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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 XII.—(Continued.)

"The indorsement on the back of this instrument," said the lawyer, "is this: 'Last Will and Testament of Alvin DeRosette.'"

He carefully unfolded the paper, readjusted his glasses and raised the document before him.

"Wilmington, North Carolina, New Hanover County, March third, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

"This is to certify that I, Alvin DeRosette, being of sound mind and vigorous, but uncertain as to when death may overcome me, do hereby, on this, the day and date above mentioned, namely, the third day of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, pen this instrument, and I do further declare it to be my last will and testament, subject, however, to such, if any, codicils as I may hereafter see proper to devise.

"I do hereby declare my beloved daughter, Harriet M. DeRosette, my only living child, to be my sole heir and legatee, and to her I do give and bequeath my entire estate, both real and personal, lands, houses, money, bonds, stocks, chattels and slaves. In fact, all property of whatever nature of which I may die possessed. With the exception, however, of the following bequests and manumissions, which I desire my beloved daughter and administrator to see fulfilled immediately, or as soon as may be after my demise.

"First—I desire that Duke, my trusted servant for these many years, me manumitted, and I bequeath him the sum of two thousand dollars with which to provide for his necessities in his declining years."

"God bless my ole master," groaned Uncle Duke; "but I carn leave the bank—I carn leave my Miss Hattie!"

"Nor shall you, Uncle Duke," sobbed Hattie.

"Second," read the lawyer, "to Hannah, who has ever been true and faithful, I devise her freedom from servitude and direct that the sum of one thousand dollars be paid."

"De good Lord!" sobbed Hannah, sinking on her knees.

"Third—To Millie and Adam I devise five hundred dollars each, and leave with my dear daughter the matter of their manumission, requesting her, however, to at an early date draw a written instrument devising them their freedom in case of her death."

"God bless Mars Alvin!" exclaimed Adam, while Millie could only sink on her knees at the side of her mistress and sob. "I isen gwine, Miss Hattie! I isen gwine!"

"I further," read the attorney, "desire my daughter to see that above sums of money to be paid my negroes, be not squandered, and I direct her to personally look after the management of their monetary affairs.

"To my old friend, Jerry Dobbs, the trusted attorney of 'The Cape Fear Bank,' as a slight testimonial of my regard, I bequeath the sum of five thousand dollars, should he survive me; otherwise I direct that the aforesaid sum be paid to his son Arthur by my administrator."

Here the old attorney nearly broke down. His voice and manner showed great agitation.

"To Herman Craven, my nephew, and at this time the cashier of my bank, I give and bequeath the sum of——"

The attorney hesitated, removed his glasses, carefully ran his silk handkerchief over them, and with a seemingly nervous hand replaced them.

"To Herman Craven, my nephew, at this time cashier of my bank, I do give and bequeath the sum of——"

The attorney's eyes left the written instrument and rested on the features of the cashier.

There were the eyes of one other in the room fixed on Herman Craven also—the eyes of the great Southern detective.

Herman sat as though wondering at the delay.

"The sum of fifty-five thousand dollars," read the lawyer.

The bank directors certainly looked surprised, and a slight exclamation fell from the lips of some of them.

Herman Craven raised his handkerchief to his eyes and moaned: "My dear, dear uncle! I had no dream that you would remember me to that extent."

"Which sum," continued the lawyer, as he resumed reading the will, "is sufficient to form the nucleus of a fortune, and will enable him to engage in almost any vocation."

"I should think it would," thought Sellars. "That sum is a fortune itself—not the nucleus of one. I wonder—I do wonder," he thought, "if Hannah was not mistaken on the night of the murder, and if it was not the hand of other than Herman Craven that pulled the wire—some one who had gained admission to the house and—but no, she stated that the form she saw was clad only in a nightshirt. That argues nothing. Beneath that nightshirt there might have been all of the garments of a man—a single moment would have sufficed to don a nightshirt. Wait."

"I leave my daughter and my administrator to decide as to whether my vast interests shall be withdrawn from 'The Cape Fear Bank' and the funds invested in other securities. As I founded the bank, I should prefer that my interests be continued in the same. However, after my daughter shall have attained her twentieth year, it will be for her alone to determine, as my administrator's duties shall cease at that time.

"I do hereby appoint as my aforesaid administrator, my friend——"

Here the attorney's hands shook so badly that the instrument fell to the floor. He stooped, tremblingly, and recovered it.

Director Chadbourn of the bank turned a glass of water and handed it to him.

The old attorney raised it to his lips, but his eyes were again fixed on the body of the will.

"He has found another surprise," thought Sellars.

