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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 XXV.

It was at the Liverpool railway station that Lord Kildonan confronted his wife and Crosmont, the sickly light of a flickering gas lamp high above falling on his figure, on what could be seen of his face. The words froze on their guilty lips; the blood leaped up, and then seemed to stagnate in their veins as the cold eyes pierced them. Crosmont stopped, and stared up, as still as a dead man, shattered, confounded, without a word, without a cry. Lady Kildonan, with a hoarse and broken shriek that rang in hideous echoes through the huge bare station, staggered back, back, with starting eyes and struggling breath, until, before they could stop her, before they had even time to realize the danger she was in, she reached the edge of the platform, and with a last fatal backward step, fell with a moan on the metals. Lord Kildonan sprang down like a young man, lifted her in his arms, and stared into her face. When Armathwaite joined him, the old Scotchman's face was all broken up with passionate anxiety, his voice broken and weak as a child.

"I have not killed her, Frank, have I? Speak, boy, speak!" he said in a husky whisper, as he lifted the head that hung limp and powerless on his shoulder.

Armathwaite, whose professional instinct had given him back all his calm at the moment of the accident, looked at her, touched her.

"No," he said, briefly; "she is not dead. We must get her on to the platform! Crosmont!"

This call to the young man, who was still standing like a statue with dull eyes and leaden limbs, woke him to life and action. He would have helped to raise the prostrate woman, but Lord Kildonan, in his coldest, harshest tone, forbade him to touch her. The latter, with the assistance of Armathwaite, lifted her on to the platform just as the Branksome train steamed slowly up towards them. Frank suggested that she ought to remain in Liverpool that night—that it would be dangerous for her to travel. Her head had fallen on the metals; no one could tell yet what injury she had sustained. Lord Kildonan was immovable.

"She must go home!" he said, briefly.

"And if it should kill her, my lord?"

"We can still perhaps save her reputation," said Lord Kildonan in his coldest tone.

But he was deeply moved. He never took his eyes off his wife's white face as they carried her into a compartment and laid her on the seat. Crosmont still stood on the platform, and Armathwaite went back to him, and laid his hand on his arm.

The agent was shivering like a man with ague.

"Come," said Armathwaite, "you must come back with us."

"No, no," said Crosmont, hoarsely.

After some few moments' appeal, warning him that Lady Kildonan was perhaps dying, the doctor induced him to take his place in the next compartment to that in which the husband and wife, weirdly reunited, were traveling. Then, after exacting a promise from the agent that he would not try to escape, he rejoined Lord Kildonan and the unconscious woman.

It was a terrible return journey. During all the four cold, monotonous hours Lady Kildonan lay almost without movement, from time to time muttering a few words to herself incoherently, or opening her eyes with the blank stare of a doll, only to close them again automatically without having taken in any impression.

At seven o'clock on the raw February morning, the train steamed into Branksome station. The stoppage roused Lady Kildonan; she struggled up and looked vacantly about her, muttering incoherently that it was getting light—that she should be late—but without noticing her companions. Frank put her veil over her face and fastened it for her, to which she made no opposition. And she accepted his suggestion to take his arm, and allowed him to lead her through the station, apparently unconscious that it was her husband who was supporting her faltering footsteps on the other side. She turned instinctively in the direction of the house where Anne Matthews lived, and at the opening of the little street they found a small covered cart waiting with the woman who had been her treacherous accomplice inside it. Armathwaite recognized her at once, and saw first that she looked a little ashamed of herself, and secondly that she was seriously alarmed and remorseful when she saw how ill the lady looked. They lifted her into the cart; Lord Kildonan took his place beside her, and insisted on Armathwaite's coming with them, that he might prescribe for her in his medical capacity on reaching The Crags.

Anne Matthews, who drove herself, stopped at the bottom of the private path to The Crags, as was her custom; and the two gentlemen led Lady Kildonan, who was now growing excited and feverish, up the hill, through the private gate, which was open, and into the house by that entrance of which Lord Kildonan had fancied that he alone had a key. It opened upon a narrow private staircase, with another locked door at the top, by which they were able to reach Lady Kildonan's apartments unobserved by anybody except her ladyship's maid.

With the assistance of this woman, Lady Kildonan was put to bed, much against her will. Armathwaite told Lord Kildonan that she was suffering from concussion of the brain, and after remaining with her about an hour, at the end of which time she had sunk into a wordless stupor, he left her to the care of her husband and the maid, and promising to return in a couple of hours, walked back quickly towards Mereside. He was anxious about Crosmont, anxious also to find out how this terrible event would affect the agent's wife.

By the time he reached the agent's house it was half-past nine; the rain of the night had ceased, and it was a sunny morning. On ringing the bell Nanny appeared, and in answer to his question told him that Mr. Crosmont had gone to Liverpool and would not be back until the afternoon.

Alma, hearing the doctor's voice, came out into the hall. He told her that something very serious for Ned had happened. He knew her husband had returned from Liverpool, but the servants had not seen him.

"He lets himself in with his own key," said she. "He may be in his study. Come with me."

They went out together, going by some[...]h millenial dawn instinct so silently, so softly, that t[...] ushered in.

footsteps, their movements scarcely made a sound as they went from end to end of the old house. At the study door they stopped, and, with a loud-beating heart, Alma knocked. There was no answer. She did not knock a second time, but looked at the handle with a pale, frightened face, as if she did not dare to touch it. Armathwaite came forward and opened the door.

