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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 XVIII.

At 8 o'clock on the night of the 27th Hattie DeRosette was seated in the library of her home, the very room in which her father had so recently been murdered.

Notwithstanding the fact that the banker had there been stricken to death, this room had been his favorite, and his daughter found fond memories clustered about it. It was apparent that the young heiress had been weeping, and little wonder. For three days she had been seated in the court house listening to the evidence that she felt to most minds condemned the man she loved as the murderer of her father.

She had listened to the evidence of Herman Craven and reluctantly had spoken words that substantiated his statements.

She had noted with feelings better imagined than described that the stern, fixed features of the jurors seemed to admit of little doubt as to what would be their verdict.

The statement of the prisoner, unsubstantiated as it was, seemed to bear little weight.

The State's Attorney dispelled that little in his long argument for conviction.

He drew a terrible picture of the crime enacted in the room in which she was seated, and stated that the evidence was such as not to admit of a single doubt as to who committed the horrible murder.

"No other living soul!" he exclaimed, as he pointed his shaking finger at the prisoner, "had a motive! This man had. Where was it? Ask him! Where is the bag of coin he that night obtained at the express office? How did he obtain that canceled note? The dead banker cannot answer you, and the statements of his assassin should weigh not against the overwhelming evidence against him. His assertions are cunningly contrived; but would a wretch—guilty of such a crime—hesitate to save his worthless neck from the halter by false statements? You have, gentlemen, the evidence of the murdered banker's nephew, his trusted friend, in whom he had such confidence that, unknown to him, he had already named him the administrator of his will and the guardian of his daughter. Yes, and left him besides a fortune in his own right. He has told you, though reluctantly and after being pressed by the counsel for the defense, that the dead banker had expressed to him a desire to live to see the nephew and his loved daughter man and wife. In all this, gentlemen of the jury, the daughter's evidence corroborates that of the principal witness, with the exception that she had no knowledge of the fact that her father hoped one day to see her wedded to the young man who is now president of 'The Cape Fear Bank.' Her father had never expressed that wish to her. Why, gentlemen of the jury? Because of her tender years! May there not, gentlemen, have been also a motive here on the part of the prisoner for the removal of the murdered man? Did he not fear the banker, living, would thwart him in his design to make the daughter his wife? Remember, gentlemen, that if Herman Craven and Miss DeRosette had been one moment later in entering the library they would have found before them naught but the lifeless body of the murdered banker! The fiend that murdered him would have made his exit from the house. And who shall say, not without a hope, nay, a belief, that the nephew would stand before the bar of justice, charged with his murder? Murder, so palpable and plain that even Lang Sellars, the great Southern detective, whom he had urged to take his case, abandoned him."

There was amazement throughout the court room at the calm appearance of the prisoner during the tirade of the prosecuting attorney.

Not an exclamation left his lips. He sat pale and silent, with clenched hands and tightly compressed lips, until Lawyer Robbins had taken his seat.

Arthur Dobbs plead long and well for the life of his client; but no denunciations of Herman Craven left his lips.

The ground he dwelt on was that no living soul had seen the blade of the sheath knife driven home to the banker's heart, and that the evidence against the prisoner was entirely circumstantial.

In his closing plea the district attorney, an old and experienced lawyer, ridiculed the idea of the proof being of a circumstantial nature, and in closing his address used these words:

"There he sits, gentlemen! There in the prisoner's box—caught red-handed in his murderous act! Do your duty, and free the Old North State of a fiend unparalleled! Take the case."

The judge's charge had occupied an hour, and it was apparent that he entertained no doubt of the prisoner's guilt.

Not half an hour previous to the time we find Miss Hattie seated in the library, and after the jury had retired from the court room, had she left the court house, and then only after the judge had announced that the verdict would be delivered in open court at 10 o'clock the following day.

"That is," said his honor, "if the jury agree, and they undoubtedly will. I trust," he added, "that you will not be uncomfortable in the jury room; but owing to illness in my family, I am unable to remain and take your verdict to-night."

"I would have said more, much more," thought Miss Hattie, as she pondered over the matter, "but for the caution of Mr. Sellars. I would have denounced Herman Craven. I would have accused him of having visited the attic. I would—"

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of her cousin.

"My dear Hattie! I find you alone!" cried Herman, as he seated himself on the sofa beside her. "You have been weeping. I do not wonder! The three past days have been terrible to you; but the grave will soon open to receive the body of your father's murderer."

"I—I trust so," said Hattie, with a sob she could not suppress.

"How brazen the fiend sat there throughout the trial. In spite of all, I am sorry for his mother and sister, for they are worthy people; but I assure you I am glad the murderer's sister does not longer seek your company. It was revolting to me to see you in her company. I did not see either the mother or sister in the court room to-day."

