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A WOMAN'S ERROR

By Marion V. Hollis.

CHAPTER I.

"Look at me," said a clear, sweet voice, with something both of laughter and tears in it; "look at me, Vivian. How can I ever be a great lady? Nature never intended me for one."

"Nature has made you a queen by right of divine grace and beauty," was the earnest reply, "and Nature, Violante, is a lady who never makes mistakes."

"But," cried the rich voice again, "a lady, Vivian, to have a title to my name, to live at a grand castle, to have servants and carriages, jewels, and all kinds of grandeur! Why, Vivian, I should not even know myself."

"But I should know you, and that is more to the purpose," he replied.

"Better any pain now," she said, "than that hereafter you should repent; and, Vivian, we are so far apart, our lives have been so different. You would repent, I am sure."

"We are not far apart," he replied, hastily. "If you mean by that that I have thousands a year and your father one hundred, I maintain that you are quite wrong. Your father is a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of honor. What am I more—even if I have so much?"

She made the most charming little courtesy, full of mock deference and winning grace.

"You, monsignor," she interrupted, "are Lord Vivian Selwyn, of Selwyn Castle, Knight of the Order of the Garter, Baron of Hulstone in Yorkshire, and of Craighley in Scotland. You see, I know your name and titles by heart."

He smiled amusedly.

"Never mind my titles," he said. "You are the daughter of a gentleman; you are a lady by instinct, by nature, by training, by education, in manner, in thought, word and deed. What can I desire more?"

There was still some hesitation in her lovely face.

"Violante," he whispered, "do you see how the flowers bloom, and how their leaves send out fragrant messages to their ardent lover—the sun? Do you hear how the birds sing? Do you hear the wind whispering among the trees? Shall flowers and birds and trees be more happy than I?"

For the first time she turned and looked at him, her beautiful eyes met his, and rested in them. In that quiet, serene glance, the destiny of their lives was settled.

The world is full of beautiful pictures. Some hang on the walls of grand old galleries; some on the walls of palaces whose very names are redolent of fine art; some brighten humbler homes; some are placed in old cathedral aisles—over the altars of churches; some have never been framed or painted, save by the hand of the Great Creator—pictures whose beauty makes earth so fair; pictures of white, fleecy clouds sailing over a blue sky; of golden sunshine falling in soft rays; of pale, pure stars, making more solemn the solemn night-tide; such pictures as touch men's hearts with a sense of the sublime, bringing deep, holy rapture into the soul, and tears of earnest gratitude to eyes long dry.

And surely the fairest, the sweetest, the purest picture of all was this one upon which the sun shone like a smile from heaven. The picture of a long green lane where the grass grew soft and thick, where the banks presented one mass of bloom, and the hedges were white with hawthorn—a green, shady, fragrant lane, such as one only sees in Old England. There was the quaint, picturesque town of Woodeaves lying in the Leicestershire hills, half buried in green foliage, surrounded by thick woods, by rich green clover meadows, by golden cornfields, by fertile pasture lands, flowery gardens and fruit-laden orchards, stretching out to the purple hills as to an unknown land.

There was a grand old church whose spire pointed like a slender hand to heaven. It was covered with ivy, and inclosed by tall oak trees, under whose shade the dead slept so quietly and so well. The houses were pretty and stood embowered in trees.

That was the picture one saw from between the trees; and then, turning to the stile at the end of the lane, there was another picture even fairer still.

Behind a cluster of golden laburnums and purple lilacs, there stood a picturesque, gray old house, brightened by scarlet creepers, by purple wisteria, and climbing woodbines; a house with large, bright windows, framed in trailing flowers and roses of white and red, with quaint old gable ends and deep, overhanging eaves, where birds built their nests and sparrows chirped.

A house that stood in a most bewildering garden—not square and trim and laid out as the Dutch like to see—but full of nooks and corners; full of trees, whose roots were hidden in great masses of mignonette and clove carnations; full of old-fashioned flowers such as poets loved long years ago—sweet peas and sweet-williams, southernwood and pansies, lilies and roses. Every path had a charm of its own, leading either to fragrant rose bushes or beds of white lilies or plots of rose-red strawberries or raspberries running wild. At the end of the garden stood the prety rustic old stile; golden laburnums drooped over it, and tall lilacs stood proudly near; and here the sunbeams fell as though they loved to linger, for they brightened the fair head of one of the fairest girls who ever looked up to the summer skies.