Sitting before the grate, which was littered with scraps of a torn letter, and in which the gray ashes of the previous night's fire yet remained, sat Ned Crosmont, his legs stretched out, his head on his breast, his arms hanging loose at his sides. Alma had often seen him almost in that attitude, and it reassured her. She came further into the room, calling softly, "Ned!" He did not answer, he did not move. Armathwaite thought she knew the truth. Not having been prepared for some sight unusually shocking, it did not occur to Alma that death could come so suddenly and yet so quietly. She came close to him with rapid steps, thinking that he was lost in miserable brooding, put her arm round his shoulders, and tried to draw him to her, kindly, comfortingly. His head had rolled heavily against her breast.

"Ned, Ned, never mind," she whispered, feeling, with a thrill through her gentle heart, that at last the moment she had expected had come, when he did not repulse her, when he was glad of her sympathy; "I'll comfort you, Ned—I'll console you. Never mind what it is, I'm sorry. He is dead," she said, solemnly, raising her eyes to the doctor's face.

Then the tears began to gather in her eyes, and, bending over the dead man, she put her lips to his forehead, not in sorrowing love, but in pity and forgiveness.

"Come, come away," whispered Frank, who saw that the struggling emotions of horror and womanly regret and irrepressible relief were trying the sensitive lady beyond her strength.

She let him lead her out at the door, which Frank closed softly behind them; but before she had made three steps along the passage she suddenly drew away her hand from his arm, put it up to her head, and, with a low cry as of a prisoner who sees the dungeon doors flung suddenly open, she reeled and fell to the ground. Frank gathered her up in his arms and carried her to the drawing room. There he did not put her down, but seating himself in an armchair by the window in the full blaze of the morning sunlight, he rocked her for a few moments tenderly in his arms, as if she had been a child, while his blue eyes shone with hope and pity and yearning love.

"Poor little one," he whispered into her deaf ears. "You are no widow; you have never been a wife. I am wronging no man's memory in telling you I love you. The gods will make you happy, Psyche, for you have found your love at last."

As she was absolutely motionless and silent, he snatched a passionate kiss; but the instant his lips touched hers, the color flowed into her face, and her brown eyes met his with a long look that told of the wakening of a sleeping soul. From that moment each had a secret, known only to themselves and to each other. Withdrawing his eyes from her face, Frank raised her to her feet, and gently withdrawing the support of his arm, said gravely and formally:

"I think you are better now, madam. If you will allow me to advise you, I would suggest your remaining here, while I will tell the servants what is necessary for them to know, and prevent their disturbing you."

"Thank you. You are very kind," said she, frigidly, with her eyes on the ground.

With a cold bow, and without another look at her, Frank left the room. But as he paused for a moment outside, with glowing eyes and a yearning heart, he heard the swift rustle of a woman's dress across the room, and her panting breath close to the door. So they stood for a moment, each conscious that the other was there, each almst able to hear the beating of the heart of the other. But there was only a thin plank of wood between them now, where there had been a barrier as wide as the whole world. And so he went softly away to his work and his duty, and she to the woman's part of patiently waiting and perhaps weeping. For peace had come to her, not with a glad song of praise, but with a solemn requiem.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In the meantime Lady Kildonan was lying utterly unconscious both of the death of her accomplice and victim and of her condemnation, pronounced by her own lips a hundred times in the delirium of brain fever. Her husband, who during these long days and nights was scarcely ever absent from her bedside, used to sit listening to her and watching her with a grave, intent face, which expressed no sentiment harsher than the deepest pity. When the crisis of the fever was past, and the sick woman's bodily health began slowly to mend, it dawned upon both her husband and the young doctor, who had never exchanged a word since the night of the accident except upon the medical aspect of the case, that her mental recovery was not proportionately rapid. She would lie for hours together awake and quite still, with her eyes fixed upon her husband in a sort of vague surprise at his presence, with which mingled no shame, no annoyance, no deep interest. Yet she knew who he was, and replied to his questions in a voice which grew stronger every day, but which acquired no deeper meaning as the time went on.

At last she was well enough to get up, and to sit in her boudoir by the window, watching the birds flying from bough to bough of the still leafless trees in the park outside, the little clouds sailing slowly across the sky, and a hundred other sights of the narrow stretch of wintry landscape which she had never before noticed. Lord Kildonan, at first rather pleased by the new interest she showed in the nature about her, began after a few days to feel anxious concerning the meaning of the change.

"She doesn't seem at all the same woman yet," he observed to the doctor one morning, when his wife had been babbling in a childish way, as if she had no recollection of the terrible scenes through which she had lately passed. "Or is it a clever device of hers to bridge over the awkwardness of our intercourse, until she will have b[...]h for me to accuse her [est]rangement?" pruning hook

"[...] it is that, Lord Kildo[nan]," [said Arma]thwaite, gravely. "And [I] advise you to give up all

thoughts of coming to a clear understanding with her yet."

As the days passed on, however, and still, while her limbs regained some of their vigor, and her face much of its beauty, Lady Kildonan remained mentally in exactly the same state of childish oblivion of everything but the occupation of the moment, both her husband and the doctor agreed, reluctantly enough, that some attempt must be made to bring her back to reason and remembrance. Armathwaite, therefore, on the occasion of one of his visits about three weeks after the accident, led the conversation in such a manner as to introduce the name of Ned Crosmont.

