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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.

The general was greatly perplexed and quite at a loss what to do. At first he thought he would consult the duchess, who appeared to him to be a compendium of all knowledge; but he soon dismissed that idea. It struck him suddenly one morning that, if Sir Basil only knew how matters stood, he might, in all probability would, ask Leah to marry him.

He determined that, as he was Leah's guardian, uncle and adopted father, he was the right person to give this delicate hint.

A favorable opportunity occurred a few days afterward. He overtook Sir Basil, who was strolling on the beach alone, smoking a cigar. The general reddened all over his honest, bronzed face when he thought of the great interests at stake, and how much depended on the result of the conversation.

As delicately as possible he told the young baronet about Leah's love for him.

"I should like to add this," he said, in conclusion. "I should like you to remember this one thing always. What my heart has dictated I have done for my niece's sake; I have told you the story, and you may act upon it as you think best. We will never resume the subject; let it be buried between us forever. I have spoken for her sake, against my own will."

Silently they grasped each other's hands and parted.

"Heaven grant that I have done the right thing!" said the general to himself. "I believe men make a dreadful muddle of everything of the kind; but I hope for the best."

Sir Basil's thoughts were far more tumultuous. He admired Leah exceedingly, but he had never dreamed of marrying her. He had felt no tendency whatever to fall in love with her. She had always seemed to him beyond his reach. He remembered all that the duchess had told him of the offers of marriage she had received; and this beautiful girl, who might have been Duchess of Barberry, loved him secretly!

The Duchess of Rosedene had decided to give a grand fancy ball, and everything conspired to make it a success. The great heat had passed; the sea breeze that came through the woods was full of fragrance; the moon was bright; there were flowers everywhere, and the trees were brilliantly illuminated with lamps. The baronet had begged Leah to give him the first waltz, and then he had asked for another. He was beginning to feel the intoxication of being loved by a beautiful woman.

"You are tired," he said, when the dance ended and she leaned on his arm; "come out into the moonlight and rest."

They stood for a few minutes, looking at the fountain in the moonlight. The marble Undine was beautiful, with its statuesque grace, its serene calm; but the girl, with her passionate living beauty, the moonlight falling on her fair face and on the rich folds of pale primrose, was more beautiful still. Slowly but surely the spell of that witching hour came over Sir Basil.

"This reminds me of the lovers' night in the 'Merchant of Venice,'" he said. "It is just as perfect; one can think of nothing but flowers and love."

"A happy night," she returned, gently, bending her face over the glistening marble.

"How plainly I can see you there!" he said, looking at the reflection. "Every primrose can be seen distinctly in the water. Now tell me, are you not pleased with your costume?"

"If you are," she sighed. Her heart was beating fast with a passion of love and pain. He could be so near her, he could stand with her in that lovely spot, and yet nothing brought his heart nearer hers! She did not know that at that moment he cared for her more than he ever had done; for Sir Basil, as he gazed at the face reflected in the water, had seen something there which had stirred his heart—a sad, wistful look, not at all suited to the beautiful face; for he knew quite well what had called it there. It was love for himself.

The next minute he had clasped her hands in his, and, bending over her, whispered to her the words that made the music of her life.

She made no answer—to have saved her life she could not have uttered a word; but the light on her face was answer enough to him. The happy eyes fell; the beautiful head, with its primrose crown, rested on the edge of the marble basin. In her heart she was thanking heaven for the blessing given to her.

"Do you love me, Leah?" he asked.

Ah, heaven, the love that shone in her eyes, that radiated from her face! A voice of sweetest music whispered:

"I have loved you from the first moment I saw your face. I pray heaven that I may see it last in this world."

CHAPTER IX.

The season was a brilliant one. The news of Miss Hatton's engagement was received by some with pleasure, by others with annoyance. Those who had known her before saw a wonderful change in her; the restless expression had gone from her face, and in its place reigned perfect calm. No one could look at her and not know that she was happy beyond words. In time the crowd of "fashionables" grew accustomed to seeing Sir Basil always by her side; even her admirers accepted the situation and resignedly took the second place.

Sir Basil tried by the most assiduous attention to make up for any shortcoming there might be in his love. He was Leah's shadow. Every day brought her flowers, books, music, presents of every kind, from one who externally was the most devoted of lovers. There were times when he almost believed himself to be one of the happiest men living, when he was lost in wonder at the prize he had won, and tried to assure himself that there was nothing left for him to desire. Yet he knew that the depths of his heart had never been stirred, that he was capable of a deeper, far greater love than this; his heart had never yet beaten the quicker for any word of Leah's; he had a kindly affection for her—that was all.

