much over four feet, and he's a hunchback as well."

He opened the door for Stamer, who, with a doubtful shake of the head, stepped over the raised threshold and went out. As Stamer sauntered down the street he muttered to himself, "I'll keep my eye on this affair anyway."

When the door was closed Timmons took up the fish basket, flung away the red herrings a second time and descended to the cellar.

CHAPTER XIII.

That same evening Dora and John Hanbury were sitting close to one another in the window place where Leigh and he had found her earlier. The long June day had faded into luminous night; the blinds had not been lowered, or the lamps in the room lit. The long, soft, cool, blue midsummer twilight was still and delicious for any people, but especially for lovers.

"Well, Dora," he began, "this has been an exciting day."

"Yes," she said, softly, and added, with tender anxiety, "I hope you have quite recovered? I hope you do not feel any bad effects of—of—of—what happened to you, Jack?" She did not know how he would take even this solicitous reference to his fainting.

"I feel quite well, dearest. Do not let us talk of that affair again."

"Tell me all," she said. "It was so good of you to bring him here. I felt quite proud of you when I saw you coming with him. Many men would have been afraid to trust so uncouth a man with so unpleasant a secret into this room of a Thursday."

"The fact is, Dora," said he in a tone of deliberation and dissatisfaction, "I did not bring him here of my own free will. Indeed, I do not know how you could imagine I would invite such a man. I found him contemplating a paragraph for the papers, and he promised he would say nothing about what had occurred if I would introduce him to you. He seems to have conceived a romantic interest in you, because of your likeness to some one he knows." Later this evening he should tell her all about this "some one."

"I see," she said, her spirits declining. It was not out of good nature or generosity, but cowardice, moral cowardice, Jack had brought Leigh. "Oh, Jack, I am so sorry!"

"Sorry! Sorry for what?" he cried.

She did not speak for a while. She was looking out into the dark blue air of the street. She had formed a high ideal of what he, her hero, ought to be, nearly was. But now and then, often, he did not reach the standard she had raised. She started without turning her eyes away from the blue duskness of the street, and in a tone of wonderful tenderness and sadness said:

"I don't know exactly what I was thinking of, Jack. The evening is so fresh and still it is not necessary for one to think. Angry with you, dear! Oh, no! Oh, no! Angry with you for what?"

"About the harsh words I said of Leigh. It seems to me your manner changed the moment I mentioned his name. Let us not speak of him any more this evening."

"But why should we not speak of him, Jack?"

"Because, dear, we are here together, and we are much more interesting to one another than he can be to either."

"Yes, dear, in a way more interesting to one another than all the world besides; but in another way not nearly so interesting as this poor clock maker," she said slowly, in a dreamy voice.

"Well," said he, withdrawing his arm from her waist and taking a chair opposite her in the window place. "I don't see what you are driving at."

"I cannot help thinking of the man and pitying him. He will go into his grave having missed nearly everything in the world."

"Why, the man has enough conceit to make a battalion happy. He is a greater man in his own opinion than the President."

"Many are not afflicted as he is. You say he is interested in me because I remind him of some one. How must it be with an ordinary human heart beating in such a body? Would it not be better for such a man to be born blind than to find his Pallas-Athena, as he calls her?"

The eyes of the girl could not be seen in the darkness of the room; they were full of tears and there were tears in her voice.

Hanbury started, he could not tell why. He exclaimed: "Good heavens, Dora! you do not mean to tell me that you feel seriously concerned in the love affairs, if there are such things, of this man?"

"Jack," she confessed, "I will not try to disguise it, I am intensely interested in this poor clockmaker, this mad visionary, if you prefer to call him that."

This was not at all the kind of preface Hanbury wanted to the communications he had to make to her. He felt disconcerted, clumsy, petulant. "I have been so unfortunate as to introduce the cause of all this anxiety to you. I would have been better for every sake if I had not gone back and met the man the second time, much better than to cut a ridiculous figure before all the town to-morrow!" He was growing angry as his speech went on. His own words were inflaming his mind by the implication of his wrongs.

