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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 VIII.

July reigns, vice June, dethroned, but still the roses hold full sway.

Seaton Dysart has come and gone many a time to and from Greycourt, and by degrees a little of the constraint that had characterized his early visits has worn away. He has even so far advanced as to be almost on friendly terms with Griselda.

But between him and Vera that first dark veil of distrust still hangs heavily—distrust that, on Vera's side, has taken a blacker hue and merged itself into dislike.

Seaton Dysart's arrivals being only looked for by the girls at about seven o'clock in the evening—just an hour or so before dinner—gave them plenty of time to prepare for his coming. Any day on which he was expected, Mrs. Grunch brought a formal message to Vera from her uncle to that effect. Never yet had their cousin come without the announcement being made; and so thoroughly understood was it that he would not put in an unexpected appearance, that when, after a rather longer absence than usual, an absence extending over all last week and part of this, he turns up at half-past two in the afternoon, his coming causes distinct embarrassment in several quarters.

"What can have brought him at this hour? London must be reduced to ashes," hazards Griselda, her tone now as genial as usual. For one instant a sickening fear that it might be Mr. Peyton's knock had made her blood run cold. There had been a short but sharp encounter between him and her the day before yesterday, and a wild fear that he had come up to have it out with her now, and here, had taken possession of her. At such a moment the advent of Seaton is hailed by her, at least, with rapture.

"Why, what happy wind drove you down at this hour?" cries she, with the friendliest air, beaming on him as he comes into the room.

"It is good of you to call it happy," says he, casting a really grateful look at her as he shakes hands silently with Vera. "In time for luncheon, too, I see, though," with a rather surprised glance at the table, "you don't seem in a very hospitable mood. Nothing to spare, eh?"

"We didn't know you were coming, you see," says Griselda, mildly. "And it isn't lunch you see, or rather you don't see, before you; it is dinner."

"What?" says Seaton, flushing a dark red. He has got up from his seat and is regarding her almost sternly.

"Is it true?" asked Seaton, turning to Vera. It is a rather rude question, but there is so much shame and anxiety in his tone that Griselda forgives him.

"Why should it not be true?" says Vera, coldly. "As a rule, we dine early."

"She means that we always dine early except when we know you are coming," supplements Griselda, even more mildly than before.

"And this—" with a hurried glance at the scanty meal, "do you mean to tell me that—that this is your dinner every day?"

"Literally," says Griselda, cheerfully. "This is the chop that changeth not. It is not all that one could desire, of course, but if sometimes it might be altered for——"

"Griselda!" interrupts Vera, rising to her feet.

"Why should I not speak?" asks Griselda, in a meekly injured tone. "I was merely going to add that a fowl occasionally would be a good deal of moral use to us. I have always heard that to keep the temper in a healthy state, change of food is necessary."

"I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for all this," says Dysart, with a heavy sigh, addressing Vera exclusively, "and as if, too, no apology could be accepted. But I shall see that it does not occur again."

"I beg you will do nothing," says Vera, quickly. "Nothing. I will not have my uncle spoken to on this subject. Griselda is only in jest; she speaks like a foolish child. I," folding her hands tightly together. "I forbid you to say anything about it."

"I regret that I must disobey you," says Seaton, courteously, but with determination. "My father's house is in part mine, and I will suffer no guest to endure discomfort in it."

"There is no discomfort now. There will be if you try to alter matters in our favor."

"You mean that you will accept nothing at my hands; is that it?" exclaims he, passion that will not be repressed in his tone; the coldness seems broken up, there is fire in his eyes and a distinct anger. "You have had that 'time' you spoke of; has it fulfilled its missions—has it taught you to detest me? No!" detaining her deliberately as she seeks to leave the room. "Don't go; you should give me a real reason for your studied discourtesy. I won't believe that I am naturally abhorrent to you. There must be something else."

"If you must know," says she, looking back defiantly at him, her blood a little hot, "you are too like your father for me to pretend friendship with you."

"Oh, Vera, I think you shouldn't say that!" cries Griselda, now honestly frightened at the storm she has raised, but neither of the others hear her. Vera, with one little slender white hand grasping the back of a chair near her, is looking fixedly at Seaton, whose face has changed. An expression of keen pain crosses it.

"Has he been so bad to you as that?" he says; and then, with a profound sigh: "My poor father!"

There is something so honestly grieved in his whole air that Vera's heart smites her.

"Why will you bring up this discussion again and again?" she says, with renewed impatience. "Why not let me to my way unquestioned, and you yours? What am I to you when all is told? I am outside your life—I ever shall be—and it seems to me as if you were bent on compelling my likes and dislikes."

"You are right," says he, going closer to her, his face very pale. "I would compel you to—to more than like me."

"Compel!" She has drawn back from him, and her eyes, now uplifted, look defiance into his.

"If I could," supplements he, gently.

He turns and leaves the room.

