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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.—(Continued.)

Before her mother could say one word in opposition, the little person had slid behind Armathwaite with the most comical uplook of mischief into his face, and left him to bear the brunt of the elder lady's cool reception all by himself. She dropped her work in her lap, examined him from head to foot slowly and with a black scowl as if he had been a notorious rascal, and then said abruptly, in a deep tone:

"Sit down. You come from London?"

"Yes, I—I come from London."

"A bad place, London."

This was a little too much.

"There are some very nice people in it, quite as nice as any in the country."

"I dare say." This was said very defiantly, and then there was a pause before she went on. "Londoners are fond of sneering at us country people, as if we were not good enough to black their shoes."

Armathwaite did not contradict her. She might be a very estimable woman—he had heard she was; but he did not see any adequate reason for her presuming to ride rough-shod over him. So he looked placidly at her.

"I have no patience," she began, "with people who think, simply because they have lived in a particular spot of the earth, that they ought to be bowed down to by the inhabitants of every other spot."

"Neither have I," said Armathwaite simply.

And each glared straightforwardly at the other as if they thought they had fought this round very satisfactorily. Before they could begin again Millie came downstairs and brought a message of peace.

"Papa will be very pleased to see you at once, if you won't mind coming upstairs to his room," she said.

And, with a bow to Mrs. Peele, Armathwaite followed the girl out of the room. Millie stopped when she had mounted stairs enough for her face to be on a level with her visitor's, and turning round, she said in a low voice:

"You mustn't think anything of mamma's odd manner of receiving you. She's always like that to strangers, but she's perfectly easy to manage when you know her. I think she must have read too much about Napoleon the Great when she was a child."

This sly apology was rendered so funny by the twinkle in her eyes that Armathwaite with difficulty stifled his laughter as he followed his conductress into the doctor's room.

CHAPTER IX.

The weak daylight still showed faintly through the drawn blinds, and helped to give a mournful look to a room which dark mahogany furniture and a funereal four-post bedstead rendered already sufficiently gloomy. By the fire sat the doctor in a large armchair, sorting papers by the light of a couple of candles on a small table at his side. Armathwaite was startled by the look on his face as he raised his head and held out a thin hand in welcome. Having heard on all sides that the ailment which kept the doctor at home was nothing but a cold, the young man had not been prepared for the sunken eyes and ashy paleness which, to his observant vision, seemed the unmistakable heralds of death; he was so much changed that but for the keen and kindly eyes, the weak and vacillating mouth, Frank would scarcely have known him.

"I have come here by the strangest accident," answered Armathwaite. "Or rather by an incident which has already led to so many extraordinary adventures, that I hesitate to call it an accident at all."

Dr. Peele pushed back his gray hair with a gesture peculiar to him when he was interested; and with a touch of affectionate dismissal to his daughter, who was standing lovingly beside his chair, he gravely bowed his head to intimate that he was ready to listen. As soon as they were alone, Armathwaite, as much impressed by the manner of the doctor's reception as by any of the previous events to which his strangely interrupted journey had given rise, related very simply the circumstances; that he had met Alma Crosmont, passed the night, by her husband's invitation, in their house, and that Lady Kildonan had taken him to luncheon at The Crags.

"It is very strange," said Dr. Peele at last. "And perhaps the strangest part of it all is that not many weeks ago I mentioned you to Alma Crosmont as a man who, in certain circumstances we were then imagining, would be likely to have the skill and the courage to do her a difficult and perhaps dangerous service."

"What was that service? May I not know?" asked Armathwaite in a very low voice.

"Hardly—yet," answered the old doctor slowly. "But if you will stay here a few days, I will talk to you again on this subject. Can you spare the time?"

"I will do so, if you have any strong reason for wishing me to stay. But if I may go up to Glasgow to-night and return to you, I should prefer it, as I have a chance of an appointment at the Infirmary there, and the candidates will be seen to-morrow."