She, Violante Temple, stood by the stile, with the laburnums drooping over her. Her lover had pushed aside the boughs, and they made a frame for her lovely, piquant face. He was bending over her, watching the play of her beautiful lips, drinking in the ever-changing beauty of her eyes.

She was a fair picture. No artist ever painted, no poet ever sung of a fairer. She could not have been more than seventeen. Her girlish, slender figure was full of grace, every movement full of harmony. It was of exquisite proportions, with sloping shoulders, and a carriage full of easy dignity. She embodied the very poetry of motion, so full of unstudied elegance.

No wonder the sunbeams lingered on that face; it was peerless. It was not of the patrician type, it was not high bred, but it was the face of a beautiful, single, loving girl; it was full of thought and tenderness; yet one could see that she was all untrained; it was full of poetry, with delicious little dimples playing round the sweet lips—dimples that, when she smiled, deepened into beauty that completely dazzled one.

It was an uncommon type of face; the complexion of wonderful fairness—white, like a lily-leaf with the sun shining upon it, then tinged with a delicate rose color that seemed to come and go, to rise and fade, with every thought.

The features were clearly cut, the lips ripe and fresh, the eyes large and dark, the brows straight, the forehead low and broad, crowned with a diadem of golden hair; and it was this strangely beautiful mixture of dark eyes and fair hair that made the rare charm of Violante Temple's face.

CHAPTER II.

The lover who pleaded so earnestly with her was some years older than Violante. As Lord Vivian Selwyn stands there, one's eyes rest on him in admiration. He presents a marked contrast to the young girl by his side; she is fair and graceful, he dark and stately; she is winsome and sweet, he has all the dignity of a grand old race; her face is gentle and flower-like, his descended from crusaders and cavaliers, brave and noble; she is delicate and fragile, he strong, with a martial air that agrees well with his broad shoulders, his open chest and magnificently developed limbs.

He had wooed her with such loving, tender words, she had no power to resist. "Last night" it was true he had taken her by surprise, and she had confessed she loved him, but for long hours afterward she had been busy thinking; prudence and common sense told her the difference between them in rank, position and station in life was too great, and that she had better fly in time from the dazzling dream. All day the lovely young face had worn a grave, serious expression, and the dark eyes had been shadowed with care. How could she, Violante Temple, the daughter of a country lawyer, whose only boast was a good and honored life—how could she take the place of Lady Selwyn, of Selwyn Castle?

So she had spent the day in shaping great resolves. She would see him once more, and tell him it could never be—that he had better go and leave her; for it could not end happily, her own instinct told her so. All day the sweet, flower-like face had been shadowed with these thoughts, and in the light, sunshiny afternoon she had gone to her favorite nook, the stile in the lane, to sit there and shape her thoughts into words, when a hand, whose clasp she knew well, touched hers, and the voice she loved best said:

"Violante, I have been looking everywhere for you. I have come to ask you if you meant what you said last night, and if you are willing to be my wife?"

And before she knew what to reply he had raised her from the moss-covered stone on which she sat, and they were standing under the delicate, drooping, golden laburnums.

"I meant what I said," she replied, shyly; "but I can never be your wife."

Then in good order as she remembered them she made use of all those sensible arguments which made him so impatient.

"I am twenty-five years old," he said, smilingly. "I am my own master; I am rich and prosperous, and I love only one woman in the world. Yet you tell me I cannot have her for my wife. If she is to be won by prayers and by love, she shall be mine, Violante; for life will be all blank to me without her."

One by one he vanquished all her arguments, and at last, with her hands clasped in his, she had promised to be his wife—to love him, to be true to him, to care for him, and him alone, until she died.

"What will my father say?" cried the girl suddenly. "He has not the faintest idea, Vivian, that you have spent these summer weeks in falling in love with me."

"He will be very pleased, and will say have spent my time well," was the smiling reply.

"He will never believe I am old enough to be married," she cried, with a low, delicious laugh, sweet as the chime of bells.

When Mr. Temple returned that evening to Oakside he was surprised at the merry voices and happy faces awaiting him.

His daughter—his little Violante—to be married! His little girl, who had made his tea, mended his socks and attended to his comforts, to become Lady Selwyn of Selwyn Castle, one of the grandest ladies in the land!

"You have no objection?" said Lord Vivian to Mr. Temple; "you are willing to give Violante to me?"

"I am simply bewildered," was the truthful reply. "I do not know whether to be angry and refuse you—to tell you such nonsense must be forgotten—or whether I ought to give you both my blessing. I am bewildered, as I have never been in life before."