She placed her hand gently on his, and said in reproachful voice, a voice quite different from the meditative tones in which she had been speaking, "Jack, I did not mean that. You know I did not mean that. Why do you reproach me with thoughts you ought to know I could not harbor?" She had turned in from the window, and was looking at him opposite her in the dim darkness. She was now fully alive to his presence and everything around her.

"No doubt," he said bitterly, "I am ungenerous to you. I am unjust."

"Jack, that is the most unjust thing you could possibly say to me. In saying it you seem to use words you fancy I would like to use, only I am not brave enough."

"I know you are brave enough for anything. I know it is I who am the coward."

"Jack! Oh, Jack!"

"You told me so yourself to-day. You cannot say I am putting that word into your mouth." He was taking fire.

"Have you no mercy for me, Jack?"

"You told me with your own lips I had no thought but of my miserable self in the miserable thing that happened."

"Jack, have you no pity?" She seized his hands with both her own.

"I brought that man here as the price of his silence, I do—knowing the chicken-livered creature I am—absolutely asked him to come next week. To come here, where his presence is to cure me of my cowardice or accustom me to the peril of ridicule which you know I hate worse than death!" He was blazing now.

"Good night."

"After this, how can I be sure that you may not consider it salutary to betray me yourself?" He was mad.

"Good-bye, Jack. My heart is broken."

"I tell you——" He turned round. He was alone.

CHAPTER XIV.

John Hanbury hardly knew how he got home, his mind was so bewildered from his interview with Dora. He pulled himself together on learning from a servant that his mother wished to speak to him. A few minutes later he entered his room.

He led her gently to a chair and took one in front of her by the side of the dining table. He took her thin, white hand in both his own and looked into her calm, beautiful face, radiant with that tranquil light of maternal love justified and fulfilled.

"You have something to tell me, mother? Something pleasant, I hope, about yourself."

"I have, my son. It does not concern me, or if it does, but indirectly. Indeed, I do not know. It has to do with you, dear."

"With me, mother? And how?"

"I do not know exactly, John. Your father gave me in trust for you, as you know, a paper, which I was not to give to you except at some great crisis of your life. If no harm of any particular moment threatened you until you were thirty, you were never to see this paper."

"And you never read the paper?"

"No. Nor have I the least clew to its contents. I only know that your father was a sensible man, and attached great importance to it."

She handed him the paper of which she had spoken. He said good-night to her and entered his own room.

After John Hanbury had closed and locked the door of his own room he pulled down the blind, turned up the lights over the mantel, and standing with his back to the chimney piece, examined the packet in his hand.

It was a large envelope, tied in a very elaborate manner, and the string was sealed in three places at the back. On the front he read his own name in his father's well-known large legible writing. He cut the string and the envelope, and drew out of the letter a long narrow parcel. This he opened, and found to consist of half a dozen sheets of brief paper closely covered on both sides with the writing. He saw at a glance that the document took the form of a letter to him. It began, "My dear and only son, John," and finished with, "Your most affectionate and anxious father, William Hanbury."

At last he came to the final line, to his father's signature. He read all and then allowing the manuscript to fall from his hands and his arms to drop to his side, sat in the chair motionless, staring into vacancy.

For an hour he remained thus. Beyond the heaving of his chest and his calm, regular respiration, he was perfectly still. At length he sighed profoundly, not from sadness, but deep musing, shook himself, shuddered, looked round him as though he had just wakened from sleeping in a strange place. He rose slowly and going to the window drew up the blind. No lights were now to be seen in the rear of any of the houses, and complete silence filled the windless air.

"How peaceful," he whispered, "how calm. Gracedieu in Wisconsin? I seem to have heard of that place before, but I cannot recollect when or where."

Suddenly he struck his thigh with his clenched fist, calling out in a whisper: "Of course, I now remember where I heard of Gracedieu. What a stupid fool I have been not to recall it at once! It's the place that beautiful girl the dwarf introduced me to comes from! My head must be dull not to remember that! His Pallas-Athena, and I——"

He turned out the lights and began undressing in the dim twilight; there were already faint blue premonitions of dawn upon the blind.

