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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 VIII.

The cloud which had fallen on the expression of Miles O'Hara's face as he watched his sister and Eric Llewellyn passing the window hastily and in silence, with averted faces, deepens perceptibly as he scans the looks of both as they enter the room.

"Had a nice walk?" he inquires, shortly, of no one in particular, as they are seated, and he commences to carve the cold roast mutton.

"Yes, a capital walk," Eric says, pleasantly, noticing Master Sylvester's sly eyes stealthily upraised.

"I hope you will not think I have been too precipitate, Miles," he says, easily, knowing Miles' mind so well. "But—today I asked your sister to be my wife, and—she did not say, 'no.'"

"I didn't say 'yes' either," Muriel utters indistinctly, burning crimson to the tips of her little shell-like ears, and blinded with tears, whilst she feels an overwhelming desire to burst into laughter.

"But you will say it now," Eric says, coolly advancing towards her; and so Muriel instantly retreats, with a terrified instinct that the scene under the fir trees is going to be repeated, and as Miles has started forward from his chair, she is caught and prisoned between the two.

"All right, Murriel What is the matter, old girl?" Miles says, laughing excitedly, as Muriel clings to him desperately. "So Eric has asked you to be his wife, and you 'didn't say no'—quick work, upon my word! A case of love at first sight, I suppose, eh, Murrie?" And he laughs again, and Muriel can feel him trembling from head to foot, and feels that his thin, damp hands are burning like coals of fire and his heart beating loudly.

"But I am waiting for Muriel to say 'yes,'" objects Eric, rather frigidly.

"All right, old fellow," Miles laughs again, grasping one of Eric's hands tightly, whilst he tries to lift Muriel away with the other. "She'll say 'yes' presently, never fear."

"You are very ready to give me away, Miles," she says, in coldest tones of bitterest reproach. "To avoid your displeasure, therefore, I will give Major Llewellyn my promise to become his wife. Does that please him and you?"

There is tragedy in every tone and gesture of the quivering young form—the pale face, with the great dark eyes ablaze with pride deeply shadowed with pain, and she is drawing haughtily away towards the door, when Eric hastily interposes himself with a look of entreaty toward Muriel, and a look of stormy reproach toward poor Miles.

"Bless my soul, girl!" he says, his haggard face flaming. "What are you afraid of that you can't speak out at once and say whether you like Eric and whether you are willing to marry him or whether you're not! You can do as you please, I suppose. There's no one going to force or to urge you. We're only waiting to hear what you wish to say!"

His sister lifts her head and looks at him steadfastly, with an anguish of sorrow and rebuke in the white, sad, young face, and he winces perceptibly beneath her gaze.

"Then, Miles, I wish to say that I am quite capable of doing as I please without your assistance," she says, in a low, tense voice of suppressed emotion; and, with a slight inclination of her head to Eric Llewellyn, she walks quietly out of the room like a young queen in her anger and dignity.

Miles stares after her in wrath and amazement for an instant, and then, as he meets Eric Llewellyn's eyes, he bursts into a nervous laugh.

"Upon my honor, I've caught it this time and no mistake, and it serves me right," he says.

"It does," Eric says dryly.

"Upon my honor it does!" repeats Miles, with excited fervor. "The little one is as haughty as a princess, and I ought to have been more cautious how I spoke to her on such a topic."

"You ought," Eric says grimly, "and you ought—excuse me if I presume on friendship to say so—to have taken less claret and whisky at luncheon."

"Do you mean to say you think the couple of glasses I had have excited me?" Miles demands angrily.

"I don't think, I know," Eric says, tersely, "so excited at all events, you must allow, that you could not discuss a delicate topic with your sister without hurting and offending her deeply!"

"I haven't hurt or offended her deeply!" Miles retorts shortly. One would almost fancy, one who did not know you, that, as I remarked before, you had forgotten your role in the performance."

"What is my role, then, pray?" Eric asks, coldly, but with his eyes on the dim pattern of the faded carpet.

"Not Muriel's lover at all events," Miles says, shortly, "though her husband I hope you will be."

"Some people say a good husband must be a lover," Eric says briefly, pacing up and down the room in a restless sort of fashion, as if his thoughts will not suffer him to rest. "According to you, I shall make a bad husband to Muriel."