"Take some time to consider, sir," replied the young lover; "I shall be at Woodeaves ten days longer."

That night, while his daughter's golden head lay at rest, and her fair face smiled peacefully, Horace Temple sat up to think, and consider what it would be best to do.

He himself had married young; he did not remember whether he had been very passionately in love with his own wife or not, but he had made his wife very happy, he had provided for all her wants; she had lived a commonplace, happy life in the pretty home at Oakside. Two children were born to them there; Bertie, the son, and four years afterward, Violante, a lovely, dark-eyed, fair-haired daughter.

Then, quietly and gently as she had lived, Mrs. Temple faded away and died, not of any acute or painful disease, but of slow, lingering decline. She faded out of life as the colors die out of the western sky; dying so gently that those who watched her did not know when sleep ended and death came.

Her death certainly roused Horace Temple; it roused him into greater tenderness for his children. Before that he had been contented to see them morning and night, then leave them to their mother's care, now he tried his best to be father and mother both.

Violante was easily managed; she had lessons at home, superintended by him, and the result was the strangest education a young lady ever received. She learned Latin; she was well versed in the English classics; the history, the literature of her own country, were all familiar to her; she could draw with exquisite skill; she sang nothing but old English ballads, but those she sang with the purest, sweetest voice, with a wondrous power of expression that completely charmed all who heard her.

The boy Bertie fared better than his sister; his vocation, even in early life, was settled. He would be nothing but a soldier. In vain Horace Temple painted the delights of the law, the church, the civil professions; he would have none of them.

To his same regiment belonged Captain Vivian Selwyn, the nephew and heir of Lord Huldibrand Selwyn of Selwyn Castle, a brave, noble, generous young officer, perhaps better liked than any in the service; a man beloved by all, by comrades and men; a man whose heart and hand were ever open to help, to relieve, and to assist.

The fair-haired young ensign looked up to Captain Selwyn with something like adoration; he thought him the grandest man, and the greatest hero the world ever saw. He was happy for days if the captain spent ten minutes in talking to him.

The time came when the "Queen's Own" were ordered off to India, and Horace Temple bade his only son farewell. The quiet, reserved, solitary man never knew until that moment how dear his children were to him—he had not realized it.

There was a rebellion among the native troops, and the "Queen's Own" were ordered off to quell it. It so happened that the commanding officer, Major Threlton, wanted to send some important papers to Madras. They were papers that had been taken from an Indian chief made captive, and related to a conspiracy spread far and wide among the native troops.

It was the youngest of them all who offered to go—Ensign Temple. They called him Bertie and Beauty among themselves, because of his fair, boyish face and golden curls. But there was not one among them whose heart did not beat faster when the young hero stood up and asked if the dangerous duty might be his.

They gave him the papers, and he went out; four soldiers went with him. They rode out of camp one morning while the haze of heat covered the sky like a thick, coppery mist, and never a one returned. They were half way to their journey's end when they met the detachment of natives sent out by the rebels to waylay them and regain the papers. Ensign Temple, with a deep saber cut on his brow, with innumerable wounds on his chest, his neck and arms, managed to escape. He rode into the camp, and lived long enough to redeem his promise to place in the hands of Gen. Vinay the dispatches intrusted to him, none the less precious that they were bathed in his blood.

It was night when he arrived, and the general was surrounded by his staff. They were grim old warriors, most of them, but to this day they tell with trembling lips of the bright-haired boy who rode so suddenly into the camp, streaming with blood, with death in his brave young face. They tell how he placed the papers in the general's hand, and fell at his feet, saying with the smile of a child:

"You will tell them at home that I did my duty."

There was a stir among them. Dark, bronzed faces grew pale and quivered as they raised the boy and carried him away to die.

But there was one happiness in store for him. News reached Major Threlton that the young ensign and his little troop had been waylaid. Captain Selwyn, with a small body of men, was sent after him at once, and the captain was just in time to see the young hero die.

They had laid him under the shade of a large palm tree. The evening sun had set, and as though in mercy to him, a cool, calm breeze had risen.

"Ah, captain!" said the boy; "I longed to see your face and touch your hand once more. You have always been my hero, and I have loved you so well. You will go back to England some day; promise me that you will go and see my father, that you will say with my last breath I sent him my love; tell my sister Violante I thought of her as I lay dying, with infinite love, and tell them for me that I died a soldier's death, doing my duty as soldiers do. I told my father I might live to be a general, but my laurels are few, and I have gathered them young. Captain Selwyn, I am not afraid of death, but will you let me hold your hand while I die?"