"They may have abandoned him to his fate," said Hattie, "and he may not have desired them there to hear a son and brother condemned."

"Is it possible, my loved cousin and ward, that at one time you loved this wretch?"

"Pray do not speak of it. I—I fancied I did."

"Pure fancy and nothing more! Oh, may I not hope, dear Hattie, that you: loved father's desire may be fulfilled, and that at no distant day you will

my wife? I love you, my cousin, and would make my ward my bride!"

"This is no time, sir, to speak of love to me! Why, not two months have passed since my dear father was alive and well. There is time enough for you to ask my hand, when his brutal murderer shall have paid the penalty of his death on the gallows."

"But then, dear Hattie? Then may I speak, and will you listen to me?"

"If you address me after my father's murderer shall have been executed I will listen to you; but I give you no reason to believe that I will become your wife. I never loved you, and certainly do not now."

"But you will, sweet Hattie! You will! You will learn how devoted I am to you!"

"You say it was my father's wish that I become your wife? I would certainly fulfill his every wish, but is it not strange that he never expressed such a desire to me?"

"I think not, my dear Hattie. He did not desire you to think he was in haste to have you married, but he often spoke his mind to me."

"Strange; but as he evidently was not in haste to have me married, neither shall I be in haste to surrender my hand, now that he is no longer alive."

"Your father living, dear Hattie, you had a trusty guardian."

"Have I not one now?" asked the heiress, looking him fixedly in the eyes.

His face colored as he answered: "Why, yes, certainly you have, and one who loves you with his whole heart! I would die to serve you!"

"Well, speak of love to me no more until I give my leave. Good night!" and Hattie arose from her seat and left the room.

"She is mine, in spite of the devil!" thought Herman as the door closed behind her. "Ere a year goes by she will have changed the name of DeRosette for that of Craven. Now to move cautiously and retain the confidence of the directors and the public until she has become my bride. Then my plan is to convert everything into cash. Cash? I wonder what—never mind, I shall hear from him soon enough. I will venture he is keeping track of events. Afraid to write too soon, possibly. Well, he is prudent; but all is smooth sailing, smooth sailing, and I hold the reins! To-morrow the verdict comes. I think I hear the foreman's words now: 'Guilty! Guilty!' Guilty, beyond a doubt. Then a short season in a condemned man's cell under the death watch, and then—ah! a strangling noose! A fatal drop! A dead man dangling between the earth and sky, and Alvin DeRosette's murder has been—gracious, it makes me nervous!—avenged, and I have nothing more to fear.

"What a difference it makes whether a man be poor or rich. Poor, I was Herman Craven, the cashier of 'The Cape Fear Bank,' the nephew of a wealthy man, but entitled to little consideration. Wealthy, I am Mr. Craven, president of 'The Cape Fear Bank' and entitled to all consideration. To the devil with conscience and idle scruples in this world, say I! Nothing but servility and beggery travels in their wake. Now for bed, and to-morrow for another scene in the drama. After the next one the curtain will drop. Strange, I feel so squeamish! I feel as though my every movement was being watched. Never mind, I will take a bracer when I reach my room, then sleep."

A moment more and Herman entered his room, closing and locking the door behind him.

CHAPTER XIX.

A black, ungainly form had in the distance followed Herman Craven from the court house to the DeRosette residence on the night of the twenty-seventh. In fact, on each night that had preceded it since the detective's departure with Adam, the coachman, for Baltimore, and this form now lay beneath an elm directly in front of the residence of the late banker, and but a few feet from the path leading from the gate to the house.

A pair of large black eyes were intently fixed on the door of the mansion, and only removed from the same when from time to time the negro raised them and glanced for a moment at the light that shone forth from two windows on the second floor.

Herman Craven's feelings that he was being watched belied not the facts in the case.

The eyes of Calban had never for one moment left his form, save when he was beneath the court house roof, that of the bank, or beneath that under which he now sought repose.

"Dis yere hard wuck," muttered the negro, "an' I knows what Ise gwine t' do when Mars Lang wine up dis case. Ise gwine sleep a week, dat I is. But I isen' gwine close dese yere eyes till Mars Lang say, 'Calban, you 'lieved now!' Golly, I spec' dat Adam tink he own de yearth, now he splorin' 'bout wid Mars Lang. I yere dem say dat de jury got de case. You better hurry up, Mars Lang! What I done wid my 'bacca? I hope I isen' loss dat! No, yere it is!" and the negro bit off a goodly piece with his white ivories and composed himself for his night's watch.

In the office of Attorney Dobbs a father and son were at this time in close conversation.

"There is no question what the verdict will be, Arthur," are the words that fall from the lips of the elder man. "But for Sellars you could have made your defense much stronger."