CHAPTER IX.

While the two girls were discussing, in a frightened way, the result of Griselda's imprudence, Seaton was having a tussle, sharp and severe, with his father.

"They are all alone in the world," he says.

"Yes, yes," acknowledges the old man with a frown. "Except for me," hastily; "I—I alone came to their rescue."

"That is true. It was quite what I should have expected of you!"

"Why should you expect it? There was no reason," says the old man, sharply. "It was of my own free will that I took them. Do you question my kindness to them? What more am I to do for them? Would you have me kneel at their feet and do them homage? Have I not explained to you how desirous I am of making one of them my daughter? Ha! I have you there, I think! Is not that affection? Am I not willing to receive her? You should best know."

"Yes," says the young man, stonily, his eyes on the ground.

"Why, look you; I would give her ever you! You! My son! My one possession that has any good in it!"

"You must put that idea out of your head once for all. I could not combat a dislike active as hers."

"Her dislike? Hers? That beggar!" his face working. "What d'ye mean, sir? I tell you it shall be! Shall!"

"Talking like that will not mend matters. It certainly will not alter the fact that I myself personally am objectionable to her. I can see that it is almost as much as she can do to be civil to me—to sit at the same table with me. I entreat you not to set your heart upon this thing, for it can never be."

"I tell you again that it shall!" shrieks the old man, violently. "What! is the cherished dream of a lifetime to be set aside to suit the whim of a girl, a penniless creature? She shall be your wife, I swear it, though I have to crush the consent out of her." He falls back clumsily into his chair, a huddled heap.

Seaton in an agony of remorse and fear hangs over him, compelling him to swallow a cordial lying on the table near.

"Here, sir. Be patient. All shall be as you wish. I implore you to think no more of this matter. Yes," in answer to the fiery eyes now more ghastly than ever in the pallid, powerless face, "I shall try my best to fulfill your desire." He feels sick at heart as he says this, and almost despicable; but can he let the old man die for want of a word to appease the consuming rage that has brought death hovering with outstretched wings above him? And yet, of what avail is it all? A momentary appeasement. Even as he comforts and restores his father, there rises before his mental vision that pale, proud, sorrowful face, that is all the world to him, and yet, alas! so little.

Vera having made up her mind to go to her uncle and fully explain to him that neither she nor Griselda desire any change in their way of living, waits patiently for Seaton's departure from his father's den, and now, at last, seeing the coast clear, goes quickly forward.

"Uncle Gregory, I wish to say something to you," she is beginning, hurriedly, hating her task and hating her hearer, when suddenly she is interrupted.

"Hah! For the first time, let me say I am glad to see you," says the old man, grimly. "Hitherto I have been remiss, I fear, in such minor matters of etiquette. Sit down. I, too, have something to say to you." He fixes his piercing eyes on her and says, sharply: "You have met my son several times?"

"Yes," says Vera.

"You like him?" with a watchful glance.

"I can hardly say so much," coldly. "He is neither more nor less than a complete stranger to me."

"As yet. Time will cure that; and I speak thus early to you, because it is well that you should make up your mind beforehand to like him."

"Why?" she asks.

"Because in him you see your future husband."

There is a dead pause. The old man sits with bright unblinking eyes fixed upon the girl, who has risen to her feet and is staring back at him as if hardly daring to understand. From red to white, from white to red she grows; her breath fails her, passionate indignation burns hot within her breast.

"Absurd!" she says, contemptuously.

"Call it so if you will," with an offended flash from his dark eyes, "but regard it as a fact for all that. You will marry your cousin, let me assure you."

"That I certainly shall not," decisively.

"That you certainly shall. Did you not know that your marriage with my son was the last wish, the last command of your father?"

He is lying well, so well that at first the girl forgets to doubt him.

"My father?" she says, with much amazement. "He never so much as mentioned my cousin's name to me."

"To me, however, he did. Do you wish to see the letter?"

This is a bold stroke. Vera hesitates—then, "No," says she, steadily. "Ever if my father did express such a wish, I should not for a moment accede to it. I shall not marry to please any one, dead or living, except myself."

"So you now think. We shall see," returns he, in an icy tone.

"May I ask if—if your son is aware of this arrangement?"

"My son is willing," says Mr. Dysart slowly.

At this moment the door is thrown open and Seaton himself enters.

"You know!" she cries. Her tone is low, but each word rings clear as a bell. "You know! Oh, coward!" she breathes very low, her slender hands clinched.

Roused from his lethargy and stung by her contempt, he would now have made his defense, but with a scornful gesture she waves him aside and leaves the room.

"Great heaven! how did you dare so to insult her?" cries the young man, in terrible agitation, addressing his father. He casts a burning glance at him. Dysart cowers before it.

"Out of evil comes good," he says, sullenly, "and I did it for the best." He stretches out his hand to his son. "See, then," he cries, entreatingly, "I did it for you—for you!"

