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A Dangerous Secret.

By FLORENCE MARYATT.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Mrs. Manners," continues Le Mesurier, "when you were looking over the vestry books of Cloverfield parish last week you came upon the entry of a marriage between John Le Mesurier and Adela Coombes, which took place fifteen years ago in that very church, and which I begged you to keep a secret for my sake. That entry referred to the union of this lady and myself."

"She is your wife!" exclaims Delia.

"I was," says the Sister, sadly.

"You are—you ever must be, at least in my opinion," replies Mr. Le Mesurier. "Fifteen years ago, then, I was staying at Southampton reading for holy orders, when I met Adela Coombes, who was a teacher at a school. She had had the misfortune to have a very unhappy home, and——"

Here the Sister, who had been struggling between a desire to atone for the past by a humble confession and the natural feeling of shame which forbids her making it in the presence of a stranger, takes the words out of Mr. Le Mesurier's mouth.

"John—John! let me tell the story. There is no disgrace too great for such a woman as I have been. Madam," she continues, turning toward Delia, "I told you but just now that the blight of my life had been effected by an unpardonable deceit. The deceit involved an unpardonable imprudence. As a young girl I had, it must be confessed, a most unhappy home, and to escape its discomforts, I eloped from it, at the age of sixteen, with the mate of a merchant vessel—a man I had only seen some half a dozen times. I was married, and lived with him at Southampton for a while until he went to sea again, when his ship was wrecked and all hands reported lost. I did not grieve for him—he had been too little to me; and when I met Mr. Le Mesurier and learned that he loved me, I was too elated to care for anything else. I was supporting myself then as a teacher in a school; I had entered there under my maiden name, and I never undeceived John in the matter, but kept the fact of my first marriage a secret from him. After we had been acquainted a few months he proposed to me that we should be married privately. He was his own master, but he did not wish his family to hear the news all at once. So we were married at the little village of Cloverfield, and for awhile we were happy—quite—quite happy."

"I was, heaven knows!" interpolates Le Mesurier, in a voice of deep feeling.

"Then came my awful temptation and fall. The news reached me in a roundabout way that my first husband had been saved from the wreck, and was doing his best to trace me. I suffered the tortures of hell, but I never told John. I knew that as soon as he heard it, we should be forced to separate."

"My poor Adela!"

"But I betrayed the truth, spite of myself. John was interested in mesmerism at that time. He studied the science deeply, and I was the patient on whom he made his chief experiments. I did not know the extent of the power he held over me, and he thought his wife could have no secrets worthy of the name from him. So one day when I was under the influence, he commanded me to speak what was in my mind. I obeyed him—and he learned everything! Then there came a horrible awakening—and all was over between us."

"You went back to your first husband?" says Delia, who is intensely interested in the story of her poor friend's life.

"No!" with a shudder; "thank heaven, that was never required of me. But he found me out, or rather his friends did, and I nursed him—he had been fearfully injured and crippled in the course of the hardships he had undergone—until he went to his rest."

"Is he dead?" exclaims Le Mesurier, in an excited manner.

Adela glances at him reproachfully.

"Yes; years and years ago. And when that duty was over, I entered upon my present career, and found the peace I never knew before."

"He is dead, and you never let me know," says Le Mesurier; "and while I have been spending my life in vain regrets for what I thought to be an irremediable grief. How could you be so cruel?"

"What would have been the use of disturbing your mind afresh, when I hoped it had turned to better things for comfort? I was not your wife—I never had been—I never could be, after the shameful deception I had practiced upon you, and the sin in which I had knowingly permitted you to live."

"I do not attempt to say you were right, Adela; but your fault, however great, arose from love for me. But I, too, had injured you, though innocently, and it was not fair to debar me the option of remedying the wrong I did you."

"We were so very, very happy together!" she says, through her tears.

"And so you will be again. Mr. Le Mesurier, I heartily congratulate you on your good fortune. And you so fully deserve it. If it had not been for your generous friendship for me, and sympathy in my trials, you would not have been here to-day to find your long-lost treasure again. Adela, if you love him still, make him happy! His life has been a wasted one for want of you."

"Oh, John, can you forgive me? Is it possible you can love me still?" says Adela.

She is answered by the stealing of an arm about her waist. Delia rises hastily and walks to the window. She is rejoicing with the most unselfish joy over the new-born happiness of her friend, and she will not be witness to the sacred kiss that heralds it.