"Muriel must take the chance of that," Miles says, abruptly, the hoarseness that emotion always brings in his weak voice making his words scarcely audible, "you will be very kind to her, and careful of her, I know, and I hope you will be patient with her; she is proud and high-spirited, poor little Muriel."

"Kind and careful and patient? Yes, I hope so, certainly," Eric says, slowly, "but do you think that will make her happy, or make me happy?"

"You must take your chance of that," Miles retorts, with a quick, deep sigh, and there is a silence of a few minutes.

CHAPTER IX.

"By-the-by, Miles," Eric begins, somewhat irrelevantly, "at what time does the second post go out?"

"It's gone," Miles says, laconically.

"That's a nuisance," Eric says, curtly, in his turn. "I meant to write home to tell them to expect me on Saturday."

"To expect you?" interrupts Miles, staring and indignant.

"Yes—must run over for a few days, to explain things and announce things, and so forth," Eric says, a little confusedly: "and to make the mater's mind happy by telling her I really am going to marry and settle myself; and to tell Hettie, of course."

"And Miss Cameron?" questions Miles, with a curious change coming over his flushed, worn face.

"No, indeed," Eric says, icily; "I shall not trouble myself or trouble Lord Oppingham's bride to give her any information respecting my private affairs. But my cousin Hettie will be glad; she will be pleased and concerned with anything that pleases and concerns me," he concludes cordially.

"She very much concerns herself with what concerns you," Miles says, briefly—"unusually so for a cousin."

"Well, never mind all that nonsense," Eric says, impatiently. "I shall follow my letter on Saturday, or Friday night, rather, from Kingstown, be absent for a week, then return here for ten days or so, and then, Miles, you won't object if I ask Muriel to fix the time for another fortnight, or three weeks later, will you?"

"To—to take her away? To marry her?" Miles asks, with a gasp, and his features twitch convulsively. "So soon? I didn't quite realize that she was going to leave me," he says, in a low, hoarse voice. "Well, I have nothing to say against it, Eric, if she consents. Poor little sister!" And he hurries out of the room, unable to trust himself to speak another word.

"I find Muriel is gone for her music lesson to Derrylossary," Miles says when he returns, "so if you want to see her you must wait an hour, Eric."

"I will go and meet her," he says, decisively, and in two minutes more Miles can see the tall, straight, muscular figure swinging along the quiet road between the bramble grown hedges that leads to the village.

Eric Llewellyn, after a patient search for "the house where the organist lives," is rewarded by the appearance of Muriel herself, looking almost fresher and lovelier than she had looked in the morning.

"She is an exquisite little wild rose," Major Llewellyn whispers to himself. "After a couple of years in good society, and well dressed, she will be as pretty a woman and as charming as can be found in the United Kingdom."

He is more satisfied than ever when he sees the sudden carmine blush and the startled, fawn-like shyness in her lovely, large, dark gray eyes, as she catches sight of the tall, handsome figure advancing toward her.

The glimpse Llewellyn obtains of the gifted organist of Derrylossary reveals to him a most extraordinary figure, which would be slatternly if it were not slightly crazy-looking, and at the same time so audaciously unique in style as to impel him to the belief that there is a decided method in the madness of Mrs. McGrath.

"Your music teacher is eccentric, I fancy!" Eric remarks, in a slightly sarcastic tone, as they walk off together.

"Yes," answers Muriel, quickly and decidedly; "but she is a kind, good creature, and I am very fond of her!"

"You are warm in your likes and dislikes, Muriel?" he says, smiling inquiringly.

"I am, Major Lewellyn," Muriel says tersely, walking on very fast, when Major Llewellyn finds it pleasant to loiter.

"Am I no nearer then 'Major Llewellyn' yet, Muriel?" he says reproachfully. "And could you not share your thoughts with me, dear?"

"No, indeed, I could not," Muriel says, almost sharply. "Why did you come after me this evening? Was it Miles' suggestion that you should pay me some 'attention?'"

Her face is as pale as death now, her eyes glowing like lamps as she stands and confronts Eric Llewellyn.

"Answer me!" she says, and the fresh, sweet voice is shrill with wrathful excitement. "I will know! It is cruel—shameful! How can my brother treat me so! to almost thrust me on your acceptance this morning! I will never forgive Miles!" she says, wildly.

"He told me that you loved him so well that you would forgive him any wrong," Eric answers.