"Oh, yes," she said, smiling, "I haven't seen Ned to-day. But he is going to drive me into Branksome this afternoon to get some new tennis balls."

Armathwaite laid his hand upon her arm. "Listen to me, Lady Kildonan," he said, very gravely, foreseeing already that his words would have little effect; "I have something very sad to tell you about Mr. Crosmont. He is ill, seriously ill."

She looked with a child-like stare into his face and shook her head.

"Oh, no, you have been misinformed," she said confidently, as if after a moment's thought. "I saw him yesterday—no, this morning—at any rate, quite recently, though I can't remember for the moment exactly when it was," she added, holding her hand to her forehead and looking rather puzzled. "But he's quite well, I know."

He made a few more efforts to bring her memory back, but quite in vain; the terrible events which had had such fatal consequences both to her and Crosmont had faded out of her mind so utterly that not even a vague sense as of an evil dream remained behind.

So her punishment, tragic as it seemed to the onlookers, fell lightly upon her. Her buoyant animal nature, shaken free, by the shock she had sustained, of the vice which had been her ruin, helped her to bear her affliction with the resignation of a lame dog, who, forgetting quickly the sensations of the old days when he scoured the fields after rabbits, and leaped up joyously as high as his master's shoulders, takes quietly to the peaceful joys of the warm hearth and the sunny doorstep, and dozes the remainder of his life away in comfortable content.

The person on whom the shock of Ned Crosmont's death fell the heaviest was Uncle Hugh. When the tidings reached him, together with an account of Lady Kildonan's rather mysterious illness, he came back to Branksome in the greatest anxiety and remorse, believing that a letter he had written to Lord Kildonan had been the cause of both misfortunes. The old Scotchman, who received him very kindly, assured him that his suspicions had been roused long before the letter reached him, and advised him to turn his attention to comforting the young widow. But there were difficulties in the way of this. He would have taken her back with him to her friends in London, away from the scenes of her short, but unhappy married life; but Alma, once so anxious to go away, now raised unexpected obstacles to this course. It would make public the fact that her marriage was a failure, she said. Besides, she must wait until his affairs were settled, and she preferred seclusion for a little while before facing the curious inquiries of her old friends. So Uncle Hugh, disappointed in his wish to carry off his "little one," and resolved not to have his journey for nothing, obtained a promise from Millie that she would marry him within two months, on condition that the wedding should be a very quiet one.

This promise, at the end of the appointed time, she faithfully carried out; and Mrs. Peele, who had never held up her head with her old majesty since Lord Kildonan put her to the humiliation of having to give up the stolen papers, soon after made up her mind to leave Branksome for London, in order to be near her daughter.

Armathwaite was thus left alone in the little house; but though he missed Millie, of whose sisterly companionship he had grown very fond, he was not dull, for he had taken it into his head to refurnish and decorate the place according to certain ideas of his own, and this occupation, to a man of limited income and fastidious taste, afforded amusement and interest for some time. The purchase of a horse, too, besides the late doctor's cob, was an extravagance which required deliberation; but there was an animal in the neighborhood which Frank was bent on possessing, and after a few weeks the coveted beasts held a place in his stable.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was the beginning of August when Alma, who, with the recovery of her health and spirits, began to feel her natural feminine coquetry awakening, decided that the first ice of their decorous estrangement might now be broken. One scorching afternoon, when Armathwaite returned home, tired and dusty from his day's work, he was informed by the servant that a little girl was waiting to see him in the surgery, and that Mrs. Crosmont was with her. Frank's heart leaped up. He seized a clothes brush and began to brush himself violently, as much to gain time to conquer this horrible choking nervousness as because he was reluctant to enter her presence with the workaday dust of the roads upon him. When he entered the surgery he was particularly calm and sedate, with "rising young medical practitioner with a character to keep up" writ large all over him.

Alma was sweet and grave and tranquil, but had a brighter color in her cheeks than Frank had ever before seen there, and in the front of her dress she wore a white rose, which the young man chose fatuously to think was a very good sign. She had brought one of the village children to have a scalded arm dressed, and as the child screamed and struggled, and took up all their attention until the operation was successfully accomplished, the first part of the interview passed off without any feeling of awkwardness on either side. As soon, however, as the girl found her arm bandaged and released, she darted to the door and made her escape like a wild thing, without a word of thanks to either of her benefactors. They looked at each other and laughed.

"Poor little thing! She isn't much tamer than a squirrel. She was rushing about the road crying, and it was a hard task to persuade her to come with me at all," said Alma, moving in her turn toward the door.

But Frank stepped hurriedly across the room before her.

"I wish, Mrs. Crosmont, now that you are here, you would do me the pleasure of looking into the drawing room. I have made some changes there. I should so much like to hear what you think about them."

Alma hesitated and then turned back with a smile.

"I will see it, certainly, if you wish," she said, gently.

So Frank led the way into the drawing room, which had been indeed transformed. The violent colors, the tatting antimacassars, the wax flowers under glass shades of Mrs. Peele's regime, had disappeared, while in their place were harmonious tints and soft fabrics, and bowls full of freshly cut flowers.

"Why, Dr. Armathwaite, I am hurt for the credit of my sex. It looks as if some woman must have helped you," said Alma, as she looked with admiration round the pretty room.

"Some woman has helped me," said he, in a meek, small voice.

She was not curious, or perhaps she didn't hear.