"I know, father, but he protested against such a course. You know he has his own theories."

"He is a strange man with his methods. He keeps his secrets to himself. Now as to this C. A. Stephens that he is searching for. What possible connection can he have with the case? Why, the man may be in Europe by this time. I think Sellars is wrong with his theories. I believe Robert Campbell to be entirely innocent of the foul crime charged against him, and I believe every word of the statement he made to the jury, but I do not believe Herman Craven guilty of that murder. Neither do I believe him to have been an accessory to it, or to have had a knowledge of the fact that it was contemplated. I am fully satisfied that he believes Robert Campbell to be the guilty wretch who murdered his uncle."

"Possibly, father; but I have all faith in Sellars' judgment."

"Little wonder, son; but Sellars in this case has made an egregious blunder. My theory now is that there were two parties to this crime—tramps, probably. That one was secreted in the house, perhaps in the bath room adjoining the banker's chamber, perhaps in the closet under the stairs, and that the other was on the outside of the house."

"Well?"

"That the object was to rob the banker; that unexpectedly Robert Campbell appeared before that had been accomplished and was admitted to the house. The tramp on the outside waited perhaps half an hour after he had entered the house. Perhaps through the open window on the east side of the house he had a view of the two men seated in the library. Finally he ascended to the piazza and rang the bell vigorously, with a design of separating the two men. Possibly he thought the younger one would come to the door."

"Very naturally so."

"Well, after ringing the bell he dashed away in the darkness. Robert went to the door, as he stated. There was no one there. He walked out on the piazza and examined that. Next he descended the steps and peered round in all directions in the gloom and darkness. Presently he heard a groan from within the house. He retraced his steps quickly. The murder had been committed. The tramp had secured the bag of coin and in some manner made his exit from the house."

"Your theory is—"

"Wait! Robert was appalled at the sight that confronted him. He cried, 'Help! Murder!' and drew forth the reeking blade from my old friend's breast; but only to find himself a moment later charged by the nephew with having committed the crime."

"You draw a fearful picture, father!"

"The picture was a reality, my son. You could have made your case stronger, much stronger! You could have shown all these possibilities. You could have shaken the founded belief of that jury, as you did not do."

"I know it, father, and but for Sellars I would have done so. He protested against such a course, as you know, and Robert Campbell has such implicit confidence in him that he directed me to be guided by him in relation to all matters pertaining to his defense."

"Robert Campbell will soon be under sentence of death, and for a crime that he did not commit. As for Sellars, he has not been frank enough with us. If he has a hope of material evidence—anything aside from suspicions—he should have made it apparent."

"Remember, father, Lang Sellars is a man of action, not of words. At the proper time he will speak in thunder tones! Have patience, and wait!"

"In the meantime Robert Campbell approaches the gallows."

(To be continued.)

BATTLE WITH WILDCAT.

A Hunter Uses Red Pepper to Good Advantage on a Wild Beast.

For the first winter in many years wildcats have been numerous along the Fulton Chain. "Bill" Harwood, an old-time Adirondack guide, arrived in town last week with his head and arms done up in bandages, as evidence of the willingness of a wildcat to fight when in close quarters.

Harwood and his big deerhound, Spot, had been making a tour of the lakes for winter game, when they were caught in a snow storm on Black River mountain, near Rocky Point. They camped for the night in a shack left by a party of surveyors. Along in the morning Harwood was awakened by the barking of the hound. Turning over in his blankets he saw two shining eyes in a corner of the shack. Harwood knew that it was a wildcat. The cat had crawled to the entrance, when the hound leaped ahead and blocked the way out. A terrific battle followed. The cat leaped for the hound and literally tore the dog into shreds. Then the decayed trees holding the shack fell over the entrance and the cat and Harwood were literally penned in to fight a duel to the death.

The odds were plainly with the cat, for Harwood's gun had fallen with the brush, outside the shack. He was crawling to reach the weapon when the cat came down upon him, tearing its claws through his face and down his right arm. If the cat had followed the attack immediately the battle would have been over then and there. Harwood's life was saved by luck and a clever idea. As the cat leaped back for a second attack, Harwood fell forward. His hand struck a box of red pepper, which he had brought with his provisions. Quick as thought he snatched a handful of pepper, and arising threw it at the head of the cat. The aim was good. The cat was blinded until Harwood could crawl outside and reach his rifle. Then he dropped under the edge of the shack, and, locating the cat by the noise, fired until the animal was dead.—New York World.

British Police Forces Statistics.

The total police force of the United Kingdom is nearly 60,000. Of these England has 41,332, including 15,468 in the London Metropolitan Police Force and 985 in the city police; Scotland, 4,744; Ireland, 12,165; Wales, 1,283; Isle of Man, 52. Of the large towns, Liverpool has a full strength of 1,895 men; Glasgow, 1,320; Dublin, 1,265; Manchester, 1,038.

