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CHAPTER I.

The walls of the pretty county town of Harbury, in Kent, were all placarded with the name of Martin Ray—Martin Ray the Radical, the Reformer; "the Voice of the People," as he liked best to call himself; the philanthropist, the hater of Queen and aristocracy, the teacher of treason; the man who worked for, yet lived upon the people; the man who had genius, half madman, half poet, full of great thoughts all distorted, of grand ideas all wrong; a man whose lips had been touched by the divine fire of eloquence, who could stir the hearts of the people as the wind stirs the leaves; a man who had magnificent conceptions of what the world might be made; yet failed utterly in making them practical.

He could be tracked easily as the flaming fire that lays bare the prairie; wherever he went he was followed by loud murmurs of popular discontent, and then came riot and imprisonment. In quiet hamlets, in sleepy villages, in peaceful towns, in factories, workshops and garrets, his words fell, and set fire to those who listened.

At Harbury there had been a trial for bribery at the elections. "There is sure to be a flaw in the armor there," thought Martin Ray; "it is the very place for a paying lecture by the 'workingman's friend.'" So the walls of the old town were placarded with the name of Martin Ray, and the people thirsted to see the new champion of popular rights.

The largest placard of all was that opposite the house of Amos Hatton, the last descendant of what had once been a wealthy and powerful family. For generations they had faded and decayed; they had no longer houses or lands, nor even position; and Amos Hatton had been compelled to apply himself to one of the professions. He was a solicitor, with a small but paying practice; and, being a stanch Conservative, the name of Martin Ray in large letters opposite to his door displeased him greatly.

When he came down to breakfast on this fine May morning, there the words were looking him defiantly in the face, while his pretty daughter Doris was gazing at them intently.

"Papa," she asked, "what is a Radical?"

The old lawyer's face flushed hotly.

"I will not answer you until I feel calmer; to say the least of it, it is most atrocious to place that name there."

The girl looked at it with softened eyes. "Martin Ray is not a bad name, papa. I should like to hear him," said Doris. "I have never heard a really eloquent speaker. May I go to the lecture?"

"I shall be ashamed if you do," replied the lawyer.

But Doris laughed.

"Not quite that. Sir John Darke is going, with his wife and daughter. I should like to go also."

"Well, you can go, Doris—that is, if your cousin will accompany you. Just once will not matter, and it will prove to you what nonsense such men talk. Go, but do not mention the man's name to me again."

Doris Hatton was well pleased to go. She had all her life heard her father speak of Radicals as of a class of beings quite different from other men. Here was a chance of seeing the enemy. Partly because she had nothing else to do, partly because fate or destiny led her, Doris Hatton went to the lecture.

Looking over the sea of faces, changing, brightening, or darkening under the fire or scorn of his words, Martin Ray saw one that lived in his heart for evermore—a pale, refined, pretty face, with great, earnest eyes and a tender mouth, the face of a girl who must be a hero-worshiper by nature. It was like playing on some grand harp; touch what chords he would, the response was certain. After a while the girl's face held him captive—he found himself speaking to it, thinking of it, watching it as it changed and paled. It was no longer himself and his audience, but himself and this girl. He was explaining to her his doctrine, imbuing her mind with his ideas.

All night Martin Ray dreamed of one face, one pair of eyes. He tried to get an introduction at the house, but failed completely; Amos Hatton would not receive him. Still Martin Ray could not tear himself from the girl, and he found means to meet her and to tell her how well he loved her.

Doris Hatton was always inclined to take a romantic view of matters, and she made of the man a perfect hero. She loved Martin Ray with perfect love, such as he could have won from no other creature living. There was a long struggle in her heart between allegiance to her father and this swift, sweet, new-born love; but, as this new teacher told her, the old landmarks were swept away, they existed no longer—no father had a right to interfere with the marriage of his children.

Through the sweet month of May, while the hawthorn bloomed on the hedges and the clover grew, he contrived to see her every evening. He found that Hanbury was a good school. He founded a society, and taught the people what were workingmen's rights and wrongs. He labored honestly enough, and in the intervals of work he secretly wooed Doris—Doris, who believed in his dreams and his visions, and who foresaw a time when all men would be equal, when poverty and toil would be done away with, and universal peace, charity, harmony and comfort reign. Martin Ray, her hero, was to bring about this.

Amos Hatton stormed and raved when he received one morning a letter from Martin Ray, asking for his daughter's hand. Nothing could exceed his wrath and indignation.

"You have good blood in your veins," he cried to the trembling girl. "You have ancestors who fought and died—died, mind you—for the king and country, and you ask me if you may marry the man who has boasted that, if no one else were found willing, he himself would behead every sovereign reigning."

"I love him—I cannot help it, papa. You misjudge him," she answered, despairingly.