"I do hereby appoint as my aforesaid administrator," read the lawyer, "my friend, Herman Craven."

This time there were unmistaken expressions of surprise.

"In whom," resumed the lawyer, "I have implicit confidence, and I direct that he be required to give no bond for the faithful performance of the duties entailed."

To say that there was consternation on the faces of the directors would be to draw it mildly. Unquestionably, the banker's daughter was not less surprised, and Sellars? What shall we say of him? He was dumbfounded.

"Hannah was clearly mistaken," he thought.

"I do also appoint my aforesaid administrator as guardian of my beloved daughter, and by reason of my estate's being large and my interests many, I direct that his duties as such guardian shall not cease until my daughter shall reach her twentieth birthday. This provision, however, to be void in case of the marriage of my aforesaid daughter before she shall reach the age of twenty, and in which event her husband shall supplant her guardian."

A cry of pain and anguish escaped the white lips of Miss DeRosette, and her head fell forward upon the shoulder of her companion.

All eyes were directed to her moaning form.

The directors—the friends of the dead banker of fifty years' standing—sat pale, silent, mute.

Sellars, overcome though he was with astonishment, yet had his keen eyes fixed on the features of the cashier. But naught but a placid countenance did he see—no evidence of surprise there—no twitching of the muscles of the face—neither a look of exultation, merely a dead calm face, slightly flushed, and a pair of inquiring eyes looking up at the lawyer.

"De Lord God!" was the exclamation that fell from the lips of old Uncle Duke.

Herman Craven did not cast a glance in his direction.

"In witness whereof," continued the lawyer, "I have hereunto set my hand and seal in this, the city of Wilmington, State of North Carolina, this, the third day of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

"ALVIN DE ROSETTE.

"Witnesses—John D. Lloyd, Freeman Elliott."

"This ends the reading of the instrument," said the attorney, sinking into a chair.

"The conclusion comes as a surprise," observed Director Hammond. "That is—understand me, Mr. Craven—of course death came so suddenly to our friend that none of us, I think, had given the matter a thought. But, excuse me, there are so many old and tried friends—men of greater experience than yourself—that it seems strange that he should have designated you as the administrator of his estate and guardian of his daughter."

"Very, very strange!" echoed the other directors.

"I am not surprised at that, gentlemen," Herman said blandly. "It was because of your age that my uncle did not name some one of you. Remember, a week ago he bade fair to live as long as any of you. He would have named Mr. Dobbs but for his age."

"Strange the will does not read 'my nephew, Herman Craven,' instead of 'my friend, Herman Craven,'" remarked Director Chadbourn.

"It would seem so," said Herman; "but my uncle often used to term me "friend Herman." Yes, more often than he did 'nephew' in our private conversations. He had notified me that he had named me as administrator of his will, but he had not informed me how liberally he had remembered me in the same. It quite overpowers me," and Herman raised his handkerchief to his eyes.

"The witnesses to this will?" observed the detective.

"Went down with the ill-fated Gosmore, and within sight of the British coast," said the attorney.

"Then," remarked Sellars, "there are no living witnesses?"

"None," the attorney said; "but their signatures are here, and there is no question but what they are genuine. You all know them, gentlemen."

"Yes," observed Director Hammond, "and I was aware they had witnessed our old friend's signature to his will. After their death I think he intended getting other signatures, but he deferred it too long."

Sellars had advanced, and the attorney handed [illegible] he closely scrutinized.

"Yes," he said presently, "the signatures are genuine beyond a doubt, but——"

"But what, Mr. Sellars?" asked Lawyer Dobbs.

"I was about to say that the signatures are genuine, but the witnesses themselves are somewhere rocking to and fro, deep down in the bosom of the ocean," answered Sellars.

"And the sea," thought Herman Craven, "will not give up its dead."

"What step is first necessary?" he asked.

"The submission of the will for probate," said the attorney, "and immediately thereafter you must enter at once on the discharge of your duties. You will find them such as to require great care and discretion, but both myself and the directors of the bank stand ready to lend you every possible aid."

"I shall enter upon them, gentlemen, depending largely on your advice," remarked Herman, "and every provision of my uncle's will shall be carried out faithfully. To my cousin I shall endeavor to prove a faithful guardian."

A groan burst from the quivering lips of the young heiress as she arose to her feet. "There is something——"

She caught the warning glance of the detective, and leaning heavily on her companion's arm, left the room.

"My cousin is quite overcome," observed Herman.

"Very naturally so," said Sellars. "She has just listened to the reading of the last will and testament of her murdered father."

CHAPTER XIII.

The day following the reading of the will the instrument was admitted to probate, and Herman Craven had the handling of a vast estate in his hands.