Married couples in Norway are privileged to travel on railways at a fare and a half.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

He who laughs can commit no deadly sin.

Grasp the irksome duty, it shall turn to sweet delight.

Love of virtue is as native to man as love of knowledge.

Whatever your calling, master all its bearings and details, its principles instruments and applications.

Service is greater than sovereignty.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to praise which deceives them.

The preacher who starves his head cannot feed his people's hearts.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

Adversity is the grindstone on which we lose enough to put an edge of usefulness on our lives.

Truth, beauty and love! these are the realities—other things are dreams.

Public favor is a poor platform to stand on.

Look up for strength and courage, and look about you for a place to put it to use.

Chance never helps the men who do not work.

LIFE ON ST. HELENA.

ITTLE ISLAND WHERE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE DIED.

Its Inhabitants at the Present Day Are Happy and Contented, and Crime Is Almost Unknown on the Island—Industries of the People.

Few people ever think of St. Helena except as a rock in the sea on which Napoleon lived a while miserably and then more miserably died. That the greatest of anti-climaxes was not the end of the little island's history is hard to realize, possibly because a poet or romancer would have made it the end, and a continuation is therefore more or less unnatural and absurd. Be that as it may, St. Helena has remained the abiding place of ordinary human beings who concern themselves very little about the colossal ghost generally supposed to be the island's only inhabitant, and the report to the English government just made by their governor shows that they have joys and sorrows exactly like those of the folks dwelling in places less tragically famous. For instance, the revenues of the island last year were £9,152, a decidedly comfortable sum, but alas! the expenditures amounted to £12,349, and that is an excess of outgo not comfortable at all. The governor says, however, that the bad balance was due to some extraordinary drains upon the island's resources, and that he anticipates a substantial surplus for the current year. A recent increase of the garrison and extensive improvements now making by the colonial and imperial authorities assure the immediate prosperity of the islanders.

St. Helena has no public debt, but is paying off by small annual installments a non-interest-bearing grant of £5,000 made by Parliament in 1871. The imports, chiefly foodstuffs and building materials, amounted last year to £62,985, and the exports, almost wholly potatoes, to £4,391. Lacemaking has been introduced among the girls of the island with great success, and the Governor is experimenting with the manufacture of brick and tile. The whalers have now entirely deserted St. Helena, the few ships engaged in that industry keeping far to the north or south. The total population of the island is 4,543.

The governor hopes that winter visitors from England may be tempted by the salubrity of the climate to try St. Helena, which is superior, he says, in some respects to that of Madeira and the Canary Islands. He says the people as a whole compare favorably with the English agricultural population; with few exceptions, all can read and write, and the language is spoken with greater purity than in many districts at home. As a rule, the people are happy and contented, with little crime among them and much kindness in helping each other. Strangers are greatly impressed with the general civility shown to them by old and young.—New York Times.

LOCATION OF SOLOMON'S MINES

Supposed to Be Near Where Transvaal War Will Occur.

The present prominence of the Transvaal from a political aspect makes everything connected with that region of special interest. The country, though it has only in comparatively recent times attracted the attention of our present civilization, has had a past, a very remote past, civilization of which all records and even traditions have disappeared, but which has left its mark on the landscape in the shape of a number of stone ruins of peculiar structure, the purpose and probable history of which is now puzzling archaeologists.

These buildings are scattered over the plateau of southern Mashonaland and Matabeleland, from its mountainous edge on the east to the neighborhood of Tati on the west. They consist of fragments of walls built of small blocks of granite resembling paving stones, about a foot long by six inches high, chipped or trimmed to a uniform size. They are built without mortar or cement, but the stones are neatly adjusted, and the walls, which taper from the base toward the top, are so thick that stability is insured. The only ornamentation consists in placing some of the stones at an acute angle to the other layers above and below, so as to produce a herring-bone pattern.

The group of ruins which have attracted the most attention are situated seventeen miles from Fort Victoria, in southern Mashonaland. They are known by the name of the Great Zimbabnye. This Bantu word is said to denote a stone building, but has often been used to describe the residence of a great chief. It is a common noun and not the name of any particular place. It has, however, been applied by Europeans to these ruins, which consist of two buildings, one on the top of a hill, the other in a valley.

Simple and rude these structures undoubtedly are, but for what purpose were they built and by whom?