"I must love him; no one understands him but me."

"You must choose between us, Doris," said her father, trying to speak calmly. "If you marry him I will never look upon your face again; I will never speak to you or hear your voice; you will be no child of mine; I will cast you off from me."

She uttered a low cry of pain and despair.

"I wonder," she said, "if ever a girl had to choose between her father and her lover before?"

"Yes," he replied; "hundreds. As a rule, they choose the lover; but you ought to be an exception, Doris—you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you. I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a few days or months that you have to decide, but for life, Doris. My dear, try to disabuse yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a paltry, miserable schemer, who lives upon the hard earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa!" she cried, despairingly.

Amos Hatton gave his daughter a few days to decide upon her fate in life. She took the decision into her own hands and married Martin Ray—but not with her father's consent or blessing. She stole from the house one sunny morning never to enter it again. She kissed her father on the evening before and never saw his face or heard his voice again. She married the man whom she believed to be a hero, and reaped her reward.

There was some little surprise and consternation in Harbury when it was known that Doris Hatton had married the young demagogue whose appearance had created a social whirlwind.

Few understood the attraction that such a man would have for a romantic, sentimental girl. Doris thought no lot in the world one-half so brilliant as hers.

Amos Hatton was a broken-hearted man. He had but two children, and he loved them with the deepest possible love. His son Arthur, a handsome, spirited boy, eight years older than his sister, has chosen the army for a profession; and quite early in his career he had received an excellent military appointment in India, where he was rapidly accumulating fame and fortune. Doris, his fair daughter, was the very pride of his heart. For her the old lawyer had worked and toiled, only to see himself forsaken for a man whom he hated and despised. His heart was bitter and his wrath was great. He wrote to his son in India, telling him what had happened, and bidding him to drive all memory of his sister from him forever. Then Amos Hatton made another will, in which he left all his property to his son; and when he spoke of Doris it was as of one dead. Everything that had ever belonged to her—piano, books, pictures, clothes, ornaments—was sent after her. In the lawyer's pleasant, old-fashioned house in Harbury not a trace was left of the daughter once so beloved.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively began to believe himself what she imagined him to be. One morning when Amos Hatton opened his newspaper he saw a long account of a grand political meeting in London, and the event of the day was the speech of Martin Ray. He read it. Bitterness, anger and regret filled his heart; he suffered terribly. His emotion brought on a fit; and when his clerk went into the office he found him with his head on the table. The doctor who was hastily summoned said that he had been dead for an hour.

The news of his decease was sent to India, where his son Arthur grieved heartily for him. According to his will, everything that he possessed—house, furniture, pictures, plate, business, railway shares, mining shares—was sold, and the money was sent to his son.

Arthur took it, and doubled it in a few years. He thought of his little sister Doris with something like remorse, but made up his mind that when he returned to England he would seek her out, and at least share the money with her.

So Amos Hatton was buried, and in due time forgotten. Doris mourned long and deeply for him. She still believed in her husband as a great hero and an excellent man. None of her illusions had been dispelled, and her happiness had been crowned by the birth of two little daughters—beautiful children, the eldest of whom she had named Leah, and the second Hettie. She was wonderfully happy, this sweet Doris, who thought no husband and no children equal to her own. Cut off from all her former associations and friends, thrown entirely on her husband for society, no wonder that her life narrowed and her world became centered in him.

It did not take her many years to find out that her idol was of clay, to discover that he was no prophet, no martyr, that he cared little for the consequences of his seditious language and the fire he put into the hearts of the people, provided only that he made money and lived in comfort, that his eloquence was a great natural gift which he would just as cheerfully have turned to any other purpose, that, stripped of all the ideal qualities she had ascribed to him, he was simply a shrewd man of powerful intellect, rather more egotistical and more selfish than most of his fellows.

Some wives live and die without either seeing their husband's faults or discerning their weaknesses. It was not so with Doris. The time came when she stood appalled at what she had done—when the clap-trap sentiments that she had once thought so heroic and grand appeared to her in their true light. The knowledge brought on a severe illness, and she died, leaving her two little daughters, Leah and Hettie. But before she died she wrote a letter to her far-off brother, owning to him that her marriage had been a fatal mistake and praying him to take charge of her children—to save them, to rescue them, if he could, from a fatal and unwholesome atmosphere and do the best he could for them.

He was Colonel Hatton when he received the letter. He placed it with his papers, intending to do what she asked, and in the whirl of his busy life forgot all about it.

CHAPTER II.

No two girls ever had a stranger education and a more unequal life than had Leah and Hettie Ray. Sometimes they found themselves in the midst of comfort and luxury. Then would come poverty, squalor, common lodging houses, common clothing, the want of even the necessaries of life. During their mother's lifetime they had been more settled, they had lived longer in one place, they had been more uniformly comfortable, but now they never had a home for more than three months together.