"Does he think so? Does he think so?" she says, panting with fierce excitement; "then I will tell him, as I tell you, that my pride is as strong as my love any day, and I will suffer no outrage to my feelings, and to what is due to me as a modest girl, since my brother cruelly prefers other advantages before that; and I will not be won before I am wooed, by you or any other man, not if I died for it; not if Miles died for it!"

"Muriel," Eric Llewellyn says, sternly, "what do you mean by being 'won and wooed?' It is a school girl phrase. I thought," he says, flushing at the remembrance, "that I wooed you for my wife this morning. I thought," he says, falteringly, "that your heart responded to mine and that we were one in spirit, as I hoped we should become one in flesh." And in this speech he knows there is a suggestion of falsehood, and dreads lest she knows it, too.

"You thought wrongly," the girl says, steadily, though her eyes droop before the pleading of his. "You did not 'woo' me, you said a few soft words to me, and you kissed me; I am ashamed and sorry to remember," and her hand goes up involuntarily to a burning patch on her cheek.

"Ashamed and sorry!" Eric Llewellyn exclaims, now almost as excited as herself. "I spoke words of love to you because I wanted you for my wife, and—and—I kissed you when I thought I had the consent of your heart, and considered myself then, and every moment since, as bound to you, in the sight of heaven, as your betrothed husband."

"Consider yourself as such no longer, then!" Muriel interrupts, trembling with a terrified passion of wounded feeling. "I would sooner die than marry you!"

CHAPTER X.

"Thank you for your candor," Major Llewellyn says, with a cool smile, looking at the white, agitated young face, her great, deep eyes glowing like half-hidden fires, her lips crimson and quivering painfully. "It would be a pity indeed if one so young and lovely as you should die for so unworthy a cause. That calamity can be averted, so far as I am concerned, and I trust it will not trouble your thoughts again. I have wandered blindly into the fool's paradise, Miss O'Hara, and you have brought me out—with rather needless haste and severity, may I say?"

He is smiling quite brightly and easily by this time, with no trace of dismay or displeasure in his tone or manner, only a little gentle reproachfulness, whilst Muriel is trembling with excitement, feeling ashamed and frightened and very miserable.

"I beg your pardon," she says faintly, in a half-choked voice. "I need not have been rude."

"You need not have been unkind," he says quietly. "I was foolish enough to fancy there was some feeling of real friendly liking for me, real friendly trust in me in your thoughts, apart from anything else."

"I beg your pardon," Muriel repeats, with difficulty keeping a sob out of her voice. She is so horribly ashamed of herself, so sorry, so angry, so miserable!

"It is granted freely," Major Llewellyn rejoins calmly. "I do not exactly see," he adds, with a placid sarcasm that makes Muriel wince, "what I have done to provoke your enmity toward me, beyond the fact that I offered you the highest tribute of regard and admiration which it was in my power to offer you. But let that pass. You are very young, Muriel," he says, with a smile, "and I am too old to play the ideal lover of nineteen. That is about it, I dare say."

"No, indeed! No, indeed!" she says, with impulsive eagerness to atone a little for her fault toward him. "I do not think so at all!" this with a fervor and enthusiastic Irishism that makes him smile again, but secretly, as he looks at the kindling light in her eyes and the shy, fervent admiration of him that is visible there. "I—I like you very well—that is—I should wish to be friends for Miles' sake."

They are standing on the soft, mossy sward, dappled with the yellow birch leaves, when they pause, Muriel with some shame and amazement, Eric with hidden satisfaction.

"Dear me!" she says, with a shy, girlish laugh, blushing vividly, and looking, as she always does look, with that "celestial rosy red" tint glowing through her clear, fair whiteness, most temptingly sweet and lovable, "I never minded, I did not notice when we came to the crossroads! We must go home by the ruins of the old church now."

"I have something to say to you, Muriel, before we go home," Major Llewellyn says, not alluding to the mistake in their path, which indeed has been quite voluntary on his side. "I had a good deal to say to you when I followed you this evening," he goes on, with a slight, rather reproachful smile, "a great deal I wanted to tell you, and to consult you about; but you have simplified it all for me, and left me with nothing to say now except this. Do you wish me to make your brother understand at once, and as plainly as you have made me understand it, that all promises and agreements made this morning are null, void, and as utterly at an end as if they never were thought of? Or do you not think you could let him down easy?" he says, smiling kindly and persuasively. "Let him find out by degrees that we have changed our minds, and not disappoint and vex him in the very same day that we had given him such pleasant hopes."

