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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 VI.

Mrs. Selwyn and Beatrice Leigh sat in the grand drawing room of Selwyn Castle, awaiting the bride. Lord Vivian had written to say that he should be at home on the evening of the ninth of November. He requested, too, that there should be no public welcome, "no gathering of the clans"; that only a few of the upper servants should be told of his return, for his wife, he said, was timid, and unused to all demonstration.

"A new kind of Lady Selwyn!" said Beatrice Leigh, with curling lips. "You have had all kinds of heroines—brave women, warlike women, who have held the Castle against a siege; diplomatic women who have played the role of embassadress; women with a mission, who have been the life of the Tories. A timid Lady Selwyn will be a novelty in the family annals."

"We must make the best of it," said Mrs. Selwyn, plaintively. "To tell the truth, Beatrice, I do really begin to feel nervous as the time draws near. I hope she will not be very much amiss. Vivian seems as infatuated as ever."

"Let us hope his infatuation may last," said Beatrice. "It will be sorry days for Vivian when it wears away, and he understands the reality."

Beatrice Leigh had made her resolve; she had whispered no vow of vengeance to herself; she had not ranted like a tragedy queen; she had not, even to her own self, whispered the word "revenge."

None the less skillfully had she made her plans. Nothing kills love like ridicule, and she said to herself that under the guise of friendly liking she would be merciless to Vivian's wife; she would never spare her; she would lay traps to draw out and expose her ignorance, her want of savoir vivre; she had resolved to make Vivian writhe again under the infliction, while all the time she preserved the friendliest face and the kindliest smiles.

"Then we shall see what comes," she said to herself; "he will soon tire of his gauche village love, a girl who had nothing but a pretty face. Then the law is kind, and there will be ways and means of getting rid of her, were she twenty times Lady Selwyn."

So deeply was Miss Leigh engrossed in her thoughts that she did not hear the arrival of the carriage, or anything else, until the door opened, and Mrs. Selwyn uttered a faint cry of astonishment. Then Beatrice Leigh raised her eyes, and they rested on a vision so radiant in youth, and beauty, and grace, that her face grew pale with jealous envy as she gazed.

Lord Vivian entered first, and he led by the hand, as one leads a shrinking, frightened child, a beautiful girl, a girl whose movements were soft and harmonious, whose figure was all grace and symmetry—even the traveling costume of velvet and fur could not conceal it—whose face, in its bright, shy, dimpled beauty, was wondrous to behold.

Lord Vivian led her proudly to his mother.

"Mother," he said, in his grave, chivalrous fashion, "the happiest hour of my life is this, in which I bring to you my wife."

Mrs. Selwyn's face flushed; then a voice, clear and soft as the sweetest music, said:

"My own mother has been in heaven so long, I hardly remember her; will you let me give you the love I should have given her?"

And before she could answer, two tender arms were clasped round her neck, sweet, warm lips touched her face, leaving her at a loss what to say or do.

She had intended to be very stately; to show Lady Selwyn that dignity was before ease, but the loving touch of those sweet lips disarmed her. Nature will speak occasionally; when she does so, no one can be deaf to her voice. So all Mrs. Selwyn's grand resolves ended in her saying, "You are welcome home, my daughter."

Then her voice faltered, and she kissed the sweet face with tears in her eyes.

"Beatrice," said Vivian, "let me introduce you to my wife."

Miss Leigh executed a stately courtesy that would have done honor to Marie Antoinette for its imperial grace. Again it was wasted dignity. Violante went up to her softly and very shyly.

"I am so glad to see you," she said earnestly. "I hope you will like me. Vivian has talked so much of you."

"Violante is a true child of nature," said Lord Selwyn laughingly; "she hopes you will like her, Beatrice, and she is not ashamed to say so."

Do as she would, Miss Leigh could not repress the sarcastic smile that curled her beautiful lips.

"Lady Selwyn does me infinite honor," she said.

Then Vivian laughed again.

"What a society speech, Beatrice," he said; "you will frighten my little wife."

Violante looked from one to the other with some trepidation.

"I—I hope I have not said anything wrong," she stammered, her face blushing crimson. "Truly it seems so natural when one comes to live with fresh people, to ask for liking."

"Natural! Yes," said Miss Leigh; "that is what amused me. This is such an artificial world."