One evening, by some mischance, Basil had been unable to accompany Leah to the theater, and she had gone with the Duchess of Rosedene. It was to see "Pygmalion and Galatea."

By some strange fortune Hettie was in the theater that night. Martin Ray had long been ailing, and had lived for the last two years in the country. He had come up to town on business, and, for his own comfort's sake, he had brought Hettie with him. The landlady of the house where he was staying happened to have some tickets sent to her, and she begged Miss Ray to accept one. Hettie, who seldom had any kind of enjoyment, whose life was one monotonous round of duty, was eager to avail herself of it. Martin Ray raised no objection; he would be busy that evening with his companions, and she could please herself.

Hettie was delighted. She had grown into a lovely girl. She had not the brilliancy of Leah; she had not her fire and passion; she lacked her spirit and daring. But she was sweet and loving; her angelic face told of an angelic nature; her fair, tranquil loveliness touched men's hearts as does the strain of sweet music. Her life had not been a happy one. The loss of his brilliant daughter, for whom he had formed such great plans, had soured and embittered Martin Ray. From the moment that Hettie had drawn away from Leah, and placed her arms around her father's neck, she had been most devoted to him; with angelic patience she had borne with all his discontent, his grumbling, his angry denunciation, his sullen resentment against the whole world, his selfish neglect of her.

No words could tell how she had thought of her beautiful sister—how she dreamed of her, longed for her—how she tried to fancy what she had grown like and what she was doing. Going to London made her think of Leah more than ever.

The desire of her heart was unexpectedly granted. She went to the theater, little dreaming that her sister would be there on that same evening in all her brilliancy and magnificence. Hettie and her companion were in the pit—and even that seemed a great thing to the girl. The landlady had apologized; she would have liked to take Miss Ray to the dress circle, but it was not possible. Simple, kindly Hettie protested that the pit was the very best part of the theater—it was cooler, and one could see the stage better; which view of the matter largely helped to comfort her companion.

While the curtain was down, Hettie amused herself by looking round the house. The scene was a complete novelty to her. She enjoyed seeing the fair faces, the rich dresses, gleaming jewels and exquisite bouquets. After a short time she noticed that the attention of many people was directed toward a box in the grand tier. She wondered what was the source of attraction, and she looked herself in the same direction. Her eyes brightened and her beautiful features assumed an expression of wonder. It could never be—and yet—— She saw a lady dressed superbly in satin of the color of the most delicate heliotrope, with a suite of magnificent opals—a handsome woman with a stately, graceful bearing, her face a charming combination of refinement and happiness. Her hair was fastened with diamond stars. Before her lay a bouquet of scarlet passion flowers. The graceful arch of the neck, the gleaming white shoulders, the proud carriage of the head were all Leah's.

A cry rose to Hettie's white lips, which she repressed; her heart beat fast, and something like a mist came before her eyes. This magnificent woman, in all the splendor of dress and jewels, surrounded by all that was gorgeous, was Leah, her sister. Could it be possible that that beautiful head had ever rested on her breast, that night after night she had slept with that figure closely clasped in her arms? Was that the face she had kissed in such an agony when they parted? She gazed at it long and earnestly. Hettie's heart yearned for her. She could have stretched out her arms to her and cried out her name; but she had promised never again to speak one word to the sister whom she loved so dearly—never again. Something more bitter than death had parted them. Hettie saw no more of the stage until Leah's companion rose and both disappeared; she kept her eyes fixed on the proud face of her sister.

From that evening a very fever of unhappiness seized Hettie. She longed so intensely to see Leah again; her thoughts were always with her.

At last the fever of longing mastered her. She would not break her promise—she would not speak to her; but she must look upon her face again. For days she struggled hard to find a few moments' leisure. Her father went out, and was not to return until after midnight. Quick as thought she dressed herself. It was just eight o'clock, and she would probably be in time to see Leah leave Harbury House for whatever ball or party she might be attending.

Those who lived in that noble mansion little thought that the fair young sister of their beautiful mistress stood outside for many hours with a wistful look on her pale face, her eyes fixed on the great entrance door. Leah had left the house before she reached it; but Hettie was resolved to wait for her return. It would have touched a heart of stone to see the patient figure walking up and down with tireless footsteps.