"Let 'em be seen; I can give you something better. My wife and daughter think I shall be about again in a few days; but you and I know otherwise. I believe with Alma and with you, that it was no chance brought you to this place. Within a few hours of your arrival you have come face to face with the two cases which have been gnawing at my very life; for I warn you, you will have no easy post here; there are secrets which I will confide to you, if you care to take my place here, connected with certain of my patients, the knowledge of which will make your life an everlasting dance upon the edge of a volcano which must break out some day. You are young, energetic, honest, not over-emotional, with a head very well screwed on, though its only on young shoulders. You may perhaps find a way to grapple successfully with difficulties which to an old man, weighed down by old recollections and sentiments bound up with the dead, have been like sleeping dogs allowed to lie. Stay here a few days; learn to know us; I will introduce you to my patients; if at the end of a week or a fortnight you decide to remain, you shall take up my practice, weighted with this one condition, that you look after my wife and daughter when I am gone. Think over what I have said and study your new surroundings for the next few days, and when you have made up your mind, give me yes or no."

"I can give it you now, Dr. Peele. It is with my heartiest thanks—yes."

"Well, you have still, until I tell you the secrets I spoke of, the power to retract. In the meantime will you go downstairs and have tea with your new sister?"

He touched a bell by his side twice, and in a few moments Mrs. Peele appeared, her approach heralded by a tread like that of a man.

"Margaret," said her husband, "this is the young fellow of whom I once told you that if I had had a son I would have had that son like him. He will stay with us for the next few days, and you will make him welcome."

Armathwaite felt rather uneasy, after their encounter downstairs, as to how this exhortation would be taken. To his surprise and consternation she marched up to him, and just as he made an involuntary step back, half expecting that her intentions were pugilistic, she drew him down by the shoulder with a powerful hand, and printed on his coy cheek a martial kiss. Recovering quickly from his astonishment, he respectfully returned the salute, and having thus signed articles of peace, he hastened to obey her deep-voiced command to go down to tea. In the sitting room he found Millie, now busy with the tea things. Armathwaite soon found himself telling her of his newly made acquaintances with the two lakeside beauties.

"Then you like Alma Crosmont best?" said Miss Peele. "I'm so glad. It's a good sign in a man to do that, I feel sure. I know," she continued, hastily, "that Lady Kildonan is very bright and charming, and very good-tempered, too, I think, for such a beauty. But there's more in Alma than that, a great deal more; and I often feel my hands tingling to box the ears of that husband of hers, when I see him—"

She stopped in confusion and hastened to put some coals on the fire; but in the midst of this occupation she turned to Armathwaite with a genial laugh.

"It's of no use; I've done it, and no artifice will cover it!" she cried. "I'm always getting myself into trouble by blurting out things that are better left unsaid. I haven't the least atom of tact or discretion. So I may as well finish what I was saying, and relieve my feelings."

"Especially as I know what you were going to say."

"Do you?" Then her kind, plain face grew grave. "Yes, it needs no conjurer to see that the poor little woman is thrown away on that great, empty-headed fellow, who doesn't know the difference between gold and gilding. Papa made that match, you know; I think he's sorry for it now." And she looked into the fire again."

"You know Mrs. Crosmont intimately?"

"I used to; but she never comes here now. I believe it's her husband prevents her; he's afraid papa will see and be angry about the alteration in her. I met her in Mereside about ten days ago, and I scarcely knew her; she seems to be growing quite old and—and ghost-like. Oh, it's a shame, it's a shame!"

Armathwaite warmed to this girl with her open heart and straightforward speech.

"Yes, she is losing her health and growing old before her time. We must see what can be done," he said earnestly.

Millie looked up at him sharply. He was sitting in a chair before the fire, with his arms resting on his knees; and she was crouching, with a round back and protruding face, upon the hearthrug.

"Ah, I thought so. You're going to stay here," she said, with a nod of intelligence.

"For a few days, yes," said Armathwaite, taken aback.