"I wonder," he muttered in the twilight, "will his figures of time include Cophetua and the Beggar Maid! That old story I read this night was not unlike Cophetua and the Beggar Maid."

(To be continued.)

One Fish Satisfies Him.

The business men at the South End whose families are summering at Monument, Onset and other resorts vie with each other in telling tales of their skill in angling after the wary creatures of the briny deep. One well-known gentleman disdains fishing for cod and mackerel. They are not large enough prey for him. He wants sharks or nothing. This is the way he catches them:

He has a hook made of steel about fifteen inches long, rows out where the water is forty or fifty feet deep, baits the hook with a piece of pork weighing ten pounds, ties one end of the line to the stern of the dory and sinks his bait. Then he sits and smokes till the sharks gather, and he watches them as they play with the bait. Soon one big fellow is sure to grab it. Then the patient fisherman takes his oars and rows in, towing his prey. When he reaches shore he draws in the fish, to the wonder and astonishment of all on lookers. He frequently on opening the fish finds tin cans, kettles, buckles, etc., which the shark has swallowed.—Brockton Times.

The reputation of many men for truthfulness is due to their lack of imagination.

Not until we know a man's heart have we any right to say that we know him.

A wise and kindly silence would often prevent incalculable injury. Especially should we avoid repeating what has been said in the heat of anger.

One great trouble in doing a mean action is that you are compelled to associate with yourself afterward.

The needle is true to the pole; but that is only natural. That which has never been reached is always apt to be an object of desire.

There is probably a time in the life of every man when his hand almost touches the philosopher's stone.

The last infirmity of noble minds is ignorance of the difference between talking much and saying much.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking glass will give a very fair likeness of his face.

Purity of heart and life gives a clearness to the mental horizon which nothing else can do; it clears away a vast number of clouds and shadows.

Drinking Rain-Drops.

The interesting doings and peculiarities of a young kingbird, kept a captive, are described by Mr. H. C. Bumpus in Science. The kingbird lives on insects, which it generally captures on the wing, and the young bird that Mr. Bumpus experimented with caught falling drops of water by striking at them with its beak, but could not be induced to drink from a dish after the manner of a chicken. This leads Mr. Bumpus to suggest that kingbirds may be in the habit of quenching their thirst by seizing falling drops of rain.

A Wise Bird.

The same little captive described in the preceding paragraph gave an amusing proof of the excellence of its memory and the quickness of its observation. The first time it saw a large brown ant it seized the insect and mulled it in its mouth, but finding the taste disagreeable, instantly rejected the morsel. "The next day the bird was taken to the same tree, and on perceiving a second ant of the same species, eyed it closely and deliberately, and then shook its head and vigorously wiped its beak with unmistakable signs of recollection."

A Deep Polar Sea.

Doctor Nansen, who returned last summer baffled in his attempt to reach the north pole, although he got nearer to it than anyone else has ever been, reports a fact which upsets old ideas about the Polar Sea. He found that the sea north of Siberia is shallow in its southern portion, averaging only 90 fathoms deep, but that above latitude 79 degrees, it suddenly becomes profound, the bottom falling to a depth of 1,600 to 1,900 fathoms. If this applies to the entire polar basin, then the north pole does not lie in shallow water, as many have supposed, but is situated in the midst of a deep sea—a fact which has a bearing upon the problem of how best to reach the pole.

Microbes Leap Niagara.

Professor Frankland told some very interesting things about microbes in water during a recent lecture at the Royal Institution. He said that these little organisms sent into the Niagara River from the sewers of Buffalo take the tremendous leap over the great falls, and pass through the fearful turmoil of the rapids and whirlpools beneath with little or no harm. But after they have reached the placid waters of Lake Ontario they rapidly perish, and almost entirely disappear. This and many other similar facts were adduced to show that quiet subsidence in undisturbed water is far more fatal to bacterial life than the most violent agitation in contact with atmospheric air. Hence Professor Frankland argues that the storage of water in reservoirs is an excellent method of freeing it from microbes.

Floating Metals.