"And do you always have the place filled with these beautiful flowers?"

"Always."

"Ah, you pass your evenings here, of course?"

"Never. I scarcely sit here an hour in the week."

"Then why all this extravagance with beautiful flowers, which only get wasted? Are they for visitors?"

"For one visitor. I wanted the room to be always ready for that one whenever—she—should—come."

Oh, they were so quiet about it—as quiet as mice—she with her tremulous whisper, and he with his husky ejaculation, and Frank knew that Alma was only carrying out her destiny, and that, like the heroine of the opera that her father had nursed in his heart of hearts for years before she was born, she had come out victorious from her contest with the beauty of the senses, and that, having found the love she had longed for, her fancy had no need to reach out to shadows for comforts, for her soul had found rest.

(The end.)

Labor Notes.

Massachusetts has more distilleries than Kentucky.

On one farm near Flint, Mich., there are 1,120,000 cabbages.

At Guilford, Me., the Piscataquis Woolen Co.'s mill is beng run overtime.

At Cohoes, N. Y., McDowell & Co.'s Cascade knitting mills are running nights.

People who sell newspapers in the streets of Moscow are compelled to appear in uniform.

All Denver saloons that fail to abolish their wine rooms will be closed up by the Police Commissioners.

The Jackson Company at Nashua, N. H., laid the corner-stone of a new mill last recently to replace one of its old ones.

The Riverside Woolen Company, Lebanon, N. H., is running its mills day and night on beavers, chinchillas and cheviots.

The Oldtown, Me., woolen mill is running part of the card and spinning rooms until 11 P. M., resuming work again at 3 A. M.

Preparations are nearly completed for beginning the manufacture of linen goods from American flax by a company recently formed at Woodville, R. I.

The gold bricks made in Seattle from Klondike gold are nine inches long, three inches wide and three-eights of an inch thick, and are worth $1700 each.

A mill employing fifty men is now engaged in making paper froto the bagasse or sugar cane refuse, which was once the greatest nuisance to the sugar grower.

Some people in the South are predicting that the current trend in cotton manufacture will flood the North with negro operatives and the South with Yankee white girls.

According to a leading mercantile agency, the number of men now at work, not counting the recent coal strikers, is some 340,000 in excess of the number employed at this time in 1896.

A number of skilled men are arriving at Bessemer, Col., from Illinois and Pennsylvania to assist in taking down the old machinery at the steel works preparatory to replacing it with new.

There are four cities in Massachusetts which, under a recent law, are entitled to an appropriation of $25,000 each for the establishment of textile schools on condition of a like sum to be raised by those interested.

J. S. Spencer, W. E. Holt and C. W. Johnson, of Charlotte, N. C., have purchased the Virgin Cotton Mill, a tHuntersville, N. B. The new owners intend to remodel the mill and change it into a spinning plant.

The Elmwood Manufacturing Company, Columbia, S. C. proposes to erect a 10,000 spindle cotton mill to employ only colored operatives, and to run day and night. It is understood that contracts for machinery have been placed.

It is estimated that the United States furnishes 52 per cent. of Mexico's imports against 45 per cent. in 1895. England furnishes 17 per cent. and Germany 1[...] per cent., while Spain and other countries contribute 8 per cent.

The tea from Dr. Shepard's farm, at Summerville, S. C., sells for $1 per pound, is of a high quality, and it is believed that his success establishes the fact that tea can be grown in this country so as to be commercially successful.

Hang Chow, apout 200 miles south of Shanghai, is a great silk emporium, not less than 7000 hand looms being engaged in the manufacture of silk of the finest quality, all that is required for the Imperial household being made there.

More than 30 per cent. of France's foreign commecre is transacted with Great Britain, a country which constitutes the market for more than a third of the entire production of France's industry. No less than 32 per cent. of Russia's foreign trade is with Great Britain.

The British factory acts specify that a woman shall not return to her employment in any works to which the acts apply within four weeks after she may have been confined. A Yorkshire firm was fined $5 for permitting a woman to work eight days after having given birth to a child.

Track and Turf.

Donna Rita, a 3-year-old filly belonging to Tony Licazzi, now racing at Chicago, is wonder in the mud.

The Worcester, Mass., half-mile track will be sold to a syndicate which will cut it up into building lots.

There will be a fall meeting of the Tennessee Breeders' Association at Cumberland Park, Nashville.

"Tip" Leigh, father of H. Eugene Leigh, the well-known horse owner and breeder, died in St. Louis recently.

Charley Hughes, will train and Fred Taral will ride for the Chicago racing firm of Bromley & Co., next year.

Cresceus, 3, 2.11 1-4, was shipped home after his defeat by American Belle at Rigby. He will be raced in 1898.

The 3-year-old filly Directina, by Direct, 2.05 1-2, out of the dam of Directum, 2.05 1-4, has reduced her record to 2.16 3-4.

The dam of the crack 2-year-old Janie T., 2.15 1-4, has a foal by Baron Dillon, 2.12, and is again in foal to that horse.

Directina, the 3-year-old, by Direct, 2.05 1-2, out of Directum's (2.05 1-4) dam, cut her record to 2.17 1-2 at Lexington.

Dick Curtis' trotter Hern— Barrett, 2.10 1-2, went wrong at Terre Haute in the race in which he made his record.

The Oregon pacing stallion Chehalis, 2.07 1-4, is now credited as the sire of the 4-year-old pacing filly Umaballis, 2.21.