"For me! You ruin the one hope I had, which meant silence—time—and you say it was for my good!"

"I thought to compel her, to frighten her into a consent, and I will yet," cries he, eagerly. "Nay, Seaton, do not look thus upon me. I have not betrayed you without meaning, and all for the fulfillment ETAOIN NU PNUP NUP NUPing of your desire—and mine."

"You misunderstand me," says Seaton, curbing his passion with difficulty. "I would not have her as a gift on such terms. Is it a slave I want, think you? No, not another word! I cannot stand it to-night. Forgive me, father, if I seem abrupt, but——"

He seems heartbroken as he turns aside and disappears through the doorway.

Long after he has gone the old man sits motionless, his head bowed upon his breast.

"Curse her!" he says, at last; "the same blood all through, and always to my undoing! Cursed be her lot indeed if she comes between him and me! But that shall never be."

Presently he passes through a door on his right hand, gropes his way along the unlighted passage. Unlocking and entering an apartment here—where the strange old cabinet stands—he fastens the door securely behind him, and goes quickly up to it.

Kneeling down beside it he unlocks the secret door, and taking out the withered parchment opens and reads it with a feverish haste. It seems as though he hopes thus to slake the raging thirst for revenge that is tormenting him.

Long he kneels thus, conning each word with curious care, gloating over the contents of that mysterious document. So lost is he in his perusal of it that he fails to hear the approach of Mrs. Grunch until she lays her hand upon his shoulder.

"What, don't you know it by heart yet?" asks she, derisively.

(To be continued.)

RICHEST IN AMERICA.

THE CLAIM MADE FOR A MEXICAN GYPSY.

It Is Said that the Number and Value of His Possessions Is Far Beyond the Wealth of Vanderbilts, Astors, Rockefellers or Goulds.

If you believe one of the Romanys of Milwaukee then the richest man in North America is not one of the Vanderbilts, Astors or Rockefellers, but a simon pure gypsy, whose name is simple John Smith. He lives in Mexico, is 80 years old and the owner of countless acres, of myriads of cattle and sheep, of gold, silver and onyx mines, of railway and bank stock and of plantations without number in the heart of Mexico's richest states.

Smith's wealth has never been figured up. He cannot tell himself. His sole ambition is to become the richest man in the world. And it is this hope that keeps him vigorous and drives dull care away.

John Smith has no settled home. He has a hundred homes on his different estates, and he moves from one to another. In each he sees what is going on, and gives his orders. Then he moves on again. The Milwaukee gypsy, a solid business man, who comes home now with the story of John Smith's amazing wealth, saw him at Orizaba. They became great friends.

"God alone knows how rich I am," said Smith, simply, "but I think I am the richest man on the continent."

Smith was plainly dressed in a suit of English tweed, with hobnail shoes. But his home was a revelation. Outside it was a veritable fortress, with stout walls of masonry, loopholed for defense, if necessary. A two-story wall inclosed it in a space as big as two blocks, and a great moat surrounded that. There were the regulation drawbridges and portcullises.

Two massive inner doors barred the last entrance. Once open it was a wonderful place, with a courtyard in the center, where played perfumed fountains and where a beautiful garden grew. The entire inclosure was paved with brilliantly polished onyx—the ransom of a king in cost—taken from one of his mines. Even the stables where Smith's herd of pet Jerseys were housed had the same costly flooring of onyx.

Servants lounged about, but one of the old man's eccentricities was to have his own children wait upon him at table. It was an incongruous picture to see him clattering around on the splendid flooring in his coarse suit and hobnails, while a soft light fell on the strange scene shed by great candelabra of solid gold from his mines.

Smith is an English gypsy. He went to Mexico before there were any railways there, and was the first man to haul machinery from the coast to the gold mines which now yield him an incalculable income. He got in on the ground floor on everything that has made Mexico so rich to-day.

But his life has been a series of adventures. Twice he has been shot down by Mexican thieves who attacked his gold trains. He was left for dead each time. All the gypsies in Mexico are wonderfully proud of him and call him "Our Joan."—Milwaukee Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Heroic.

She—If I were a man I would never rest until I had become a hero. It seems to me every man who is a man ought to do something heroic at least once in his life.

He—Well, I don't know but that you're right. I think myself that every man ought to be a hero once in a while.

She—Then why don't you have the courage of your convictions?

He—I have. Didn't I walk clear down the aisle to the front pew with you after the preacher had got nearly half through with his sermon last Sunday morning?

Shirts of Bark.

The Indians of the interior of Bolivia wear shirts and hats made of the bark of a tree, which is soaked in water to soften the fiber and then beaten to make it pliable.

TOM KETCHUM.