At this juncture a knock sounds upon the door, and Adela has hardly had time to disengage herself from Le Mesurier's encircling arm, when the doctor, who has been called in to attend old Strother, enters the room.

"I beg your pardon, Sister, but if you are at leisure I should like to speak to you for a moment."

"You can speak to me with the greatest confidence here, doctor. This lady and gentleman are my friends and interested in the fate of your poor patient."

"He has not recovered. I regret to say that he is dead!"

Dead! The word falls with chilling effect upon all present. Death is an awful thing even when it is presented to us in the person of an imbecile and worn-out pauper.

"I should like to identify the body," says Mr. Le Mesurier.

They follow the doctor silently and reverently to the chamber where poor old Strother was conveyed; and there, on a bed, they find the body of the Chilton clerk, dressed as they discovered him, with his arms fondly extended over the precious package that caused his death.

Le Mesurier shoulders the mysterious parcel and carries it into the next room.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Bond having finished their business in London return home, only to find that Delia has disappeared, and that Mr. Le Mesurier has followed suit. Mrs. Hephzibah immediately scents an elopement.

As Mr. and Mrs. Bond are sitting over their coffee and their simple desert together, Ellen enters with the intelligence that two strange gentlemen are in the drawing room, waiting to speak to her mistress.

"Oh, they bring me some bad news of Delia!" cries Mrs. Bond, as she stumbles to her feet and rushes precipitately to the drawing room, where, to her utter amazement, she is confronted by Angus Moray and the Baron Gustave Saxe. It is difficult to say which of the three is most astonished.

"Do you bring me tidings of your mother?" exclaims Mrs. Hephzibah.

"My mother!" echoes Angus Moray. "Why, merciful heavens! It is Mrs. Horton! Madame," he continues rapidly "where is my mother? Is she not with you? Do you know of her address? I have been trying in vain to find both you and her since coming to England."

"Who told you I lived here?" demands Mrs. Hephzibah, in her turn.

"We did not know it. This is a complete surprise to both the baron and myself. But, madame, in mercy, tell me, is my dear mother here?"

"She is not here, Mr. Moray."

"You cannot give me her address?"

"I cannot."

Both the men look grave. Angus once more breaks the silence.

"My good friend here, who has been as a brother in all my troubles, left Bruges with me for the express purpose of searching for my poor mother."

"You are not married, then, to Mademoiselle de Blois?"

"No; nor never shall be, until my mother's pure fame is righted," replies the young man proudly. "And now you cannot tell me one word of her! What awful mystery has she wrapped about herself? Where, in heaven's name, can she be hidden?"

"If you had asked me that question yesterday, Angus Moray, I could have answered you—under this roof!"

"Here, in this very house! Baron, this is indeed joyful intelligence. But you can surely tell me, then, where she has gone?"

"I cannot. I wish I could."

At this moment voices—loud and cheerful voices—make themselves distinctly heard upon the step of the open hall door.

"Home at last! Won't you come in? O yes! you must. No; I won't give up my precious burden for anything. You may take the two others, if you choose, but I shall keep this one. I couldn't sleep without it, indeed I couldn't; I should dream it was gone again, and wake up to believe my dream was true. I'll kill you if you try to touch it," continues the merry voice with a burst of innocent, gleeful laughter.

"Have your own way, then, you willful creature!"

"It is my mother's voice," cries Angus.

"Yes! and with Mr. Le Mesurier," replies Mrs. Bond, grimly.

At this moment Mr. Bond, who has remained in hiding in the dining room during the strangers' visit, appears in the hall and confronts Delia.

"Are you home?" she exclaims, with surprise. "O! what will Mrs. Hephzibah think of my running away in this fashion? Where is she?"

"I am here," replied Mrs. Bond, from the precincts of the drawing room, "and ready to receive you, Delia."

"O! my dear friend," she says, coming forward with a huge parcel in her arms; "how can I excuse myself to you?—but Mr. Le Mesurier will help to tell my story. A most wonderful thing has happened. I have found——"

But here the mother, having crossed the threshold, first perceives there are strangers in the drawing room; next, regards them for a moment, curiously; and then, with a loud cry in which there is no sound but that of unalloyed happiness, drops her parcel on the ground, and, rushing to the outstretched arms of her son, throws herself into them and weeps unrestraintedly.