Then came a time of great trouble, of which they fortunately knew but little. When Leah was eleven and Hettie ten, Martin Ray, rendered desperate by what seemed to him long-continued peace and order, made a speech which brought him under the iron grip of the law. He was tried and sentenced to three years' imprisonment; and, in spite of all that friends could do, the sentence was carried out.

An old patron took pity on his youthful children. Sir John Falkner, a leading Radical, came to the rescue. He sent the children to a boarding school kept by a poor relative of his own—a Miss Fairfax—who resided at Kew. He forbade any mention of their father's imprisonment; and the children were told that he was away from home—absent on special business, and would not return for a few years. They believed it implicitly. They had some kind of an idea that their father was a great statesman, born to set the wrongs of the world right. If they had been told that he had gone to dethrone the Czar of all the Russias, they would have believed it just as implicitly.

Martin Ray was released from prison when Leah was in her fifteenth year and Hettie still almost a child of fourteen. He was not grateful to Sir John. He rented apartments in Manchester. He intended to educate the girls after his own fashion. Leah, who was gifted, clever and brilliant, he had meant to bring out as a lecturer; a beautiful young woman lecturing on politics would be a novelty that would pay well. As for Hettie, there was plenty of time to think over what should be done with her.

Leah was well read and thoughtful. She was a girl of magnificent talent, full of energy and the restless fire that proclaims genius. He had never told her what his intentions were with regard to her; but one day he called her into the miserable little room he dignified by the name of study to communicate his plans to her.

"You have grown very beautiful, Leah," he said, looking at her quite calmly—"very beautiful; and it is time you knew for what purpose heaven has sent you that same beauty."

The girl smiled and blushed. She did not remember that her father had ever used such words to her before.

"You have a grand mission in life, Leah. You must not be as other girls; you must not think that dress, gayety, enjoyment, love and marriage are the end and aim of your existence. You have a far more important future in store for you."

She looked up at him in wonder.

"I did not know that I had any mission, father," she said quietly. "What is it?"

"The greatest, Leah, that ever fell to a woman. I have been preaching and teaching all my life. I have given up everything in this world for the cause of the people—all my hopes, my ambition. I have served them, lived for them, spent my life for them; and now, even as from the prophet of old, my mantle has fallen—and it has fallen upon you."

"I do not understand," she replied. "What am I to do?"

"I will tell you," he said. "You must take my place. I can preach and teach no longer; you must do it for me. You are young and beautiful; you have great talent; you have a clear, vibrating, sweet voice, that will make its way to the very hearts of men; you have the fire that belongs to genius; you have a brilliant imagination—indeed, I may say that you have every requirement; and a lady orator will be a novelty such as is not seen every day."

"What do you want me to be, father?" she asked slowly.

"A teacher of the people," he replied, grandiloquently.

(To be continued.)

Household.

Cherry Souffle.—Put in double boiler one pint milk, one-half cup powdered sugar, two heaping tablespoonfuls corn starch dissolved in a little milk and stir till thick (about five minutes), then add one saltspoonful salt, the beaten whites of two eggs and the cherries drained from a one-pint can; remove at once from fire and turn into serving dish; thicken the cherry juice with one teaspoonful arrowroot and serve as sauce; drain cherries as dry as possible; excellent.

Cream Muffins.—One pint of cream, two eggs, three cups of sifted flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat yolks of eggs and add cream; add this gradually to the flour, beat well and let stand 15 minutes; then add salt, melted butter, whites of eggs beaten stiff and baking powder. Mix well and bake 25 minutes.

Persillade Potatoes.—Cut into shape of large olives and boil potatoes in salted water until soft. Drain and serve with clarified butter at once.

Crustades of Brussels Sprouts.—Cut stale bread into thick slices and cut again into fancy shapes. Cut into the centre of each, making a case for filling. Brush with melted butter and brown in oven, then fill with Brussels sprouts that have been cooked twenty minutes in salted water, and pour well seasoned white sauce over all.

Molded Cornstarch.—One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, a pinch of salt, three eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Scald the milk and stir into it the cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Cook fifteen minutes, then add the egg yolks, sugar and salt beaten together. Stir until it thickens again, then add the whites, which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Mix lightly together over the fire for one minute, then add vanilla and turn into wetted molds. Serve with cream, cold.

Mush Cubes.—Make ordinary mush of equal parts cornmeal and graham flour and pour into a mold; when cold cut into cubes, fry in hot fat like doughnuts; drain and serve with cream. If preferred the mush may be sweetened when first made.

Useful Hints.

In sewing and winding carpet rags double them with the right side up.

Eggshells burned in the oven and placed upon the pantry shelves will keep bugs away.