"I cannot deceive Miles," Muriel says, firmly, though her face pales at the thought of his storm of anger and reproaches.

"I had not the slightest intention of deceiving Miles," Eric retorts, "beyond the keeping silence for a few days, as I leave Ireland to-morrow evening."

"Leave Ireland?" Muriel ejaculates, and a swift dismay shadows all the fair young face upturned to gaze on his in the soft evening light, and her eyes are glimmering through thick-coming tears.

It is as much as he can do to restrain himself from snatching her to his heart, and closing the sweet, dewy, wistful eyes with a score of kisses. But he does restrain himself, and answers her as gravely as ever.

"Yes, and that is why I made the request for Miles' sake," he says, quietly. "I should write to Miles at the end of a week or ten days, explaining everything. However," he says, watching the agitated young face closely, "I bow to your decision to tell Miles this evening."

"No, no; not this evening!" Muriel says, hurriedly and unsteadily, in a half whisper. "To-morrow, when you are gone, I will tell him myself."

(To be continued.)

### Better than "About Right."

Thomas Starr King, the famous preacher and lecturer, was settled in California at the outbreak of the Civil War, and to his influence is ascribed the change of public opinion in that State from lukewarmness toward the Northern cause to devoted loyalty. The Overland Monthly has lately published an article on this famous man from which we take an anecdote told about Mr. King by James T. Fields.

Mr. King, with a friend, was making a trip through the White Mountains. They were traveling by that most delightful of conveyances—a country wagon. When they stopped a few minutes at the door of a New Hampshire tavern, Mr. King's companion went in to replenish their provision-basket, and he remained in the vehicle.

One of the tall, lank, slab-sided Yankees that are always hanging round a New England inn door sloucked up to the team and began altering the harness, slackening a strap here and lightening a buckle there, all unasked, until Mr. King got impatient at the length of the operation, and said, rather sharply:

"You needn't trouble yourself any more. I think that harness is about right."

The Yankee finished his work and drawled out: "Guess right's better'n abeaout right."

There was no reply to this. Mr. King's friend returned, and he drove off, confessing to a lesson which he needed to learn less than most of his countrymen: "Right" is better than "about right."

### He Had Wheels.

"My head has been bothering me for some time. I guess I had better go see a doctor."

"A doctor for your head? Why not see a machinist?"—New York Journal.

—Massachusetts annually imports from beyond her borders eggs to the value of $5,000,000.

Some men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation they belong to, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind it.

The people who never make any mistakes nor blunders have all the necessaries of life, but miss the luxuries.

Some can think better for others than they can for themselves.

Don't imagine that wall flowers at a dance have no amusement; they make fun of the dancers.

The man who worries is not a bit wiser than the one who burns down his house.

The rod, judiciously applied, is the best tonic for man or beast.

There are those men who never knew the luxury of being homesick.

If the gossip would think more, her tongue would get more rest.

There is no such thing as committing one sin and stopping there.

The poorest man may give as much as the richest, if he will give all he can.

## ....HEARTSIE'S 'TONEMENT....

Whack! bam! whack, whack, whack echoed through the country stillness of a South Carolina afternoon as the man, reaching upward from where he stood on tiptoe on the ricketty step of a cornhouse hammered the big nails steady and square and drove them home. Having fastened one end of a narrow board to the upper side of the wall he drew it down diagonally across the dwarf door and nailed it hard and fast, effectually preventing entrance. This done, he picked up half a dozen fowls which laid tied together on the ground and went to the open door of the cabin, brushing ruthlessly against the blooms of a red japonica bush in his haste.

All was dark inside. The wood in the fireplace was only smoldering, not burning. The daylight of the gray afternoon that stole in through the heavy shuttered window showed that a woman sat in one corner.

"Here, you there!" called the man; "you understand that if you rip off that board and use any corn out of that house you go to jail—you and your old man both! You understand!"

"I know, but you ain't doing us right," answered the woman. "We's paid out for the things, not 'scusin' (excepting) the picture what you fetched last. Here's the papers what the mens give us, every time they been here."

"I never authorized anybody to collect payment, and you owe me clear $15, not to say interest, since April. I'll send back in a week for that corn and if you've laid a finger on it you'll be sorry. Where's your husband?"