"O! my boy! my boy! My precious, precious boy! My hope, my treasure, my child! Do I hold you in my arms again? O, my Angus! my darling! where have you come from? How did you know your mother was here? Is it my tears that have drawn you to me? I have never lain down in my bed, Angus, without weeping the bitterest tears for you, and a thousand times I have resolved to break my oath sooner than endure the hell I have suffered apart from you. But it was for your sake, darling, for your dear sake! And now you are come—we are together once more, and I have the most wonderful news to tell you. I——"

"I guess it, dearest mother!" he says, sadly. "Do not give yourself the pain of telling it."

"But it is not pain—it is great, great joy. My dear friend, Mr. Le Mesurier——"

"Hush, hush! The baron is here."

"Baron Saxe," cries Delia, becoming instantly covered with blushes, as she raises herself to look at him.

"Yes, madam," says the baron, now compelled to speak, though huskily, "and no one will rejoice more in your happiness than I shall!"

"But you do not know it yet! I have found the certificate!"

"What?" exclaim the whole company simultaneously.

Then she repeats the whole story as the reader already knows it.

"We discovered the old man in a dying state," she concludes, "and we got the parcel and found it contained my certificate, and Mr. Le Mesurier has it in that book, and I—I am the happiest woman on the face of the earth," says Delia, as she bursts into a flood of tears, and hides her face once more on the arms of her son.

"And you are not married to him, then?" demands Mrs. Hephzibah.

"Married! Married to whom?"

"To the parson there."

"Good gracious! my dear friend! Whatever made such an idea enter your head? He is a married man already."

Then Mr. Le Mesurier relates how he became reunited to his wife.

"Well, every one seems to be in luck today," says Mrs. Bond; "myself as much as any," she adds, with a squeeze of the little lawyer's hand.

"Am I to be the only unlucky one left out, madam?" says the baron in a low voice, as he takes a seat on the other side of Delia.

"I hope not, baron, I trust your future will be as bright as that of any of us."

"It is in your power to make it so, Delia."

"What! have you not yet forgotten the old folly?" she says with a happy smile.

Angus gets hold of his mother's hand, and places it in that of his friend.

"Will it make you happy if I leave it there, my precious boy?"

"Very happy, dearest mother."

"Then it shall be just as Gustave wishes."

"Gustave will never give it up again," the baron answers, as he raises her hand to his lips.

"O, my merciful Father!" sighs Delia reverently, as she sits between her future husband and her son, "I thank Thee, Who hast accepted an atonement for my lie."

(The end.)

THE BABIES DID IT.

That Was What the Conductor Told the Regular Passenger.

"Well, well; look here; how's this?" said the regular passenger to the surly cable car conductor. "I'm sure I saw you give that pretty girl a squeeze as you helped her out of the car——"

"It might be, sir," interrupted the surly conductor, with a face beaming with smiles," you see she's my w——"

"Why, you dog, you—and you acknowledge it, do you?" went on the regular passenger. "You're the man that wouldn't have a woman on your car if you could help it; hated the whole lot of 'em, did you? Thought they were only put into the world to make trouble—"

"But you see, sir,"—the conductor was still beaming.

"Always gave you pennies; they couldn't get in or out of the car alone; never knew where they were going; if they did get off alone they got off wrong and tumbled; crowded into seats that were full; you never knew it to fail. That's what you said, and here I find you——"

"Yes, sir, you're right, sir—step lively, madam—but you see——"

"Squeezing a pretty girl, and a very pretty girl at that——"

"My wife, sir—transfer, madam?——"

"And your wife into the bargain! And you hated the whole of 'em. Said it pretty near ruined a man to have 'em on the car; didn't know what would happen if you had one belonging to you. And now you're married! Bless me! Dear, dear! Never saw you smile at one of 'em unless it was a very little one. You were sweet on the babies: yes, I must say you were that."

"Yes, sir, you're right, sir. Perhaps it was that that did it. You see, this is a family line, sir. Lots of nice babies on this line, sir. It made a man think he might like to have a little home of his own, sir. Then you see there was——"

"Yes, I see, I see; the pretty girl. Well, well, I declare! And you look like another man. Any babies of your own?"

"No, sir; but just over the honey moon, yet, sir——"

"Well, well; You don't say! Well, you just ring that bell, young man, and let me off, and there's a dollar as a nest egg for the first baby. Well, well, I do declare! What's this world coming to, anyway?"—New York Times.