Thomas Cat, an ordinary performer on the New York Circuit, showed almost stake-horse form at Fort Erie and Toronto.

Charley Patterson will ship his horses, including Hamburg, and Ornament, from Nashville to Memphis early in January.

Preston's 2.13 1-4 is the record for 3-year-old trotting geldings. It replaces Fred S. Moody's 2.14, made in last year's Futurity.

Star Pointer, 1.59 1-4, will start to beat Johnston's 2.06 1-4 to high wheel and also to beat W. W. P.'s 2.08 to wagon at Louisville.

The 5-year-old pacing mare Bessie-Bonehill, 2.05 3-4, has been sold to George McKaig, of Troy, O., the owner of Simmons, for $1200.

—The German Emperor declared in a recent speech that his grandfather was a chosen instrument of heaven.

For Cleaning and Polishing Stoves mix finely-powdered black-lead to a paste with water in which a small amount of glue has been dissolved.

The bulb of an electric lamp should never be inclosed in any fabric. If wrapped in tissue paper so that no air can pass between it and the glass, the paper will soon be on fire.

Paper tiles are said to have numerous advantages over the ordinary ones, being lighter, harder, and also impervious to damp. Furthermore, they are nonconductors of heat and sound, and look better than the old kind.

Glass library shelves have recently been introduced in France. The edges are rounded. The glass is nearly inflexible, which gives it great advantage over wood. Its strength has been proved. It is more easily kept clean than other shelving. The appearance of the library is greatly enhanced. The book people who have used it are enthusiastic.

Sudden and great fluctuations in the level of water in wells in stormy weather, closely corresponding to the fluctuations in wind velocity recorded by Prof. Langley, have been observed by Dr. Romei Martini. This explains the popular tradition that bad weather may be predicted from the sudden rise and fall of wells. Curiously, however, small and rapid changes of barometers are more certain to affect wells than large changes.

Recent observations on the differences of color in different races of men are described in a French journal of anthropology by Monsieur Breul. It appears that the color of the skin depends upon a pigment contained in the deeper layers of the epidermis. This pigment, in the form of minute grains, is distributed in the same manner in all races, the only difference being in the color of the grains, which varies from black, through many lighter shades, up to light yellow.

In Spain, where the telephone is largely used in place of the telegraph, says Monsieur Pierard, as reported in the Electrical World, an ingenious application of the phonograph to record the telephonic messages has been made. The receiving operator repeats the message into a phonograph, from which it can afterward be transcribed at leisure. This saves the delay caused by writing the message during its reception, and insures greater accuracy because the repetition of the message for the phonograph is heard, simultaneously, by the original sender at the other end of the line.

Many of the violent changes which occur under the surface of the sea, as Prof. John Milne has recently shown, produce effects that are distinctly and sometimes disastrously felt on the land. Wherever a profound cavity exists in the bed of the ocean near the land, and wherever the border of a continent slopes off into a deep sea, great slides are apt to occur, and these often cause earthquakes. In Japan, Mr. Milne says, a large number of earthquakes came from the deep sea off the mouth of the Tonegawa, the largest of the Japanese rivers. The river brings down alluvial detritus which is deposited on the brink of a deep hollow in the ocean, and from time to time the accumulated deposit slides into the depths, shaking not only the sea-bottom, but the adjacent land.

According to Nikola Tesla, as reported in Industries and Iron, "of all conceivable methods of generating electrical energy, none, in the present nor in the future is likely to compare in facility and economy with the waterfall." Of all methods of generating power, the utilization of waterfall, he says, is the simplest and least wasteful. According to him, even if it were possible, by combining carbon in a battery, to convert the work of the chemical combination into electrical energy with very high economy, such mode of obtaining power, he thinks, would be no more than a mere makeshift, bound to be replaced sooner or later by a more perfect method which requires no consumption of any material whatever.

"With a view to rendering his operations really aseptic," says the Berlin correspondent of the Lancet, "Prof. Mikulicz of Breslau has taken to operating in gloves, and has published an account of the favorable results obtained after three months' experience. He uses fine thread gloves, which are made aseptic in steam in the same way as surgical bandages. Of course the hands are washed and disinfected in the usual manner before the gloves are put on. The gloves have to be changed several times during long operations; they are worn by the assistants as well. Prof. Mikulicz declares that none of the manipulations are rendered awkward or difficult by the gloves, and that, on the contrary, it is easier to take and keep hold of tissues in gloves than with the bare hand. He further recommends the use of a respirator of sterilized muslin, in order to avoid danger from mouth bacteria.

Authors Enjoying Mechanical Helps

The up-to-date stories about authors indicate that the brotherhood of the pen are as keenly alive to the advantages of a high state of civilization as any other class of people in the community. The author with a fountain pen which holds ink enough for about 10,000 words has made his appearance. His daily stint is the amount of ink in his pen, and when that is exhausted he stops; the author who has lost three months' work by the breaking of a phonograph, into which he had dictated a novel, has also come into publicity, and people feel as sorry for him as did the gay Frenchmen of a hundred and fifty years ago for the poet who lost a collection of blank rhymes. The author who keeps a phonograph by his bedside, in order not to lose the brilliant ideas that come to him in the silent watches of the night, and the magazine editor who, from his residence, dictates a lengthy and learned article through the telephone to a shorthand writer at his office are all with us, for the authors are evidently not the kind of people to lag behind the age in which they live.