Clothespins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month become more durable.

To give a good oak color to a pine floor wash in a solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of strong lye.

Nice tablecloths and napkins should not be allowed to become much soiled, so that they will require vigorous rubbing with soap or in hot water.

Mahogany furniture should be washed with warm water and soap; an application of beeswax and sweet oil upon a soft cloth, and polished with chamois gives a rich finish.

A cooking teacher's test for the frying point of hot fat is to drop in it a small piece of bread. If the bread browns on both sides while forty can be counted it is the right temperature for cooked foods like croquettes, fish balls, etc.

THE FUNNY MAN.

WILLIAM WIDger, at his desk in the Daily Record office, paused one morning in the exercise of preparing the humorous column and groaned, gently, but with unmistakable earnestness.

Perkins, at the adjoining desk, looked at him in amazement. Never before, during his two years of professional contiguity to Widger, had he observed a similar demonstration. He mentioned the fact at once.

"It is nothing," said Widger; "that is, it is nothing serious. I came near writing a real poem instead of a jingle, that is all."

"I call that rather serious," said Perkins. "Heavens! Billy, you must go slow. You're on the verge of something. A chap of your talent cannot be too careful."

"So?" said Widger lazily. "You make me weary, Perk. What do you know about poetry and its relation to neurotic exhaustion. Do you consider the production of real poetry an indication of weakness at the nerve centers. Do you——"

"No, but see here, Billy; I've prepared the 'Hints to Housekeepers' and the 'Food and Health' columns for this paper regularly for three years now, and——"

"You have also prepared the 'Aunt Jerusha's Talks with Girls" column," interrupted Widger. "You are a vile humbug, Perk.'

"No more so than you, Billy. Don't wound my sensitive heart, kind friend, I pray you. The Record is avowedly the most popular paper in the Mississippi Valley among the women. Why? 'Tis I, Billy, me.

Who tells the women how to cook,
And make their homes successful;
Who tells them how that pimply look
Is rendered less distressful.

Me, Billy, I—Oswood K. Perkins, the poor orphan, who wouldn't know how to act if he had a home. That's the secret of my success, Billy; I'm original."

"Because you do not know any better."

"Exactly. But as to yourself. You're supposed to be funny. Your stuff is well liked. Some people actually laugh at it. Your verses jingle pleasantly, and your paragraphs are redolent of ginger. You hold your job. You eat. But, Billy, dear, 'twould be very different if you should blunder into poetry—real poetry, as you call it. You'd lose your job. You'd cease to eat. Your nerves, deprived of the food they crave, would become toneless, snapless. Prostration, agony, lingering death, unwept, unhonored, unsung. Don't do it, Billy."

Widger smiled.

"Perk," said he, "you are a freak. But you are wise—you must be or you wouldn't be able to humbug the women as you do. You are also a gentleman, and I believe a good judge of——"

"Whisky?"

"No, poetry."

"Um-m—I don't know."

"I do. Read that, and tell me what you think."

Perkins took the proffered sheet with affected timidity, and looked at it from the corners of his eyes. Then he handed it back.

"It's pretty bad, Billy," said he honestly. "I don't think I ever read worse.

Memory grim doth rend my heartstrings,
Cruelly with fingers pink.

is but little short of positive disease. Do you feel perfectly well, old man?"

"Yes, I am well enough, but I am depressed in spirit. Do you suppose, Perk"—glancing at the clock—"that if I gave you my confidence for about fifteen minutes it would seriously interfere with the glorious work you are doing for benighted women? I think it would make me feel better."

"Nothing," replied Perkins firmly, "can interfere with that. Go ahead, old man."

He sat back in his chair with an index finger on either side of his nose—his characteristic attitude when in repose, as he once informed the Record's cartoonist when that brilliant but misguided young man begged him for a "sitting"—while Widger slowly gathered the sheets from his desk and tore them into strips.

"You know where I came from, Perk?" he asked, dropping the strips into the waste basket.

"St. Paul, Billy. You didn't know the letter J from a hole in the ground, and you considered Minneapolis merely a short chapter in mythology."

"Yes," said Widger. "At St. Paul, I worked on the Evening Gazette and my duties were as the sands of the sea. I did everything, from heavy editorial to the hotels, and between jumps I fell in love. It may not altogether be my fault. Some men are born lovers, some cultivate the tendency, and some have it thrust upon them. It was thrust upon me. And the maiden's name was Smith."

"Smith—Smith," mumbled Perkins; "in all the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as—go on, Billy."

"She was a nice girl, as girls go," continued Widger, "well set head, nonpareil body, good clear face and the daughter of her father, who owned the Gazette. She was accustomed to spending an hour or two each day at the office, and I had not talked with her many times before I experienced a strange sensation. I did not know what to call it. I suppose it was love, but I never said a word about it to her. I reasoned that it would be too presumptuous—might lose me my situation.