"I dunno; out gittin' wood, I reckon. Since you'se tooken the feather bed and the pick of the quilts we'll have to keep up a steady fire to warm by."

"Well, you make 'Riah understand what I say; you hear!"

"Mr. Beckwith ain't goin' to touch nothin'," said the woman in a depressed voice. "But you'se mighty hard on us old people. You ain't leave us even a pullet to raise from," eying wistfully the feathered bunch hanging limp and resigned by their yellow legs. "You couldn't 'low me dat speckled hen? She's a sure layer and an awful good mother. I'd save you a couple of the first chickens she'd hatch if you'd 'gree to it."

The speaker came forward and regarded her creditor pleadingly, a repressed eagerness in her manner as though she half expected he would comply. She was tall, with a smooth, shining, bronze-brown skin and good features, showing little trace of the thick lips, flat nose and receding forehead of the typical negro.

"Speckled hen, indeed!" said the man, waving her off. "I've got her now; the chickens she might raise I might never see. I'm up to your tricks! Get some of your neighbors to raise on shares with you. Don't meddle with the cornhouse, now," he called as he drove off in his rattling road cart. "The law drove them nails and it will be the worse for you if you draw any of them out."

Heartsie Beckwith stepped outside after he was gone and looked at the cornhouse door with the tell-tale board across its face, then she looked pathetically at the open trap door of the little fowlhouse opposite.

"It won't be no use to shut it to-night," she muttered. "We's ruinated, plumb ruinated, and there ain't nobody and nothin' to turn to."

Half unconsciously she looked in the direction of the long avenue of oaks that stretched across the big flat field in front of the cabin. As she stood thus an elderly negro in a tattered coat, with his head tied up in a motley collection of scarfs and strings, came up behind her.

"Is dat debil gone?" he asked in a thin, high voice.

"Yes, Mr. Beckwith. He's gone, and everything gone with him, 'scusin' the corn and that little handful of pea vines in the corn house, what we ain't to lay hands on. Everybody goin' to know now that we's been shut up and disgraced."

"Is you show him the papers what the mens give you in 'sideration of the 'taters and cotton and things what we pay out on de clock debt?"

"Yes. But that make no differ. He tell it as how we give the things to the wrong men, rapscallion men—hat he ain't send to fetch 'em. He wouldn't leave me so much as that speckled hen what's such a regular layer. It's wicked for anybody to eat a hen like that, what pays for herself over and over every year."

"Come in out of the damp, baby," was all that Mr. Beckwith said, and as they entered the cabin, where a light-wood knot in the chimney place blazed up abruptly in welcome, a brazen-tongued clock on a shelf struck thirteen in hurried, uneven tones. Mr. Beckwith's face brightened. "It's got us in a lot of trouble, but it's mighty good company," he said, looking up at the tall clock in its gaudy frame.

Peck! peck! as of a sharp bill striking on bare boards came from the inner room. Mr. Beckwith looked at his wife inquiringly.

"The rumplus pullet!" she explained. "While the buckra and the dog was runnin' down the other fowls it fly in there and squat down under the bed, so I just shut the door and ain't say nothin'. Seemed like the Lord aimed for we to keep it."

Her companion chuckled. "There's near 'bout four bushel of corn down yonder in the fence corner," he said, "but it ain't gone there itself. I took it out while he was gone to the sto' for nails. He ain't goin' to miss it out of the main batch."

The rumplus pullet, released from confinement, stepped out near its mistress, pecking at the oven, against the rim of which a few crumbs from the last cooked bread stuck fast.

The pullet's red feathers stood up mutinously; it was not prepossessing in appearance, but Heartsie took it up and stroked it gently. "It's one of the four that was hand raised," she said. "That what make it come in here to hide. That white hen what died on the nest was its mother."

A boy of about 10 years came in with his arms full of wood. He put his burden down, then drew near one corner of the fireplace and stood silent, looking into the flames.

"Is you hungry, bud?" asked his grandmother. "There's a piece of corn cake in the cupboard. Where's Bollum?"

"I left him in the branch. He had jump a rabbit," replied the child.

"That dog got sense," pronounced Mr. Beckwith. "He know when there ain't nothin' fresh in the house. If that clock man had knowed he'd a' cagried Bollum off long wid the other things. You see! If he don't fetch in a rabbit to-night he'll get one by sunup. He's suttingly a knowin' dog."