And for the first time Lord Vivian looked at his wife, and wondered whether the natural, simple manner that he had always thought so charming, was, after all, a defect.

"Now," said Mrs. Selwyn, "I am sure you must require both rest and refreshment, Lady Selwyn."

The girl looked up at her with a sudden, half-wistful glance.

"Do not call me Lady Selwyn," she said quickly; "my name is Violante."

"I must try to remember it," said Mrs. Selwyn, coldly. "It is not an English name, I think; I do not remember to have heard it before."

"It is the most musical name in the world," interrupted Vivian. "Now, my darling, you will not have much time for dressing. Mind, Violante," he whispered, "a recherche toilet. You must not let Miss Leigh eclipse you."

"A recherche toilet," thought the young girl. "Ah, then I had better wear satin and diamonds."

She tried to remember what Miss Leigh wore, but she had been too much excited to notice. She retained only a vivid impression that the lady in question looked beautiful and graceful.

She teased her maid, and perplexed herself. It turned out after all that the maid's ideas were better than the mistress'.

"Indeed, my lady," said the waiting woman, "of course your ladyship knows best, but I think white satin and diamonds out of place at a small family dinner; it is not as though there was a party. I lived with Lady Hemyr— and I never was in full dress on such occasions."

Usually Violante, Lady Selwyn, profited by Pauline's hints, but now she said hurriedly:

"Lord Selwyn wishes it. You do not understand."

So the polished shoulders and the beautiful neck were bared. The slender, girlish figure was robed in white satin that might have done for a court dress; a suite of magnificent diamonds completed a toilet admirably suited for a state ball or a grand fete, but quite out of place at a small family dinner."

Violante was in blissful ignorance; she looked at herself in the large mirror, and thought with a smile of girlish pride in her own beauty, that she should surely eclipse Miss Leigh.

She was somewhat startled on entering the drawing room at the difference between herself and the two ladies waiting there. She looked at Miss Leigh's dress. It was of rich, simple black lace, drawn up around the white throat, and relieved by a few "rich red rubies;" the beautiful shoulders gleamed like marble through the lace; it was twice as effective as any low dress could ever be; and it suddenly flashed across Lady Selwyn that in choosing white satin and diamonds she had made a great mistake.

The consciousness that she had made a mistake caused Violante to lose much of the grace that was natural to her.

"Will they notice it?—will even the servants laugh?" she thought to herself.

Mrs. Selwyn looked in calm disapproval of the gorgeous toilet.

"I am afraid you will be disappointed, Lady Selwyn," she said. "You evidently expect visitors, and by Vivian's wish we are quite alone."

The fair young face flushed so deeply that Mrs. Selwyn could not pursue the subject. She did not understand why, but she saw that her daughter-in-law was ill at ease. Nor did Violante feel much more comforted when Vivian entered the room, and opened his eyes in wonder at her dazzling splendor, then glanced quickly at the quiet, graceful figure of Miss Leigh.

There was a smile on the haughty, beautiful lips of that young lady, that made the young wife, she scarce knew why, uncomfortable.

"Dinner is served," said the butler, and then they went to the dining room, Lady Violante detesting the rustling flow of her rich white satin as she swept along.

The dining room was a superb apartment—large, lofty, brilliantly lighted; the huge sideboards were one blaze of gold and silver plate; the table was magnificently set out; servants in livery were all in attendance. The young girl, to whom this was all new and strange, felt her heart sink within her, and longed for the familiar aspect of home.

There was a chair at the head of the table and one at the foot. For a moment, there was some little embarrassment, then Mrs. Selwyn said:

"Lady Violante, will you take your place?"

It was no wonder that, dazzled by the unusual splendor, she shrank back, and said timidly:

"Oh, no; pray not now. Indeed, I would rather not."

Again that quiet smile on Miss Leigh's face, and Vivian looked at his wife with a slight expression of impatience.

"Pray be seated, Violante," he said; "of course my mother would not dream of taking your place."

Already nervous with the conviction of the mistake she had made over her dress; confused, and afraid she had erred still more by her hesitation in accepting her rightful place, the young girl sat down, and the dinner began.

It would have been kinder under the circumstances to have allowed her to have her own way, and to have sat quietly by, until the routine became familiar to her. What should she know, poor child, of French dishes, of rare wines, of entrees? She, who had been accustomed to the little dining parlor at home and the attendance of one maid servant. She, who had herself superintended the cooking of the homely little dinners that pleased her father best.