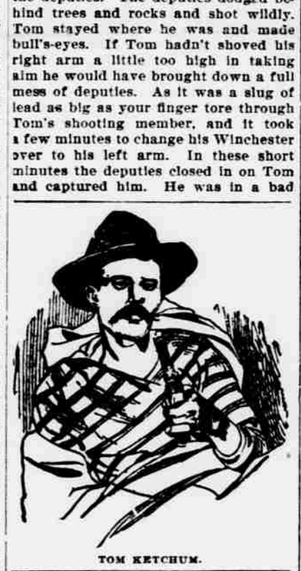
The Daring Leader of Black Jack's Gang of Bandits.

The notorious leader of the infamous "Black Jack's" gang of train robbers and murderers, Tom Ketchum, is now in the penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M. Tom held up a train single-handed and in the sequel to this was wounded and captured.

It was the Colorado Southern express that Tom held up. The place selected was near Folsom, on the northeast corner of New Mexico. One night as the express was puffing laboriously up grade the engineer saw a light ahead giving the signal to stop. When the train slowed down Tom Ketchum jumped into the cab and, carelessly swinging a 45 Colt near the engineer's nose, told him to obey all orders given during the next few minutes. This, Tom said, would save heartaches in the engineer's home and the intrusion of an undertaker in the family circle. Then he jumped off and tried to uncouple the engine, which was made impossible by the steep grade. Failing in this, Tom walked back to the Wells-Fargo express car and, thumping the door with the butt of his Colt, demanded admittance. The messenger opened the door and poked the muzzle of a Winchester out into the dark and pulled the trigger. That put an end to the hold-up that night. Just how badly Tom was shot is not known, for he was wounded in a subsequent battle with United States Marshal Foraker's posse and he will not say how much damage the messenger did. As he declared the hold-up off it is probable he was severely injured. The express pulled on and Tom jumped his broncho and sought safety in the mountains.

The attempted robbery was soon known to the officials, and three days later Marshal Foraker's men were hunting for Tom in the uplands. They finally hit the trail and followed it back into the very heart of the mountains. Here they lost it and while discussing the best move a report of a rifle split the air and one of the deputies fell out of his saddle. This was sufficient evidence of Tom's presence in the vicinity, but not his exact whereabouts, as Tom used smokeless cartridges. Another shot was heard and another deputy went to the ground. At this rate every man in the posse would be cut down without a ghost of a chance of getting a shot. The deputies, therefore, separated and began to scour the brush. A glint of sunshine playing on the blue-steel barrel of a Winchester disclosed Tom Ketchum's position behind a big bowlder surrounded by brushwood.

Then the day's proceedings began. The deputies shot at that glint of sunshine playing along blue steel; Tom shot at the deputies. The deputies dodged behind trees and rocks and shot wildly. Tom stayed where he was and made bull's-eyes. If Tom hadn't shoved his right arm a little too high in taking aim he would have brought down a full mess of deputies. As it was a slug of lead as big as your finger tore through Tom's shooting member, and it took a few minutes to change his Winchester over to his left arm. In these short minutes the deputies closed in on Tom and captured him. He was in a bad



TOM KETCHUM.

shape. His right arm was terribly broken and torn and he was already suffering from loss of blood. But he was game. He offered to take his left arm and begin the performance all over again, which proposition was respectfully declined. The next day when he was able to be moved Tom was strapped to his broncho and taken to a train, ultimately landing in the penitentiary hospital at Santa Fe.

Of "Black Jack's" gang of thieves and cutthroats Tom Ketchum was the leader. He was 35 years old, and in Texas, his native State, he is known as the new Jesse James. He stands 5 feet 10 inches in his stocking feet and is built on the graceful lines of a tiger. He is as void of conscience as the Winchester he carried. He would rather shoot a man than eat; if the man be an officer of the law it was more fun to kill him than to go to a dance. One of his boyhood pastimes was to hide in some convenient place on the ranch in Texas and shoot Mexican herdsmen. When a lad he was summoned as a witness in a lawsuit, and not knowing what the summons meant, and not caring to take any chances, shot and killed the officer. After this he found it convenient to change his residence, so he rode up into New Mexico and Arizona. Here he soon became a terror to everybody in general and railroad and express companies in particular. He admits in a roundabout way that since 1886 he and his gang have stolen from postoffices, trains, stages and wayfarers $200,000 and killed 200 men.

Medicinal Qualities.

There is not a single garden vegetable that has not a medicinal quality aside from its food value. The first thing to come in the spring is asparagus, valuable in all kidney complaints and a most delicious dish. Then we have rhubarb, which counteracts the effect of the usual heavy meat diet of winter and clears the system of some of the acids that produce dyspepsia, rheumatism and other painful maladies. Radishes are good for stomach troubles, dandelion greens make a good blood purifier, horse radish is a tonic and makes the appetite good. Onions cure colds and bring sweet sleep, and celery and lettuce soothe the irritated nerves. Carrots are good for scrofulous tendencies, cucumbers are wholesome and cooling, notwithstanding the bad reputation they have, and parsley is known as a palliative in cases of dropsy. The whole list of vegetables might be named and a positive medicinal value given to each of them.