Transmitting Sound by Tubes.

An interesting series of experiments in transmitting sound through tubing is reported from Germany. The piping conveying compressed air into the workings of a coal mine was employed. The greatest length to which a sound could be conveyed in a straight pipe without branches was found to be 1,500 to 1,700 feet. For distances up to 2,600 feet the best kind of pipe was that with a diameter of about twenty inches; beyond that distance larger pipes were more effective. In distances up to 150 feet a diameter of eight inches is needed.

Mexico's Copyright Law.

The new copyright law of Mexico makes no distinction between the rights of native and foreign authors. All that is necessary is that the work be published in Mexico. It will cost a foreign author $50 to copyright his book in that republic. A copyright holds for ten years.

Cheap Tea.

Tea is very cheap in China. In one province of the empire tea is sold at 2½ cents a pound.

Russia is going to abolish the difficulties of navigation of the mouth of the Volga by cutting a canal directly from the river to the Caspian sea.

—A lady at Green Haven, N. Y., secured a separation from her husband on the ground of extreme cruelty. Among other brutal acts he was in the habit of sleeping with a hammer under his pillow, and with this he frequently threatened, during the night, to pound her into insensibility.

—The highest active volcano in the world is that of the smoking mountain, Popocatapetl, in Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea. Its crater is three miles in circumference, and it is 1000 feet deep.

Radiation takes place more rapidly from the surface of plants than from the air about them, so that on very still nights the plants are sometimes several degrees colder than the surrounding air.

—Twenty-five years ago the United States supplied 15 per cent. of the world's coal consumption; now they supply 30 per cent.

—Farm hands in Yucatan wear linen garments of spotless white. When they become even slightly soiled they hasten to change them. Work is plentiful there, farm laborers are well paid, and they can afford to be tidy.

DISTRIBUTES GREAT WEALTH.

Jacob H. Schiff, Who Has Given $400,000 to Harvard.

The charities of Jacob H. Schiff, of New York, who has given $400,000 to Harvard, are very large. His first large gift was made about twenty years ago, when he gave $25,000 for a building for the Hebrew Free Schools Association. He established a nurses settlement on the East Side, a non-sectarian charity. The initiatory cost $30,000, and it costs $7,500 to maintain it. A handsome stone fountain in Rutgers Square, bearing the simple inscription, "Presented to the City of New York—1895," was for a time an anonymous gift from Mr. Schiff, which cost $10,000. In 1882-83, when the Russian Hebrews were flocking to New York City, he gave $10,000 to erect temporary shelters for them. Two years ago he presented to the Young Men's Hebrew Association a $30,000 house. He promised them a larger, handsomer building as soon as the membership should

JACOB H. SCHIFF.

grow large enough to support such a home. He has just redeemed his promise by giving the association a plot of ground at Ninety-second street and Lexington avenue, and instructing his architects to erect a building thereon, the ground and house to cost $150,000.

He originated the plan which led to the birth of the Montefiore home. He gave a few years ago $25,000 for a country sanitarium in connection with the home at Bedford Station, on Harlem Railroad. He has also given $5,000 as the nucleus of a fund in memory of the late Michael Heilbron, $10,000 to the Hebrew Loan Society, and a large sum to Barnard College. The offer of his gifts to Harvard for the Semitic Department was made June 27. The next day President Eliot said in effect the university would accept the conditions imposed. These were that about seventy other persons who have contributed to the fund for a Semitic hall and museum release their contributions for that purpose to a fund for the purchase of material for the museum. In addition, Mr. Schiff founds a number of Semitic scholarships in the university, his total proposed gifts footing up, as stated, to $400,000. The time when the gifts become available is uncertain until the corporation has acted upon them.—Chicago Times-Herald.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Holmes' comet, which was discovered in 1892, and which aroused great interest because of an unexplained outburst of light that it exhibited while retreating into space, was rediscovered coming sunward once more, by Mr. Perrine, of the Lick Observatory, on June 11. Its period of revolution is about seven years.

The new satellite of Saturn, recently discovered by Prof. W. C. Pickering, with the aid of photography, has been named Phoebe. Owing to its small size, probably not exceeding 200 miles in diameter, and its great distance from the planet, about 7,787,000 miles, Phoebe bears no resemblance to such a satellite as our moon. Seen from Saturn, it would appear only as a star, and a faint star at that, probably just noticeable to the naked eye.