And Captain Vivian Selwyn—used as he was to sickness, to wounds, and death—felt his face grow white and his lips quiver, as he stood by and watched the young soldier die. Tears filled his eyes as he noted the deep crimson wound on the fair young brow.

"Heaven bless him," he said with reverent lips. "England may well be proud of her soldier sons, when they live and die like him."

With his own hands he cut off two of the golden curls, resolving to keep them until he returned home, and then to take one to his sister, and one to the father of the young hero whom they were never more to see.

Captain Vivian Selwyn redeemed his promise. That was how he came to meet Violante. He lingered on at Woodeaves, trying all in his power to win the love of that pure young heart; he succeeded at last; the time came when he could keep his secret no longer, and one evening, when Mr. Temple had been obliged to return to his office for papers, and the two were alone, he surprised her into confessing that she, too, loved him.

"Against my better judgment," she said with a saucy, bewitching smile, "but I cannot help it."

After two days of deep thought and consideration, Horace Temple, bewildered as ever, gave his consent; and the marriage of Lord Vivian Selwyn and Violante was arranged to take place in September.

(To be continued.)

The tallest man is Missouri is A. G. Waite, of Waverly. He is 6 feet 8 inches out of his boots. He is one of a family of ten, the tallest of whom was 7 feet 8 inches. His smallest sister is 6 feet 8 inches tall. The Waites are relatives of the late Chief Justice Waite.

—The carbon obtained by burning sawdust is claimed to be purer than coke, and consequently is available for the manufacture of calcium carbide.

—Tomatoes have been grafted upon potatoes by a French experimenter, whose hybrid plant produceds tubers underground and tomatoes above.

—Some scientists assert that the purest air in cities is found about twenty-five feet above the street surface.

—Chinese coinage in the shape of a knife has been traced back as far as 2240 B. C.

—A curious butterfly exists in India. The male has the left wing yellow and the right one red; the female has these colors reversed.

—Gold is now extracted by mixing the ore with common salt and sulphuric acid, then adding a solution of permanganate of potash.

—The Aeolian harp was the invention, it is believed, of Athanasius Kircher, who lived in the sevententh century, and it is so called from Aeolus, the god or ruler of the winds.

Our lives, by acts exemplary, not only win ourselves good names, but do to others give matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA.

Criminals Often Brought to Justice by Accidental Photography.

By both accident and intention, on numerous occasions, the art of the photographer has proved of immense utility in compassing the conviction of criminals.

An amateur photographer in Chicago city cunningly concealed an automatic camera in the tapestried wall of his drawing-room, for the purpose of securing some reliable evidence as to the behavior of certain members of his household during his absence from home. One moonlight night a burglar broke into the house by way of the apartment mentioned. In so doing he disturbed the spring which set the hidden machinery in motion, and left an excellent photo of himself upon the faithful camera, which, when produced in court, secured his speedy conviction.

In another instance, a man who murdered his mother was arrested by the operation of the omniscient camera. The dreadful deed was committed in a forest, where a student of photography was at work. A particularly pretty glen was so admired by the artist that he took three copies of the scene. One of these, when duly developed and enlarged, portrayed the details of the terrible tragedy, and by its aid the culprit was brought to justice.

During the jubilee celebration a well-known photographer in London took a number of street scenes of historic interest. In one of these pictures, where a vast concourse of people were assembled near St. Paul's Cathedral, the camera revealed a pickpocket in the very act of plying his peculiar profession. An old detective, who afterwards inspected the photograph, said that he knew the man well. He was badly "wanted" for frauds committed on the continent, but the officers were not aware that he was in London. A week later he was arrested.

A snap-shot at a summer crowd on the sands at Margate came out so clearly that the knight of the camera showed it with satisfaction to a number of his friends. Among these was a Scotland Yard officer, who discovered among the mass of faces the familiar features of a man whom he had been hunting for months. Taking the next train to Margate he haunted the beaches until he sighted the fugitive and effected his arrest.

A Portsmouth photographer paid a professional visit to a large garden party at Southsea where he took a group of fashionable visitors with salient success. During the process of development he observed that in the holly hedge behind the group a rather repulsive human face appeared. A fortnight later a lady purchaser of one of these photographs made the same singular discovery, and averred that the face resembled that of a man who had made a futile attempt to rob their house a few weeks prior to the party. The matter being mentioned to the police the district was scoured, and the man—who was an old criminal—was arrested and imprisoned.