LI HUNG CHANG'S WEALTH.

Ways in Which He Accumulated His Enormous Fortune.

Li Hung Chang, the most conspicuous Chinese of the age, is often called the richest man in the world. One way in which Li for many years made an enormous sum of money was to use thousands of soldiers in his own private enterprises without paying them a cent for their labor. In the course of time he purchased extensive estates in the rice-growing regions and raised more bushels of rice every year than the bonanza farmers of North Dakota used to raise of wheat. He got his labor for nothing, and his great crop of rice was almost clear profit. He simply turned his soldiers loose in the rice fields, and they had to be content with the rations and the miserable pittance paid to them by the government.

The great man also became his own contractor for army supplies. He would sell his own rice to the government for army rations at an enormous profit, and pocketed a handsome rake-off on all other supplies furnished to the tens of thousands of soldiers in the Pechili province. Then he was chief supreme of the custom houses for a long distance around the Gulf of Pechili, and there was nothing mean about the stream of gold that poured into his strong-box through this channel. It has long been notorious that one of the methods he employed was to import large quantities of goods through his agents without the payment of a cent of duty, and then sell the goods at a round figure to his countrymen. This method of money-making finally involved the old gentleman in troubles, charges were made against him, and he came near losing his official head; but his power was so great and his real services to the state were so valuable that he was almost invulnerable in spite of the many enemies who have always been ready to accuse him.

LI HUNG CHANG.

One of his great sources of money-getting employed by Li Hung Chang during the later years of his career as Viceroy was as a money lender. There is little doubt that he was the king of pawnbrokers the world over. His loan offices were scattered far and wide over his province, and he loaned great sums of money on mortgages and on pledges of personal property. In a country where no legal rate of interest is fixed this business has brought enormous returns to Li Hung Chang.

TWO DROMIOS IN REAL LIFE.

This Time They Are Women and Are Afraid to Meet.

There are two Chicago women who are anxious to meet and yet afraid of each other. They have never seen each other, even at a distance, and would probably go blocks out of their way to dodge each other. The reason of all this is their remarkable resemblance. Each is stopped on the street by people who take her for the other. The clerks in the big dry-goods stores get mixed over them. They have several friends in common, who are always making mistakes and telling about them. One lives on the South Side and one on the West, and they move in entirely different "sets;" this accounts for the fact that they have never met.

Now both these women are handsome and stylish, and well groomed. In this fact lies the reason of their being afraid to meet. Each fears to find the other better looking or better dressed or more attractive. It really has come to such a pass that neither ventures to go shopping without making a swell toilet. What was at first considered a good joke has come to be a serious matter, and has set the nerves of both women awry.

The common friends are now scheming to bring them together. They argue that two women so much alike should be the warmest sort of friends. But it does not take much of a student of human nature to predict that they are wrong.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Appropriate.

"Why do they call that trick bicycle rider Asbestos?"

"Because he doesn't scorch."—Bismarck Tribune.

Sirup from Georgia Melons.

An enterprising Georgia farmer has become the pioneer in a new industry—namely, making sirup out of watermelons. He cuts the melons in halves, scoops out the pulp, runs it through a cider mill, presses out the juice and then boils the liquid for twelve hours over a hot fire. Out of 270 melons, worth $5 or $6 at wholesale, he gets thirty gallons of sirup and markets the product at 50 cents per gallon. The refuse is fed to the hogs, cattle and chickens, and the whole operation is very profitable.

Origin of Hours.

Just when the day became divided into hours is not known; nor is the process explained. The Greeks and Romans measured time by the water glass and the sun dials. The hour-glass filled with sand was the outgrowth of these vessels from which the water dripped through tiny openings.

Rhymes of a Spelling Reformer.

A fisherman sat on the quay
Partaking of afternoon tuay;
When a lady came by
Who winked with one y,
And whispered: "No sugar for muay."

A grand old bootmaker of Hawarden
Used to spend the whole day in his gawarden,
When his friends askt him why
He lookt up at the sky,
But only replied: "Beg your pawarden."

It is said that Nathaniel Ffiennes
Lived wholly on bread and broad-bbiennes;
When invited to eat
But a morsel of meat
He answered: "Just think what it mmiennes!"

A thoughtful young butcher named Mowll
Had a tender and sensitive sowll;
When he slaughtered a sheep
He always would weep
And pay for a funeral towll.

A sailor, who sported a queue,
Was civil to all that he knueue;
If he came under fire
He used to retire
And say, with a bow: "After yueue."

The Dowager Duke of Buccleugh
Was famous for Irish steugh;
When asked: "Do you use
Any onion in stuse?"
He cautiously answered: "A feugh."