She grew awkward and confused. She felt that she was not filling her place with the dignity suited to a Lady Selwyn. Her husband noticed it, and tried by kindly words and kindly smiles to put her more at her ease. Yet, when he saw Miss Leigh's quiet eyes scrutinizing her, he felt his own face grow warm, and he half wished "Violante had been more formed."

There was another ordeal before her. The ladies withdrew, and she dreaded the prospect of an hour's tete-a-tete with the stately mother-in-law and the beautiful, haughty lady, whose dark, bright eyes seemed to read the secrets of all her little fears.

She tried in her simple way to talk to them. Mrs. Selwyn was not unkind—she was too ladylike and well-bred to make the young girl feel the difference between them; but it was not quite in human nature to get up all at once an affection for the one who had thwarted every plan and wish and hope of her life.

Violante felt more and more humbled. Who was she, to take her place among such brilliant and accomplished ladies? How was she to hold her own? She felt more like an ignorant, untrained school girl, than as the mistress of that gorgeous home should feel. It was a relief to her when the evening ended.

"You made a little mistake to-night about the satin and diamonds, did you not, my darling?" asked Vivian, when they were alone.

She looked up at him with glistening eyes. "Oh, Vivian, I was so ashamed and so distressed," she cried. "What would they think of me? But you told me a recherche toilet."

"Recherche does not always mean decollete, or yet fine," he replied; "it means what Miss Leigh's dress was—distinguished, graceful and so contrived as to look beautiful without attracting attention."

"When shall I learn all these things?" she said despairingly. "Oh, Vivian, it is hard to be a fine lady!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Christmas of that year was a very gay one at the Castle. Lord Selwyn declared himself to be greatly in arrears over hospitality—he had given neither party nor fete worth naming since his accession to the title; all that must be altered now that he had a lovely wife to please and consult.

So that Selwyn Castle became the very center of gaiety. Large relays of guests came from London, and once there, liked to remain. There were dinner parties, fetes, balls, charades and tableaux; the whole neighborhood seemed to be aroused, and one family vied with another as to who should be gayest.

It was a new world for Lady Violante—a world she would have enjoyed excessively had she been a spectator instead of leader. She was very much admired, and much liked by all the guests. They thought her graceful and lovely; yet in some vague way, she never seemed to be the real mistress of the brilliant revels. If one put a question about the charades, the tableaux, the music or dresses, she had a way of raising her shy, sweet eyes and saying:

"I do not know; pray ask Mrs. Selwyn or Miss Leigh."

With kindly encouragement Lady Selwyn might in time have taken courage and have learned to fulfill all the onerous duties of her station. As it was she grew more timid and more unfit for them every day.

Then came another minor trouble—the incident upon which the strange event of her life turned. Pauline, the maid who was engaged at her wedding to attend upon her, was suddenly obliged to return home, and Lady Selwyn had to advertise for another maid.

Theresa Bowden pleased Lady Selwyn at first sight. She had a soft, graceful, pleasant manner, a clear voice, with a perfectly refined accent. She seemed anxious, too, and had brought with her some excellent testimonials. She had lived with Lady Dunrobin, whose sad death every one remembered; afterward with the Countess of Strathmere, who had gone abroad.

"If you think I should be likely to suit you, my lady," said the woman, "I will try so hard to do my duty. I would do anything almost for a home. I am one of the very few who are quite alone in the world. I have no relations living, and few friends." These words afterward bore fruit. Lady Selwyn engaged her, and a week afterward Theresa Bowden was at the Castle.

Then, and for the first time, Beatrice Leigh saw her. She entered Lady Violante's room one morning with some message from Mrs. Selwyn, and saw the maid engaged over her lady's wardrobe. To send her from the room on some slight pretext was but the work of a minute, and then Miss Leigh turned to Lady Selwyn with a smile that had in it a tinge of malice.

"Is that your new maid?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "She came yesterday, and she seems to understand her duties pretty well."

"I should never have engaged her," said Miss Leigh emphatically. "Do you not perceive anything strange about her?"

"No," replied Lady Violante. "I thought her very pleasant and graceful in her manner."

"Do you not see," cried Beatrice, "how much she is like you? Her hair is of the same shade, she is of the same height, the same complexion. It is a grave mistake to have engaged such a person. Only imagine what remarks people may make!"