Wide currency having been given to the statement that liquid air promises to do the work of coal at next to no cost, because an experimenter claims to have produced "ten gallons of liquid air by the use of three gallons in an engine," President Henry Morton, of the Stevens Institute, has pointed out the fallacy of the claim. He shows that it really takes twelve times as much power to make a gallon of liquid air as that gallon could develop in an ideally perfect engine.

The waves of the Indian Ocean in a strong west wind are three hundred to four hundred feet long and sixty feet high and have a speed of thirty-three miles an hour. Such a wave weighs 164 tons to the foot. If a ship six hundred feet long lies in the trough of the sea a wave sixty feet high hurls against it 218,400 tons, more than nineteen times its own weight. This weight does not fall upon the ship at sea, because its buoyancy enables it to rise, but if it drifts upon the lee shore the power of a succession of 218,400-ton blows will tear to pieces any ship man has the cunning or the power to build.

Mr. Darwin once wrote a book, which many readers pronounce as interesting as a novel, on earthworms and the wonderful way in which they plow up, turn over and invigorate the soil. In a recent address, Dr. L. O. Howard, of Washington, showed that many species of insects are also important agents in soil making. "They are found beneath the ground," he says, "in incredible numbers, and they penetrate to a surprising depth. The minute insects of the family Pudoridae—which are wingless—have been found swarming literally by the million at a depth of six to eight feet in a stiff clay subsoil."

Among the means of protecting fruit trees against frost, practiced in California, is the production of fog by a generator in the form of a wagon, invented by George F. Ditzler. The wagon carries a sheet-iron tank, the upper part of which is filled with wet straw, or similar material, kept moist by the automatic injection of water from a cask, while near the bottom is a grate upon which tar is burned, a blast, operated by a revolving fan serving to maintain the combustion. All the heat is compelled to pass through the wet straw before reaching the air, and in consequence the wagon is buried in a dense fog, and as it passes between the rows of low trees it envelops them in a mist so thick that the driver is frequently compelled to lead the horses.

QUEER WEDDINGS IN JAPAN.

Odd Ceremony in the Land of Flowers and Sunshine.

A woman who lived many years in Japan has an article in a late number of the London Graphic on Japanese social customs. Of courtship and marriage among the "little brown people" she says that both are very curious ceremonies and that they still savor somewhat of barbarism. These ceremonies are described in an interesting manner in her communication. "When a young man," she informs us, "has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable standing he declares his love by fastening a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected the suit is rejected; if it be accepted so is the suitor. At the time of the marriage the bridegroom sends presents to his bride as costly as his means will allow, which she immediately offers to her parents in acknowledgment of their kindness in infancy and the pains bestowed upon her education. The wedding takes place in the evening. The bride is dressed in a long white silk kimono and white veil and she and her future husband sit facing each other on the floor. Two tables are placed close by; on the one is a kettle with two spouts, a bottle of sake and cups; on the other table a miniature fir tree—signifying the strength of the bridegroom; a plum tree, signifying the beauty of the bride, and, lastly, a stork standing on a tortoise, representing long life and happiness, desired by them both. At the marriage feast each guest in turn drinks three cups of the sake and the two-spouted kettle, also containing sake, is put to the mouths of the bride and bridegroom alternately by two attendants, signifying that they are to share together joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil all her life and after death it is buried with her as her shroud. The chief duty of a Japanese woman all her life is obedience—whilst unmarried, to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed, to her son."

He's Text in "Robinson Crusoe."

A humorous incident happened in Cleveland several years ago. A certain pastor, widely known and greatly beloved, was not as careful as he might have been in the preparation of his sermons. He was hampered but little by his manuscripts, and had a way of wandering far from the written screed. However, he had the good sense to submit his texts, and usually his manuscript sermons, to his highly intelligent wife. He usually did this Saturday night, but on one occasion the lady happened to be away from home all the evening. So on Sunday morning she asked him for the chosen text.

He gave it very gibly.

"Book, chapter and verse?" she queried.

The pastor hung his head.

"The fact is, my dear, I was in such a hurry that I couldn't quite turn to it, but I've built up a most interesting sermon around it."

"And you couldn't find it?"

"No, my dear."