A PECULIAR EXPLOIT.

Towed a Large Turtle Twelve Miles Through the Water.

Jim Westover, a youngster of 21, and a rider of the "bike," is the hero in the region about Mayport, Fla., just at present over the capture of a huge turtle the other night on the beach. Westover had been down on the beach taking a spin and also to see about some cows in a pasture at Six-Mile Point. He had a rope about fifty feet long that he took with him to do some measuring on some camp meeting lots. Knowing that this was the time for turtles to be laying their eggs, they affecting moonlight nights for such exercise, he kept a sharp lookout for them. Just after passing Pablo he saw the big outlines of something black up the beach.

"By Jimminy," said Jim under his breath, "that's a dog-goned big un, too."

Riding up slowly, he soon came near the big turtle, which was too busy laying eggs to notice Jim's noiseless approach. Jim cogitated over the matter for a few minutes and then, taking his rope, carefully fastened it to the turtle's front flipper and drew the rope tight. No sooner did the turtle feel this than it started up and wiggled toward the water. Jim mounted his wheel and tried to ride off the other way. Jim pedaled and pedaled, but could not move the old fellow. The turtle seemed to have the best of the bargain and pulled the unwilling wheelman to the water's edge. Jim was getting anxious. As the turtle entered the water he started up the beach alongside the water's edge, trying to get a new pull on his capture.

To his great surprise and delight he found that he had the turtle foul. The old fellow was at home in the water, but having his right flipper caught by the tow rope he was powerless to run away, and fight as hard as he could he could not escape. Jim started up the beach as near the water's edge as he could ride, and began to tow the turtle to Mayport. The turtle naturally objected and sheered out to sea. But the rope being attached to his landside flipper it kept him at just the right distance from the shore and he towed as easy as a log, as Jim said afterward. Once in a while he got obstreperous and twice Jim fell into the water, but by midn[...] prize arrived [...] aroused the neighbors, who came o[...] see what was up. They would not believe that Jim had towed the turtle for twelve miles in this way, until he showed them the rope and then to show off towed the big fellow up and in front of the town for a few turns. And the turtle had gotten used to it now and kept just far out enough to make towing easy. When he saw Jim turn to come back, after going up the bank a little ways, the turtle turned around and shifted the rope to his landside flipper again, as he knew that he could not be towed if the rope was on the outside. Jim has the turtle in a crawl near his house and every evening he takes him for a tow along the banks.—Chicago Chronicle.

Seals Love Music.

The well-known love of seals for musical sounds often leads to their destruction. When the Eskimo hunter sees none of his prey about he begins whistling, and sooner or later is sure to attract an appreciative seal within reach of his harpoon. Lying at full length at the edge of the ice he continues whistling low, plaintive, calling notes, and presently a few of the animals will draw near to the spot, lifting themselves as high as they can out of the water, and slowly moving their heads to and fro, as if keeping time to the music. By and by one seal, more daring than its fellows, will come very close to the hunter, who then jumps to his feet and slays the creature, while its mates make off as quickly as possible.—Pearson's Weekly.

Japanese Industry.

The Japanese think the best missionary they can send to Formosa is the locomotive, and they propose to civilize its 500,000 fierce inhabitants by building railroads, which will furnish transportation for the sugar, tobacco, rice, corn, tea, camphor, cinnamon, pepper and tropical fruits which flourish luxuriously in nearly the same latitude as the Sandwich Islands.

The Japanese Government iron foundry now in course of construction at Yedamitsu in the Oga district will turn out 60,000 tons of steel yearly.

France's Consumption of Alcohol.

A learned professor at Geneva, Switzerland, states that France drinks more alcohol annually than any other nation in Europe. His calculation is based on the percentage of alcoholic liquors consumed. According to this standard each person in France drinks thirteen quarts of alcohol in many more quarts of wines, beers, etc., in the course of a year.

Passports in Russia.

In Russia a child 10 years of age cannot go away from home to school without a passport, nor can common servants and peasants go away from where they live without one. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers, and for every one of the above passports a charge is made of some kind.

Why They Don't Mourn.

"Why don't the Bifftons appear in mourning? Wasn't Charley Biffton, who was drowned last week a member of their fmily?"

"Yes; but he rocked the boat."—Cleveland Leader.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Story of the Three Taverns—The Ruin Wrought by Liquor—Crimson Wave of Dissipation Has Destroyed More Sailors Than the Ocean—Mankind's Curse

TEXT: "They came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns."—Acts xxviii., 15.

Seventeen miles south of Rome, Italy, there was a village of unfortunate name and bibulous suggestion. A tavern is a place of entertainment, and, in our time, part of the entertainment is a provision of intoxicants. One such place you would think would have been enough for that Italian village. No! There were three of them, with doors open for entertainment and obfuscation. The world has never lacked stimulating drinks. You remember the condition of Noah on one occasion, and of Abigail's husband, Nabal, and the story of Belshazzar's feast, and Benhadad, and the new wine in old bottles, and whole paragraphs on prohibition enactment thousands of years before Neal Dow was born; and no doubt there were whole shelves of inflammatory liquid in these hotels which gave the name to the village where Paul's friends came to meet him; namely, the Three Taverns. In vain I search ancient geography for some satisfying account of that village. Two roads came from the sea coast to that place; the one from Actium and the other from Puteoli, the last road being the one which Paul traveled. There were, no doubt, in that village houses of merchandise and mechanics' shops and professional offices, but nothing is known of them. All we know of that village is that it had a profusion of inns—the Three Taverns. Paul did not choose any one of these taverns as the place to meet his friends. He certainly was very abstemious, but they made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulating cordial for a stomachic disorder; but he told him to take only a small dose—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

