

SERMONS OF THE DAY

Rev. George H. Hopworth Preaches in the New York Herald's Columns on "An Exquisite Faith."

With the return of Rev. George H. Hopworth to New York from his Armenian mission...

On a bitterly cold day I was recently riding with a comrade through one of the most exquisite scenes of scenery on the globe...

Naturally we talked of that Great Babylon which was apparently not far distant from the present site of the city...

My comrade freely of a loss he had suffered. A little child had been called from the family circle...

But I have no time to specify the manifold evidences of the presence of the Holy Spirit...

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DOCTOR AND NEPHEW.

The Elder Man Taught Solomon Truth in Paris.

The old doctor's nephew Tom ran down the other day to the village with his gun and dog for a month's shooting in the marshes...

Tom ran to the doctor one morning an account of the late terrible fire in Paris.

"What was the good in a horror like that? Can you tell me a horror like that? No criminal who deserved death, but fair, kindly, gentle women, the very flower of France...

"I call it God," said the doctor quietly, but made no other answer. He, too, was moved by the terrible story.

Later in the day the two men strolled out into the fields, while Tom, the son, dashed to and fro through the bushes.

"He is wild with delight at getting into the country," said Tom, "but the dog is often miserable in town. It takes him out once or twice a year, and he gives him new life; but he suffers agonies of terror on the train from the noise and the motion. Although it is but a short journey from the city here, he has made it a dozen times, his fear of it is as great as at first. One would think the poor brute would understand by this time."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but if he is so afraid, isn't it cruel to make him take the journey?"

Tom looked at him surprised. "What? when he is to have the country for a month? But I suppose," he said, laughing, "Nep thinks me a demon of cruelty."

"Doesn't it occur to you," said his uncle, "that the passage of death, which lasts but a moment, may seem to God of no more importance than the journey of a day to you? We shudder when we read of hundreds of men hurried to what appears to be premature death, or thousands of Chinese drowned in a flood, but it seems to me that God has only ordered them to make a brief journey to live in another place."

"You mean," said Tom, "that I understand God and His ways as little as Nep understands me and my ways? You are a regular old Aesop, with your fables of beans and men."

He walked on thoughtfully, no longer in the mood to censure God or question the mysteries of His government, but rather to accept the spirit of the inspired words that have given hope and rest to many generations of men. "His mercy endureth forever."

Accuracy Carried Too Far. A ship once went on a cruise, and the captain determined to keep an accurate account of the voyage in his logbook.

One morning the first mate, who had been on a lark the day before, looking over the logbook, found this entry: "The first mate was drunk all day yesterday."

He at once appealed to the captain, saying to him: "Why in the world did you want to write that in the logbook?"

"Is it not true?" questioned the captain. "Yes, but there was no use to state it."

"Oh, yes, there was. I intend to keep a full and accurate record of what goes on on board this ship during the entire voyage."

The first mate was compelled to submit, but his turn came. Next day he was in charge of the ship, the captain taking off a day.

When he turned up the next morning, he found written in the logbook: "The captain was sober all day yesterday."

BUYS AN ANCIENT HOUSE.

An Antiquarian Secures the Oldest Structure in America.

The oldest house in America has recently changed owners. The fourth occupant since it was built, 323 years ago, it was built in 1564 on the settlement of St. Augustine, Fla., by the Spaniards.

A full-grown man exhales seventeen ounces of carbonic acid gas every twenty-four hours.

A new discovered spot on the sun, which is visible just now, is said to be 30,000 miles in diameter.

A substance believed to be a new element has been obtained from cast-iron and boiler dust by G. G. Boucher, an English chemist, and has been submitted to Prof. William Crookes for spectroscopic investigation.

The modern office building was subjected recently to a severe test in a fire in Pittsburgh. It was found that the steel frame resisted the fire admirably.

This sheet of wood are ruled together in a factory of Warsaw, Russia.

Aluminum is now cheaper for equal volume than brass. Steel and aluminum tubing of equal external diameter and equal weight have been tested against each other.