An Irish housebreaker in Belfast, evidently ignorant concerning the character of the camera, found his way one night into a photographer's studio, on burglarious thoughts intent, when a large photographic apparatus attracted his attention. More by accident than design the camera had been left ready for use, and the artless manipulation of the machinery, by the curious thief, actually produced a picture of himself, which was afterward employed to bring about his conviction.—Tit-Bits.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

In India the average duration of life of the natives is twenty-four years as against forty-four in Britain.

Submarine volcanoes are constantly being discovered, and are at times, owing to their sudden appearance, a great danger to navigation.

The sewage of the city of Paris is now being used to irrigate an immense farm of nearly four square miles' area. It has proved such a benefit to the land that farmers in the vicinity, who opposed it, are now anxious to arrange to receive sewage on their own farms.

It has been shown that, acre for acre, water is capable of supplying a much greater quantity of nitrogenous food for man than land can supply. The cultivation of water areas is called aquiculture, and its products, in contradistinction to those of agriculture, are fish, crabs, oysters, clams and other edible marine animals. The art and science of "marine farming" are attracting especial attention in Rhode Island.

When the brain is at work marshaling ideas, producing mental pictures, and calling into action stored-up memories and impressions, the cells of its mysteriously potent "gray matter" undergo a change of form. Cavities are formed in them, which, as the brain becomes wearied by long-continued action, fill with a watery fluid. Part of the substance of the cells appears to have been consumed in the process of thinking, but in the hours of sleep the exhausted cells regain their original form, the supply of recuperative material coming from the blood, and on awakening, the mind finds its instrument restored and prepared again for action.

R. I. Pocock, the English naturalist, tells an interesting story of the spiders which dwell in the flower of the pitcher plant of India and Australia. This flower is an insect trap. Around its upper edge it is brilliantly colored and sweet with honey. Lower down the walls are waxy, and so smooth that no insect can gain a hold upon them. The bottom of the pitcher is filled with a liquid, containing several acids, which possesses the power of digesting organic matter. The luckless insects which fall into this liquid are gradually absorbed by the plant. But while most insects carefully avoid this death-trap, a particular species of spider chooses it as a dwelling place. By spinning a little web like a carpet over a part of the waxy interior of the pitcher, it is enabled to stay there in safety. These spiders have apparently chosen their singular home just because of its dangers. In such a place they are protected against their enemies. If alarmed, the spider drops into the liquid at the bottom of the plant and remains there until its enemy has disappeared, escaping afterward, probably by means of a silken cable which it had spun as it fell. A short submergence in the digestive fluid is not injurious to the spider.

Disraeli's Ambition.

The late Lord Beaconsfield had a two-sided nature. When plain Mr. Disraeli and a young man, he was noted for "love of tinsel, glitter and flamboyance," and for "delighting in fine clothes and fine dishes." He was also noted for his mental cleverness and for a certain audacious frankness as to aims and hopes in life, which were high.

The Hon. Grant Duff mentions in his "Diary" that at Lord Melbourne's Mrs. Norton introduced Disraeli to the prime minister.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Disraeli," said Lord Melbourne. "I hear you're a very clever young man. What's your ambition?"

"To be prime minister of England, my lord," the frank young man answered.

The sage, good-humored statesman, who had weighed most things of public life and did not think "their metal worth the clink it made," must have been amused at the ingenuousness of the gaudily dressed youth; but in less than thirty years from that interview Disraeli had realized his ambition.

Some time after Disraeli became prime minister, writes Grant Duff, his old traveling companion, Clay, the great whist player, met him somewhere about the House of Commons and said to him:

"Well, Disraeli, when you and I traveled together years ago, who would ever have thought that you would be prime minister?"

"Who, indeed?" said Disraeli. "But, as they used to say when we were in the East, 'God is great,' and now He is greater than ever."

Doubtless the remark clashes against our reverence, but Disraeli probably did not mean to utter an irreverent epigram. He believed in God, "one God, and that God a mighty God," and in "the chosen race—the only race to which God has ever spoken"—we quote his own words. He was the only man of the "chosen people" who had ever become premier of Great Britain.

Baby Potentates.