Humpy was asleep and Bollum, the yellow spotted cur, dozed fitfully before the fire that night, but the excitement of the afternoon had banished slumber from the eyes of Heartsie and her spouse. They discussed and rediscussed every phase of the situation.

"Is you think to mention them things to him, baby?" the old man asked. "Them things is rightly worth a heap more than $15."

"I ain't crack my teeth on him about em," said his wife. "I just was all timersome like for fear he would go s'archin' about and stumble on 'em. It never c'rred to him though to look in that old trunk with the cover all teared loose and rags stickin' out. He'd a' took 'em soon as his eyes light on 'em, but it wouldn't have been for no pay he would have took. He'd 'a' said as we stealed them things and had us up before the trial justice—you as a 'spectable member in good standin' and me what is always been held to be a righteous livin' woman. He'd a tooken that ground sure!"

"I believe you!" ejaculated 'Riah, looking admiringly at his quicker-witted partner. "I never thought of that!"

"Mr. Beckwith," said Heartsie at length in an impressive undertone. "I's got a notion that them things is a curryin' us to the devil. I's ponderated on it now a long time, when you ain't had no notion I was ponderatin', and accordin' to my stakin' off we won't have no letup this goin' down hill we're doin' till we gets rid of them things for good and all. Ain't we work hard this year every day the Lord send?" she went on.

"Dat's what we done," affirmed her spouse.

"Well! Ain't we try our best las' year?"

"Dat we did."

"And de year before that? Ain't we always been hard workin', and ain't everything gone against us? The cholera killin' off us hogs and fowl and t'ings and skippin' other people's? Our cow crackin' of her neck in the ditch and Black Sally just naturally gittin' poorer and more perish-away lookin', the more feed we give her? Till the boss say we can't keep her no longer? Ain't all this what I tellin' you precisely so?"

Mr. Beckwith nodded. His pipe had long since gone out and he did not know it.

"Well! Mark my words!" emphasizing them with uplifted finger, "just so long as that candlestick and that breastpin and that piece of watch chain stay there in that trunk where they is the old boy's goin' to follow us."

Mr. Beckwith groaned with excess of interest and belief.

"Well! what kin' we do?" he asked, helplessly. "Fling 'em away? Bury 'em, what? If we was to try to sell 'em we'd git took up."

"Fling 'em away! Bury 'em!" repeated his wife. "What good would that do? Uriah Beckwith, there's no such a thing as 'tonement, 'tonement for wrongdoin'! If we could hit on a plan to have them things go back to the family they b'longs to the old boy would quit noticin' of us so close and particular. We's in a worse fix than we ever been in yet to-night, and if we don't watch out plagues worse than the white preacher tell about is 'goin' to 'stroy us finally."

"But the fambly all is dead or else move off, even the house burn down and the land sell or goin' to be sell," said Mr. Beckwith.

"I know, Uriah, what was it the old boss used to think more of than anything else 'sides good eatin' and drinkin' and he wife and children?"

"A good horse," ventured Uriah. His wife looked disdainful.

"His hounds, fishin?" Heartsie shook her head.

"I dunno, less 'en you mean his niggers. Since you talk 'bout givin' of the things back, supposin' we dig deep in his grave and bury 'em there. He'll have 'em then for sure, nobody else. His grave right there by the church without no headstone."

Heartsie still looked inscrutable. "They ain't doin' nobody no good in the trunk and they wouldn't be doin' no good bury in the ground," she said. "Since you ain't 'member nothin' I mind you how the marster think a heap of he church, how he never miss a Sunday 'tendin' there and was a high sitting member—that's just the same as saying he give money reg'lar and a heap of it. Now, if we give them things to the church in he name it would be a 'tonement just like it tell 'bout in the book."

Mr. Beckwith was strongly stirred. He gazed at his partner as though he thought her inspired.

"If we could give them things to the same church," went on Heartsie, "my poor Regina would rest more contenteder in her grave and we'd have better luck to pervide for her orphan chile," glancing at the corner where Humpy, rolled up head and ears, slumbered peacefully. "I's wished many times I had had the spunk to own that my gal took them things and give them back as was right and proper. When 'Gina was little and used to lift things out of ladies' rooms and out of the pantry closet I used to steal 'em back in place and scold and whip her, but, after she got grow'd and was such a likely gal as could speak up so smart, I hated to own as she was a common nigger thief."