An explanation of a historical character has been suggested. The Egyptian monuments teach us that in very remote times there was a trade from southeast Africa into the Red Sea. In the book of Kings we find that Solomon and Hiram of Tyre entered into a trade venture from the Red Sea port of Ezion-geber to a country named Ophir, which produced gold and diamonds. Other historical facts are confirmatory of these and indicate at some very remote time this region was visited by a people in search of gold, who were much more civilized than the Kaffirs, but the mystery is not yet solved. Are they the lost diamond mines of King Solomon?

Rare Books.

The free library of Philadelphia has in one of its collections of books a remarkable and precious possession. The collection is the result of twenty years' labor by one of the foremost experts of Europe, and consists of 500 works out of 21,000 said to have been published between the discovery of printing and the year 1500.

It is not only that 500 books of the earliest age of printing have been here brought together, but also that specimens of the work of 314 different presses and types are shown, and that the development of the art of printing is illustrated from its very earliest stages. It is claimed that more than fifty of these volumes were printed prior to any issued by Caxton's press and many are from presses which never issued more than one or two books. So says the Public Ledger. In some cases specimens of the work of that particular press are not known to exist elsewhere.

It is a gratifying feature of the collection that a large proportion of the books are in their original bindings.

Among other books of exceptional rarity are the first Bible Concordance, issued probably about 1466; the first octavo edition of the Bible, by Froude, printed in 1491, and known as the Poor Man's Bible; two of the five books printed in Greek capital letters in the fifteenth century; a Latin Bible printed in Lyons in 1479, and regarded as the rarest of all the Latin Bible editions. It is so scarce that noted bibliographers doubted its existence. This copy is the only known specimen of the work of the press that issued it.

It is said of twenty of the works that copies are not to be found even in the British Museum.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The Department of Agriculture reports the discovery that a dangerous European scale insect, not hitherto reported on this side of the Atlantic, has recently established itself among fruit trees in New York and Ohio, and perhaps in other parts of the country. Its entomological name is Aspidiotus ostreoeformis, and it is well known in Europe. It attacks apples, pears, cherries and other fruits. How it got across the ocean is not yet known.

Dr. Moreno, the director of the La Plata Museum, during a recent visit to London gave a lecture on Patagonia, in which he declared that that country does not deserve its bad reputation. Although its present population is small and scattered, it has, he avers, a healthy soil capable of supporting a large population, and it presents a vast field for human industry. In Dr. Moreno's opinion, Patagonia is a remnant of an ancient Antarctic continent.

Trees, and, indeed, all terrestrial vegetation, will live for months in winter when their roots and stems are wholly under water, but are killed in a few days if a sudden overflow keeps the roots under water in the growing season. The roots, needing air at that season, are suffocated. The practical cultivator of an observant turn of mind, makes admirable use of this knowledge in many gardening operations. Plants desired in low situations, where they would not under usual conditions survive, should not be set deeply.

T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Cal., the founder of the Lowe Observatory, suggests that some storms in which electricity plays a leading part, like tornadoes, might be dissipated on the lightning rod principle by bonding the rails of railroads with copper, as in electric railroads for return currents, and at intervals sinking large conductors into the ground until they reach the water. Railroads running north and south, he suggests, would be especially available because the tracks of tornadoes are almost invariably from west to southwest toward east or northeast.

The marvelous effects that are sometimes produced by music may eventually receive a scientific explanation. In a recent lecture at Oxford University, Prof. McKendrick said that, while the intricate connections of the auditory nerves are only just being unraveled, it is probable that the roots of those nerves are more widely distributed and have more extensive connections than those of any other nerves in the human body. Researches on the auditory nerves indicate that there is scarcely a function of the body which may not be affected by the pulsations and harmonic combinations of musical tones.

If the sponge as brought up fresh from the sea-bottom were a familiar object, says Dr. Lydekker, few would be in doubt as to its being an animal. When fresh, it is a fleshy-looking substance covered with a firm skin, and if cut it presents somewhat the appearance of raw meat. Its cavities are filled with a gelatinous substance called "milk." American sponges, and those of all other parts of the world, are inferior to the sponges of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The finest of all sponges is the Turkey toilet sponge, which is cup-shaped. The American sponge most nearly approaching it in quality is the West Indian glove sponge.

Accidents with Lamps.

Any table on which lamps are placed should be of firm construction, large top, and of sufficient weight at the base not to tip easily or jar when touched. A great many so-called accidents with lamps are caused by placing them on light, rickety tables.

Clocks for Queer Uses.

One of the latest developments of the common domestic clock is worthy of serious attention. It comes from Switzerland, and takes the form of a phonographic attachment to an ordinary clock, which at any disired hour of the morning will shout, "It is (?) o'clock; get up! Now, don't go to sleep again!" The possibilities of an extension of this principle are immense. There might be clocks for the boxing ring, saying, "Time, gentlemen," and clocks for the parliamentary bore, with a cry of "'Vide! 'vide!" Church congregations which have suffered many things at the hands of long-winded preachers might subscribe for a clock which should utter a sonorous "Amen" at the end of a suitable period. Equally valuable would be a timepiece which should convey a gentle hint to the unwanted caller; indeed, this particular development is so attractive that I am thinking of enlisting its aid for the purpose of shortening editorials interviews at Truth office.—London Truth.