"Oh, for more than that! I know You're going to be papa's partner. It's of no use to try and hide it from me, because I'm personally interested, you know; and in anything which concerns oneself one gets to be abnormally clever. Oh, I knew what you'd come about the moment I saw you!"

"But nothing is settled yet," said Armathwaite. "It is quite true that Dr. Peele has made some suggestion of the sort to me."

CHAPTER X.

"In that case we should have to form an alliance, defensive and, if necessary, offensive, against my mother and her evil machinations."

Armathwaite looked puzzled and rather alarmed, and Millie burst out laughing.

"I will be plain with you," she said, still struggling with her merriment. "I can't be anything but plain with anybody, you know,' she added, putting her hands up to her face to emphasize her little joke, with a comical grimace. "No sooner will my mother know that there is a chance of your settling here, than she will begin the attack by informing you that the first thing necessary to a country doctor—before talent, before experience, before anything, in fact—is a wife. Next she will enlarge upon the fact that what you want in a wife is goodness, and a capacity for making the most excellent pastry; great accomplishments are a disadvantage, and good looks a positive disqualification. Then she will go on—Ha, ha! you guess what is coming!—she will go on to say that the very sum and substance of all the needful perfections is at hand in the person of me," and Millie embraced herself jubilantly. "Ugly face, complete ignorance of any art but darning and cooking, and all."

"But really, Miss Peele, you are doing yourself the greatest injustice," began Armathwaite, rather embarrassed by her frankness, though her honesty and strong sense of fun amused and interested him.

"So I thought that I'd better put you on your guard," she continued, brightly, "and if you don't want to have me flung at your head from morning till night, you will, if you haven't got one already, invent a fiancee to whom you are madly attached, with whom you correspond regularly, and whom you are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to install here as your bride."

At this fiction they both laughed heartily; and with extravagant suggestions as to the devices to which they would be driven if Mrs. Peele should insist on inviting the fiancee to stay at Branksome, they cemented their friendship and closed a firm alliance.

Next morning, breakfast was scarcely over, and Mrs. Peele, having bullied her visitor unmercifully for not eating marmalade, had only just marched from the room, armed with a clanking bunch of keys, to attend to her household duties, when a small groom drove up to the house in a dog cart and delivered a note for Dr. Peele. This note was sent down by the doctor for Armathwaite to read. It was from Lady Kildonan, and contained only a few lines to say that one of the housemaids had cut her hand badly, and if the doctor could not come himself, he was to send Dr. Armathwaite. The young man read this, and his face flushed with a dozen different emotions. Millie, who was filling the seed trough of her canary, looked at him furtively as he glanced through the note, which she herself had brought down to him.

"Have you read it?" he asked.

"Yes. Papa read it to me."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he supposed you must go."

"And what did you say?"

"I didn't say anything, but I though—

"What?"

"That she was beginning pretty soon." Armathwaite burst out laughing.

"Oh, you ill-natured little thing. shouldn't have thought it of you."

"Dr. Armathwaite, it is not in nature for a plain woman not to see the faults in a handsome one. It relieves my feelings, and makes no difference to yours. Lady Kildonan is a born coquette, fond of excitement, dying of ennui because her husband makes her live in the country. She looks upon every stranger that comes to the neighborhood as her legitimate prey; she even condescended to turn the head of papa's unfortunate assistant, who couldn't hear her name mentioned without falling a-trembling. From gentleman to peasant, she won't be content till every man worships her, and you may be sure she won't let you off."

Millie gave him a sagacious nod, while Armathwaite buttoned up his coat gravely.

"I don't think I am one of the worshiping sort," he said. "Lady Kildonan has my heartiest admiration, but I flatter myself it's not so easy to turn the head of a true-born Yorkshireman."

"Well, I hope not," said Millie doubtfully.

Armathwaite got into the dog cart and drove off with a slight feeling of irritation towards Millie for her obstinate persistence in an injurious doubt.