"I did not know then that I was qualified to do anything better in the newspaper line than to grind on the Gazette at ground pay. I made myself wretched at times wishing she would keep away from the office, so that I might forget her. But I drew a long breath of relief the next time she appeared, and answered her questions about this and that thing journalistic, and listened to her blissfully when she told me what a glorious profession she thought it and what an ornament to it she considered me.

"She sounded me frequently on my ambitions, and I told her freely what were my hopes.

"'You are wedded to your work,' she said to me one day.

"'I am,' I replied.

"Then she looked at me with an expression which I did not understand and changed the subject. I never saw her outside of the office. I was practically penniless, and she was accustomed to luxury. I was not in society. Our lives had little in common. I loved her. The thing for me to do, as a sensible person, was to make the best of it silently, and I did so. Did I do right, Perk?"

"Precisely, Billy. Get along."

"Well, after a while her engagement to one of the great men of the city—name Jones—was announced, and it fell upon my harrowed soul with much the gentleness of a thunderclap. I felt bad, Perk, but at the same time I felt glad—glad that I had not made an ass of myself.

"I had been sorely tempted, heaven knows. At the first opportunity—she had dropped into the office to reload her camera in the coat closet—I shook hands with her and told her as clearly as I could—not knowing what to say—how delighted I was, and, sir, she turned squarely about without a word and left me high and dry, looking every bit. I doubt not, as foolish as I felt. That was in January. The wedding was to occur in June.

"I worked like a cold weather fly and tried to forget her. I succeeded pretty well. Her visits to the office had ceased with my well-meant congratulatory performance, and this made it easier for me, although my heart beat like shorthand whenever I heard a female voice from the private office, and the sudden swish of skirts caused me to jump violently. But I did not see her again until May—three weeks before the wedding. She had been in Chicago, I believe, paying a farewell visit to a schoolmate, and incidentally——"

"Never mind that, Billy," interjected Perkins. "You don't know what she was doing incidentally. Come to the point."

Widger bowed gravely. "All right, Perk. I thank you. I was alone in the office one stormy night, fixing up a string of airy falsehoods for the next day, when the telephone bell rang like forty fires. I put the receiver to my ear, held it there for perhaps a minute, yelled 'yes' into the transmitter, bolted into my overcoat and turned out the light.

"I was at G., S. and X. shops five minutes later, and, swinging onto the rear platform of the caboose attached to a wrecking train, in an hour I was on the scene of the worst railway smash-up in the history of Minnesota.

"Ever see a splintered passenger train at night, Perk—white faces staring at you by lantern light, groans seeming to rise out of the earth, steam, smoke, horror? I never realized until that night what an awful thing darkness is—darkness to which there is no limit—that almost suffocates a man and strikes him blind. Time and again I involuntarily passed my hand before my face to clear a way in the blackness for my eyes.

"There was a station not far away, and after getting what information I could I took my way in that direction to get off some disptches for the first editions of the morning papers, stumbling along as best I could, yearning for light, light, light. And, Perk, I—I—there was light.

"Celestial fire, Billy?"

"Something like it. I stumbled over a body finally. I had been dreading it, and praying that I might be steered clear of that sort of obstacles. It gave out the faintest kind of a moan when I struck it, and I recoiled as much as fifteen feet, I think. Then I took a firm grip on myself and approached it again, because that seemed to be my duty.

"The man or woman, whichever it was, had evidently crawled out of the wreck and tried to go somewhere. It had failed wretchedly. It was lying in the long, wet grass at quite a little distance from the track. It might not be found for hours if I passed it by. Nevertheless, I hesitated. I confess it with shame.

"Then I knelt by its side and passed my hands over its cold, rain-washed face and bedraggled hair. It was a woman. I put my finger to its pulse. It was alive.

"The flutter of the straining heart acted like a strong stimulant upon me. I lifted the limp form in my arms and felt my way onward to the station. It was a long walk and a hard one, not unfraught with danger, for there was a bridge to be crossed, but I reached the end at last and passed into the light of the waiting-room, and—and—and, Perk, it was she. I had been carrying her in my arms all that distance.

"I believe they considered me insane when I laid her upon the operator's bed and looked into her face. For an instant my strength went from me to the last ounce and I all but collapsed; then it came back in a mighty wave, and I suppose I did act like a maniac.

"She had an old-fashioned locket in her hand, fastened about her neck by a ribbon, and she held it to her lips rigidly, as she had held it when she was fainting in the long, wet grass. Perk, I cannot tell you how I felt. I——"

"Don't try, Billy. Keep to your story."