If a small rod of iron—a straight piece of wire, for instance—be greased, it can be made to float on water. The grease apparently prevents the breaking of the surface of the water, and the iron lies cradled in a slight depression, or trough. Recently Dr. A. M. Mayer, experimenting with rods and rings of iron, tin, copper, brass, platinum, aluminum, German silver, etc., found that all metals, even the densest, will float on water when their surfaces are chemically clean. A perfectly clean piece of copper or platinum wire, for instance, forms a trough for itself on the surface of water just as if it were greased. The same is true of a small rod of glass. Doctor Mayer believes the floating is due to a film of air condensed on the surface of the glass or metal, because if the rod be heated to redness, and as soon as it cools be placed on water, it will sink; but if it be exposed to the air for a short time it will float.

How Gold Penetrates Lead.

Very wonderful are the experiments of Prof. Roberts-Austen on the "diffusion of solid metals." The professor has proved, for instance, that gold, without being melted, will diffuse its atoms through a mass of solid lead. Of course the amount of the diffusion is slight, but it is easily measurable. In some of the experiments cylinders of lead about two and three-quarters inches in length, with gold placed at the bottom, were kept at a high temperature—but not high enough to melt either of the metals—for various periods of time. In these days enough gold had passed upward through the solid lead to be detected at the top of the cylinders! Gold and lead kept pressed together for four days, without being heated above ordinary temperatures were strongly united. Solid gold also diffuses in solid silver and solid copper. These facts are regarded as furnishing confirmation of the view long held by Prof. Graham that "the three conditions of matter, solid, liquid and gaseous, probably always exist in every liquid or solid substance, but that one predominates over the others."

The Habits of Russia's Czar.

The most important personage in Europe to-day is the young Czar of Russia. The nihilists believe they have frightened him already out of his mind, and are rejoicing thereat, claiming that he suffers from loss of memory. It is said Prof. Mandel, the famous Berlin alienist, was sent for some time ago to see him, and that great secrecy attended his movements. However, he is now at the royal house party at Balmoral, having come there from Denmark. An observer at Copenhagen thus describes his habits and manners:

"The emperor has not been here long, but it is already easy for us to see that his habits are totally different from those of his father. Alexander III. loved hunting, riding and walking. His successor scarcely ever walks or hunts or rides. In fact, he eschews almost entirely everything demanding physical exertion. Of medium height, and delicate constitution, Nicholas II. will never be chief of an army or master of any sport. He delights to shut himself up in his study to read, to write, to think over state affairs, and to attend promptly to matters brought him by the daily couriers from St. Petersburg. After dinner he smokes a few cigarettes, and then generally plays billiards for an hour. At 11 o'clock he retires for the night, and sleeps as peacefully as a child until 8 or 8:30 a. m."

JOCKEYS.

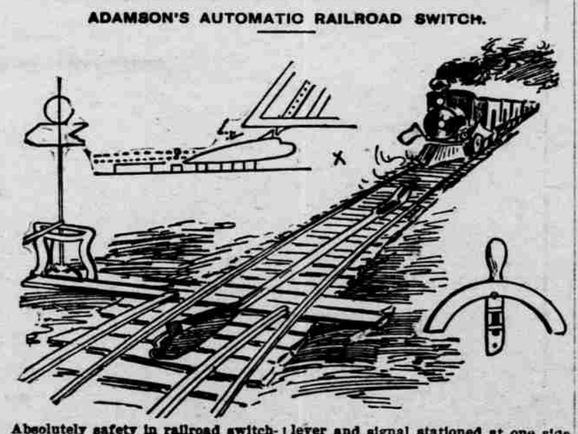
What Agonies They Suffer "Wasting" Themselves to Reduce Weight.