A groom of the royal demense
Was the finest old man ever seene;
But he kept out of sight
In the ditch day and night,
For fear of annoying the queene.

The amiable Commodore Haigh
Set sail down the channel one daigh;
When asked: "Do you know
Which direction to go?"
He answered: "I'm feeling my waigh."

One autumn the Marquis of Steynes
Shot a partridge with infinite peynes;
Then he cried: "I'm afraid
Of the havoc I've maid!
See—only one feather remeynes!"
—Westminster Gazette.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

On one occasion the Prince of Wales visited a Hindoo school in Madras. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "Your royal highness" should the prince speak to them, and when the heir-apparent accosted a bright-eyed lad, and, pointing to a prismatic compass, asked, "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied: "It's a royal compass, your prismatic highness."

Robert Hilliard, the actor, brought a young Englishwoman to see "El Capitan." She was much impressed with De Wolf Hopper, and remarked: "What a charming man your Mr. Hopper is. Tell me, is he married?" "Been married three times," was the reply. "Three times!" she repeated; "and they are all dead?" "No," was the answer; "divorced." "Ah!" she rejoined, "I see; he is a Grass-Hopper."

A young lady, who had greatly enjoyed John Kendrick Bangs' "Houseboat on the Styx," thought it only just to write a few lines expressing her delight. She ended her letter with: "I did so much enjoy your 'Houseboat on the Sticks.'" Mr. Bangs politely answered: "Dear Miss: If you have studied mythology, and without doubt you have, you will realize that considering the ungodly heat where those Styx are supposed to be located, it would be impossible for them to support the houseboat until my lines were finished. Yours truly, J. K. B."

The late Hall McAllister some years ago entertained a visiting scientist at the Union Club, before its amalgamation with the Pacific, and during the evening—a particularly foggy one—made some whimsical remark conveying the idea that fog was an excellent conductor of sound. The scientist took exception to this novel theory and asked Mr. McAllister on what it was based. "On phenomena which we have all observed," returned the ready jurist; "on an evening like this we hear the foghorn quite distinctly, but when there is no fog we cannot hear it at all."

An Iowa judge recently related an amusing incident that had occurred in his court when a colored man was brought up for some petty offense. The charge was read, and as the statement, "The State of Iowa against John Jones," was read in a loud voice, the colored man's eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets, and he seemed overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say, or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out: "Well, yo' honah, ef de whole State o' Iowa is agin this one pore nigger, I'se gwine to give up right now."

Disraeli, it is said, laughed only once in the House of Commons. Gladstone had made an impassioned speech in favor of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Disraeli pointed out that the result would be the extinction of the independence of these people, and the only thing left would be the remorse "which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day." In reply, Mr. Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretenting to be ignorant that that designation, "the rhetorician of the day," was intended for himself. Mr. Disraeli interrupted with the remark: "I beg your pardon; I really did not mean that." Gladstone's face expressed amazement and indignation, and Disraeli sat down with a satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment.

Paris Exposition Admission Fees.

The admission fees to the Paris exposition will be before 10 a. m., 2 francs, or about 40 cents, to the entire exhibition; between the hours of 10 a. m. and 6 p. m., a franc will be the charge, and after 6 p. m., on week days, 2 francs, while on Sundays the fee is not to be raised for the evening hours.

A good policy for all is to marry young and grow old together.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: Capacity to Sleep—It Is the Poor Man's Blessing—Words of Comfort For the Victims of Insomnia—Wakefulness a Means of Grace.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage treats of a style of disorder not much discoursed upon and unfolds what must be a consolation to many people; text, Psalms lxxvii., 4, "Thou holdest mine eyes waking."

Sleep is the vacation of the soul; it is the mind gone into the playground of dreams; it is the relaxation of the muscles and the solace of the nerves; it is the hush of activities; it is the soft curtaining of the eyes; it is a trance of eight hours; it is a calming of the pulses; it is a breathing much slower, though far deeper; it is a temporary oblivion of all carking cares; it is the doctor recognized by all schools of medicine; it is a divine narcotic; it is a complete anæsthetic; it is an angel of the night; it is a great mercy of God for the human race. Lack of it puts patients on the rack of torture, or in the madhouse, or in the grave. O blessed sleep! No wonder the Bible makes much of it. Through sleep so sound that a surgical incision of the side of Adam did not waken him came the best temporal blessing ever afforded to man—wifely companionship. While in sleep on a pillow of rock Jacob saw a ladder set up, with angels coming down and climbing. So "His giveth his beloved sleep," soliloquized the psalmist. Solomon listens at the door of a tired workman and eulogizes his pillow by saying, "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet." Peter was calmly sleeping between the two constables that night before his expected assassination. Christ was asleep in a boat on Galilee when tossed in the euroclydon. The annunciation was made to Joseph in sleep, and death is described as only a sleep and the resurrection as a glorious wakening out of sleep.