THE REAL "DAVID HARUM."

Quaint Hero of Westcott's Book Is David Hannum of Homer, N. Y.

The real "David Harum," the character in Edward N. Westcott's book of that name, is David Hannum, of Homer, the New York village Westcott has made famous. When Homer read "David Harum" it recognized underneath the literary paint the rugged, wide-awake, homely countenance of David Hannum, who had been a character in a town of quaint, long-headed, dryly humorous characters up to a few years ago. Homer is full of stories of Hannum, banker and horse dealer, droll, shrewd, sharp, yet tender. He would rather trade horses and make $200 than make $2,000 in a business operation. He began without a cent in the world, made a fortune and died with no money.

DAVID HANNUM.

In 1853 New York gave a grand exhibition at the Crystal Palace. "Dave" found a horse whose mane was so thick that it gave him somewhat the appearance of a buffalo. Hannum bought the animal and took him to New York, trimmed its mane so as to heighten the illusion, and exhibited him as the "buffalo horse." New-Yorkers flocked to see the curiosity and added many dollars to "Dave's" stock.

Some one dug up the stone Cardiff giant, an alleged prehistoric man, which turned out to be a fake. Hannum saw it and bought an interest in it, and made more money. Yet, when again poor, no family in Homer ever went without Thanksgiving turkey. Hannum borrowed money to send them to the poor.

Mrs. Gibson, Hannum's sister, has never read Westcott's book and says she never will. "He put words and spelling into David's mouth such as any one in Homer will tell you he never used," she says.

TRIBUTE FROM LOVING FRIENDS

Memorial to Winnie Davis, Unveiled in Richmond.

In a lovely plot in Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, Va., at the foot of a steep hill and by the side of her father repose the remains of Winnie Davis, Daughter of the Confederacy. Recently a memorial was unveiled over her grave, a tribute from admiring women all over the country, to perpetuate the memory of one who was beloved in life and mourned in death. This is probably the first time in this country's history that a monument has been erected to a woman soley by women.

THE WINNIE DAVIS MEMORIAL.

The design represents the Angel of Grief seated on a granite pedestal, one hand holding a wreath as if to place it on the grave. In the pose of the figure dignity and sadness are blended, and in the face of the angel is unfathomable sorrow. From every point of view the outline is perfect and the poise of the wings is exquisitely graceful.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

Delays are dangerous—advertise now.

No good business man leaves his advertising for the sheriff to attend to.

A black hen can lay a white egg—but you can't be successful if you don't advertise.

It is the momentum of advertising that carries a business along. It is like the steam power which carries along the railroad train. Cut off the steam and the train will move on for some distance without perceptible diminution of speed. But gradually it comes to a stop. It is the same way with advertising. The way to keep the business engine going, whether the engineer be an individual or a combination, is to keep up action.

Four Stiff Poker Hands.

An English paper tells of the wonderful deal at poker seen recently at Simla, India. The pack had the small cards cut up to the six, and when the hands dealt four out of five players "stood." The game proceeded in the usual way, and when the four hands were exposed they were found to be a royal flush to the king, a royal flush to the queen, four aces and a king full.

Reasonable.

The reasons for orthography are among the things which pass man's understanding. Some explanations, however, have a plausible sound.

A minister was recently called upon to marry a couple in private, and had occasion to ask how the name of one of the witnesses was spelled.

"M-c-H-u-g-h," replied the man.

"Haven't you a sister Margaret?" inquired the clergyman.

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the minister, "she spells her name, 'M-c-C-u-e.'"

"That," said the witness, "is because my sister and me, we went to different schools."

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: Victories of Peace—The Many Blessings For Which We Should Be Thankful—Machinery Has Lightened Burdens—God Sent the Wheel.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a sermon of preparation for the national observance and in an unusual way calls for the gratitude of the people; the text, Ezekiel x., 13, "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in My hearing, O wheel!"

The last Thursday of the eleventh month by proclamation of President and Governors, is observed in thanksgiving for temporal mercies. With what spirit shall we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of the sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never wore an epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. And now I call your attention to the wheel of the text.

Man, a small speck in the universe, was set down in a big world, high mountains rising before him, deep seas arresting his pathway and wild beasts capable of his destruction, yet he was to conquer. It could not be by physical force, for compare his arm with the ox's horn and the elephant's tusk, and how weak he is! It could not be by physical speed, for compare him to the antelope's foot and ptarmigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to soar or plunge, for the condor beats him in one direction and the porpoise in the other. Yet he was to conquer the world. Two eyes, two hands and two feet were insufficient. He must be re-enforced, so God sent the wheel.