"I did not notice it—I never thought of it," said Lady Violante, distressed and dismayed, as she always was when Miss Leigh found fault. "It cannot matter, though."

"That depends upon taste," was the quiet reply. "For my part, I should not like a maid who might be mistaken for my sister."

Yet Lady Violante liked Theresa Bowden, and she remained at Selwyn Castle. Had she not done so, this story would never have been written.

(To be continued.)

Couldn't Think of It.

"Hands up!" yelled the train robber as he entered the car.

"Pardon me," coldly returned the young woman from Boston, who occupied the first seat, "but I do not recall that I have had the pleasure of an introduction.

Then she raised her lorgnette to her eyes and gave him a haughty high-bred stare that made him retire in confusion.—Chicago Post.

Femine Intuition.

Mr. De Blank (10 p. m.)—If you don't want Clara to see that thing you are making for her you'd better put it out of sight, for she'll be up pretty soon. I hear her in the front hall.

Mrs. De Blank—She won't be up for an hour at least. She's bidding good night to Mr. Nicefello.—New York Weekly.

His Proud Descent.

O'Brien—And so Jaykers is proud av his descint, is he?

McTurk—Yis, he is turribly stuck up about it.

O'Brien—Well, begorra, Oi've a bit av a descint mesilf to boast about. Oi descinded four stories wanst whin the ladder broke and nived sphilled a brick!

Information from Headquarters.

Mrs. Crowley—How does it feel to be the mother of a countess?

Mrs. Scaddsleigh—It seems immense as long as you're in this country, but, somehow, I can't help thinking that the old family servants are giving me an all-around josh when I'm over visiting Sadie.

In business, three things are necessary, knowledge, temper and time.—Feltham.

The right need's no apology.

If we did but know how little some enjoy the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

It is always best to avoid controversy with two kinds of people: those who cannot understand you and those who will not.

In reading the future remember but two living occurrences you can forecast: birth and death; all others are visionary.

We pity the misfortunes of others, no more from charity than from the satisfaction that it ain't us.

The defiant mob at Calvary caused the display of the greatest heroism the Christian world has ever seen.

Mourning over present troubles makes us forget past blessings.

How queer it is that those who oppose us are always obstinate, while we are simply firm.

Whatever society adopts becomes right and must be approved—no matter what our objections may be.

Skepticism is not an end, but a beginning, is as the decay of old ways of believing, the preparation afar off for new, wider and better.

There's no reduction of "the wages of sin" in hard times.

AMERICAN RAILROAD RATES.

Cheaper Than in Any Other Country and Service Better.

Not quite but very nearly one-half of the railroad mileage of the world is in North America. If to the railroad mileage of North America be added that of Brazil and Argentina, the total will exceed the mileage of all the rest of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the other South American countries included. Moreover, railroad building is being carried on much more rapidly in the United States than elsewhere. But it is not only in respect of the extension of their railroad system that the United States take precedence, for some recent computations show that the United States furnish to travelers and shippers the best service at the lowest cost.

In many States of the country there are laws fixing the maximum charge for passengers at 3 cents a mile, while in some European countries, notably France, the average rate charged is in excess of that figure. The minimum of some European countries is higher than the maximum allowed in the United States. According to the computations referred to the average rate charged for passenger service in the United States is 2.15 cents a mile, and the fact is that in many Eastern States where railroad systems have been long established, a rate of 1½ cents a mile is the general rule. It is Southern and far Western railroads chiefly which keep up the average rate. In Missouri, for instance, 4 cents a mile is a lawful charge, and in Arkansas the maximum is 5 cents. Some Colorado railroads charge 6 or 7 cents a mile, and 4 and 5 cents a mile on local traffic in the South is not unusual, but, taking the country through, the average rate, as stated, is 2.15 cents. In England, where the mechanical obstacles in railroading are comparatively few, the average rate is 2.20 cents a mile; in Belgium, a country in which there are practically no mechanical obstacles, the rate is 2.25. In Germany it is 3.01 cents, in Austria-Hungary it is 3.05, in France it is 3.86 and in Spain it is 4.50.

In no other country in the world are the facilities for passengers so many as in the United States, and the increase of these facilities and conveniences is constant. On many Western roads seats in chair cars, corresponding with parlor cars on Eastern lines, are furnished gratuitously. The sleeping car service is more general and better in the United States than in any other country, and light and heat, two essentials of up-to-date railroad travel, are better furnished here than in any other country.