At last came the sound of wheels, lights appeared, as though by magic, in the windows of the great house. The carriage drew up before the hall door and the footman descended. Hettie drew back into the shade as a flood of light fell upon the pavement. She saw the carriage door flung open, the general descend first, and then Leah. She saw the lovely face, more beautiful than ever, enveloped in a mass of soft white lace. Leah made some laughing remark as she stepped from the carriage to the ground, and Hettie saw that she carried a bouquet of scarlet flowers in her hand. In another minute she had passed through the wide-open door.

Then Hettie came forward and touched the footman on the arm.

"I will give you," she said, "a sovereign for the flowers that lady carries in her hand. Could you get them for me if I remain here?"

The man looked at her in astonishment.

"Do you understand?" she went on quickly. "I will give you a sovereign for the flowers which that lady carried in her hand."

The light from the lamp fell on her sweet, upraised face, and the man was more bewildered.

"What do you want them for?" he asked.

"Never mind," she replied. "I do want them. Do not waste time talking to me, but get them if you can."

"Look here," said the footman; "that lady is our young mistress, and I would not have any harm come to her."

"I mean no harm," she turned quickly. "I simply want them to keep by me after they are withered and dead, for love of her—that is all; but I do not wish any one to know."

"Oh, if that is what you want them for, all right!" said the man. "I will get them for you. Stand there; I will not be a minute."

Leah had laid her bouquet on one of the hall tables. It was composed of scarlet passion flowers. The man took it up and went back to the door.

"Here," he said briefly; and the next moment Hettie had exchanged her one sovereign for the faded bouquet.

How she loved her treasures! How she kissed them! Leah had held them in her hand, perhaps even touched them with her lips.

"It is all that I shall ever have to remind me of my beautiful Leah," she said to herself. "I will keep them as long as I live."

She hastened home, reaching there fortunately before Martin Ray's return.

Leah did not know that her sister had seen her, and the little incident of the flowers had never been mentioned.

It happened that an artist, traveling in the county where Martin Ray and Hettie lived, had seen her, and had made a very perfect sketch of her face; this he had afterward made the subject of a picture that he sent to the Royal Academy. It was called "The First Glimpse of Morning," and it was one of the finest paintings exhibited that year.

Leah and Sir Basil went together to the Royal Academy. She was exceedingly fond of pictures.

"Have you seen 'The First Glimpse of Morning,' Leah?" he asked her. "If not, come this way. There is always a crowd around it. There—that is my ideal face, the loveliest that could be either imagined or copied."

Leah looked at it earnestly, and in her own heart she thought how much it was like the face of her lost sister. She did not know then that it was perfectly like her.

"It is a lovely face," she said, slowly, wondering if Hettie, whom it so strongly resembled, had grown up as beautiful as that.

"Do you know," said Sir Basil, "that I see in it a great likeness to you?"

"Do you?" she questioned, her face flushing warmly.

"That face, Leah, has what yours in some way lacks—tenderness."

It was perfectly true; yet the moment he had said the words he repented of them, she looked so terribly pained.

"I am sorry that my face lacks anything in your eyes," she said—"above all, tenderness."

"Do not misunderstand me, Leah. I do not say the heart—merely the lines of the face."

"Do you like my face—love it, I mean?" she whispered.

For answer he kissed the sweet lips and whispered words such as she longed to hear.

(To be continued.)

Dangerous Nap.

That travelers in the desert would be wise not to take a nap when ahead of their caravans is proved—though it hardly needed proving—by the experience of Robert L. Jefferson, F. R. G. S., who relates his adventure in the Wide World Magazine.

I had got ahead, not only of the caravan, but of Bekel (his guide), and wearied with my exertions, lay down on the sand. I think I must have fallen asleep. I certainly remember picking from my face what looked like an enormous spider.

I thought nothing of it until I began to feel a pain underneath my left eye, similar to that left by a mosquito sting. In ten minutes my cheek had swollen enormously, and it was clear that I had been stung by some venomous reptile or insect. By the time Bekel came up, the swelling had increased so much that I could not see out of the left eye.

As soon as Bekel saw my face, he seemed stricken with terror. He leaped from his horse, knocked rather than pushed me down, and with the fingers of both hands commenced pressing the protuberance under my eye.

The pain was terrible, and I yelled in my agony, until I think I must have fainted, although I well remember one of the Kirghiz coming with a long knife, when at once the idea entered my brain that they meant to "do for" me. The knife, however, was used only to extract the sting of the tarantula.