One of the worst things about these Three Taverns was that they had especial temptation for those who had just come ashore. People who had just landed at Actium or Puteoli were soon tempted by these three hotels, which were only a little way up from the beach. Those who are disordered of the sea (for it is a physical disorganizer), instead of waiting for the gradual return of physical equipoise, are apt to take artificial means to brace up. Of the one million sailors now on the sea, how few of them coming ashore will escape the Three Taverns! After surviving hurricanes, cyclones, icebergs, collisions, many of them are wrecked in harbor. I warrant that if a calculation were made of the comparative number of sailors lost at sea and lost ashore, those drowned by the crimson wave of dissipation would far outnumber those drowned by the salt water.

Alas! that the large majority of those who go down to the sea in ships should have twice to pass the Three Taverns, namely: Before they go out and after they come in. That fact was what aroused Father Taylor, the great sailors' preacher, at the Sailors' Bethel, Boston, and at a public meeting at Charlestown he said, "All the machinery of the drunkard-making, soul-destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog holes on the docks, kept open to ruin my poor sailor boys, to the great establishments in Still House Square, and when we ask men what is to be done about [it th]ey say 'you can't help it,' and yet [there] is Bunker Hill and [you] say you can stop it; and up there are Lexington and Concord." We might answer Father Taylor's remark by saying, "The trouble is not that we can't stop it, but that we won't stop it." We must have more generations slain before the world will fully wake up to the evil. That which tempted the travelers of old who came up from the seaports of Actium and Puteoli is now the ruin of seafaring men as they come up from the coasts of all the continents, namely, the Three Taverns.

There are streets in some of our cities where there are three or four taverns on every block; aye, where every other house is a tavern. You can take the Arabic numeral of my text, the three, and put on the right hand side of it one cipher, and two ciphers, and four ciphers, and that re-inforcement of numerals will not express the statistics of American rummeries. Even if it were a good, healthy business, supplying a necessity, an article superbly nutritious, it is a business mightily overdone, and there are three taverns where there ought to be only one.

The fact is, there are, in another sense, Three Taverns now; the gorgeous tavern for the affluent, the medium tavern for the working classes, and the tavern of the slums, and they stand in line, and many people, beginning with the first, come down, through the second, and come out at the third. At the first of the three taverns, the wines are of celebrated vintage, and the whiskies are said to be pure, and they are quaffed from cut glass, at marble side-tables, under pictures approaching master-pieces. The patrons pull off their kid gloves, and hand their silk hats to the waiter, and push back their hair with a hand on one finger of which is a cameo.

But those patrons are apt to stop visiting that place. It is not the money that a man pays for drinks, for what are a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to a man of large income; but their brain gets touched, and that unbalances their judgment, and they can see fortunes in enterprises surcharged with disaster. In longer or shorter time they change taverns, and they come down to tavern the second, where the pictures are not quite so scrupulous of suggestion and the small table is rougher and the castor standing on it is of German silver and the air has been kept over from the night before and that which they sip from the pewter mug has a larger percentage of benzine, ambergris, creosote, henbane, strychnine, prussic acid, cocculus indicus, plaster of paris, copperas, and nightshade. The patron may be seen almost every day and perhaps many times the same day at this tavern the second, but he is preparing to graduate. Brain, liver, heart, nerves, are rapidly giving way. That tavern the second has its dismal echo in his business destroyed and family scattered and woes that choke one's vocabulary. Time passes on, and he enters tavern the third; a red light outside, a hiccoughing and besotted group inside. He will be dragged out of doors about 2 o'clock in the morning and left on the sidewalk, because the bartender wants to shut up. The poor victim has taken the regular course in the college of degradation. He has his diploma written on his swollen, bruised, and blotched physiognomy. He is a regular graduate of the Three Taverns. As the police take him up and put him in the ambulance the wheels seem to rumble with two rolls of thunder, one of which says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The other thunder roll says, "All drunkards shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and with brimstone."

I am glad to find in this scene of the text that there is such a thing as declining successfully great Tavernian temptations. I can see from what Paul said and did after he had traveled the following seventeen miles of his journey, that he had received no damage at the Three Taverns. How much he was tempted I know not. Do not suppose that he was superior to temptation. That particular temptation has destroyed many of the grandest, mightiest, noblest statesmen, philosophers, heroes, clergymen, apostles of law and medicine and government and religion. Paul was not physically well under any circumstances; it was not in mock depreciation that he said he was "in bodily presence weak." It seems that his eyesight was so poor that he did his writing through an amanuensis, for he mentions it is something remarkable that his shortest Epistle, the one to Philemon, was in his own penmanship, saying: "I, Paul, have written it with my own hand."—He had been thrown from his horse, he had been stoned, he had been endungeoned, he had had his nerves pulled on by preaching at Athens to the mo[st] scholarly audience of all the earth, and at Corinth to the most brilliantly profligate assemblage, and been howled upon by the Ephesian worshipers of Diana, tried for his life before Felix, charged by Festus with being insane, and crawled up on the beach, drenched in the shipwreck, and much of the time had an iron handcuff on his wrist, and if any man needed stimulus, Paul needed it, but with all his physical exhaustion, he got past the Three Taverns undamaged, and stepped into Rome all ready for the tremendous ordeal to which he was subjected. Oh! How many mighty men, feeling that they must brace up after extraordinary service, and prepare themselves for other service, have called on the spirit of wine for inspiration, and in a few years have been sacrified on the altar of a Moloch, who sits on a throne of human carcasses. Shall I call the names of fifty of the victims, all of them illustrious in American history? No! It would not be wise, or kind, or Christian to call their names in public, but you call them out of your own memory. Oh, how many splendid men could not get past the Three Taverns.