He held also in those same white hands, or thought he did, the destiny of a charming young heiress.

"Ere two years roll by," he thought, as he sat in his private office at the bank, "the husband must supplant the guardian—I shall have become that husband. It will not be difficult after Robert is in a felon's grave to win the heart of my ward, at least to make her my wife. She clearly does not believe that Robert Campbell murdered her father. Jennie's presence in the house so much I do not like. It must be checked. Clearly, I must talk to this ward of mine. It is not seemly for the daughter of a murdered man to be on terms of intimacy with the sister of the wretch who—who lies in jail under the charge of having murdered him. Under the charge of having murdered him? Ha! ha! Was he not caught red-handed in the act? As for the funds in the bank, I must leave everything as it is until Hattie shall have become my wife. I must win the confidence of the bank directors. But above all I must become the president of 'The Cape Fear Bank.' There is nothing easier, now that I represent a majority of the stock, as my cousin's guardian, and am the administrator of my uncle's estate. The directors meet this evening to choose a successor to the late president, and in the interest of the late president's daughter, I, Herman Craven, must be that president. What is it, Duke?"

"Attorney Dobbs, Mars Herman."

"Admit him. Uncle Duke, you have been a faithful man for a negro. To-morrow you will be free. You will have no master and will have two thousand dollars to your credit in the bank."

"I will have a young mistress, Mars Herman," said the old man, "who I'd die die to serve. As for freedom, I's too old for dat; I belongs to Mars Alvin's bank and Miss Hattie, and always will, but God bless old master jus' de same for strikin' off de shackles. Not de body—fo dar wan't none dar—but from de soul. I ken die a free man. Glory to God!"

"You will be right here just the same, Duke. Now admit the attorney.

"I was in hopes you would call in this morning, Mr. Dobbs," he said, arising from his seat and extending his hand as the attorney approached him, "as there is a matter I wished to see you about. Pray be seated."

"In that event I am glad I called," observed the lawyer, seating himself, "but I think I can guess the subject. It is of the directory meeting to-night, at which a successor to Alvin DeRosette must be named as the bank's president, is it not?"

"The same, Mr. Dobbs. The same."

"I had a conference with Directors Chadbourn, Hammond and Hoyt this morning," said the attorney, "and the two latter favor Mr. Chadbourn for the presidency. You see, he is a man who has always been identified with the bank and has had a vast experience in monetary affairs. The public have full confidence in him, and I think you may safely cast the vote you represent as your uncle's administrator for him. In fact, the matter lays entirely with you. Your action decides the presidency and largely the future of the bank. Of course, you will remain cashier."

"Such is not my intention, Mr. Dobbs," said Herman.

"What, you will sever your connection with the bank?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Dodds, not that! Now, understand me. I have the most implicit confidence in Director Chadbourn. As the second largest stockholder, he is the bank's vice-president, and as such I am content that he remain. As the representative of the stock that made my uncle the president, and as his administrator and the guardian of his daughter, I conceive it to be my duty to take his place as nearly as I can in all that pertains to his business affairs. I feel, indeed, that he would have it so or he would not have named me his administrator. Yes, I feel in duty bound to make Herman Craven the president of the bank, and I ask your co-operation and aid."

The old attorney's face paled, and for a moment he sat speechless.

"I beg you," he said, when he had mastered his emotion, "think well of this matter. You have had but two years' experience in banking affairs. Director Chadbourn has had that of half a lifetime. His name would inspire confidence and the bank would not lose a customer. With you as its president I fear the result would not be the same. You are young and can wait. You have every confidence in Mr. Chadbourn and would be here just as you have been in the past. Public confidence must not be shaken by an unwise move at this time."

(To be continued.)

GENERAL SPORTS.

The proposed match between Joe Gans and Spike Sullivan has been declared off. They were to fight December 4 and Tom O'Rourke, manager of the Lenox A. C., says Gans deliberately fluked out of the match.

The yacht races cost the New York Yacht Club about $50,000 for mere attendance and supervision. The steamer Republic cost $1500 for the first day and $1000 for every day thereafter, and, as there were eleven trips down the bay, the total amount was $11,500. The big Luckenbach tugs cost $150 a day, and the other boats required on the course cost but little less.

Members of the National Cycling Association who are in a position to know what action the N. C. A. will take in the government of bicycle racing next season declare that the foreign associations are now prepared to recognize the N. C. A. as the representative governing body in this country. Such a step would mean the downfall of the League of American Wheelmen in its aim to control racing.

Spike Sullivan claims that he must take on easy ones because there are no good ones to fight him at 132 pounds. Howard Wilson thinks he can best Sullivan at that weight.