On the other hand, insomnia or sleeplessness is an old disorder spoken of again and again in the Bible. Ahasuerus suffered from it, and we read, "In that night could not the king sleep." Joseph Hall said of that ruler, "He that could command a hundred and seven and twenty provinces could not command sleep." Nebuchadnezzar had insomnia, and the record is, "His sleep brake from him." Solomon describes this trouble and says, "Neither day nor night seeth he sleep with his eyes." Asaph was its victim, for he complains in my text that his eyes are open at midnight, some mysterious power keeping the upper and lower lids from joining, "Thou holdest mine eyes waking."

Of course there is an unrighteous sleep, as when Jonah, trying to escape from duty, slept in the sides of the ship while the Mediterranean was in wrath because of that prophetic passenger; as when Columbus in his first voyage, exhausted from being up many nights, gave the ship in charge of the steersman and the crew, who, leaving the management of the vessel to boys, went to sleep and allowed the ship to strike on the sand banks of St. Thomas; as when the sentinel goes to sleep at his post, endangering the whole army; as when the sluggard, who accomplishes nothing the day before he went to sleep and will accomplish nothing the day after he wakes, fills up Solomon's picture of him as he yawns out, "A little sleep and a little slumber and a little folding of the hands to sleep." But sleep at the right time and amid the right circumstances, can you imagine anything more blessed? If sleep, according to sacred and profane literature, is an emblem of death, the morning to all refreshed slumberers is a resurrection.

Remark the first: If you have escaped the insomnia spoken of in the text, thank God. Here and there one can command sleep, and it comes the minute he orders it and departs at the minute he wishes it to go, as Napoleon when he wrote: "Different affairs are arranged in my bed as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought I close the drawer which contains that subject and open that which contains another. They do not mix together or do any convenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of mind. When I wish for repose I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will." But I think in most cases we feel that sleep is not the result of a resolution, but a direct gift from God. You cannot purchase it. A great French financier cried out, "Alas, why is there no sleep to be sold?"

Remark the second: Consider among the worst crimes the robbery of ourselves or others of this mercy of slumber. Much ruinous doctrine has been inculcated on this subject. Thomas Moore gave poor advice when he said, "The best way to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night." We are told that, though they did their work at night, Copernicus lived to be seventy-three years of age, and Galileo seventy-eight years, and Herschel eighty-four years. Yes, but the reason was they were all star hunters, and they only time for hunting stars is at night. Probably they slept by day. The night was made for slumber. The worst lamp a student can have is "the midnight lamp." Lord Brougham never passed more than four hours of the night abed, and Justinian, after one hour of sleep, would rise from his couch. But you are neither a Justinian nor a Lord Brougham. Let not the absurd apotheosis of early rising induce you to the abbreviation of sleep. Get up when you are slept out unless circumstances compel otherwise. Have no alarm clock making its nerve tearing racket at 4 o'clock in the morning, unless special reasons demand the forsaking of your pillow at that hour. Most of the theories about early rising we inherited from times when people retired at 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening. Such early retirement is impossible in our own times for those who are taking part in the great activities of life. There is no virtue in the mere act of early rising. It all depends upon what you do after you get up. It would be better for the world if some people never wakened at all.

Remark the third: All those ought to be comforted who by overwork in right directions have come to insomnia. In all occupations and professions there are times when a special draft is made upon the nervous energy. There are thousands of men and women who cannot sleep because they were injured by overwork in some time of domestic, political or religious exigency. Mothers who, after taking a whole family of children through the disorders that are sure to strike the nursery, have been left physical wrecks, and one entire night of slumber is to them a rarity, if not an impossibility. The attorney at law, who, through a long trial in poorly ventilated courtroom, has stood for weeks battling for the rights of widows and orphans or for the life of a client in whose innocence he is confident, though all the circumstances are unfavorable. In his room he tries the case all night long and every night when he would like to be slumbering. The physician, in time of epidemic, worn out in saving the lives of whole families and failing in his attempts to sleep at night between the janglings of his doorbell. The merchant who has experienced panics, when the banks went down and Wall street became a pandemonium and there was a possibility that the next day he would be penniless—that night with no more possibility of gaining sleep than if such a blessing had never touched our planet.

Remark the fourth: Insomnia is no sign of divine displeasure. Martin Luther had distressing insomnia and wrote, "When I wake up in the night, the devil immediately comes and disputes with me and gives me strange thoughts until at last I grow enraged beyond endurance and give him ill words." That consecrated champion of everything good, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., in his autobiography says that the only encouragement he had to think he would sleep at night was the fact that he had not slept the night before.

Wakefulness may be an opportunity for prayer, opportunity for profitable reflection, opportunity for kindling bright expectations of the world, where there is no night and where slumber will have no uses. God thinks just as much of you when you get but three or four hours of sleep as when at night you get eight or nine hours.