A prominent physician, in a discussion of the superiority of the new method of reducing the weight of jockeys by means of coverings electrically heated, says that probably no one under goes such labor on such low diet as the jockey who is "wasting" himself so as to scale with another lucky fellow whose nature runs less to fat. In the hottest weather he piles on clothes and takes sharp walks. He labors hard and the more he sweats the more he feels he has done his duty. Then comes the muzzle. After the labor there is appetite; after the sweating there is thirst—a raging thirst—but the food must be strictly limited, and the drink must be of the smallest, or all the labor would be for naught. The privation is horrible. Training for condition is bad enough, and has made many a good fellow throw athleticism to the dogs; but training for weight is a far greater infliction. So many pounds have got to be got off, and there are only so many days or weeks in which to do it. It is done by physic, by sweating, by hard labor, and by starvation. A successful jockey is envied by thousands; but on the other hand it must be remembered that there are few occupations which demand so much of self-denial, and entail such painful discipline as that of the jockey. The ordeal comes when he is working himself down to scale. A man in ordinary condition hardly varies in weight from day to day, and he may keep his weight almost without change for months and even years. It is not so, however, when training has brought down the weight far below its natural level. Then every cell in the body seems hungry and athirst, and a moisture is sucked up as by blotting paper. Many break down under the strain, the starvation telling on their nervous system before it affects their flesh, while others throw up the effort rather than continue the misery of starvation which is involved in keeping the scales on the right side.

Birds as Fog Signals.

The cries of sea birds, especially sea gulls, are very valuable as fog signals. The birds cluster on the cliffs and coast, and their cries warn boatmen that they are near the land.

ADAMSON'S AUTOMATIC RAILROAD SWITCH.



Absolutely safety in railroad switches has been a much-desired quality, but no system has as yet been contrived which has not at some time or other proved disappointing in some respects. One of the best of its kind is the safety switch invented by Adamson, which is worked automatically by a locomotive and reset after the train has passed. The system is simple and consists of two small inclined planes, supplied with sliding blocks, located in the center between the tracks and connected by galvanized chains and pulleys, with the switching lever and signal stationed at one side of the track. The switch works as follows: A bolt under the cowcatcher can be pulled up by the engineer to clear the switchboard if he wishes to leave the switch as he finds it. If he leaves his bolt down it catches the sliding block and pushes it down the inclined plane, thereby turning the switch to the other track. The entire mechanism is simple, and being very solidly constructed, it will stand a greater amount of wear than any other system, at the same time requiring much less attention and giving much greater safety.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: "Young Men Challenged to Nobility."

TEXT: "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man."—II Kings vi., 17.

One morning in Dothan a young theological student was scared by finding himself and Elisha the prophet, upon whom he waited, surrounded by a whole army of enemies. But venerable Elisha was not scared at all because he saw the mountains full of defense for him in chariots made of fire, drawn by horses of fire—a supernatural appearance that could not be seen with the natural eye. So the old minister prayed that the young minister might see them also, and the prayer was answered, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he also saw the fiery procession, looking somewhat, I suppose, like the Adirondacks or the Alleghanies in autumnal resplendence.

Many young men, standing among the most tremendous realities, have their eyes half shut or entirely closed. May God grant that my sermon may open wide your eyes to your safety, your opportunity and your destiny!

A mighty defense for a young man is a good home. Some of my hearers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, and architect or upholsterer never planned or adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of trees planted on fashionable country seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farmhouse and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway adorned with statue of bronze and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress has half the glory of the old swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling place—your adopted home—that also is sacred forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. In those trees you planted. That room is solemn because once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect when your work is done to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place, but you fail. There is only one word in the language that can describe your meaning. It is home.