Long ago an arch fiend arrived in our world, and he built an invisible cauldron of temptation. He built that cauldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First [he] squeezed into the cauldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of paradise; then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres; then he poured into this cauldron capsicum and logwood and assault and battery and vitriol and opium and rum and murder and sulphuric acid and theft and potash and cochineal and red carrots and poverty and death and hops. But it was a dry compound, and it must be moistened and it must be liquefied, and so the arch fiend poured into the cauldron the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the arch fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put the shovel into this great cauldron and began to stir, and the cauldron began to heave and rock and boil and sputter and hiss and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch fiend cried: "Aha! Champion fiend am I! Who has done more than I have for coffins and graveyards and prisons and the populating of the lost world? And when this cauldron is emptied I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke—the smoke of a torment—that ascendeth for ever and ever. I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I have ruined more Senators than will gather next winter in the national councils. I have ruined more Lords than will be gathered in the House of Peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music, sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from a carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of the sinking steamer because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have damned more souls, than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

But what a glad time when the world comes to its last Three Taverns for the sale of intoxicants. Now there are so many of them that statistics are only a more or less accurate guess as to their number. We sit with half-closed eyes and undisturbed nerves and hear that in 1872 in the United States there were 1954 breweries 4340 distilleries and 171,669 r[...], and that possibly by this time [the] figure may be truthfully doubled. The fact is that these establishments are innumerable, and the discussion is always disheartening, and the impression is abroad that the plague is so mighty and universal it can never be cured, and the most of sermons on this subject close with the Book of Lamentations, and not with the Book of Revelations. Excuse me from adopting any such infidel theory. The Bible reiterates it until there is no more power in inspiration to make it plainer that the earth is to be, not half or three-quarters, but wholly redeemed. On that rock I take my triumphant stand and join in the chorus of Hosannahs.

One of the most advantageous movements in the right direction is taking the whole subject into the education of the young. On the same school-desk with the grammar, the geography, the arithmetic are books telling the lads and lasses of t[en] and twelve and fifteen years of age what are the physiological effects of strong drink, what it does with the tissue of the liver and the ventricles of the brain; and whereas other generations did not realize the evil until their own bodies were blasted, we are to have a generation taught what the viper is before it stings them, what the hyena is before it rends them, how deep is the abyss before it swallows them. On boards of education, teachers in schools, professors in colleges, Legislatures, and Congresses, widen and augment that work and you hasten the complete overthrow of this evil.

It will go down. I have the word of Almighty God for that in the assured extirpation of all sin. But shall we have a share in the universal victory? The liquor saloon will drop from the hundreds of thousands into the score of thousands, and then from the thousands into the hundreds, and then from the hundreds into the tens, and from the tens to Three. The first of these three taverns will be where the educated and philosophic and the high-up will [take] their dram, but that class, aware of [the] power of the example they have been [set]ting, will turn their back upon the evil [cus]tom and be satisfied with two natural [bev]erages that God intended for the stim[ulus] of the race—the Java coffee plantati[ons] furnishing the best of the one and the C[hin]ese tea fields the best of the other. [And] some day the barroom will be crowded [with] people at the vendue and the auction mallet will pound at the sale of the ap[pur]tenances.

The second of these last three taverns will take down its flaming sign and extinguish its red light and close its doors, for the working class will have concluded to buy their own horses and furnish their own beautiful homes and replenish finely the wardrobe of their own wives and daughters, instead of providing the distillers, the brewers, and liquor sellers with wardrobes and mirrors and carriages. And the next time that second tavern is opened it will be a drug store, or a bakery, or a dry goods establishment, or a school. Then there will be only one more of the Three dissipating Taverns left. I don't know in what country, or city, or neighborhood it will be, but look at it, for it is the very last. The last inebriate will have staggered up to its counter and put down his pennies for his dram. Its last horrible adulteration will be mixed and quaffed to eat out the vitals and inflame the brain. The last drunkard will have stumbled down its [steps]. The last spasms of delirium trem[ens ...] by it will be struggled through. The rookery will be torn down, and with demolition will close the earth's abominations. The last of the dissipating Three Taverns of all the world will be as thoroughly blotted out as were the Three Taverns of my text.

The noblest contribution which man can make for the benefit of posterity is that of a good character. The richest bequest which any man can leave to youth of his native land is that of a shining, spotless example.

The best prayer is for qualification for our duties and responsibilities.

Tact is a gift; it is likewise a grace. As a gift, it may, or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace, we are bound either to possess or to acquire it.

It is much more important to be ready for Christ's coming at any moment than to know just when He will come.

A costly monument indicates that the person whose memory it is to perpetuate was rich, but it does not indicate how the riches were secured.

The charity that has in view a political office ought to be spelled "b-r-i-b-e."