"How you am to give these things back, baby?" asked the old man. "The church is shut up these days. There never is anybody stirrin' 'bout there."

"I hear Em-line say yisterday that there's goin' to be preachin' there this Sunday. People is comin' over here from the city and they gein' to dredicate it over again. She say it's a 'versary and that it's the oldest church in the whole country. There's to be a' excursion."

"But how we kin manage?"

"I plan it out like this," said Heartsie. "When they lifts the collection (dey calls it the loftory in the white folks' church) you could tote up the things and hand 'em in and 'splain where they come from and how it is a 'tonement we made wid 'em."

"Before all the people?"

"Yes. 'Course the book say about acknowledgin' before men. I would say it myself, but it ain't respectful for women to speak in church, and if I patch you up proper seeming and do you up a shirt with rice starch you'd look better than me."

The rededication of St. Jude's took place the next Sunday. The excursionists were there in numbers. Many saw the old negro, with his gray wool combed into order and his shabby suit brushed slick and span, walking up the aisle at a respectful distance behind the acting vestrymen. Only those nearest could hear what he said, as, having deposited his burden, he bent low before the church officers and made hurried obeisance to the minister. Before they had recovered from the surprise sufficiently to question him he was already half way to the door, mopping his brow that was moist with the stress of exertion.

"Luck will turn now, see if it don't," said Heartsie, as she joined him.—New York Evening Post.

### May Be a Prehistoric Boat.

Maj. G. A. Vandegrift, of the Board of Administration, who was eighteen years in the lighthouse service on the Ohio River, tells of an interesting relic of prehistoric ages that lies embedded in the river embankment a little below low water mark. The spot is a short distance from Barton's Landing on the Illinois side of the river, nearly 500 miles below Cincinnati. There at the rare intervals in which the river stage is at a very low point is seen protruding from the bank and inclined at a slightly upward angle a portion of a flatboat built of oak. The timbers, as far as can be seen, are rough and appear to have been hewn with an unevenly edged tool, probably of flint, and are held together with wooden pegs. The protruding portion is small, but there is enough to indicate considerable skill in the fashioning of the boat.

Maj. Vandegrift and several other officers have seen it only a few times in the many years they were employed on the river, and once they examined it closely. The wood is now as hard as iron, and in a splendid state of preservation, on account of having been under the water for such a lengthened period.

From the formations of the bank and the surroundings, which have not changed in the slightest within the memory of man, the Major thinks the subsidence that buried the boat under the embankment must have taken place ages ago. When telling of it he said he has often regretted that he did not make an effort to have it removed and placed in a museum. Such action may yet be taken when the fact of the boat's existence and location becomes more generally known.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### Killed by Th m.

A remarkable cause of death from fright was the case of the famous painter Poutman. He was at work in his studio, where there were a number of death's heads and skeletons, when he happened to fall asleep. During his sleep there was a slight shock of earthquake, and when he woke up suddenly he saw the skeletons and skulls dancing round in the greatest confusion. He at once became panic-stricken, and rushed across the room and threw himself out of the window on to the pavement below. He died in a few days after, not from injuries received in the fall, but from the nervous shock given by the dancing skeletons, though the cause of the festivity was explained to him.

### "Repeating."

Few persons appreciate the vast harm that may be done by repeating to one person a derogatory remark made about her to another. To rehearse a kind or complimentary comment can seldom have an unfortunate effect—indeed, it may do good. But if a speech contains even the suggestion of faultfinding or disapproval it should never be told. It is a little matter that kindles many fires of angry feeling. It irks one unspeakably to know that his actions have been adversely commented upon by a third person, and behind his back, when he cannot defend himself. None of us has the gift to see ourselves as others see us, and we like to deceive ourselves into the notion that all our friends approve of what we do. Moreover, a comparatively innocent remark assumes gigantic proportions to our disordered imaginations when we receive it second-hand. One good man resolved long ago never to repeat to an acquaintance anything that had been said of him unless it would have the tendency to make him feel better satisfied with himself and with the person who spoke it.—Harper's Bazar

A dozen times a day something occurs to remind a man that he would be in a position to laugh more, if he had talked less.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: "An Everyday Christ."