Now, I declare it, that young man is comparatively safe who goes out into the world with a charm like this upon him. The memory of parental solicitude, watching, planning and praying will be to him a shield and a shelter. I never knew a man faithful both to his early and adopted home who at the same time was given over to any gross form of dissipation or wickedness. He who seeks his enjoyment chiefly from outside association rather than from the more quiet and unpresuming pleasures of which I have spoken may be suspected to be on the broad road to ruin. Absalom despised his father's house, and you know his history of sin and his death of shame. If you seem unnecessarily isolated from your kindred and former associates is there not some room that you can call your own? Into it gather books and pictures and a harp. Have a portrait over the mantel. Make ungodly mirth stand back from the threshold. Consecrate some spot with the knees of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, and a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another defense for a young man is industrious habits. Many young men in starting upon life in this age expect to make their way through the world by the use of their brains rather than the toil of their hands. A boy now goes to the city and falls twelve before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. Sitting in some office rented at $1000 a year, he is waiting for the bank to declare its dividend, or goes into the market expecting before night to be made rich by the rushing up of the stocks. But luck seemed so dull he resolved on some other tack. Perhaps he borrowed from his employer's money drawer and forgets to put it back, or for merely the purpose of improving his penmanship makes a copy plate of a merchant's signature. Never mind. All is right in trade. In some dark night there may come in his dreams a vision of the penitentiary, but it soon vanishes. In a short time he will be ready to retire from the busy world, and amid his flocks and herds cultivate the domestic virtues. Then those young men who once were his schoolmates and knew no better than to engage in honest work will come with their teams to draw him logs and with their hard hands to help heave up his castle. This is no fancy picture. It is everyday life. I should not wonder if there were some rotten beams in that beautiful palace. I should not wonder if dire sickness should smite through the young man, or if God should pour into his cup of life a draft that would thrill him with unbearable agony; if his children should become to him a living curse, making his home a pest and a disgrace. I should not wonder if he goes to a miserable grave and beyond it into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

My young friends, there is no way to genuine success except through toil either of head or hand. At the battle of Crecy in 1346 the Prince of Wales, finding himself heavily pressed by the enemy, sent word to his father for help. The father, watching the battle from a windmill, and seeing his son was not wounded and could gain the day if he would, sent word: "No, I will not come. Let the boy win his spurs, for, if God will, I desire that this day he his with all its honors." Young man, fight your own battle all through and you shall have the victory. Oh, it is a battle worth fighting! Two monarchs of old fought a duel, Charles V and Francis, and the stakes were kingdoms, Milan and Burgundy. You fight with sin and the stake is heaven or hell.

Do not get the fatal idea that you are a genius and that, therefore, there is no need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail. The curse of this age is the geniuses—men with enormous self conceit and egotism and nothing else. I had rather be an ox than an eagle; plain and plodding and useful rather than high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Extraordinary capacity without work is extraordinary failure. There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability is that he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and therefore God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he and his wife obeyed the divine injunction and been at work they would not have been sauntering under the trees and hankering after that fruit which destroyed them and their posterity—a proof positive for all ages to come that those who do not attend their business are sure to get into mischief.

I do not know that the prodigal in Scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits and gone to feeding swine for a living. The devil does not so often attack the man who is busy with the pen, and the book, and the trowel, and the saw, and the hammer. He is afraid of those weapons. But woe to the man whom the roaring lion meets with his hands in his pockets.

Do not demand that your toil always be elegant and cleanly and refined. There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass whatever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced a certain number of years to prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time then they are allowed to go free. So it is with all us. God passed on us the sentence, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery, and then, after awhile, we will be allowed to go into comparative liberty. We must be willing to endure the sentence. We all know what drudgery is connected with the beginning of any trade or profession, but this does not continue all our lives, if it be the student's or the merchant's, or the mechanic's life. I know you have at the beginning many a hard time, but after a while those things will become easy. You will be your own master. God's sentence will be satisfied. You will be discharged from prison.

Bless God that you have a brain to think and hands to work and feet to walk with, for in your constant activity, O young man, is one of your strongest defenses. Put your trust in God and do your best. That child had it right when the horses ran away with the load of wood and he sat on it. When asked if he was frightened, he said, "No, I prayed to God and hung on like a beaver."

Respect for the Sabbath will be to the young man another preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day, when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no new fangle notion of a wild brained reformer, but an institution established at the beginning. God has made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodies are seven day clocks that must be wound up as often as that or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery. God will not let the sin go unpunished either in this world or the world to come.

This is the statement of a man who has broken this divine enactment: "I was engaged in manufacturing on the Lehigh River. On the Sabbath I used to rest, but never regarded God in it. One beautiful Sabbath when the noise was all hushed, and the day was all that loveliness could make it, I sat down on my piazza and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it and boasted of my day's work, and was applauded. The shuttle was tried and worked well, but that Sabbath day's work cost me $30,000. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that day onward."