When I reached Petro-Alexandrovsk and related the incident to the doctor of the lazaret there, I learned that I owed my life to the promptitude of Bekel and Kirghiz. Another hour and help would have been too late.

Not Petal Extremities.

She—This paper tells of a man who stepped off a cliff and dropped 300 feet.

He—Huh! That fellow must be a regular human centipede.—Chicago News.

The Savage Bachelor.

"What is the best way for a woman to preserve her youthful bloom?" asked the youngish lady boarder.

"Quit using it," growled the Savage Bachelor.—Indianapolis Journal.

When He Talks.

"She says her husband talks when he's asleep."

"I think that must be a mistake. He talks when she's asleep."—Chicago Post.

Merely About the Churchills.

Winston Churchill derives his Christian name from his ancestors, Sir Henry Winston, of Standish, in Gloucestershire, whose heiress married John Churchill, the grandfather of the famous Duke of Marlborough. This marriage, indeed, first brought the Churchill family into high social position. The father of the great Duke was Sir Winston Churchill, and Winston has always been a favorite Christian name in the Marlborough family. Lord Randolph Churchill gave the name Winston to both his sons. The elder is Winston Leonard and the younger John Winston.

—Pawnbrokers readily recognize most of the thieves who pawn stolen goods with them. When rogues pawn diamond jewelry it is often customary for the pawnbroker to substitute imitation stones for the genuine. The thieves usually sell the tickets, and the purchasers on redeeming the pledges find they have paid ten times the value of the goods.

ADDED A CUBIT TO STATURE.

Mistake of a Maker of Artificial Limbs Pleased One of His Patrons.

The artificial limb business has its amenities, like every other calling, for there is no occupation so serious but furnishes matter for jest at those engaged in it. Some years ago in a large Western city a switchman in the yards of a railroad company fell on the track and the locomotive wheels crushed both his ankles in such a way as to necessitate amputation about four inches above the ankle joint. The man was taken to the railroad hospital, the necessary operations were performed and he was placed in bed to await recovery.

A day or two after the railroad accident the motorman of an electric car, while leaning over the front board to make a running switch, lost his balance, fell over and the wheels crushed both feet. He was taken home and the feet were amputated a few inches above the ankle. Thus the two accidents were remarkably similar, so far as the nature and situation of the injury were concerned; the two men recovered about the same time and sent to the same legmaker to be fitted with new pairs of legs. The obliging manufacturer came, took measurements and made memoranda of the height of the patients ere they were shortened by the surgeon's attention. The switchman had been about 6 feet 1 inch and the motorman was one of those short, square-built, muscular men of about 5 feet 2, a type that can work harder and longer than men of any other size or build.

The motorman got well first and sent for his legs. They came, but by mistake the locomotive apparatus which had been manufactured for the long man was sent to the short. Owing to the unusual thickness of his members the leg sockets fitted well enough to suit him, so he put on the legs and went to his former home in an Eastern city. A few days later the tall man sent for his legs and when he beheld the stumpy appendages presented by the legmaker he flew into a passion and refused to take them. He didn't propose to be a dwarf to please anybody and if they didn't give him good, long legs he wouldn't have any.

The mistake was then perceived and after a good deal of trouble the manufacturer procured the address of the short motorman and wrote, informing him of the mistake and requesting him to send back the legs which did not belong to him and they would promptly forward his own members, pay express charges both ways and thank him very much into the bargain. But the short man would do nothing of the kind. He wrote back a sturdy refusal, declaring that he was very well pleased with the legs; they made him about ten inches longer than he was before; without even taking thought, he had added nearly a cubit to his stature and had become a person of consequence among men, and if the manufacturer did not know his business that was no affair of his.

The case thus assumed a serious aspect. The legmaker considered the propriety of going East to get the runaway legs, but the cost of the journey would absorb all the profit of the transaction. Next he thought of suing the stumpy man, but the idea of suing for a pair of legs was ridiculous and the issue of such a suit, if brought, extremely uncertain, so he satisfied the clamor of the long man by making him another pair of legs, proportioned to his height, and is now waiting for a short, stumpy man to come in and buy the pair exposed for sale at a bargain in his new window.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Shrinkage of the Dead Sea.

The level of the Dead Sea is steadily falling on account of the large volume of water tributary to it which is now absorbed by irrigation enterprises. The sea was formerly much larger than at present, as is shown by the old beaches stretching at various altitudes around the whole basin. Since the middle of the century its level has been very slowly rising till quite recently, but now it is falling again.