Spain is always the land of the Infante. To-day it is the kingdom of an infant, just as it was sixty-five years ago, when the king's grandmother, Isabella II., ascended the throne at the age of 3, assuming the actual government when she was 13. If our own Prince Alfred had not declined the crown of Greece in favor of the Dane he would have been a king at 19, and carried on the traditions of the many child-monarchs of Great Britain, including his mother, the Queen, who was only 18 when she was wakened on that historic night in June at Kensington Palace to hear that her uncle, William IV., was dead, and that she reigned in his stead. Henry III. had become King of England at the age of 10; Edward III. at the age of 15, Richard II. at the age of 11; Henry VI. at the age of 8; Edward IV. when he was 20, while his son, Edward V., became king at the age of 13, which again proved an unlucky number, for he was murdered in the Tower with his only brother, the Duke of York, after he had reigned less than twelve weeks. Henry VIII. was only 18 when he came to be king; his son, Edward VI., was just 10, and was dead before he was 15, while his would-be successor, the hapless Lady Jane Grey, was proclaimed queen before she was 18, and lost her pretty head before she was 19.—English Illustrated.

The Duke's Fourpence.

A clever Englishwoman has recently written, "There ain't nothin' scanty about a dook. Set him where you will, he makes the page look full." This is a duke of fiction; a duke of fact may be a different person.

A nobleman of this high rank, known in London as remarkably close in money matters, recently hailed a cab to take him to Waterloo Station. When there he alighted and handed up a shilling. The cabman, who naturally expected his tip, began to grumble.

"That's the regular fare," said the duke, promptly. "And why did you take the longest route? Why didn't you drive through Hyde Park?"

"Cause Hyde Park's closed," said the cabman, who surmised with whom he was dealing.

"Hyde Park closed? Why is that?" asked the duke in surprise.

"Cause the Duke of —— dropped a fo'pence there this mornin', and the gates are closed till he finds it," replied the cabman, quite innocently.

Chinese Interpreters to Order.

Germany is sending as interpreters to its Chinese possessions at Kiao-Chou graduates from the Berlin Seminary for Oriental Languages, who have had three years' training in the Chinese taught at Berlin.

Rhododendrons Thirty Feet High.

In India the rhododendron grows to a height of thirty feet. Marigolds in North Africa reach a height of four or five feet.

Army Hat in England.

I hear that a movement is on foot in the Indian army for the introduction of various alterations in the soldiers' uniforms. The present helmet, though it may be an improvement on its predecessors, is universally regarded as exceedingly uncomfortable. The form of headgear advocated is that which the Australian troopers familiarized us at the last jubilee, namely, a broad-brimmed hat, looped up at the side for smartness.—Manchester Courier.

100,000 Dispatches a Year.

The British Foreign Office receives about 100,000 dispatches a year. That is, for every working day of the year over 300 dispatches come under the notice of the department presided over by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

SHEAF OF NONSENSE

"How would you define ennui?" "It's when you're tired of doing nothing, and too lazy to do something."—Puck.

He was a stayer: He—I'm going to kiss you when I go. She—Do it now while I'm still young.—Town Topics.

Slumleigh—I don't see why you care so little for me. Miss Gyer—Have you ever taken a good look at yourself?—Town Topics.

She—Do you understand those French jokes? He—I'm afraid I do. She—Then I wish you'd translate them.—Pick-Me-Up.

Gosling—"What do you think of this new tie of mine?" Wiggins—"My boy, it's not a tie. It's a colored supplement."—Truth.

"George describes the girl he is engaged to as a perfect vision." "Yes. And his sister says she is a sight."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Has Mr. De Broken proposed to you yet, Beatrice?" "No; but he has a lawyer looking into papa's financial affairs."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Slimmer—Going to the ball tonight? Miss Antique—No, I don't dance the new dances. "Why not?" "Not asked."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a woman is saving up to buy a new hat she can never see any use in her husband's spending money to belong to a club.—New York Press.

"Boarding-houses have taught me one thing." "What is that?" "It couldn't have been a dried apple with which Eve tempted Adam."—Chicago Record.

Cannibal king—You haven't succeeded in fattening the captive? The chief cook—He's losing flesh all the time. I think he's worrying about something.—Puck.

George—I just saw you coming from the conservatory with Miss Goldie. Rather handsome girl, but too reserved for me. Thomas—Yes, I just reserved her for life.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Ever notice what an even temper Johnson has? No matter how much he is disagreed with, he never gets angry." "No; but what a deep pity he has for the other fellow."—Indianapolis Journal.

Dyspepsia Specialist (irritably)—"But, madam, you must chew your food. What were your teeth given you for?" Female Patient (calmly)—"They weren't given to me—I bought 'em."—Odds and Ends.