It was another beautiful and bright morning, but the young man scarcely noticed how the snow sparkled in the sun and lay in patches of fantastic shape upon the hills. He was quite bristling with duty by the time he arrived at The Crags, dashed up the drive, jumped down from the dog cart, rang the bell, and asked to be taken straight to the injured maid, as if each moment of his time had been a golden guinea. The hurt turned out to be a trifling one, as indeed he had expected. Having bound up the wounded hand and given the simple directions necessary, he was hurrying out of the house when a footman ran after him and requested him to stop, as her ladyship desired to speak to him. Armathwaite hesitated, when Lady Kildonan's maid fluttered down the hall and said she had been sent to show him up to her mistress' room.

"Is Lady Kildonan ill?" asked Armathwaite.

"Not very ill, but she thought she would like to see you, sir."

There was no choice left for him. He followed the woman up the wide staircase, along an oak-paneled gallery large enough and handsome enough for a ball room, to a door at which she knocked softly.

"Come in," cried Lady Kildonan's voice which was as bright as ever.

The next moment he found himself in a room the coloring and decoration of which suggested to him the inside of a sea shell, adorned with hangings of pale satin, and carpeted with thick, soft velvet which looked like sea moss. The lace curtains, drawn close, were lined with pale rose-colored silk, through which the bright sunlight came pleasantly subdued; in a tiny fireplace, tiled with paintings of flowers, burnt a small fire. Close to it, lying back in a large easy chair, her head resting on a satin cushion, was Lady Kildonan. The illness concerning which she had to consult the doctor was luckily not serious enough to dim the brightness of her eyes, or to render less dazzling the luster of her brilliant complexion. On the other hand, it was grave enough to permit her to appear in a white cashmere wrapper, with her hair loosely knotted together and a black lace mantilla round her head, a costume beautifully suited to an invalid in perfect health, such as Armathwaite at once decided her to be.

Standing at the threshold of the door as the lady languidly beckoned him in, the young doctor, with a haze of memories and resolutions before his eyes, wished that he had not come.

(To be continued.)

Of late years the production of coffee in British Central Africa has considerably increased. In 1891, the first few sacks were sent to the London market, and favorably reported on. In 1895, nearly 170 tons were exported, last year the total rose to 300 tons, and this year it is expected that there will be at least 600 tons. It is estimated that at the end of the century the export will amount to 2,000 tons and the planters are agitating for the construction of a railway from Chiromo to Blantyre, in order to obviate the present difficulties of transport.

The Khedive recently laid the foundation stone of the Museum of Archaeology at Cairo. Unfortunately, it will soon be seen that the English protectorate renders impossible the establishment of a lasting museum. The deplorable habit which British tourists are addicted to, of carrying off little fragments of valuable objects, is a bad augury for the safety of the collections exhibited. In museums, just as in politics, the English always carry off the tit-bits.—Le Gaulois

Connecticut papers say that the oldest man in the state is Manuel Oliver Levy, of Stonington, who was born in Portugal 101 years ago.

The loftiest inhabited place in the world is the Buddhist monastery of Haine, in Thibet. It is about 17,000 feet above the sea.

Natural gas is fast going. J. D. Weeks has just made a report on the supply and its decline for the National Labor Bureau in which it appears that the supply has fallen a half in seven years.

Liverpool has the largest fire engine in the world—equal to throwing 1800 gallons a minute and a stream 140 feet high.

France has set up about 300 monuments to more or less distinguished Frenchmen during the last twenty-five years, and there are now 127 committees collecting money for more.

True nobility is shown by gentle consideration and courtesy to all, and brings its own reward in the extra fineness of perception its practice bestows.

A Muncie (Ind.) parrot cried "Fire! fire!" and woke up her owner, who found his house in flames.

The Greco-Turkish disturbance has had the effect of making Friday afternoon in the country school fairly redolent of "Marco Bozzaris."