Richard Croker has purchased of Clay Woodford, Lexington, Ky., Misused, a thoroughbred brood mare, dam of Kilmarnock. He will ship her to England for the stud. The price is private.

John Thomas, of Cumbok, and John Brennan, of Tucker Hill, shot a live pigeon match at Pottsville. Each man was assigned seven birds. Thomas killed four birds to his opponent's two. The purse was $10 a side. A juvenile match took place between John Stutz and John Martin of Silver Creek, aged 14 years. Each shot at five birds. Martin killed two birds and Stutz missed his entire quota, the purse was $10.

The following are the batting averages for the Williams College baseball team for the entire season, and include all intercollegiate games: Makepiace who played in but two games, has an average of .500; Risley, .338; Reardon, .337; Jansen, .333; Street, .299; Plunkett, 281; Edwards, .279; Seaver, .269; Russell, .250; Trannis, .235; Lydecker, .212; Ranger, .208, and Heffernan, .156.

The launch John Harvard, which has coached many of Harvard's crews, has been sold to the University of Wisconsin. Coach O'Dea is now in Cambridge making arrangements for the transportation of the boat.

Edward Dunkhorst, of Syracuse, lost to Peter Maher in the seventh round of what was to have been a ten round boxing contest before the Monarch Athletic Club, at Syracuse, N. Y., on a foul.

Joseph Choynski defeated "Dick" Moore, of St. Paul, in three rounds of what was to have been a twenty round boxing contest at St. Louis. Choynski simply outclassed his opponent.

In respect to giving, there are very few of us who give according to our ability, or anything like it. The great generosity of the world usually lies below the medium line.

THIS ROAD IS A MINT

MARINE RAILWAY NEAR NEW YORK IS UNIQUE.

It Is Only One-half Mile in Length, but It Has a Monopoly of a Good Business and Earns a Great Deal of Money.

The death of Mr. Vanderbilt brought back to my memory recollections of Austin Corbin. My attention was recently called to the least known enterprise which the late Mr. Corbin founded, and which, according to one source, is the richest railroad in the world. The road is within half an hour's ride from New York and is known as the Marine Railroad. The entire distance covered by this road is barely a quarter of a mile, and the fare is the uniform and small rate of 5 cents. The road serves to connect the two summer resorts Manhattan Beach and Brighton Beach. The trip over the road occupies only a minute with the comparatively slow locomotive, two of which, with two cars, make up the entire rolling stock of this wealthy road. The road has been an absolute monopoly of traffic, though, between the two beaches, which are connected by a narrow strip of land. This strip Mr. Corbin, wise man that he was, built his road on and issued orders that any one who wanted to walk alongside the roadbed was taking chances of arrest for trespass, and this season a number of special officers headed off all would-be promenaders who wanted to save the fare of 5 cents. On one side of this strip is the ocean, on the other swamps and marshes. To circle around these swamps in order to reach the opposite beach would require a walk of at least three miles, hence the profit accruing from the Marine Railroad. The road operates only three months a year, but during these three months it carries on an average 50,000 or 60,000 passengers a week. Last Fourth of July the two engines and two coaches carried 28,000 persons at 5 cents, and no half fares for children either. The staff is in keeping with the extent of rolling stock. It consists of two engineers, two firemen, two conductors, two ticket sellers and two gatemen. The superintendent of Manhattan Beach is at the same time general manager of the Marine Railroad, its general passenger agent and freight agent all in one person. It is said that the operating expenses for the three months of the season do not exceed $3,000. In 1891 the road is said to have cleared $57,000 above all expenses. Its capital is $20,000, and, according to one of its stockholders, it has cleared upwards of $1,000,000 for the shareholders during its existence, a dividend of 250 per cent. per annum. The hundred-dollar shares are therefore worth in the neighborhood of $5,000, a higher premium than that commanded by Chemican Bank stock, which is usually considered to be the most remarkable investment in that respect. That the stockholders are numerically almost as small as the staff of the road can be easily imagined, and that none of the stock is for sale is also self-understood. In one respect the miniature railway resembles the miniature states of Andorra and San Marino. One never hears anything about either.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

CLIMATE SHOWS FEW CHANGES.

Weather Conditions Now About the Same as in Ages Past.