"Theatres ought to be seated with the women all on one side and the men on the other." "Why?" "So that when men go out between the acts they can tramp on each other's toes."—Detroit Free Press.

A fashion paper announces that gowns this summer will come higher than they did last year, owing to a boom in the silk market. We trust they will—at the shoulders.—Commercial Advertiser.

"The bicycle is all right, I suppose," remarked Mr. Walker, "but it should not be carried to excess." "I don't think it should be carried at all," replied Mr. Sprocket. "It should carry you."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Philanthropist—"Yours is the first hand organ I have seen for some weeks. Got too cold for them, I suppose." Organist—"Eet ees so, signor. Zee peoples keepa windows shut and notta pay us to mova on."—New York Weekly.

Mr. Norris—"I won't hear a word of it! It is too preposterous!" Mrs. Norris—"Don't be severe with Frank; you know he has fallen in love." "Well, can't he fall out again?" "No, I'm afraid not without getting married."—Answers.

"I have seen some pretty hard knocks in my time," began the anvil, in ringing tones, when the bellows interrupted him with, "But think of the trouble I have. There isn't a day that I'm not hard pressed to raise the wind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Esplanade—"I miss one topic from the program of the Mothers' Congress which I fully expected to see discussed." Mr. Monterey—"What is that?" Mr. Esplanade—"How to Manage a Husband," by Miss Soanso."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Chumley—"I hear one of your freshmen was pretty badly injured the other day. How was it?" Hankins—"Why, it was in the elocution and oratory class. He has such a heavy voice that he strained his back in trying to raise it."—University of Michigan Wrinkle.

Advance Agent—"You Western people don't seem to be quite up to opera. Everywhere we go the audiences weep in the wrong place." Local Manager—"You won't have any trouble here. My ushers are instructed to eject anybody who does not weep in the cuspidor."—Detroit Journal.

Mabel (studying her lesson)—"Papa, what is the definition of volubility?" Mabel's Father—"My child, volubility is a distinguishing feature of your mother when, on acount of urgent affairs, I don't happen to reach home until after 2 o'clock in the morning."—Baltimore News.

Mother—"Mary, that young Spinners has been paying a great deal of attention to you of late. Do you think he means business?" Mary (with a faraway look)—"I'm afraid he does, mother. He is the agent for a bicycle firm, and he has done nothing but try to sell me a bicycle ever since he has been coming here."—Spare Moments.

—In Russia servants kiss their mistress's hands both at morning and evening greetings.

—An iron-mill company in Ohio has succeeded in making a fine quality of cement from furnace slag.

—Instead of sunlight for photographic printing, the apparatus of Schwartz, a German operator, uses several electric arcs, behind each of which are three plain reflectors covered with white enamel.

—Stockings were first used in the eleventh century. Before that cloth bandages were used on the feet.

SERMONS OF THE DAY

Subject: "The Wrestlers"—The Time is Coming When the Last Mighty Evil of the World Will Be Grappled by Righteousness and Thrown.

TEXT: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."—Ephesians vi., 12.

Squeamishness and fastidiousness were never charged against Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theatre, the arena, the foot-race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves; or Pythian game, with its wreath of laurel and palm; or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley; or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right to put it in sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Plutarch says that wrestling is the most artistic and cunning of athletic games. We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort in sport to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days, if we were healthful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil, and then sprinkled with sand. The third throw decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw, in the third throw was on top, and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast of fallen martyr.

In wrestling, the opponents would bow in apparent humility, advance face to face, put down both feet solidly, take each other by the arms, and push each other backward and forward until the work began in real earnest, and there were contortions and strangulations and violent strokes of the foot of one contestant against the foot of the other, tripping him up, or with struggle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess Paul had seen some such contest, and it reminded him of the struggle of the soul with temptation, and the struggle of truth with error, and the struggle of twenty forces against apollyonic powers, and he dictates my text to an amanuensis, for all his letters, save the one to Philemon, seem to have been dictated, and as the amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestial belligerents: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