"A train arrived shortly with doctors, and one of them pushed me from her side by force—he had to use force—and cut the ribbon and removed her hand from her mouth. He said something about respiration as he did it, and looked at the locket curiously.

"'Open it,' said he, unclasping her fingers; 'it may identify her.'

"I opened it—I opened it, Perk, and—and it contained my own picture—a picture she had taken herself without my knowledge.

"I put in into my pocket. No one noticed, for other victims were brought in then, and the place was in a turmoil. Then I went out into the rain, and walked and walked, kissing that bauble over and over again. It was daylight when I saw her again, and she was being assisted to the train that was to take her home. She seemed little the worse for the shock she had suffered. Her face was very white—that was all."

"Didn't you speak to her?"

"Yes, I spoke to her; but Jones was with her, his arm about her waist, and her father was close behind her, laden with wraps, and—and I only said: 'How-de-do, Miss Smith?' and swallowed my heart.

"The Gazette nearly got scooped on the story of the wreck. They depended on me to fix it up, and for some reason or other I forgot it. I resigned my position the next day, and came down here to do humor. I did not dare to attempt anything else, for fear of going into a decline. I have been fairly well contented, but once in a while, Perk, I get down in the mouth. I found this in one of the papers from up there this morning."

He drew a clipping from his pocket and tossed it upon the desk. Perkins read it:

"Um-m—'Born, a boy to Mr. and Mrs John Jones," eh? Well, what of it, Billy? Didn't you think it possible?"

"Yes, but, Perk"—and there was a note of genuine sorrow in Widger's voice—"she—she will forget me entirely now."

Perkins laid his hand lightly upon Widger's shoulder for an instant.

"Go to work, Billy," said he, softly. "It is better so."

"Yes," assented Widger. "It is better so."

He breathed deeply and turned again to his jokes and jingles.—Philadelphia Press.

Florence Nightingale.

Within a stone's throw of Hyde Park, in London, in an unpretentious dwelling house just four stories high, Florence Nightingale is now spending her declining years. The room in which she is confined is large and airy, and is always decorated with flowers brought by appreciative friends whose aim is to brighten her surroundings. At the head of her bed a shelf is placed, and on this all her favorite books have been conveniently arranged. Here, too, her writing materials are within easy reach, and alongside of these one may see a pile of reports from the home founded in her name, which, if it were needed, tends to show where even today her heart is. Between these, her reading, and the feeding of the birds she has tamed, that come twittering to the casement, and even hop onto the sill, she occupies her time with that patient resignation which bespeaks a godly life. Florence Nightingale still suffers from the great and continued mental and bodily strain that her Crimean services put upon her, but by her unselfish sacrifice she has made it impossible for the armies of Great Britain to ever again suffer from such horrifying calamities as those that she witnessed, suffered and endured.—Woman's Home Companion.

Their Remarkable Record.

It would be well if all families could point to as creditable a history in point of freedom from domestic broils as that of Deacon Kendrick, of Dashville.

The good deacon and his wife were celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary. A large concourse of relatives and friends had assembled at the old homestead, a splendid dinner had been served and eaten, and the speeches, without which no anniversary of this kind is considered to be complete, were in progress.

"In all these fifty years, my friends," said Neighbor Brown, in the course of his remarks, "as I have been told a hundred times and believe to be true, our venerable friend and his wife have never exchanged a cross word. Is it not so, Deacon?"

"Yes, that's true," replied the deacon.

"Is it not so, sister?" asked Mr. Brown, addressing Mrs. Kendrick.

"Yes," she replied, with a twinkle in her eye. "Abner may have given me a cross word now and then, but I've never answered back."

She Yearned for the Romantic.

"Why did you leave your last place Mary?"

"Oh, I just couldn't bear it. The man and his wife lived very happily together, and that made it so dull and uninteresting for me."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Woes of Hayti.

The Aid—Your excellency, there is another cruiser in the offing.

The President of Hayti—Heavens and earth! Another one of those infernal foreign collectors!

The Aid—I can't make out his flag your excellency.

The President—Oh, it don't make any difference. They all take turns in coming. Tell him to call again the first of the month.

The Aid—But they always laugh when I say that, and tell me they'll blow the cover off the whole island if you don't settle instanter.

The President—I suppose I'll have to, but, by gum! if this thing is going to keep up we'll all have to go through the international bankruptcy court and commence over again.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ancient Manuscript Heirlooms.

John Beutler of Wapakoneta, Ohio, has manuscripts and books that have been handed down from father to son since the ninth and sixteenth centuries. He has original manuscripts of the code of Justinian the Great, emperor of Rome, written in the latter part of the fifth century. He also has original manuscripts of the annals of C. Cornelius Tacitus, the Roman historian, written in Greek, about the middle of the ninth century.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: A Religion of Ghosts—Spiritualism Denounced as Necromancy and Delusion—Its Disciples Are Doomed—It Causes Insanity Among Its Victims.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage discusses a theme never more under exploration than at this time and warns people against what he calls a religion of ghosts; text, I Samuel xxviii., 7. "Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor. And Saul disguised himself and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night."