Remark the fifth: Let all insomniacs know for their consolation that some people sleep more rapidly than others, as much in one hour as others do in two, and hence do not require as long a time in unconsciousness. In a book on the subject of health years ago I saw this fact stated by a celebrated medical scientist: Some people do everything quick—they eat quick, they walk quick, they think quick, and of course they sleep quick. An express train can go as far in thirty minutes as a way train in sixty minutes. People of rapid temperaments ought not to expect a whole night to do the work of recuperation which slow temperaments require. Instead of making it a matter of irritation and alarm be a Christian philosopher and set down this abbreviation of somnolence as a matter of temperament.

Remark the sixth: The aged insomniacs should understand that if their eyes are held waking they do not require as much sleep as once they did. Solomon, who in knowledge was thousands of years ahead of his time in his wondrous description of old age, recognizes this fact. He not only speaks of the difficulty of mastication on the part of the aged when he says, "The grinders cease because they are few," and of the octogenarian's caution in getting up a ladder or standing on a scaffolding, saying, "They shall be afraid of that which is high," and speaks of the whiteness of the hair by comparing it to a tree that has white blossoms, saying, "The almond tree shall flourish," and speaks of the spinal cord, which is the color of silver, and which relaxes in old age, giving the tremor to the head, saying, "The silver cord be loosed." But he says of the aged, "He shall rise up at the voice of the bird;" that is about half past 4 in the summer time, an appropriate hour for the bird to rise, for he goes to his nest or bough at half past 7 in the evening. But the human mechanism has been so arranged that after it has been running a good while a change takes place, and instead of the almost perpetual sleep of the babe and the nine hours requisite in middle-life six hours will do for the aged, and "he shall rise up at the voice of the bird." Let all aged men and women remember that they have been permitted to do a great deal of sleeping in their time and that if they do not sleep so well now as they used to it is because they do not require so much sleep.

Remark the seventh: Insomnia is probably a warning that you had better moderate your work. Most of those engaged in employments that pull on nerve and brain are tempted to omit necessary rest and sleeplessness calls a halt. Even their pleasuring turns to work. As Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, taking a walk with a friend, met a sun-browned peasant boy and said, "I must go home and deepen the coloring of my infant Hercules." The sun-browned boy suggested an improvement in a great picture. By the time most people have reached midlife, if they have behaved well more doors of opportunity open before them than they ought to enter. Power to decline, power to say "No," they should now cultivate. When a man is determined to be useful and satan cannot dissuade him from that course, the great deceiver induces him to overwork and in that way get rid of him. We have thermometers to tell the heat, and barometers to tell the air, and ometers hung in engine rooms to tell the pressure of steam, and ometers to gauge and measure almost everything. Would that some genius would invent an ometer which, being hung around the neck and dropped over the side of a house, by the pulsation of the respiration, tell whether one is under too great pressure or might carry more. All brain workers would want such an ometer and want it right away. For the lack of it how many are dying and how many have died of overwork? A prominent financier who recently departed this life was an officer in over 100 financial and charitable institutions. Thousands of editors, of lawyers, of physicians, of merchants, of clergymen, are now dying of overwork. Do not be in the board of directors of more than three banks and two trust companies and five life and fire insurance establishments. Do not as pastor preach more than three sermons a Sunday and superintend your own Sabbath-school and conduct a Bible class the same day. Do not edit a paper and write for three magazines and go to four public dinners where you will be called to make a speech more than four times a week. Do not go so deep into the real estate business that before spring all the real estate you will really possess will be a piece of ground about six feet long and three feet wide. Your insomnia is the voice of nature, the voice of God, saying, "Better slow us!" Stop that long, swift train, the wheels of which are taking fire from the velocity and smoking with the hot box. Do not burn the candle at both ends. Do not under too many burdens sweat like a camel trudging from Aleppo to Damascus. Do not commit suicide.

Remark the eighth: All the victims of insomnia ought to be consoled with the fact that they will have a good, long sleep after a while. Sacred and profane literature again and again speak of that last sleep. God knew that the human race would be disposed to make a great ado about exit from this world, and so He inspires Job and David and Daniel and John and Paul to call that condition "sleep." When at Bethany the brother who was the support of his sisters after their father and mother were gone had himself expired, Christ cried out in regard to him, "He is not dead, but sleepeth." Cheering thought to all poor sleepers, for that will be a pleasant sleep, induced by no narcotic, disturbed by no frightful dream, interrupted by no harsh sound. Better than any sleep you ever took, O child of God, will be the last sleep. In your slumbers your home may be invaded by burglars and your treasures carried off, but while here and there, in one case out of millions, the resurrectionist may disturb the pillow of dust the last sleep is almost sure to be kept from invasion. There will be no burglary of the tomb. And it will be a refreshing sleep. You have sometimes risen in the morning more weary than when you laid down at night, but waking from the sleep of which I speak the last f