Vaccination has just been introduced into Afghanistan by the advice of Miss Hamilton, an English physician, who is in attendance upon the Ameer.

Russians make a pleasant drink from sap of the walnut.

SMALL THINGS.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls like those far starts that come in sight
Once in a century.
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.
—James Russell Lowell.

Circumstantial Evidence.

It was an old affair all around. Everybody wondered, and the puzzle was not merely why the sweetest and loveliest girl in town had married this dark stranger, whom nobody liked, and whom she had not known more than six weeks in all. It was also how she came to jilt Ben Elroy, to whom she had been engaged almost since she had worn long dresses, and she had played with when they were both children.

Lorena was not merely a beautiful girl, she was as good as she was lovely. Not a girl, you would think, to marry one man for his money, or to jilt another for the lack of it.

Only the day but one before she married Steiner, Ben had held her in his arms, and kissed from her lips the fondest smiles that ever curved a scarlet mouth.

He would have sworn by her truth, and strangled the lie in any man's throat who dared insinuate otherwise.

He was going away for a few days' absence—not more than a week of the farthest—and the two parted lingeringly, as though it had been for a year.

Ben certainly never dreamed that when they met again, his lips would almost be ready to curse the loveliness he caressed now so rapturously.

When he came home she had been married to Hubert Steiner four days, and of all her friends, not one had a word to say in her favor—not one had an excuse to make for her falseness. Indeed, most said nothing; they were dumb with amazement.

A few insinuated that Steiner was a richer man than Ben. But they who had known Lorena from childhood—her unselfishness and high principle—could not credit that Steiner's money had been any temptation.

It was like a man stricken with paralysis when they told him. He just dropped into a chair, and neither stirred nor spoke for hours.

The newly married pair went to housekeeping in Lawrence, in some style, and there seemed no lack of money, whatever else was wanting.

"That something was wanting that money could not buy, people began to guess, when Lorena Steiner's roses went; and she grew the shadow of herself within three months after her wedding day.

Her old lover was terribly changed, too; but he made little outward ado. He and Steiner should have a settlement soon enough, he said. He watched the pair with strange eyes, and seemed to ponder yet over his lost love's unfaithfulness as some problem difficult of solution.

One day, when Steiner was away—but he did not know or care for that—the pain and puzzle got the better of him, and Ben went to see Lorena.

The poor fellow was half-crazy—grown morbid with nursing his grief—and did not know himself what he went for. He might have had some vague notion of asking his false love why she jilted him, or he might have hungered so for the sound of her sweet voice that "he could hear it no longer.

He was shown by a very grand servant into a very grand parlor, and stood there, staring gloomily at the fine things, till Lorena came.

"I wonder if this is what she married Steiner for?" he was saying to himself, as the glided into the room, shrinkingly, her face as white as her dress.

At sight of him she burst into tears.

"Oh, Ben, what made you come?" she cried, and was retreating.

But he said coldly:

"I am going again instantly, Mrs. Steiner," and the cold anger of his voice brought her back again, but trembling like a leaf, and looking so deathly white that he thought she was going to faint.

She rallied, however, instantly, and stood looking at him with piteous eyes.

"I hope you are well, Mr. Elroy?" she said, faintly.

A spasm of pain contracted Ben's handsome pale face, and he turned to leave her; but she followed him, speaking huskily, and extending her hands.

"Oh, Ben, don't go so! I can't bear it!"

He stopped and stared at her, his breath coming quick.

"You!" he said, passionately, yet with scorn. "What have you to bear? Haven't you got what you sold yourself for?"

"Ben, don't speak so to me!" she almost shrieked. "It was for your sake. Oh! why didn't I die?"

Ben Elroy turned suddenly and led her to a seat, remaining standing himself.

"Now, then, Mrs. Steiner, will you be good enough," he said, "to tell me what you mean by saying that you jilted me for my own sake?"

She stole a wild look at his stern face.

"Will you promise me to have no words with him—with Mr. Steiner—about it?"