TEXT: "She, supposing Him to be the gardener."—John xx., 15.

Here are Mary Magdalene and Christ, just after His resurrection. For 4000 years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his cold palace. He had a pass on for human skulls. For forty centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors and those without name. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls and pillars of skulls and altars of skulls and even the chalices at the tables were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeletons of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about 1867 years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a Mighty Stranger came to the door of that awful place, rolled back the door, and went in, and seizing the tyrant, threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the Mighty Stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery and tarrying under a roof the ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, He seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and rocked them until it began to fall, and then, laying hold of the ponderous front gate, hoisted it from its hinges and marched forth crying, "I am the resurrection." That event we celebrate this Easter morn, Handelian and Beethovenian miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the place ablaze.

There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in gardener's attire. Mary Magdalene, grief struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ and turns around, hoping she can find the tracks of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she is met by some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers or pproot the weeds from the garden or set to reclimbing the falling vine—some one in working apparel, His garments, perhaps, having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalene, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when, lo! the stranger responds, flinging His whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor, she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations the clusters of forgetmenots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning sky and midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer noon with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalene! "She, supposing Him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an everyday Christ for everyday work in everyday apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most sevenly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our everyday work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, plowing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families or toiling with weary pen or weary pencil or weary chisel, or wearing day thrum in working day apparel for us in our everyday toil. Put it into the highest strain of this Easter anthem, "Supposing Him to be the gardener."

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon His head, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs. If Christ had appeared in chain of gold and with robe diamonded, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent. If Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at His side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors. But when I find Christ in gardener's habit, with perhaps the flakes of the earth and of the up turned soil upon His garments, then I spell it out that He has hearty and pathetic understanding with everyday work and everyday anxiety and everyday fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these aisles. A working day Christ in working day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union and soteriology of the council of Trent and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world, but pass along this gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem of it and feel the thrill of the Christly brotherhood. Not supposing the man to be Cæsar, not supposing Him to be Socrates, but "supposing Him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and by night in every furnace of the locomotive engine of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and irrigating the territory! Oh, of course we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and bediamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalene saw Him at the daybreak, "supposing Him to be the gardener."

Ano her thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that He made His first post mortem appearance to one who had been the seven deviled Mary Magdalene. One would have supposed He would have made His first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness.

There are saintly women who have always been saintly—saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was saintly aunt Phebe; in yours saintly aunt Martha or saintly aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so was the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repentant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's foot washing, you are not to forget that she was exorcised of seven devils. What a capital of demonology she must have been! What a chorus of all diabolism! Seven devils—two for the eyes and two for the hands and two for the feet and one for the tongue. Seven devils; yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honors her with the first posthumous appearance. What does that mean?

Why, it means for worst sinner greatest grace; it means those lowest down shall come, perhaps, highest up; it means that the clock that strikes 12 at midnight may strike 12 at midnoon; it means that the grace of God is seven times stronger than sin, Mary Magdalene the seven devilled became Magdalene the seven angelled. It means that when the Lord meets us at last He will not throw up to us what we have been. All He said to her was, "Mary!" Many people having met her under such circumstances would have said: "Let me see, how many devils did you have? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. What a terrible piece you were when I first met you!" The most of the Christian women in our day would have nothing to do with Mary Magdalene even after her converston, lest somehow they be compromised. The only thing I have to say against women is that they have not enough mercy for Mary Magdalene. Christ put all pathos and all reminiscence and all anticipation and all pardon and all comfort and all heaven into one word of four letters, "Mary!" Mark you, Christ did not appear to some Bible Elizabeth or Bible Hannah or Bible Esther or Bible Deborah or Bible Vashti, but to Mary; not to Mary against whom nothing was said; not to Mary the mother of Jesus; not to Mary the mother of James; not to Mary the sister of Lazarus, but to seven devilled Mary.

There is a man seven devilled—devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. God can take them all away, seven or seventy. I rode over the new cantilever bridge that spans Niagara—a bridge 910 feet long, 850 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without any anxiety. Why? Because twenty-two locomotives and twenty-two cars laden with gravel had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement. And however long the train of our immortal interests may be, we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all the ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven devilled Mary that Christ made His first post mortem appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half past 5 o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was in the dawn; Mark says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave uplifted—shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysteric outcry. She could not see to the other end of the crypt.