The freight charges, too, estimated on the basis of carrying a ton of freight a mile, are lower here than in other countries. In England the average rate is 2 cents. In Belgium it is 1.60, in France 1.56, and in Germany 1.35 cents. In the United States it is 0.97 cents, or less than 1 cent a mile per ton of freight moved, taking the whole country through. If the average of American freight rates was as high as it is in Germany, the people of this country would have paid the railways last year about $350,000,000 more than they did. If the rates had been as high as they are in England, the people of this country would have paid the railways about $950,000,000 more than they did. An illustration of the excellence of the service on American railroads is furnished by the fact that although the collections from freight are larger in Europe than they are in the United States, and the number of passengers carried is materially greater than in this country, the expense of maintenance of American railroads is $100,000,000 more in a year than for those operated in Europe. And the American railroad system is improving all the time, the freight and passenger rates are being reduced, and the character of the service given—luxurious passenger travel and quick freight—is better every year.—New York Sun.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The loftiest cliff on the coast of England is Beachy Head; height, 564 feet.

It is said that 4,200 species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe.

The annual increase of the German nation during the last five years has been more than five times that of the French.

German experimenters have succeeded in producing an alloy of aluminum, the precise composition of which is not revealed, that is said to be superior in many respects to aluminum. The statement is made that this alloy, which goes under the name of vestadium, weighs only one-third as much, bulk for bulk, as aluminum. It is white, can be easily polished, and does not tarnish on exposure to the air.

An unmanned balloon which started from Paris and dropped in Westphalia reached a height of about ten miles and recorded a minimum of 83 degrees F. below zero. A balloon carrying Dr. Berson from Berlin attained an elevation of about eighteen thousand feet, more than two thousand feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The lowest temperature that he experienced was between 10 and 11 degrees below zero.

In South Dakota most successful results are being achieved with artesian wells. Their use for supplying water for irrigation doubles and triples the yield of the land. A single well over one thousand feet deep is cited, which gives sufficient water for nearly two square miles of land. Other wells are but one hundred feet deep. Even the climate of a region may be modified by the surface distribution of such quantities of water, and the consequent vegetable growth covering the otherwise almost barren areas.

Louis Robinson, in a recent number of Blackwood, gives the result of some of his interesting investigations. He observed that the pupils of a fox terrier, when teased beyond endurance, became greatly dilated, and that the eye chambers reflected light in exactly the same way as that of a human being under the dilating influence of bella donna. He discovered the same phenomena extended to cats and monkeys when enraged and meditating mischief, but that when making an attack the pupils became suddenly contracted.

It is announced that the Trans-Siberian Railroad will be opened to the public in 1904. When completed, a period of thirty days will be sufficient to travel around the globe. Russia has developed a giant colonization scheme for the new regions opened up. It involves the transportation of a million persons, two hundred thousand families, to the various localities selected. To each family there will be assigned fifty acres of land, with tools, seed and the requirements for cultivation. The government will see them safely through the first year.

A RURAL VIDOCQ.

Farmer Jason Tells About His Son's Experience as a Sleuth.

"I hear your son Jabe has gone into the detectin' business," cheerfully remarked the country storekeeper to Farmer Jason, as he added up the amount of the latter's purchases.

"Yep; he has," answered the farmer. "He sees an advertisement in a city paper where he kin jine a detective agintcy a-sending' on $5. So he sends the five, which, by the way, he was a savin' up t' spend at next year's country fair. In answer he gets a tin badge an' a diplomy which autherizes him t' roam th wide world an' detect. The mornin after he becomes a detector he comes down t' breakfast late an' says in a mysterious voice: 'I detects somethin' wrong with th' way this yere bacon are fried!' His mother takes a clothes stick an' shows him where he is on a false clew. After breakfast he thinks he detects somethin' under th' barn an' allows he'll investigate. There is a polecat under that barn, an' until we git th' clothes off'n th' boy an' berries them annyone in th' county could a detected him!

"Then he puts on his best clothes an' goes out t' detect th' feller that stole Jabe Wilson's bay mare las' week. He rides our ole roan horse and takes a extry bridle to put on the bay mare after he has caught the feller an' put him in th' lockup. Up the pike he meet a feller what says he knows where th' mare is an' if my boy lends him th' bridle he will go an' get her. My boy lends him th' bridle an' ain't seen th' feller since. I thinks he was th' hoss thief!"