The phenomenon is not due to natural causes, but to the steadily increasing quantity of water that is taken from the Jordan River for irrigation purposes. There are other smaller streams flowing into the sea and they, too, are being utilized by the increasing number of farmers, who are diverting all the water they can to the lands and are relieving the monotonous aspect of the former arid and lifeless region with many verdant fields.

The latest travelers say that some of the salt deposits covering the bottom of the lake may now be seen above the water in the shallower places and near the shores. This is a new aspect in addition to the deposits of salt crystals that have always been observed on the shores. But even though this desiccation go steadily on, it will take a long time to dry up the waters, for it requires a sounding line over 1,300 feet long to touch the bottom in the deep northern part of the basin.

Alert.

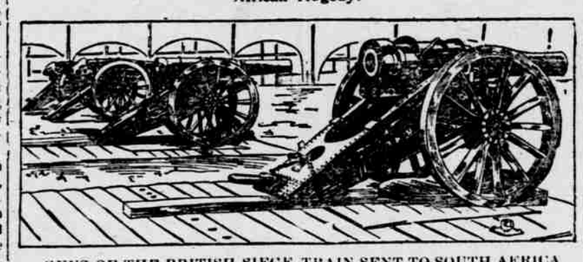
"The great danger," said the grave citizen, "is that we will drift into a paternal form of government."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, with a sigh; "Henrietta seems worried about that every time I speak to the children."—Washington Star.

As a usual thing, the parties to a love affair say Farewell Forever a times in three weeks.

BRITISH HOWITZERS AND BOER CREUSOTES.

Something About the Guns that Will Play the Final Act in the South African Tragedy.



GUNS OF THE BRITISH SIEGE TRAIN SENT TO SOUTH AFRICA.

ONE of the revelations of the South African war has been the extent and the excellence of the Boer armaments. That the Transvaal Government were preparing for the inevitable was whispered from time to time after the Jameson raid. Guns and ammunition were brought into the country by the obliging Netherlands Railway Company, who, notwithstanding the fact that the cases were labeled "Pianos, with care," and "Mining machinery," must have known that the goods transmitted along their line for the Transvaal Government were less innocent than external appearances indicated. At any rate, the ordinary residents of the Transvaal knew it, and the knowledge was a matter of general comment both in Pretoria and Johannesburg. One thing, however, was not generally known, that the Transvaal Government gave an order to the firm of Schneider-Canet of Creusot, in France, for two of the largest guns ever constructed for any Government. These huge pieces of ordnance were of 12-inch and 9½-inch caliber respectively.

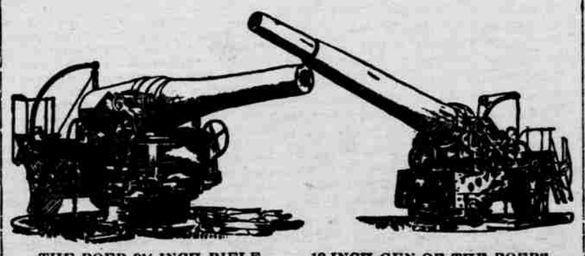
The London Daily Mail gives some interesting facts in connection with these big guns in the possession of the Boers. The power of a 12-inch gun such as that now in the possession of the Boers will be better appreciated when it is explained that it fires a projectile weighing half a ton, which can penetrate a target of solid steel four inches thick. The gun weighs sixty-six tons. The 9½-inch gun is lighter, and fires a shell weighing three cwt. These guns, whose shells can wreck solid stone buildings as completely as if their objective were so much cardboard, are believed to be at Pretoria, mounted on substantial bastions in the fort, and intended to resist the British when the march on the Transvaal capital takes place.

The same paper also gives some account of the British siege train sent to the Cape and which, in the final struggle, will be pitted against the Boers' smuggled cannon. A siege train put simply and devoid of professional technicalities, amounts to an artillery force specially equipped for the purpose of reducing a strongly fortified place. Hence, it is a combination of guns and men that is only employed when it is considered by competent military authority that the final stages in a war are being approached.

The material of the siege train which recently arrived at the Cape is composed chiefly of howitzers. Altogether about thirty of these pieces of ordnance are being employed, supplemented by a number of 4.7-inch and 4-inch ordinary breech-loading guns. Owing to the extremely solid manner in which they are constructed, the guns forming the armament of a siege train are extremely heavy. Thus, when limbered up, the 6-inch howitzer alone weighs nearly four and a half tons in draught. Then, in addition to the pieces themselves, a train must be provided with a vast quantity of artillery stores of all descriptions, as well as with ammunition to the extent of 500 rounds per gun. It will, therefore, readily be understood that the task of moving a siege train up country is in no sense of the term a light one.