Ben hesitated an instant, and then said:

"I promise."

To himself he added:

"I will have no words with him; but if he has taken her from me with a lie, I will punish him so quick, he shall not know where his retribution comes from," and he clenched his teeth over the word in a way that made Lorena regard him doubtfully.

"I will tell you nothing," she said. "I was mad with pain, or I should not have thought of it."

"Then I will strangle the truth out of him!" Ben said, his face darkening, and he turned again to go.

Lorena cried out sharply:

"How cruel you are!"

"Am I?" he said, softening at the woe of that still loved voice. "I forgot he was dear to you."

"Do you think I feared for him alone?" flashed Lorena, and hung her head before the words were well spoken."

Ben caught his breath again.

"Well, well, tell me. You may trust me, Lorena—indeed you may, entreat you to tell me. Surely something is due me for the past!"

Lorena did not lift her eyes, as she said:

"Mr. Steiner told me how you were involved, and he showed me some papers which you had signed his name to. He said he could send you to state prison."

"Papers! signed his name! I am not involved. I never signed anybody's name to anything in my life!" cried Ben, in a passion.

Never? Oh! Ben—Ben—Ben! I might have known it! What a blind fool I was!"

"My poor girl! And you married him to save me? My God! how can I keep my hands off him?"

You must, Ben! Go, now, for both our sakes. I can bear no more."

And Ben went. He was seen by more than one of the townspeople as he came, late that afternoon, down the broad walk that led from Hubert Steiner's handsome house, and was blamed for going there in his master's absence. It was noted, too, that he looked grim and forbidding, and that he frowned, instead of nodding, at such acquaintances as he met.

That night Hubert Steiner was murdered within sight of his own doorstone, and the following morning Ben Elroy was arrested for the murder.

It was a hard case. Everybody liked Ben; very few the murdered man; but there were not six people in Lawrence who did not believe Ben had done the deed—even Lorena.

"Ben has killed him," she whispered, and dropped into a swoon, from which she did not recover for hours.

But she never opened her lips again about the matter. She just lay and faded, like a broken flower, while the trial went on.

The truth does not often float to the surface in such times of excitement. Its very weight seems to sink it below view, while the straws and driftwood almost choke the channel.

When it became known that the murdered man's wife lay dying, public feeling sighed, "How she must have loved him!" and took a turn against Ben.

The evidence in the case was purely circumstantial, but dark of its kind.

Ben was a dealer in the finer kinds of cutlery, and upon his shelves was a case of knives precisely like the bloody one found beside the murdered man. There, too, was his known enmity, and its occasion; and it was remembered that he had been seen coming from Steiner's house the afternoon before the murder and had seemed under some excitement at the time. His own language, concerning a settlement with Steiner some time, was quoted against him.

The trial drew near its close, and it was likely to go hard with Ben, unless the jury proved more conscientious and scrupulous about trusting to circumstantial evidence than the crowd which thronged the court-room and had already condemned the prisoner.

The truth came out by the merest accident. Ben's clerk seeing a strange and very handsome woman in the court room, suddenly remembered that he had sold that woman that very knife, or one like it, three weeks before the murder. He whispered the fact in the ear of Ben's counsel.

The woman gave herself up, and owned to her guilt at the first demonstration. Steiner had wronged her, she said, to an extent that only his death could atone for. If it was necessary that any one should die because a bad man had got his dues, she was ready.

Ben was at once liberated, and the woman took his place. In the end she pleaded insanity, and the jury was glad enough to escape hanging her.

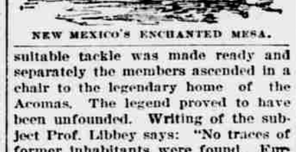
Ben Elroy quitted the country for a while, but he returned in time to marry his old love, who had not died, and whose roses bloomed late as brightly as they had early.

THE LEGEND A MYTH.

The Enchanted Mesa of New Mexico Divested of Its Romance.