"Do tell!" said the open-mouthed store-keeper.

"Yep. Th' boy is home now a-wearin' that tin badge, an' we've put him t' detectin' hens' nests, an' he's puffectly happy."

"Well, well!" said the store-keeper, sympathetically. "Don't be too hard on the boy, neighbor. Lots 'f them city detectors makes a heap wuss mistakes than he did!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Bridle for People Who Snore.

At last a genius in Tennessee has discovered a way to stop the snoring habit. It consists of the simple bridling of the mouth by means of bandages which force the wearer to sleep with his mouth shut. Most snoring is caused by opening the mouth in sleep. The jaws relax and the base of the tongue, the tonsils and the air passage sag in the larynx, making it difficult for the respiratory organs to operate with facility.

The device of the Tennessean is calculated to close the mouth and to force the wearer to breathe through the nasal channels, which, according to the laws of health and the very physical construction of the throat and larynx, is the only way to breathe properly. Those who have tried the bridle say it is uncomfortable at first, butwhen one gets accustomed to it there are sufficient benefits to justify the pangs of the first few nights. It is also advantageous to people who are troubled with catarrh, but its prime advantage to civilization is the rapidity with which it suppresses the man who snores and keeps the entire house awake.—New York Journal.

Victoria's Pagoda.

It is not generally known that at Osborne there is a garden cottage in the shape of a pagoda, where none may enter except her Majesty. This cottage holds nothing but mementos of the late Prince Consort and relics of the Queen's youth, as well as the toys and games of all her children, many of which the Prince Consort made himself, for he was no mean carpenter. There are also here wonderful fishes caught by the Duke of Coburg in Canadian seas, birds and tigers shot by the Prince of Wales while in India, a mummy case brought from Egypt, and other precious curiosities that are dearly prized by the Queen, who visits this family museum every day while at Osborne, and sits among the remains of her own and her children's youth.

Tools Used by Pyramid Builders.

The laborers who built the pyramids did not work under such disadvantages as have long since been attributed to them. Recent research shows that they had solid and tubular drills and lathe tools. The drills were set with jewels and cut into the rocks with keenness and accuracy

Lighting Mines.

The extending use of electricity is well illustrated by its use for lighting mines. The candle or oil lamp of former days was not only dangerous in coal mines, where there is likelihood of an explosion, but it furnished a very imperfect light and compelled the miner to work in semi-darkness. Small electric lamps, to be carried by the miners, were introduced in France; but they were objectionable on account of their weight—nearly five pounds—and also because they would burn only a few hours without being recharged. The lamps are now being attached to the roofs of the galleries, currents being established by means of wires. By this means an abundance of continuous light is obtained, but care must be exercised in insulating the wires, to prevent friction or sparks which might provoke an explosion or ignite surrounding wood-work.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT IRON

Were Prevalent in Ancient Times and Still Have Local Existence.

In Egypt iron was nominally accursed, even when people used it all day long and every day. It was "the impure metal"—"the bones of Typhon," father of evil. No man could touch it without sin; he must do penance and make atonement. That was the theory as long as the Egyptian race endured; in practice iron had been handled freely for several thousand years. The only piece of metal found in the great pyramid was an iron bar. The same conflict of ancient faith with growing convenience was urged everywhere, no doubt; but the record does not exist. It was lost before the classic time, and so Greek and Roman sages puzzled over odd little customs handed down from days of old. Cicero asked in vain why a tool of iron must not be brought into the sacred grove of theArvals—or if brought by accident, must be expiated by the sacrifice of a pig or a lamb; and Plutarch wondered why the Archon of Plataea might not touch iron except at the yearly festival commemorating the triumph of Greece. There is no end to such instances. The sacred old Pons Sublicius had to be repaired without using iron; so had the ancient temple of Jupiter Liber—in imperial times, when the meaning of such rules was lost, a special law abrogated them.

One may survey mankind from China to Peru and find the same superstition everywhere. Iron tools were forbidden in the building of the temple at Jerusalem. The late Rajah Vizanagram, a member of the council, a man of great learning and enlightenment, would not allow iron to be used in any building throughout his territory. He believed that an epidemic would follow. Negroes of the Gold coast must remove any particles of iron on their persons when consulting the fetish. Upon the other hand, a sikh must always have a piece of steel or iron about him. Burton tells how "the pious Moslem stretches out a finger exclaiming, 'Iron! oh, thou ill-omened one!' when a dust storm approaches the caravan—believing it to be directed by a Djinn.