While the divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute, God's special favor will be upon that young man who scrupulously observes it. This day, properly observed, will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song and sermon and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous sins. That young man who begins the duties of life with either secret or open disrespect to the holy day, I venture to prophesy, will meet with no permanent success. God's curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body and his soul. The way of the wicked He turneth upside down. In one of the old fables it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad, and a magician could hear his footsteps 6000 miles away. But I can hear in the footstep of that young man on his way to the house of worship to-day the step not only of a lifetime of usefulness, but the oncoming step of eternal ages of happiness yet millions of years away.

A noble ideal and confident expectation of approximating to it are an infallible defense. The artist completes in his mind the great thought that he wishes to transfer to the canvas or the marble before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. The architect plans out the entire structure before he orders the workmen to begin, and, though there may for a long while seem to be nothing but blundering and rudeness, he has in his mind every Corinthian wreath and Gothic arch and Byzantine capital. The poet arranges the entire plot before he begins to chime the first canto of tingling rhythms. And yet, strange to say, there are men who attempt to build their character without knowing whether in the end it shall be a rude Tartar's tent or a St. Mark's of Venice—men who begin to write the intricate poem of their lives without knowing whether it shall be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's hotch-potch.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are living without any great life plot. Booted and spurred and plumed, and urging their swift courser in the hottest haste, I ask: "Hello, man! Whither away?" His respones, "Nowhere." Rush into the busy shop or store of many a one and taking the plane out of the man's hand or laying down the yardstick, say, "What, man, is all this about—so much stir and sweat?"

The reply will stumble and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the filling up of the main plan of existence. Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then let them draw out the design of knavery and cruelty and plunder. Let every day's falsehood and wrong doing be added as coloring to the picture. Let bloody deeds red stripe the picture, and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be chafed and froth tangled and green with immeasurable depths. Then take a torch of burning pitch and scorch into the frame the right name for it—the soul's suicide. If one entering upon sinful directions would only in his mind or on paper draw out in awful reality this dreadful future, he would recoil from it and say, "Am I a Dante that by my own life I should write another 'Inferno?'" But if you are resolved to live a life such as God and good men will approve, do not let it be a vague dream, an indefinite determination, but in your mind or upon paper sketch it in all its minutiæ. You cannot know the changes to which you may be subject, but you may know what always will be right and always will be wrong. Let gentleness and charity and versality and faith stand in the heart of the sketch.

On some still brook's bank make a lamb and lion lie down together. Draw two or three of the trees of life, not frost stricken, nor ice glazed, nor wind stripped, but with thick verdue waving like the palms of heaven. On the darkest cloud place the rainbow, that pillow of the dying storm. You need not print the title on the frame. The dullest will catch the design at a glance and say, "That is the road to heaven." Ah, me! On this sea of life what innumerable ships, heavily laden and well rigged, yet seem bound for no port! Swept every whither of wind and wave, they go up by the mountains, they go down by the valleys and are at their wits' end. They sail by no chart, they watch no star, they long for no harbor. I beg every young man to-day to draw out a sketch of what, by the grace of God, he means to be. Think no excellence so high that you cannot reach it. He who starts out in life with a high ideal of character and faith in its attainment will find himself incased from a thousand temptations. There are magnificent possibilities before each of you, young men of the stout heart, and the buoyant step and the bounding spirit. I would marshal you for grand achievement. God now provides for you the field and the armor and the fortification. Who is on the Lord's side? A captain in ancient times, to encourage his men against the immense odds on the side of their enemies, said: "Come, my men, look these fellows in the face. They are 6000; you are 200. Surely the match is even." That speech gave them the victory. Be not, my hearers, dismayed at any time by what seems an immense odds against you. In fortune, in want of education, are men, are devils against you, though the multitudes of earth and hell confront you, stand up to the charge. With 1,000,000 against you, the match is just even—nay, you have a decided advantage. If God be for us, who can be against us? Thus protected, you need not spend much time in answering your assailants.