Twenty-two times is the wheel mentioned in the Bible, sometimes, as in Ezekiel, illustrating providential movement; sometimes, as in the Psalms, crushing the bad; sometimes, as in Judges, representing God's charioted progress. The wheel that started in Exodus rolls on through Proverbs, through Isaiah, through Jeremiah, through Daniel, through Nahum, through the centuries, all the time gathering momentum and splendor, until, seeing what it has done for the world's progress and happiness, we clap our hands in thanksgiving and employ the apostrophe of the text, crying, "O wheel!"

I call on you in this Thanksgiving week to praise God for the triumphs of machinery, which have revolutionized the world and multiplied its attractions. Even paradise, though very picturesque, must have been comparatively dull, hardly anything going on, no agriculture needed, for the harvest was spontaneous; no architecture required, for they slept under the trees; no manufacturer's loom necessary for the weaving of apparel, for the fashions were exceedingly simple. To dress the garden could not have required ten minutes a day.

Having nothing to do, they got into mischief and ruined themselves and the race. It was a sad thing to be turned out of paradise, but, once turned out, a beneficent thing to be compelled to work. To help man up and on God sent the wheel. If turned ahead, the race advances; if turned back, the race retreats. To arouse your gratitude and exalt your praise I would [illegible] the domestic world, for the [illegible] for the traveling world, for the literary world. "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel!"

In domestic life the wheel has wrought revolution. Behold the sewing machine! It has shattered the housewife's bondage and prolonged woman's life and added immeasurable advantages. The needle for ages had punctured the eyes and pierced the side and made terrible massacre. To prepare the garments of the whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for winter was an exhausting process. "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" Thomas Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agonizing prose.

Slain by the sword, we buried the hero with the "Dead March" in "Saul" and flags at half mast. Slain by the needle, no one knew it but the household that watched her health giving way. The winter after that the children were ragged and cold and hungry or in the almshouse. The hand that wielded the needle had forgotten its cunning. Soul and body had parted at the seam. The thimble had dropped from the palsied finger. The thread of life had snapped and let a suffering human life drop into the grave. The spool was all unwound. Her sepulcher was digged not with sexton's spade, but with a sharper and shorter implement—a needle. Federal and Confederate dead have ornamented graves at Arlington Heights and Richmond and Gettysburg, thousands by thousands, but it will take the archangel's trumpet to find the million graves of the vaster army of women needle slain.

Besides all the sewing done for the household at home, there are hundreds of thousands of sewing women. The tragedy of the needle is the tragedy of hunger and cold and insult and home-sickness and suicide—five acts.

But I hear the rush of a wheel, woman puts on the band and adjusts the instrument, puts her foot on the treadle and begins. Before the whir and rattle pleurisies, consumptions, headaches, backaches, heartaches, are routed. The needle, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slave—roll and rumble and roar until the family wardrobe is gathered, and winter is defied, and summer is welcomed, and the ardors and severities of the seasons are overcome; winding the bobbing, threading the shuttle, tucking, quilting, ruffling, cording, embroidering, under-braiding set to music; lock stitch, twisted loop stitch, crocket stitch, a fascinating ingenuity.

No wonder that at some of the learned institutions, like the New Jersey State Normal school, and Rutgers Female Institute, and Elmira Female college, acquaintance with the sewing machine is a requisition, a young lady not being considered educated until she understands it. Winter is coming on, and the household must be warmly clad. "The Last Rose of Summer" will sound better played on a sewing machine than on a piano. Roll on, O wheel of the sewing machine, until the last shackled woman of toil shall be emancipated! Roll on!

Secondly, I look into the agricultural world to see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the stalks of wheat and oats, the one bread for man, the other bread for horses. Cast off and with a cradle made out of five or six fingers of wood and one of sharp steel, the harvester went across the field, stroke after stroke, perspiration rolling down forehead and cheek and chest, head blistered by the consuming sun and lip parched by the merciless August air, at noon the workmen lying half dead under the trees. One of my most painful boyhood memories is that of my father in harvest time reeling from exhaustion over the doorstep, too tired to eat, pale and fainting as he sat down. The grain brought to the barn, the sheaves were unbound and spread on a threshing floor, and two men with flails stood opposite each other, hour after hour and day after day, pounding the wheat out of the stalk. Two strokes, and then a cessation of sound. Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump! Pounded once and then turned over to be pounded again, slow, very slow. The hens cackled and clucked by the door and picked up the loose grains and the horses half asleep and dozing over the mangers where the hay had been.