A curious point in connection with a howitzer weapon is that it is fired at a remarkably high elevation. This, in great measure, is owing to the fact that its comparatively low muzzle velocity makes its shell follow a curved path as it travels through the air. The circumstance, however, is rather an advantage than otherwise, for it insures a particularly steep angle of descent, thus materially contributing to increased effectiveness at the moment of impact. Another and even greater benefit arising from this well-marked trajectory of a howitzer projectile consists in the fact that it enables the gun to be worked altogether under cover of ground. Indeed, thanks to a most ingenious range-finding instrument that is used with these pieces, it is practically unnecessary that the object aimed at should be in view when a round is being fired.

In connection with the employment of a siege train, it is rather curious to note that, despite the vast amount of warfare in which Britain has been engaged of recent years, this is the first occasion on which such an "article of war" has been used since the days of the Crimean campaign.



THE BOER 9½-INCH RIFLE. 12-INCH GUN OF THE BOERS.

The gun on the right is the larger of two very powerful guns made to the order of the Boers by the French firm of Schneider-Canet. The Transvaal Government have endeavored to preserve as a secret the part they intend these guns to play in the war; but it is now believed that they have been mounted in Pretoria Fort, and will assist in defending the capital against attack by the British forces.

JUST VACCINATED, THAT'S ALL.

The Pretty Young Woman Made the Passengers Angry.

There was something strikingly pictorial in the appearance of a young lady who sat in the upper left-hand corner of a Jackson avenue trolley car during one of its out-bound runs the other morning, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. It was due, no doubt, to many things—to the aristocratic slenderness of her figure; to her wide, dreamy eyes, the exact color of wood violets; to the great black forest of ostrich plumes that formed her hat; to the geometric curve of the towering collar of her cape. At any rate, she looked as if she might have sauntered out of the pages of some journal of fashion—a beautiful denizen of picture paper land, where skirts always hang in just the proper folds and trousers never bag at the knee.

Everybody looked at her, the men admiringly and the women coldly, as they always do when another woman is better dressed, and she withstood the scrutiny with regal composure. She did not seem aware that anybody else was present. At last the car neared her corner, and when she had pressed the button and the wheels were almost at a standstill she arose calmly and glided down the aisle. She was at the door when the car came to a full stop, and, seeing her stagger slightly from the shock, the conductor instinctively laid his hand upon her arm.

It was a courteous and respectful act and one that might have saved her from a fall, but the instant his fingers touched her sleeve the haughty beauty leaped backward as if she had seen an apparition. Her delicate face went pale and her dreamy eyes blazed. "Don't touch me, sir!" she exclaimed, with a harshness that shocked and astonished every hearer. The conductor was a plain, kindly man, and, flushing with mortification and chagrin, he turned back to his platform, while the young woman gathered her skirts and passed swiftly through the door. "Well, I must say," remarked an elderly gentleman who had taken in the episode over the top of his newspaper, "that was about the most painful exhibition of superciliousness I ever witnessed in my life. Pshaw! No wonder the poor are embittered." There was a growl of approval and the conductor thrust a smiling face through the doorway. "Don't blame de young lady, gents," he said, cheerily. "She explained it all when she was gettin' off. She didn't mean nothin'. You see, she's just been vaccinated."

AMERICANS CLING TO BUTTONS.

Useless Sartorial Accessories that Are Deemed Indispensable by Men.

Americans cling to old customs nearly as much as do foreigners. Probably nothing is more useless than the buttons on the back of a man's coat or on the under side of his sleeves, and yet they have come down through many years and no coat is considered complete without them. In the old days, when every gentleman wore a sword, nothing detracted more from his dignity than to have the sword belt sag down in the back. The buttons were placed on the coat so that the belt might rest on them and be even all around. Later, when swords were discarded and in the revolutionary days, the gentlemen wore coats with flowing skirts. The skirts were considered highly ornamental when the wearer was standing still, but when he went for his walk the flapping of the skirts caused him to present an appearance more ridiculous than dignified, so the skirts were made with a small buttonhole in the corner and our forefathers buttoned the skirts on the back of the coat when they sallied forth with their canes and snuff boxes.