Many years ago word came to me that two imposters, as temperance lecturers, had been speaking in Ohio in various places and giving their experience, and they told their audience that they had long been intimate with me and had become drunkards by dining at my table, where I always had liquors of all sorts. Indignant to the last degree, I went down to Patrick Campbell, chief of Brooklyn police, saying that I was going to start that night for Ohio to have those villains arrested, and I wanted him to tell me how to make the arrest. He smiled and said: "Do not waste your time by chasing these men. Go home and do your work, and they can do you no harm." I took his counsel, and all was well. Long ago I made up my mind that if one will put his trust in God and be faithful to duty he need not fear any evil. Have God on your side, young man, and all the combined forces of earth and hell can do you no damage.

And this leads me to say that the mightiest defense for a young man is the possession of religious principle. Nothing can take the place of it. He may have manners that would put to shame the gracefulness and courtesy of a Lord Chesterfield. Foreign languages may drop from his tongue. He may be able to disuss literature and laws and foreign customs. He may wield a pen of unequaled polish and power. His quickness and tact may qualify him for the highest salary of the counting house. He may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, with as fine locks as those which hung Absalom, still he is not safe from contamination. The more elegant his manner, and the more fascinating his dress, the more peril. Satan does not care for the allegiance of a cowardly and illiterate being. He cannot bring him into efficient service. But he loves to storm that castle of character which has in it the most spoils and treasures. It was not some crazy craft creeping along the coast with a valueless cargo that the pirate attacked, but the ship, full winged and flagged, plying between great ports, carrying its millions of specie. The more your natural and acquired accomplishments, the more need of the religion of Jesus. That does not cut in upon or back up any smoothness of disposition or behavior. It gives symmetry. It arrests that in the soul which ought to be arrested and propels that which ought to be propelled. It fills up the gulleys. It elevates and transforms. To beauty it gives more beauty, to tact more tact, to enthusiasm of nature more enthusiasm. When the Holy Spirit impresses the image of God on the heart, He does not spoil the canvas. If in all the multitudes of young men upon whom religion has acted you could find one nature that had been the least damaged, I would yield this proposition.

You may now have enough strength of character to repel the various temptations to gross wickedness which assail you, but I do not know in what strait you may be thrust at some future time. Nothing short of the grace of the cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are not meeker than Moses, nor holier than David, nor more patient than Job, and you ought not to consider yourself invulnerable. You may have some weak point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are unsuspecting the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Trust not in your good habits, or your early training, or your pride of character—nothing short of the arm of Almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. You look forward to the world sometimes with a chilling despondency. Cheer up. I will tell you how you may make a fortune. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. Give God the freshness of your life. You will not have the heart to drink down the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a Saviour so infinitely generous you have not the heart to act like that. That is not brave. That is not honorable. That is not manly. Your greatest want in all the world is a new heart. In God's name I tell you that. And the Blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities and privileges of this holy hour. Put the cup of life eternal to your thirsty lips. Thrust it not back. Mercy offers it—bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Reject all other friendships, be unnatural and unkind to other kindnesses, prove recreant to all other bargains, but to despise God's love for your immortal soul—do not do that.

I would like to see some of you this hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wandering vagabond staggering over the earth, it is a winged messenger of the skies whispering mercy to thy soul. Life is smooth now, but after awhile it may be rough, wild and precipitate. There comes a crisis in the history of every man. We seldom understand that turning point until it is far past. The road of life is forked, and I read from two signboards: "This is the way to happiness" and "This is the way to ruin." How apt we are to pass the fork of the road without thinking whether it comes out at the door of bliss or the gates of darkness.

Many years ago I stood on the anniversary platform with a minister of Christ who made this remarkable statement: "Thirty years ago two young men started out in the evening to attend the Park Theater, New York, where a play was to be acted in which the cause of religion was to be placed in a ridiculous and hypocritical light. They came to the steps. The consciences of both smote them. One started to go home, but returned again to the door, and yet had not courage to enter, and finally departed. But the other young man entered the pit of the theater. It was the turning point in the history of these two young men. The man who entered was caught in the whirl of temptation. He sank deeper and deeper in infamy. He was lost. The other young man was saved, and he now stands before you to bless God that for twenty years he has been permitted to preach the gospel."

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment."

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