Can you imagine anything more beautiful than the sea island cotton? I take up the unmelted snow in my hand. How beautiful it is! But do you know by what painstaking and tedious toil it passed into anything like practicality? If you examined that cotton, you would find it full of seeds. It was a severe process by which the seed was to be extracted from the fiber. Vast populations were leaving the South because they could not make any living out of this product. One pound of green seed cotton was all that a man could prepare in one day, but Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts Yankee, woke up, got a handful of cotton and went to constructing a wheel for the parting of the fiber and the seed.

Teeth on cylinders, brushes on cylinders, wheels on wheels. South Carolina gave him $50,000 for his invention, and, instead of one man taking a whole day to prepare a pound of cotton for the market, now he may prepare three hundredweight, and the South is enriched, and the commerce of the world is revolutionized, and over 8,300,000 bales of cotton were prepared this year, enough to keep at work in this country 14,500,000 spindles, employing 270,000 hands and enlisting $281,400,000 of capital.

Thank you, Eli Whitney, and L. S. Chichester, of New York, his successor. Above all, thank God for their inventive genius, that has done so much for the prosperity of the world.

Thirdly, I look to see what the wheel has done for the traveling world. No one can tell how many noble and self sacrificing inventors have been crushed between the coach wheel and the modern locomotive, between the paddle and the ocean steamer.

I will not enter into the controversy as to whether John Fitch or Robert Fulton or Thomas Somerset was the inventor of the steamboat. They all suffered and were martyrs of the wheel, and they shall be honored. John Fitch wrote: "The 21st of January, 1743, was the fatal time of bringing me into existence. I know of nothing so perplexing and vexatious to a man of feeling as a turbulent wife and steamboat building. I experienced the former and quit in season, and had I been in my right senses I should undoubtedly have treated the latter in the same manner; but, for one man to be teased with both, he must be looked upon as the most unfortunate man in the world."

See the train move out of one of our great depots for a thousand-mile journey! All aboard! Tickets clipped and baggage checked and porters attentive to every want, under tunnels dripping with dampness that never saw the light; along ledges where an inch off the track would be the difference between a hundred men living and a hundred dead, full head of steam and two men in the locomotive charged with all the responsibility of whistle and Westinghouse brake. Clank! clank! go the wheels. Clank! clank! echo the rocks. Small villages only hear the thunder and see the whirlwind as the train shoots past, a city on the wing. Thrilling, startling, sublime, magnificent spectacle—a rail train in lightning procession.

While the world has been rolling on the eight wheels of the rail car or the four wheels of the carriage or the two wheels of the gig it was not until 1876, at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia that the miracle of the nineteenth century rolled in—the bicycle.

The world could not believe its own eyes, and not until quite far on in the eighties were the continents enchanted with the whirling, flashing, dominating spectacle of a machine that was to do so much for the pleasure, the business, the health and the profit of nations. The world had needed it for 6,000 years.

Fourthly, I look into the literary world and see what the wheel has accomplished. I am more astounded with this than anything that has preceded. Behold the almost miraculous printing press! Do you not feel the ground shake with the machinery of the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Western dailies? Some of us remember when the hand ink roller was run over the cylinder, and by great haste 800 copies of the village newspaper were issued in one day and no lives lost. But invention has crowded invention and wheel jostled wheel, stereotyping, electrotyping, taking their places, Benjamin Franklin's press giving way to the Lord Stanhope press, and the Washington press and the Victory press and the Hoe perfecting press have been set up. Together with the newspapers com[illegible] vast population of innumerable books [illegible] of travel, of biography, of religion, [illegible]ries, encyclopedias and Bibles. Some of these presses send forth the most accursed stuff, but the good predominates. Turn on with wider sweep and greater velocity, O wheel—wheel of light, wheel of civilization, wheel of Christianity, wheel of divine momentum!

On those four wheels—that of the sewing machine, that of the reaper, that of the railroad locomotive, that of the printing press—the world has moved up to its present prosperity.

And now I gather on an imaginary platform, as I literally did when I preached in Brooklyn, specimens of our American products.

Here is corn from the West, a foretaste of the great harvest that is to come down to our seaboard, enough for ourselves and for foreign shipment. Here is rice from the South, never a more beautiful product grown on the planet, mingling the gold and green.

Here are two sheaves, a sheaf of Northern wheat and a sheaf of Southern rice, bound together. May the band never break! Here is cotton, the wealthiest product of America. Here is sugar cane, enough to sweeten the beverages of an empire. Who would think that out of such a humble stalk there would come such a luscious product?

Here are palmetto trees that have in their pulses the warmth of southern climes. Here is the cactus of the South, so beautiful and so tempting it must go arm