"Well, it isn't very much to be wondered at," said his helpmeet, dryly. "That text of yours is from 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"No!" gasped the shocked pastor. "What will I do?"

"Give me the Bible," said the wife.

And it wasn't out a few moments before she had picked out a text that fitted the sermon almost as well as the Crusoe quotation.

American Singer's Success.

Miss Louise Homer, the new American soprano, who has proved such an acquisition to the Covent Garden company, has already scored successes as Lola in "Cavalleria," as Amneris in "Aida" and other parts. She is a charming singer, with a clear, full voice, and is slight and pretty in person. Miss Homer is a native of Pittsburg, Pa., and since her marriage has lived in Boston, where her husband is well known as a musician and composer. Three years ago they went to Paris that she might pursue her vocal studies under Mmes. Juliani and Koenig. She also studied dramatic diction under Paul Lherie. Her debut was made at Vichy in 1898, and, after singing at Aix-les-Bains, she was engaged for the chief contralto parts at Angers, an important operatic center, where she created quite a furore as the Queen in "Hamlet," as Leonora in "La Favorita," and as Amneris. Among her other favorite roles are Dalila, Ortrud and Herodias. Next winter Miss Homer is engaged for the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels for several principal roles.

Sacred Names Freely Used.

Two youngsters, respectively 8 and 7, went to Sunday school recently and heard their new teacher relate the flight into Egypt for the first time. The story made a profound impression on their infant minds, and the next day the pair were "playing" it in the nursery, with an overturned chair for the ass. "Come along, Mary!" cried the 8-year-old to his small sister. "Hurry up; the ass is all ready." "I can't, yet; Jesus isn't ready. Tell Joseph to wait till I find Jesus' hat." Then mamma sailed in and suggested the children should amuse themselves by playing something less realistic and more secular.

The average man spends a lot of time searching for what he hopes he won't find.

The good may die young, but the bad nearly always outlive their usefulness.

Every time a doctor collects a fee he adds to his ill-gotten gains.

EARLY DAY CAMP MEETINGS.

Aroused Keenest Interest—Led by Ministers.

Clifford Howard, in the Ladies' Home Journal, writes that the first camp meeting in America was held on the banks of the Muddy river, in Kentucky, in August, 1799, and was conducted by the McGee brothers, two eloquent evangelists. "It lasted for little more than a week," he states, "and the novelty of it and the success which attended it were so marked that there rose an immediate demand for a continuance of this form of worship. Accordingly, the meeting was speedily followed by a large number of camp meetings throughout the West. So great was the interest they excited that in some instances a single meeting was attended by 2,000 or 3,000 persons, resulting in the complete desertion of the neighboring towns and settlements for the time being. This first camp meeting marked the beginning of a revival of religion which assumed such proportions and wrought such widespread good that it has passed into history as the 'Great Revival.' It was the reaction following the period of doubt and unbelief, and swept through the country in a glorious wave of triumph. The earlier camp meetings were not held under the auspices of any particular denomination. People of all churches, and all phases of belief attended them and took an interest in their management. Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and other ministers conducted the services. Denominational differences were cast aside. All churches were merged into one in the tide of revivalism. But after the first excitement roused by the 'Great Revival' died away, this particular form of worship became a Methodist institution. Other denominations gradually abandoned it and left it to the Methodists, who have maintained it to this day, and continue to find in it a source of good and a no less worthy means of salvation than on the occasion of its establishment 100 years ago."

BAD THING IN BUGS.

This Insect Has a Fondness for the Throats of His Victims.

He is the latest importation, and has come all the way from Africa to strike terror to his victims. The neck is the chosen spot and those who have felt the insect's claws called him the strangling bug from the sensation they experienced. In appearance he resembles the electric light bug, so common in the West, but he is much larger and quite ferocious. The bug is quite

THE STRANGLING BUG.

three inches in length and over an inch wide.

The bugs come from Africa in the hold of a sailing vessel unloading in Philadelphia. Now thousands of these terrors are swarming along the shores of New Jersey, and where they strike every claw draws blood to the skin, and leaves it congested, in what appears to be red bruises an inch long. This strangling bug is a much more dangerous insect than the kissing bug and is much more to be feared.

Hot Water Wells.