The buttons are all that remain to us of the costumes of those days. The buttons on the sleeves come from the same times. The gentlemen wore neither mittens nor gloves, but instead he had the sleeves of his coat made long, so that he could draw them over his hands, even to the tips of his fingers. It added more to the dignity of the gentleman's appearance to go forth with his hands clasped in front of him and his sleeves meeting so as to cover them than it would have done to wear large and clumsy mittens. On warm days the gentleman did not desire to have his hands covered, so the sleeves were made with a slit back to the wrists and the gentleman turned back the sleeves and buttoned them so that they made a cuff. Hence the buttons on the sleeves and the slit in the sleeve frequently made and carefully sewed up on the coats of the present day.—Indianapolis Press.

Scotch as She Is Wrote.

Mrs. Hohmboddle—What are you reading that absorbs you so?

Mr. Hohmboddle (looking up from his book)—It's a new Scotch novel.

Mrs. Hahmboddle (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I'm so fond of those dear dialect things! Do read me a little.

Mr. Hohmboddle—Can you understand it?

Mrs. Hahmboddle (loftily)—Can I understand it? Well, I should hope anything you can understand need not be Greek to me!

Mr. Hahmboddle—No; but it might be Scotch.

Mrs. Hohmboddle—Go on; just read where you are at.

Mr. Hohmboddle (reading)—"Ye see, Elpsie," said Duncan, doucely, "I might hae mair the matter wi' me than ye wad be spierin'. Aiblins ma een is a bit dazzlit, an' am hearin' the poolses thuddin' in ma ears, an' me toongue is clavin' when it sud be gaein'; an' dly ye no' hear the dirlin' o' ma hairt an' feel the shakin' o' ma hond this day gin I gat a glimpse o' ye, sair hirplin like an auld mon? Div ye nae guess what's a' the steer, hinney, wi'out me gaein' it mair words?"

Mrs. Hohmboddle—Stop, for goodness' sake! What in the world is the creature trying to say?

Mr. Hohmboddle—He's making a declaration of love.

Mrs. Hahmboddle—A declaration of love? I thought he was telling a lot of symptoms to his doctor.—Collier's Weekly.

Silence is one great art of conversation.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: The Home Life—It Points Out the Duty of Parents and Admonishes the Children—Don't Stuff the Young People With Religion.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage will interest young men, while it is full of advice and encouragement to parents who are trying to bring up their children aright; text, Proverbs x., 1, "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

In this graphic way Solomon sets forth the idea that the good or evil behavior of children blesses or blights the parental heart. I know there are persons who seem to have no especial interest in the welfare of their children. The father says: "My boy must take the risks I took in life. If he turns out well, all right. If he turns out ill, he will have to bear the consequences. He has the same chance that I had. He must take care of himself." A shepherd might just as well thrust a lamb into a den of lions and say, "Little lamb, take care of yourself."

Nearly all the brute creation are kind enough to look after their young. I was going through a woods, and I heard a shrill cry in a nest. I climbed up to the bird's nest, and I found that the old bird had left the brood to starve. But that is a very rare occurrence. Generally a bird will pick your eyes out rather than surrender her young to your keeping or your touch. A lion will rend you if you come too near the whelps. Even the barnyard fowl, with its clumsy foot and heavy wing, will come at you if you approach its young too nearly, and God certainly intended to have fathers and mothers as kind as the brutes.

Christ comes through all our households to-day, and He says: "You take care of the bodies of your children and the minds of your children. What are you doing for their immortal souls?" I read of a ship that foundered. A life-boat was launched. Many of the passengers were in the waters. A mother, with one hand beating the wave and the other hand holding her little child out toward the lifeboat, cried out, "Save my child!" And that impassioned cry is the one that finds an echo in every parental heart in this land to-day. "Save my child!" That man out there says: "I have fought my own way through life, I have got along tolerably well, the world has buffeted me, and I have had many a hard struggle. It don't make much difference what happens to me, but save my child!" You see I have a subject of stupendous import, and I am going, as God may help me, to show the cause of parental solicitude and then the alleviations of that solicitude.