Trouble to the right of him and trouble to the left of him, Saul knew not what to do. As a last resort he concluded to seek out a spiritual medium or a witch or anything that you please to call her—a woman who had communication with the spirits of the eternal world. It was a very difficult thing to do, for Saul had either slain all the witches or compelled them to stop business. A servant one day said to King Saul, "I know of a spiritual medium down at the village of En-dor." "Do you," said the king. Night falls. Saul, putting off his kingly robes and putting on the dress of a plain citizen, with two servants, goes out to hunt up this medium.

Saul and his servants after awhile reached the village, and they say, "I wonder if this is the house," and they look in, and they see the haggard, weird and shriveled up spiritual medium sitting by the light and on the table sculptured images and divining rods and poisonous herbs and bottles and vases. They say, "Yes, this must be the place." One loud rap brings the woman to the door, and as she stands there, holding the candle or lamp above her head and peering out into the darkness, she says, "Who is here?" The tall king informs her that he has come to have his fortune told. When she hears that, she trembles and almost drops the light, for she knows there is no chance for a fortune teller or spiritual medium in all the land. But Saul having sworn that no harm shall come to her, she says, "Well, who shall I bring up from the dead?" Saul says, "Bring up Samuel." That was the prophet who had died a little while before. I see her waving a wand, or stirring up some poisonous herbs in a caldron, or hear her muttering over some incantations, or stamping with her foot as she cries out to the realm of the dead: "Samuel, Samuel!" Lo, the freezing horror! The floor of the tenement opens, and the gray hairs float up and the forehead, the eyes, the lips, the shoulders, the arms, the feet—the entire body of the dead Samuel—wrapped in sepulchral robe, appearing to the astonished group, who stagger back and hold fast and catch their breath and shiver with terror.

The dead prophet, white and awful from the tomb, begins to move his ashen lips, and he glares upon King Saul and cries out: "What did you bring me up for? What do you mean, King Saul?" Saul, trying to compose and control himself, makes this stammering and affrighted utterance as he says to the dead prophet: "The Lord is against me, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?" The dead prophet stretched forth his finger to King Saul and said: "Die t.-morrow! Come with me into the sepulcher. I am going now. Come, come with me!" And, lo, the floor again opens, and the feet of the dead prophet disappear and the arms and the shoulders and the forehead! The floor closes. Oh, that was an awful seance!

To unlatch the door between the present state and the future state all the fingers of superstition have been busy. We have books entitled "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Other Worlds," "The Debatable Land Between This World and the Next," "Researches Into the Phenomena of Spiritualism" and whole libraries of hocus pocus, enough to deceive the very elect. I shall not take time to rehearse the history of divination, Delphic oracle, sibyl or palmistry or the whole centuries of imposture.

Modern spiritualism proposes to open the door between this world and the next and put us into communication with the dead. It has never yet offered one reasonable credential.

When I find Saul in my text consulting a familiar spirit, I learn that spiritualism is a very old religion.

Spiritualism in American was born in the year 1847, in Hydesville, Wayne County, N. Y., when one night there was a loud rap heard against the door of Michael Weekman; a rap a second time, a rap a third time, and all three times. When the door was opened, there was nothing found there, the knocking having been made seemingly by invisible knuckles.

After awhile Mr. Fox with his family moved into that house, and then they had bangings at the door every night. One night Mr. Fox cried out, "Are you a spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. "Are you an injured spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. Then they knew right away that it was the spirit of a peddler who had been murdered in that house years before and who had been robbed of his $600. Whether the spirit of the peddler came back to collect his $500 or his bones I do not know.

The excitement spread. There was a universal rumpus. The Hon. Judge Edmonds declared in a book that he had actually seen a bell start from the top shelf of a closet, heard it ring over the people that were standing in the closet; then, swung by invisible hands, it rang over the people in the back parlor and floated through the folding doors to the front parlor, rang over the people there and then dropped on the floor. A Senator of the United States, afterward Governor of Wisconsin, had his head quite turned with spiritualistic demonstrations. The tables tipped, and the stools tilted, and the bedsteads raised, and the chairs upset, and it seemed as if the spirits everywhere had gone into the furniture business! "Well," the people said, "we have got something new in this country. It is a new religion!" Oh, no, my friend, thousands of years ago, we find in our text, a spiritualistic seance!