This subject is of extreme interest and merits a most thorough study. We find the "early" and the "latter" rain to-day in Palestine precisely as described 3,500 years ago. "Jordan overflows all its banks" in February to-day exactly as it did in Joshua's time, thirty-three centuries ago. Plants taken from mummy cases in Egypt, which must have been gathered more than 5,000 years since, are practically of the same size and have the same appearance as those growing to-day. Records of vintages in France over 700 years show practically the same dates as to-day. Actual observations of rainfall for over 200 years in France show no change. Observations of temperature for almost 200 years at St. Petersburg show no change appreciable to us, though, of course, the earliest observations were extremely crude and somewhat unreliable. Facts of this kind might be adduced to fill a small volume. On the other hand, we have records of most extraordinary cold weather in ancient times. One winter the light wine in France froze. Another winter the River Po froze over so as to bear teams, an unheard-of phenomenon to-day. In this journal recently it is stated that "Parnassus and Socrate, now free from snow, were covered with it in classic antiquity." Also "the name of Greenland, which strikes us as so singularly inappropriate, was not inapplicable at the time it was named, in the fourteenth century."

It is entirely probable that descriptions of the cold in ancient times were much exaggerated. Parnassus and Socrate have snow at times, and, in earlier days, when protection against the cold and snow was much less than now, a little snow would go a long way. The earlier voyagers from Iceland, more than 1,000 years ago, leaving a land of almost perpetual ice and snow, and reaching a land in the summer with its beautiful green color to their unaccustomed eyes, would very naturally give the name of Greenland to it. At the summer time, it is said that Greenland presents a most beautiful green near the Danish settlements to this day. Our oldest inhabitants, who have been wont to describe the terrible cold and deep snows of their boyhood days as incomparably greater than anything which does or can occur to-day, have completely lost their reckoning the last winter when reading of a ship that had sunk in New York harbor by weight of the ice upon it; also, that Washington had had thirty-four inches of snow on a level and the lowest temperature ever noted in that fair city. I am sure a careful study will show no appreciable change in the climate of this earth since the early historic times. Of course, nothing here adduced touches climatic changes in [illegible] or in prehistoric times, which changes have been established beyond question.—Popular Science.

Curious Ways of Marking Time.

The islanders of the South Pacific have no clocks, but make a curious time-marker of their own. They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of minutes and then set fire to the next one below. The natives tie pieces of bark cloth at regular intervals along the string, to mark the divisions of time. Among the natives of Singan, in the Malay Archipelago another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck and neck, and sand is put in one of them which pours itself into the other one every half-hour, when the bottles are reversed. There is a line near on which are hung twelve rods, marked with notches from one to twelve. A regular appointed keeper attends to the bottles and rods, and sounds the hour upon a gong.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

It is an unexplained fact that glow-worms are much more brilliant just before an approaching storm than at any other time.

The most active volcano in the world is Mt. Sangay, 17,190 feet, situated on the eastern chain of the Andes, South America. It has been in constant eruption since 1728.

The atmospheric ocean surrounding the earth is frequently disturbed by gigantic waves, which are invisible except when they carry parts of the air, charged with moisture, up into a colder atmospheric stratum where sudden condensation occurs. In this manner long, parallel lines of clouds sometimes make their appearance at a great height, marking the crests of a ripple of air waves, running miles above our heads.

Prof. Alexander Agassiz, with a corps of men of science, and under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission, set sail from San Francisco about the middle of August, in the steamship Albatross, on one of the most important scientific expeditions of recent times. An immense area of the Pacific Ocean, including the Paumota, the Friendly, the Ellice, the Gilbert and the Marshall Islands, and many unnamed groups of coral islets, will be thoroughly explored for the first time. The voyage will cover about 20,000 miles, and the explorations will include the life and phenomena of the sea from its surface to its greatest attainable depths.

It has often been suggested that the brilliance of the sun's disk is due to incandescent particles of carbon, and within a few years past the presence of carbon in the sun has been demonstrated by the spectroscope. Lately Prof. Hale, the director of the Yerkes Observatory, has shown that there is a thin layer of carbon in the lower part of the sun's atmosphere. It surrounds the solar globe like a luminous shell, and under normal conditions is probably not more than five hundred miles above the sun's surface. But when an eruption takes place from beneath the carbon layer, like all the other constituents of the solar atmosphere, is broken up and locally dispersed by the tremendous agitation.

The work of keeping the mouth of the world's greatest commercial river, the Thames, open and free for ships of all classes is not lacking in difficulty. The shifting sands continually encroach upon the channels of the great estuary, and the latest surveys show that the Duke of Edinburgh Channel, which is at present the principal passage into the Thames for heavy vessels, has narrowed since 1882 from a mile and a half to about half a mile. "Its total obliteration, which seems by no means impossible," says Nature, "would entail a long circuit at the time of low water." The "Middle Swim," the main route for traffic between London and the north, has also contracted and shoaled much within late years.