In Scotland many traces survive. To use iron in kindling the "needfire" was awful impiety. When a fisherman swears during bad weather at sea his comrades still grasp the nearest bit of metal, crying "Cauld iron." It is not so long since people thrust a nail or a knitting-needle through each article of food in the house, or dipped it in the liquor, when a person died. This is enough—persons interested in the subject will find reams of evidence in books devoted to folk-lore. We may credit that the superstition arose everywhere at the time when fierce invaders, armed with iron, overran the country, massacring the helpless people and destroying the antique religion. It was the accursed metal. Afterward, by a natural process, the evil thing often came to be regarded as a protection against other evil things—witches and demons and charms and death itself. English babies were defended from fairy kidnapers by putting a key, knife, pair of tongs, above all, scissors, in the cradle. In many of these pretty tales dealing with a "swan maiden," the girl cannot recover her plumage because it is locked in a chest with an iron key—sometimes she gets a mortal to open the chest, and flies away upon the instant. In other stories she is released by a touch of iron; in one favorite version by the husband throwing his bridle at or to her—the iron bit is fatal.—London Standard.

When Welcome Is Worn Out.

An Ohio host, wearied out of all endurance by the persistency of his guest, chose as his medium the family prayer after breakfast, and said: "O Lord, bless our visiting brother, who will leave us on the 10 o'clock train this morning." I prefer the subtler and more reverent method of another Ohio man, the father of William Dean Howells, the novelist. His practice was, when a visitor had worn out his welcome, to be called away on business and to say to his guest: "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I will wish you good-by." Excellent and highly appreciated by the boys was the formula used by Dr. Vaughn, when, as headmaster of Harrow school, he had to entertain the highest form in the school in batches at breakfast. Commiserating the bashfulness of the lads who did not leave and yet wanted to do so, the doctor would say—apropos of nothing: "Must you go? Can't you stay?" This was the signal for departure. I admire very heartily the transposition of a blundering narrator, who, in telling this story, gave the formula as "Can't you go? Must you stay?" A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind to this revised vers on.

A Car Load.

Very often you desire to know what constitutes a car-load. Well, paste this in your hat and you will find an answer handy. It is 70 barrels of salt, 99 of flour, 60 of whisky, 200 sacks of flour, 10 cords of wood, 18 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 90 to 100 head of sheep, 5,000 feet of boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet flooring, 42,000 shingles, one-half less of joists, scantling and other large timbers, 360 bushels of corn, 400 bushels of wheat, 600 of oats, 156 of flax seed, 200 of apples, 350 of Irish potatoes and 3,000 of bran.

Difficult to Stop.

Experiments seem to show that a large ocean steamer, going at nineteen knots an hour, will move over a distance of two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile to a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress. The violent collisions in some cases during fogs may thus be accounted for.

"I have had dreadful luck. This morning I dropped my spectacles and my wife stepped on them." "That's what I call good duck. If I had dropped mine I should have stepped on them myself."—Chicago Record.

Fresh raw oysters are always good, because they are not spoiled by poor cooking.

SERMONS OF THE DAY

Subject: "God's Second Gift"—The World is Too Much With Us—The Better Life and the Advantages of Religion—The Story of Caleb and Othniel.

TEXT: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."—Joshua xv., 19.

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man who could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evil I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart, for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their own home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present a piece of land that was mountainous, and, sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she want a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us His world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places, but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence."

Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or at any rate only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, and making no appeal to God for help or comfort many of them are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that $50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more because they have only $50,000 left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited. Yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows, and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God, we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate! We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion. David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up to an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his garland allies; the Lord is his shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters. If he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard. If he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams. If he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cupbearers. If he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: 'Look at that odd fellow with the wornout coat.' The angels of God cry "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry, "Get off my front steps!" The doorkeepers of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to that potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper; the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said, "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap as a hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a joyless and joyless religion, but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moment said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion can supply
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in heaven!

It is very fortunate that we cannot see heaven until we get into it. O Christian man, if you could see what a place it is we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected! I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allow