The legend of the enchanted mesa, situated some distance south of Albuquerque, New Mexico, has been exploded by a party of explorers, headed by Prof. Libbey of Princeton University. The mesa is a perpendicular rock rising 700 feet above the surface of the plain and covering forty acres. Here, according to tradition, Acoma Indians, to the number of 1,500, dwelt in a village in the sixteenth century, their means of access to the top of the mesa being by steps they had cut in the rock. Once while the able-bodied members were at work in the fields below lightning destroyed the steps and cut off from their kinsmen the aged Indians and children left in the village on top of the mesa. To reach the unfortunates, thus isolated, was impossible, and all of them to the number of 300 perished. The surviving Acomas then moved to a new home and ever since regarded the mesa as sacred. Thus runs the legend.

Last week Prof. Libbey and party visited the mesa prepared to explore it. A line was shot across the rock,



NEW MEXICO'S ENCHANTED MESA.

suitable tackle was made ready and separately the members ascended in a chair to the legendary home of the Acomas. The legend proved to have been unfounded. Writing of the subject Prof. Libbey says: "No traces of former inhabitants were found. Further, no altars or traces of prayer sticks were found. This fact best of all shows the inaccessible character of the place, because, if it had been accessible, the medicine men of the Acoma tribe would have certainly used it for such purposes.

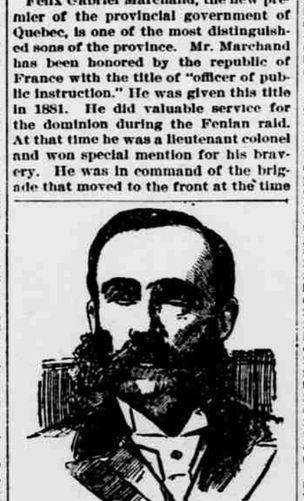
"Not the slightest trace was found which would enable me to believe that a human foot had ever before passed over the top of this famous rock. A few agile lizards and several gray rats were the only occupants of this castle in the air. Some fine specimens of stunted pines, a few species of flowering plants and the ubiquitous sage brush lent a variety to the surface on the line of color of the bright sandstone."

Thus dies a legend that has been the inspiration of poet and romanist.

DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN.

Felix Gabriel Marchand, the New Premier of Quebec Province.

Felix Gabriel Marchand, the new premier of the provincial government of Quebec, is one of the most distinguished sons of the province. Mr. Marchand has been honored by the republic of France with the title of "officer of public instruction." He was given this title in 1881. He did valuable service for the dominion during the Fenian raid. At that time he was a lieutenant colonel and won special mention for his bravery. He was in command of the brigade that moved to the front at the time



FELIX GABRIEL MARCHAND.

of the engagement at Eccles Hill in November, 1870, and his men made a splendid record for themselves. Mr. Marchand's father was an old resident and native of Quebec, but in 1832 he settled in St. John, N. B., and became one of the most prominent citizens of the town. The premier-elect was born in St. John in 1832 in a quaint old house, which still stands. He afterward came to Quebec, where his public career for the past twenty-five or thirty years has been of brilliance and usefulness to the State.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Job Had Boils, Bankruptcy and a Fool Wife, But He Finally Escaped, Body and Soul, From His Troubles—Thousands of Others May Be Similarly Saved

TEXT: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."—Job xix., 20.

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy and a fool of a wife he wished he was dead, and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt thousands of years old are found today with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and, putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul, but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel, but as Job finally escaped so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance. You can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers who only a few days ago were in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will, yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn back on the wrong road and start anew, God will help you. Oh! the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for a while and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yes, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time. He is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first mistep.