According to experiments made in a cold storage establishment in Washington, by Dr. A. M. Read, an alteration of a low temperature, say 18 degrees Fahrenheit, with a comparatively high one, say 40 degrees Fahrenheit, invariably kills the larvae of certain injurious insects, although they are not injured by a continuous exposure to the lower temperature.

A steady cold winter is followed by a abundance of insect pests, but that, according to the weight of railroad cars, one and one-half tons per car, can be effected by substituting aluminum for brass wherever possible.

WON A WIFE WITH AN EGG. Oklahoma Farmer Made Happy by a Random Love Message.

Ross Williams of End, O. T. wrote a love message on an egg ready for shipment several weeks ago, and as a result he won himself a bride.

On a farm in the Cherokee strip I sat a sad and lonely bachelor, thinking sadly over my fate and would love to come off the nest and join my life with that of some young lady of the same ilk.

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NATURE AND SCIENCE

I did not speak falsely—Madeline's mother had not an old friend of mine. Then I told him that my wish was to bring Madeline home and make a companion of her; he allowed me to do just as I pleased...

"I bought my husband the yacht on purpose that he might go away and leave me to work out my plans. I knew that he could not do so, but I wanted to see if I knew also that if he remained in England he would want to know all about Madeline before he allowed you to marry her."

"So I have taken my revenge. I, Philippa, Duchess of Hazelwood, on this wedding day, reveal to you the first stain on the white ruffles of their gowns, the blot on one of the noblest escutcheons in the land. You have married not only a low-born girl, but the daughter of a felon—a felon's daughter is mistress of proud Beechwood."

He read the letter with a burning flush on his face, which afterward grew white as the pallor of death; a red mist fell all the while over his eyes, and his fingers in his ears, his heart beat loud and fast. Could it be true—oh, merciful heaven, could it be true?

Looking up, he saw her—she was at the other end of the gallery; he saw the tall, slender figure and the sweeping dress, which, with its white ruffles, its graceful contour, the golden hair, the radiant face—and he groaned aloud; he saw her looking up at the pictures as she passed the pictures, and he saw the young man whom he worshipped, must go from him, and he must see her no more.

He looked at the sweet, pleading face. How could he dash the light and brightness from the eyes of the woman who had loved him so dearly? He had to tell. Then, in a low, hoarse voice, he said: "You must know all, and I cannot say the whole truth. Madeline, and she, they will understand."

Madeline's eyes were fixed on the speaker. "What is that?" she asked. "That is the name of the woman who has just been married to you," he said. "That is the name of the woman who has just been married to you," he said.

She spoke truly. Giant beech trees spread out their huge boughs on all sides. They were trees of which any young wife had been proud, because of their beauty and magnificence. Presently from between the trees she saw the mansion itself, lordly and stately, with its towers and battlements.

"Oh, Madeline," he said, "how long have you been away from me? It seems like a hundred hours, yet I do not suppose it has been one. And how fair you look, my love! That cloudy white robe suits your golden hair and your sweet face, which has the same soft, sweet, expression as when I saw you first; and those pretty shoulders of yours gleam like polished marble against the lace. No dress could be more courtly and prettier."



CHAPTER XVII

The eventual day came—Lord Arleigh and Madeline were married at an early hour in the morning. It was a beautiful day, and the ceremony was performed with all the pomp and circumstance of a royal wedding.

It was a pleasant spectacle to see the dark, handsome face of her lover as he greeted her, the love that shone in his eyes, the pride of his manner, as though he were the proudest of men in the world, and defied it to produce one so graceful or so fair. Lady Peters' face softened and her heart beat as she walked up to the altar with him. This was true love.

It was the custom of the Arleighs to spend their honeymoon at home; they had never fallen into the habit of making their honeymoon elsewhere. The proper place, they considered, for a man to take his young wife to was home; the first Lord Arleigh had done so, and each lord had followed his example. Norman, Lord Arleigh, had not dreamed of making any change.

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CHAPTER XVIII

Lord Arleigh stared at the packet which his wife had given him, and again and again read the words that were inscribed on it. It was a magnificent jewel, the Duchess of Hazelwood, to Lord Arleigh. To be read alone on his wedding day.

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