I notice that as these wrestlers advanced to throw each other they bowed one to the other. This was a civility, not only in Grecian and Roman games, but in later days, in all the wrestling bouts at Clerkenwell, England, and in the famous wrestling match during the reign of Henry III., in St. Giles' Field, between men of Westminister and people of London. However rough a twist and hard a pull each wrestler contemplated giving his opponent, they approached each other with politeness and suavity. The genuflexions, the affability, the courtesy in no wise hindered the decisiveness of the contest. Well, Paul, I see what you mean. In this awful struggle between right and wrong, we must not forget to be gentlemen and ladies. Affability never hinders, but always helps. You are powerless as soon as you get mad. Do not call rum-sellers murderers. Do not call infidels fools. Do not call higher critics reprobates. Do not call all card-players and theatre-goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgates and contempt and adjectives dynamitic. The other side can beat us at that. Their dictionaries have more objurgation and brimstone.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat on its back every abomination that curses the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with suavity. Hercules, a son of Jupiter and Alcmene, will by a precursor of smiles be helped rather than damaged for the performance of his "twelve labors." Let us be as wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in court-rooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks, before they come into legal struggle such as that which left Rufus Choate or David Paul Brown triumphant or defeated. People who get into a rage in reformatory work accomplish nothing but the depletion of their own nervous system. There is such a thing as having a gun so hot at the touch-hole that it explodes, killing the one that sets it off. There are some reformatory meetings to which I always decline to go and take part, because they are apt to become demon-trations of bad temper. I never like to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match, behaved on a memorable occasion as we ought to behave. The translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worship." Instead of charging them with ignorance, the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious; but as they confessed that there were some things they did not understand about God, he proposed to say some things concerning Him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here exercises suavities before he proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Acropolis the whole Parthenon of idolatries, Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles will do more execution than blunderbusses. Let our wrestlers bow as they go into the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all heaven on top.

Remember also that these wrestlers went through severe and continuous course of preparation for their work. They were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscle. As Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The wrestlers were put under complete discipline—bathing, gymnastics, struggle in sport with each other to develop strength and give quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; stooping to lift each other off the ground; suddenly rushing forward; suddenly pulling backward; putting the left foot behind the other's right foot, and getting his opponent off his balance; hard training for days and weeks and months, so that when they met it was giant clutching giant. And, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the world, we had better get ready by Christian discipline, by holy self-denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine supervisal and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in preparation for the ministry, spending two years in grammar school, and four years in college, and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off of a man's active life, but if you realized the height and strength of the archangels of evil in our time with which that young man is going to wrestle, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote me the other day a letter asking advice, as he felt called to preach the Gospel, began the word "God" with a small "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the Gospel. Illiterate men, preaching the Gospel, quote for their own encouragement the scriptural passage, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Yes! He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Doctor Newman and Doctor Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Utah, gained the victory because they had so long been skilful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Brigham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready in Christian Endeavor meetings. Get ready by giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

Your going around with a Bagster's Bible with flaps at the edges, under your arm, does not qualify you for the work of an evangelist. In this day of profuse gab, remember that it is not merely capacity to talk, but the fact that you have something to say, that is going to fit you for the struggle into which you are to go with a smile on your face and illumination on your brow, but out of which you will not come until all your physical and mental and moral and religious energies have been taxed to the utmost and you have not a nerve left, or a thought unexpended, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle between Right and Wrong accept no challenge on platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapply the story of Goliath the Great, and David the Little. David had been practising with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and a thousand times had he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the giant and tumbled him backward, otherwise the big foot of Goliath would almost have covered up the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

Notice also that the success of a wrestler depended on his having his feet well planted before he grappled his opponent. Much depends upon the way the wrestler stands. Standing on an uncertain piece of ground, or bearing all his weight on right foot or all his weight on left foot, he is not ready. A slight cuff of his antagonist will capsize him. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the Gospel—both feet on the Rock of Ages. It will not do to believe the Bible in spots, to think some of it true and some of it untrue. You just make up your mind that the story of the Garden of Eden is an allegory, and the Epistle of James an interpolation, and that the miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural, and the first time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and Satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand. The old Book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But of the millions of Bibles that have been printed within the last twenty-five years, not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the rejection of the whole edition. Alas! for those who while trying to prove that Jonah was never swallowed by a whale, themselves get swallowed of the whale of unbelief, which digests but never ejects its victims. The inspiration of the Bible is not more certain than the preservation of the Bible in its present condition. After so many centuries of assault on the Book, would it not be a matter of economy, to say the least—economy of brain and economy of stationery, and economy of printers' ink—if the batteries now assailing the Book would change their aim and be trained against some other books, and the world shown that Walter Scott did not write "The Lady of the Lake," nor Homer "The Iliad," nor Virgil "The Georgics," nor Thomas Moore "Lalla Rookh," or that Washington's "Farewell Address" was written by Thomas Paine, and that the War of the American Revolution never occurred. That attempt would be quite as successful as this long-timed attack on anti-Bi