Occasionally small diamonds have been found among the ridges of gravel brought down from the north in the age of the glaciers and scattered over the States bordering on the Great Lakes. Prof. Hobbs, of the University of Wisconsin, thinks that these diamonds came from some place in Canada, and that by tracing back the line of advance of the glaciers the original location of the gems may be discovered. An effort to carry out Prof. Hobbs' suggestion is to be made, and Prof. H. L. Fairchild, of the University of Rochester; Prof. I. C. Russell, of the University of Michigan; Prof. J. P. Iddings, of the University of Chicago, and Prof. O. C. Farrington, of the Field Columbian Museum, will co-operate by examining, without charge, suspected gems found by persons living near the glacial moraines.

A Chivalrous Urchin.

The first specimen of true manly chivalry—the very pattern of a small knight who holds the rights of his lady love sacred—was encountered the other day in a Cambridge kindergarten. The teacher discovered that a very small boy, not more than 5 years old, was chewing gum, and she ordered him out and bade him disgorge it.

"I can't," he said.

"You can't?" she answered in surprise. "Why, yes, you can, and you must."

"No, I can't," he persisted, and kept the gum in his mouth.

"Now, why can't you give me that gum, Johnny?" the teacher asked.

"Because," said Johnny, stoutly, "it belongs to a little girl in Somerville."—Life.

When a woman can't sing at all, friends excuse her by saying that though her voice is not strong, it is very sweet.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: A Heavenly Guard—Mission of the Angels—Have Much to Do With the Every-day Affairs of Life—A Guardian Angel For Every One.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—The brilliant beings supposed by some to be imaginary are by Dr. Talmage in this sermon shown to be real and to have much to do with our every-day life. The text is, Judges xiii., 19, "And the angel did wondrously."

Fire built on a rock. Manoah and his wife had there kindled the flames for sacrifice in the praise of God and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But as the flame rose higher and higher their stranger guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended into the skies. Then they knew that he was an angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."

Two hundred and forty-eight times does the Bible refer to the angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on angeology. The whole subject is relegated to the realm mythical, weird, spectral and unknown. Such adjournment is un-Scriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits, their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives us full length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angeology is my theme.

There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other—the nation of good angels and the nation of bad angels. Of the former I chiefly speak today. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous, is heaven, but their empire is the universe. They are a distinct race of creatures. No human being can ever join their confraternity. The little child who in the Sabbath school sings, "I want to be an angel," will never have her wish gratified. They are superhuman, but they are of different grades and ranks, not all on the same level or the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals. I propose no guessing on this subject, but take the Bible for my only authority. Plato, the philosopher, guessed and divided angels into supercelestial, celestial and subcelestial. Dionysius, the Areopagite, guessed and divided them into three classes, the supreme, the middle and the last, and each of these into three other classes, making nine in all. Philo said that the angels were related to God, as the rays to the sun. Fulgentius said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been in danger of falling, but now are beyond being tempted. But the only authority on this subject that I respect says they are divided into cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominations, principalities, powers. Their commander in chief is Michael. Daniel called him Michael. St. John called him Michael. These superal beings are more thoroughly organized than any army that ever marched. They are swifter than any cyclone that ever swept the sea. They are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They have more to do with your destiny and mine than any being in the universe except God. May the Angel of the Covenant, who is the Lord Jesus, open our eyes and touch our tongue and rouse our soul while we speak of their deathlessness, their intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.

Yes, deathless. They had a cradle, but will never have a grave. The Lord remembers when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished or their momentum slow up or their existence terminate. The oldest of them has not a wrinkle or a decrepitude or a hindrance, as young after 6000 years as at the close of their first hour. Christ said of the good in heaven, "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal to the angels." Yes, deathless are these wonderful creatures of whom I speak. They will see world after world go out, but there shall be no fading of their own brilliance. Yea, after the last world has taken its last flight they will be ready for the widest circuit through immensity, taking a quadrillion of miles in one sweep as easy as a pigeon circles a dovecot. They are never sick. They are never exhausted. They need no sleep, for they are never tired. At God's command they smote with death in one night 185,000 of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality can smite them. Awake, agile, multipotent, deathless, immortal!