Nothing in the spiritualistic circles of our day has been more strange, mysterious and wonderful than things which have been seen in past centuries of the world. In all ages there have been necromancers, those who consult with the spirits of the departed; charmers, those who put their subjects in a mesmeric state; sorcerers, those who by taking poisonous drugs see everything and hear everything and tell everything; dreamers, people who in their sleeping moments can see the future world and hold consultation with spirits. Yes, before the time of Christ, the Brahmans went through all the table moving, all the furniture excitement, which the spirits have exploited in our day, precisely the same thing over and over again, under the manipulation of the Brahmans. Now, do you say that spiritualism is different from these? I answer, all these delusions I have mentioned belong to the same family. They are exhumations from the unseen world.

What does God think of all these delusions? He thinks so severely of them that He never speaks of them but with livid thunders of indignation. He says, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you might make some important distinction between spiritualism and witchcraft God says in so many words, "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or necromancer, for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." The Lord God Almighty in a score of passages which I have not now time to quote utters His indignation against all this great family of delusions. After that be a spiritualist if you dare!

You lose a friend; you want the spiritual world opened, so that you may have communication with him. In a highly wrought, nervous and diseased state of mind you go and put yourself in that communication. That is why I hate spiritualism. It takes advantage of one in a moment of weakness, which may come upon us at any time. We lose a friend. The trial is keen, sharp, suffocating, almost maddening. If we could marshal a host and storm the eternal world and recapture our loved one, the host would soon be marshaled. The house is so lonely. The world is so dark. The separation is so insufferable. But spiritualism says, "We will open the future world, and your loved one can come back and talk to you." Though we may not hear his voice, we may hear the rap of his hand. So, clear the table. Sit down. Put your hands on the table. Be very quiet. Five minutes gone. Ten minutes. No motion of the table. No response from the future world. Twenty minutes. Thirty minutes. Nervous excitement all the time increasing. Two raps from the future world. The letters of the alphabet are called over. The departed friend's name is John. At the pronunciation of the letter J two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter O two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter H two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter N two raps. There you have the whole name spelled out—J-o-h-n, John. Now, the spirit being present, you say, "John, are you happy?" Two raps give an affirmative answer.

Many years ago the steamer Atlantic started from Europe for the United States. Getting midocean, the machinery broke, and she floundered around day after day and week after week, and for a whole month after she was due people wondered and finally gave her up. There was great anguish in the cities, for there were many who had friends aboard that vessel. Some of the women in their distress went to the spiritual medium and inquired as to the fate of that vessel. The medium called up the spirits, and the rappings on the table indicated the steamship lost, with all on board. Women went raving mad and were carried to the lunatic asylum. After awhile one day a gun was heard off quarantine. The flags went up on the shipping, and the bells of the churches were rung. The boys ran through the streets crying: "Extra! The Atlantic is safe!" There was the embracing as from the dead when friends came again to friends, but some of those passengers went up to find their wives in the lunatic asylum, where this chest of infernal spiritualism had put them.

I bring against this delusion a more fearful indictment—it ruins the soul immortal. First, it makes a man a quarter of an infidel; then it makes him half an infidel; then it makes him a whole infidel.

If God is ever slapped in the face, it is when a spiritual medium puts down her hand on the table, invoking spirits departed to make a revelation. God has told you all you ought to know, and how dare you be prying into that which is none of your business? You cannot keep the Bible in one hand and spiritualism in the other. One or the other will slip out of your grasp, depend upon it. Spiritualism is adverse to the Bible, in the fact that it has in these last days called from the future world Christian men to testify against Christianity. Its mediums call back Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated evangelist, and Lorenzo Dow testifies that Christians are idolaters. Spiritualism calls back Tom Paine, and he testifies that he is stopping in the same house in heaven with John Bunyan. They call back John Wesley, and he testifies against the Christian religion, which he all his life gloriously preached. Andrew Jackson Davis, the greatest of all the spiritualists, comes to the front and declares that the New Testament is but "the dismal echo of a barbaric age" and the Bible only "one of the pen and ink relics of Christianity."

I have in my house a book used in spiritualistic service. It contains a catechism and a hymn book. The catechism has these questions and answers:

Q. What is our chief baptism? A. Frequent ablution in water.

Q. What is our inspiration? A. Fresh air and sunshine.

Q. What is our love feast? A. Clear conscience and sound sleep.

Q. What is our prayer? A. Physical exercise.

And then it goes on to show that a great proportion of their religious service is a system of calisthenics. Then when they want to arouse the devotion of the people to the highest pitch they give out the hym on the sixty-fifth page:

The night hath gathered up her silken fringes,
Or, on the fifteenth page:
Come to the woods, heigh ho!

"But," says some one, "wouldn't it be of advantage to hear from the future world? Don't you think it would strengthen Christians? There are a great many materialists who do not believe there are souls, but if spirits from the future world should knock and talk over to us they would be persuaded." To that