The wells in parts of Arizona have recently become producers of hot water, and apprehension is felt by many of the residents of the regions affected that they are about to become participants in a grand volcanic drama. In some of the wells the temperature of the water of the well rose twenty degrees in a single night. In a few the phenomenon disappeared soon after its appearance. In a majority of the cases, however, the wells fairly steam from their newly acquired heat. The first known of this curious state of affairs was a report that the wells at Maricopa, on the Southern Pacific railroad, thirty miles south of Phoenix, had suddenly become hot, says the Omaha Bee.

It was four days thereafter that the phenomenon first was noticed a dozen miles west of that city. A test at one well showed a temperature of nearly one hundred degrees. No difference is noted in wells in the immediate vicinity of Phoenix.

The line of subterranean heat wave follows the general direction of the Sierra Estrella mountains, a volcanic chain lying immediately south of the Gila River. Thence it appears to continue on in the direction of the Harqua Hala mountains, near which are a number of large and modern volcanic cones and hills of drifted volcanic ash. Further to the east the lava flows are so geologically modern as to have overwhelmed in a number of places the cliff dwellings of the ancients.

Many Bells Used by Farmers.

The farmers really use more bells than any other class of people or any trade or industry. A single foundry in New Jersey casts annually 28,000 bells for the farmers and about 4,000 for schools, churches, engine-houses, etc. It is estimated by a foundryman that at least 50,000 are sold every year in the country to tillers of the soil and breeders.

Coal in South Africa.

Coal mining is making great strides in South Africa. Last year the output in the Witwatersrand district amounted to 1,536,000 tons. There is considerable coal development going on in other eastern districts of Cape Colony and in Natal.—Philadelphia Record.

The Queen's Double.

The Queen's double is an elderly woman who acts as pew-opener at a church in North London, and so exact is the resemblance that it makes all new members of the congregation exclaim. Strangely she is the exact age of the Queen, and became a widow in the same year that the Prince Consort died.

A story on a married man isn't really interesting unless his wife caught him at it.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: Advice For the Vacation—Take the Bible Along—Pleasure Seekers Admonished Not to Leave Religion Behind—Temptations at Watering Places.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—At this season of the year, when all who can get a vacation are taking it, this discourse of Dr. Talmage is suggestive and appropriate. The text is John v., 2, 3: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there 360 feet long, 130 feet wide and seventy-five feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigoration was concerned it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale, a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication, but I prefer the plain statement of Scripture that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judaean watering place had his counterpart in the angel of healing who in our day steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Saratoga, or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenetic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethesdas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when railtrains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. The baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on festal gay, and the rumbling of the ten-pin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the barroom goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ballroom dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering place is in full play. Music! Flute and drum and cornet-a-piston and slapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged out American life for the most part has an opportunity to rest and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn [illegible] with trouble or overwork. [illegible] and resourceful firm be[illegible] Employer the journeyman or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—as I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth to-day that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers with $2000 worth of diamonds on the right hand drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity, but take your Bible along with you and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling hells and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same drunkenness, and the same vagabondage, and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and the light cavalry horse. They found [illegible] it depreciates the stock, and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of parliament and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said, "Heaven help you, then, for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes, "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last 200 years, and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf?" With the bullfights of Spain and the bear baitings of the pit may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America!

Another temptation hovering around the watering place is the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than nearly all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ballroom, where the music decides the step and bow and prance and graceful swing of long train can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gayly painted yachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels as to go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. In the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than that made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community who excites my contempt and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman it is the soft handed, soft headed dude, who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in striking killing attitudes and waving sentimental adieux and talking infinitesimal nothings and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "He hes!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering place; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equaled by what she had on her back; useless ever since she was born and to be useless until she is dead unless she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music and fair faces and graceful step, but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make lifelong covenants.

Another temptation that hovers over the watering place is that of baneful literature. Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. There is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible I find sitting on hotel piazza or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation!" Yes. There is no need that you take along to a watering place "Hamilton's Metaphysics" or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables will for a little while take lighter food, a little strych[illegible] and few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs of a corrupt printing press jump into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel, books of congenial history, books of pure fun, books of poetry, singing with energy and pathos, books of fine engravings, books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? There will not be an hour between this and your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is intoxicating beverages. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of the wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye she is drunk. She may be handed into a $2500 carriage and have diamonds enough to astound the Tiffanys'—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of the best young ladies' seminary and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old fashioned case of drunk.

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the r