If with all the influences favorable for a right life men make so many mistakes, how much harder is it when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue and pulls a man down with hands of destruction? If, under such circumstances, he breaks away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended and the veins stand out and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized, they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found with which they attempted to scrape their way up out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth." There are men who have been capsized of evil passions and capsized in idleness, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless now they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board, and it will be known on earth and in heaven how narrowly they have escaped—"escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who in attempting to come to God must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning and come away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion, but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset and have been for five years going behind in business and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when from Monday morning until Saturday night you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business troubles than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room and gone in and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac, or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide. There are men pursued, harassed, trodden down and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian and your first effort in the right direction He will crown with success. Do not let satan, with cotton bales, and kegs, and hogsheads, and counters, and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal," and then bound away for heaven, escaping "as with the skin of your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer, and John Knox, and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Pennsylvania avenue, Broad street, State street and Third street. On earth they were called brokers or stock jobbers, or retailers, or importers, but in heaven Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart, but they had mental torture compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy turvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity or the truth of anything else touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God God stuck to the world, but the earth seceded from His government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years He has been coaxing the world to come back to Him, but the more He has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try Him and see if He will not help. Try Him and see if He will not pardon. Try Him and see if He will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent, the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot, He comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, the antlers reaching on the rocks. But the panting hart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

This world is a poor portion of your soul, O business man! An eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding on each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicius Cœlius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only £80,000 sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world, but when he was dying a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its anathema maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God! Make one strong pull for heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lips and shouts, "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens. You will have to drop the sails of your pride and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help put your cause into the hand of Him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy.

I shall close this sermon feeling that some of you who have considered your case as hopeless will take heart again, and that with a blood red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the gospel—at last to look back, saying: "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

Nerve.

There was stern discipline among the Japanese in their late war with China, and at every point a display of iron nerve. The medical inspector of the combined fleet was Dr. Kawamura Hoshu, who was on board the flagship during one tremendous action when the vessel was struck with disastrous effect by a shell.

One gun was shattered, the floor of the surgery was crushed in, and the Doctor was thrown with terrible force against the ceiling. When he regained his senses he found himself unable to rise upon his feet, and could only crawl out of the wrecked surgery to seek a place of comparative safety. A marine met him, picked him up without a word, and began to carry him away.

"Aren't you a gunner?" asked the wounded man.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why are you not at your post? Let me down at once, and go there. Others are detailed to attend the wounded."

"But, sir," urged the man, "the gun which I serve was shattered by the shell."

"I thank you for your intentions," said the Doctor, firmly, "but you need not attend to the wounded without special orders to that effect. I do not need your help."

The gunner placed the wounded man upon the deck and went his way, and the Doctor tried to take off his shoes, to find out how much his feet and legs were injured. While he was doing this he fainted again, and an attendant bore him away to the room which had been hastily fitted up for a surgery. There the doctor called for a bucket of sea-water, placed his feet in it to stop their bleeding, and despite his great pain and loss of blood, continued to direct the other surgeons in their care for the wounded.

At an Evening Party.

To abridge the dreadful quarter of an hour when the company in bored, but, smiling patience, waits to be "entertained," and to start the hum which precludes "an enjoyable evening," try this plan:

In a conspicuous place have a decorated jar from which each person, on entering, is to draw a written slip. The jar may be placarded as "Some Advice from the Greatest Common Adviser," "Oracles; Try One for That Bored Feeling," "Gems from the Great Wise Man," and so on.

The slips may contain questions, the authors' names to be supplied; but as many object to any device for improving their minds by stealth, perhaps sentences like the following will do:

With a warm shade of hair wear a cool neutral tint in temper.

If you bet, do better.

Preserve a high moral tone; never tease the cat.

Your mustache is a good idea; but to succeed you must supplement it with energy and business ability.

The lamented felis domestica will, without doubt, return.

Wind your watch; but watch your windings.

"Oh, treasure early lost and ever mourned," refers to a "pure silk umbrella owned by a lady with a steel frame and gold handle."

Other sayings will suggest themselves, and add to the merriment of the gathering.

There is no theory that will work on the jumping toothache like the dentist's forceps.

Some people never find out that there is joy in giving, because they do not give enough.