A further characteristic of these radiant folk is intelligence. The woman of Tekoah was right when she spoke to King David of the wisdom of an angel. We mortals take in what little we know through eye and ear and nostril and touch, but those beings have no physical encasement, and hence they are all senses. A wall five feet thick is not solid to them. Through it they go without disturbing flake of mortar or crystal of sand. Knowledge! It flashes on them. They take it in at all points. They absorb it. They gather it up without any hindrance. No need of literature for them. The letters of their books are stars. The dashes of their books are meteors. The words of their books are constellations. The paragraphs of their books are galaxies. The pictures of their books are sunrises and sunsets and midnight auroras and the Conqueror on the white horse with the moon under his feet. Their library is an open universe. No need of telescope to see something millions of miles away, for instantly they are there to inspect and explore it. All astronomies, all geologies, all botanies, all philosophies, at their feet. What an opportunity for intelligence is theirs! What facilities for knowing everything and knowing it right away!

There is only one thing that puts them to their wits' end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it all through the ages, and yet I warrant they have not fully grasped it—the wonders of redemption. These wonders are so high, so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent, that even the intelligence of angelhood is confounded before it. The apostle says, "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is a theme that strains their faculties to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb, deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into." But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God Himself can fully understand the wonders of redemption. If all heaven should study it for fifty eternities, they would get no further than the A B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last line of the last page of the last volume of investigation, and what delights me most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal, and, coming into their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by 100 years of earthly surmising.

A further characteristic of these immortals is their velocity. This the Bible puts sometimes under the figure of wings, sometimes under the figure of a flowing garment, sometimes under the figure of naked feet. As these superhumans are without bodies, these expressions are of course figurative and mean swiftness. The Bible tells us that Daniel was praying and Gabriel flew from heaven and touched him before he got up from his knees. How far, then, did the Angel Gabriel have to fly in in those moments of Daniel's prayer? Heaven is thought to be the center of the universe, our sun and its planets only the rim of the wheel of worlds. In a moment the Angel Gabriel flew from that center to this periphery. Jesus told Peter he could instantly have 60,000 angels present if he called for them.

What foot of antelope or wing of albatross could equal that velocity? Law of gravitation, which grips all things else, has no influence upon angelic momentum. Immensities before them open and shut like a fan. That they are here is no reason why they should not be a quintillion of miles hence the next minute. Our bodies hinder us, but our minds can circle the earth in a minute. Angelic beings are bodiless and have no limitation. God may with his finger point down to some world in trouble on the outmost limits of creation, and instantly an angelic cohort is there to help it, or some celestial may be standing at the farthermost outpost of immensity, and God may say "Come!" and instantly it is in His bosom. Abraham, Elijah, Hagar, Joshua, Gideon, Manoah, Paul, St. John, could tell of their unhindered locomotion. The red feet of summer lightning are slow compared with their hegiras.

Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. Their census has never been taken, and no one but God knows how many they are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers—companies of them, regiments of them, armies of them, mountain tops haloed by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and other beings round the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are 100,000,000. But these are only the angels in one place. David counted 20,000 of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the riven rocks of Mount Sinai, the Bible says He had the companionship of 10,000 angels. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every birth, at every pillow, at every bour, at every moment, the earth full of them, the heavens full of them.

They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac, it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying, "Abraham, Abraham!" It was a stairway of angels that Jacob saw while pillowed in the wilderness. We are told an angel led the hosts of Israelites out of Egyptian serfdom. It was an angel that showed Hagar the fountain where she filled the bottle for the lad. It was an angel that took Lot out of doomed Sodom. It was an angel that shut up the mouth of the hungry monsters when Daniel was thrown into the cavern. It was an angel that fed Elijah under the juniper tree. It was an angel that announced to Mary the approaching nativity. They were angels that chanted when Christ was born. It was an angel that strengthened our Saviour in His agony. It was an angel that encouraged Paul in the Mediterranean shipwreck. It was an angel that burst open the prison gate after gate, until Peter was liberated. It was an angel that stirred the pool of Siloam, where the sick were healed. It was an angel that John saw flying through the midst of heaven, and an angel with foot planted on the sea, and an angel that opened the book, and an angel that sounded the trumpet, and an angel that thrust in the sickle, and an angel that poured out the vials, and an angel standing in the sun. It will be an angel with uplifted hand swearing that time shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world the reapers are the angels. Yea, the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels. Oh, the numbers and the migrat and the glory of these supernals—fleets of them, squadrons of them, host beyond host, rank above rank, millions on millions, and all on our side if we will have them!

This leads me to speak of the offices of these supernals. To defend, to cheer, to rescue, to escort, to give victory to the right and overthrow the wrong—that is their business—just as alert to-day and efficient as when in Bible times they spread wing or unsheathed sword or rocked down penitentiaries or filled the mountains with horses of fire hitched to chariots of fire and driven by reinsmen of fire. They have turned your steps a hundred times, and you know it not. You were on the way to do some wrong thing, and they changed your course. They brought some thought of Christian parentage or of loyalty to you. [illegible] some, and that arrested you. They arranged [illegible] you at that cri[illegible] honorable and [illegible] from your po[illegible] amusement, a[illegible] evil [illegible] found. It was an angel [illegible] and perhaps the very one that guided you to this service and that now waits to report some holy impression to be made upon your soul, tarrying with one foot upon the doorstep of your immortal spirit and the other foot lifted for ascent into the skies. By some prayer detain him until he can tell you of a repentant and ransomed soul! Or you were some time borne down with trouble, bereavement, persecution, bankruptcy, sickness and all manner of troubles beating their discords in your heart and life. You gave up. You said: "I cannot stand it any longer. I believe I will take my life. Where is the rail train or the deep wave or the precipice that will end this torment of earthly existence?" But suddenly your mind brightened. Courage came surging into your heart like oceanic tides. You said, "God is on my side, and all these adversities He can make turn out for my good." Suddenly you felt a peace, a deep peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. What made the change? A sweet and mighty comforting angel of the Lord met you. That was all.

Yes, a guardian angel for each one of you. Put yourself now in accord with Him. When He suggests the right, follow it. When He warns you against the wrong, shun it. Sent forth from God to help you in this great battle against sin and death, accept his deliverance. When tempted to a feeling of faintness and disheartenment, appropriate the promise, "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Oh, I am so glad that the spaces between here and heaven are thronged with these supernaturals taking tidings home, bringing messages here, rolling back obstacles from our path and giving us defenses, for terrific are the forces who dispute our way, and if the nation of the good angels is on our side the nation of bad angels is on the other. Paul had it right when he said, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." In that awful fight may God send us mighty angelic re-enforcement! We want all their wings on our side, all their swords on our side, all their chariots on our side.

Thank God that those who are for us are mightier than those who are against us! And that thought makes me jubilant as to final triumph. Belgium, you know, was the battleground of England and France. Yes, Belgium more than once was the battleground of opposing nations. It so happens that this world is the Belgium or battleground between the angelic nations, good and bad. Michael, the commander-in-chief on one side; Lucifer, as Byron calls him, or Mephistopheles, as Goethe calls him; or Satan, as the Bible calls him, the commander-in-chief on the other side. All pure angelhood under the one leadership and all abandoned angelhood under the other leadership. Many skirmish have the two armies had, but the great and decisive battle is yet to be fought. Either from our earthly homes or down from our supernal residences may we come in on the right side, for on that side are God and heaven and victory. Meanwhile the battle is being set in array, and the forces celestial and demoniacal are confronting each other. Hear the boom of the great cannonade already opened! Cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominations, principalities and powers are beginning to ride down their foes, and, until the work is completed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon!"

Useful Hints.

Every housekeeper has experienced the sense of desperation caused by the occasional obstinacy of the double boiler. The water in the outside vessel often unaccountably refuses to boil. When this happens fill the outer saucepan with strong salt water, and it will boil much sooner.

A delicious hot gingerbread was served at a home luncheon the other day. It was fresh from the oven, spicy and tender, and on being broken it proved to be full of almonds. They had been split into halves so as not to be heavy enough to sink to the bottom of the dough during the cooking process. The combination of flavors is to be recommended.

Industrial.

—In Canada the Grand Trunk is reported to have called in several of its traveling freight agents owing to the fact that they cannot secure cars for the tremendous rush of business offering.

The Sedalia (Mo.) Electric Railway last week laid off all the conductors on its several lines in the city. In the future the conductors' duties will be performed by the motormen.

A striking evidence of the scarcity of workingmen is a great placard which has been hung out in front of the post-office, Ottawa, Can., by one of the lumber companies asking for 1000 laborers and 200 shantymen.

The fifty factories of Kokomo, Ind., now using natural gas as fuel are filling up their cellars and sheds with wood and coal for use in case the gas gives out. There has been no coal in that town for twelve years until a few days ago.

Employes of the Dodge Manufacturing Company, Mishawaka, Ind., are preparing to start a co-operative store for the benefit of employes of all the factories of that city. They allege the city grocers and butchers charge exorbitant prices.

Chicago Policemen's Benevolent Association realized $34,000 by the recent annual benefit at the Auditorium.

The Brooklyn Cement Masons and Asphalt Layers' Union has obtained the eight-hour workday without resort to a strike.

Judge Falconbridge, of the High Court of Canada, has ruled that it is not compulsory for persons to give evidence that may incriminate themselves in liquor cases.

Brooklyn stair builders have the Saturday half-holiday and a wage scale of $3.25 a day, including Saturdays, on which the same wage