The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, arises from the imperfection of parents on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellences they will copy them. But the probability is they will copy our faults and omit our excellences. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. Some one meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking and says: "Why, I am astonished at you! What would your father say if he knew this? Where did you get that cigar?" "Oh, I picked it up on the street." "What would your father say and your mother say if they knew this?" "Oh," he replies, "that's nothing. My father smokes!" There is not one of us to-day who would like to have our children copy all our examples. And that is the cause of the solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

The solicitude arises from our conscious insufficiency and unwisdom of discipline. Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skillfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, err on one side or on the other. Here is a father who says, "I am going to bring up my children right; my sons shall know nothing but religion; shall see nothing but religion, and hear nothing but religion." They are routed out at 6 o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are awakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster Catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when the boy looks for the day of the month he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house, he is requested to take the boy aside and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion morning, noon and night.

Time passes on, and the parents are waiting for the return of the son at night. It is 9 o'clock, it is 10 o'clock, it is 11 o'clock, it is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock. Then they hear a rattling of the night key, and George comes in and hastens upstairs lest he be accosted. His father says, "George, where have you been?" He says, "I have been out." Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he has started on the broadroad to ruin for this life and to come. And the father says to his wife, "Mother, the Ten Commandments are a failure; no use of Westminster Catechism; I have done my very best for that boy; just see how he has turned out." Ah, my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion; you had no sympathy with innocent hilarities; you had no common sense. A man at midlife said to me, "I haven't much desire for religion; my father was as good a man as ever lived, but he jammed religion down my throat when I was a boy until I got disgusted with it, and I haven't wanted any of it since." That father erred on one side.

Then the discipline is an entire failure in many households because the father pulls one way and the mother pulls the other way. The father says, "My son, I told you if I ever found you guilty of falsehood again I would chastise you, and I am going to keep my promise." The mother says: "Don't! Let him off this time."

A father says, "I have seen so many that make mistake by too great severity in the rearing of their children. Now, I will let my boy do as he pleases. He shall have full swing. Here, my son, are tickets to the theatre and opera. If you want to play cards, do so; if you don't want to play cards, you need not to play them. Go when you want and come back when you want to. Have a good time. Go it!" Give a boy plenty of money and ask him not what he does with it, and you pay his way straight to perdition. But after awhile the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat. He must have wine suppers. There are larger and larger expenses.

After awhile one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in and says to the father of the household of which I am speaking, "The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over, and the bank officer says, "Is that your check?" "No," he says; "that is not my check. I never made an 'H' in that way; I never put a curl to the 'Y' in that way. That is not my writing. That is not my signature. That is a counterfeit. Send for the police." "Stop!" says the bank officer. "Your son wrote that."

Now the father and mother are waiting for the son to come home at night. It is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock, it is 1 o'clock. The son comes through the hallway. The father says: "My son, what does all this mean? I gave you every opportunity. I gave you all the money you wanted, and here in my old days I find that you have become a spendthrift, a libertine and a sot." The son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me to go it, and I just took your suggestion." And so to strike the medium between severity and too great leniency, to strike the happy medium between the two and train our children for God and for heaven, is the anxiety for every intelligent parent.

But for the most part the children that live sometimes get cross and pick up bad words in the street or are disposed to quarrel with brother or sister and show that they are wicked. You see them in the Sabbath-school class. They are so sunshiny and bright you would think they were always so, but the mother looking over at them remembers what an awful time she had to get them ready. Time passes on. They get considerably older, and the son comes in from the street from a pugilistic encounter bearing on his appearance the marks of defeat, or the daughter practices some little deception in the household. The mother says, "I can't always be scolding and fretting and finding fault, but this must be stopped." So in many a household there is the sign of sin, the sign of the truthfulness of what the Bible says when it declares, "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies."

Some go to work and try to correct all this, and the boy is picked at and picked at and picked at. That always is ruinous. There is more help in one good thunderstorm than in five days of cold drizzle. Better the old fashioned style of chastisement, if that be necessary, than the fretting and the scolding which have destroyed so many.

There is also a cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are surrounded by so many temptations. A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, and in the night he slooves back the bolt and swings open the door. Our young folks have foes without, and they have foes within. Who does not understand it? Who is the man here who is not aware of the fact that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations?

Oh, how many traps set for the young! Styles of temptation just suited to them. Do you suppose that a man who went clear to the depths of dissipation went down in one great plunge? Oh, no! At first it was a fashionable hotel. Marble floor. No unclean pictures behind the counter. No drunken hiccough while they drink, but the click of cut glass to the elegant sentiment. You ask that young man now to go into some low restaurant and get a drink, and he would say, "Do you mean to insult me?" But the fashionable and the elegant hotel is not always close by, and now the young man is on the down grade. Farther and farther down until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now he is in the low restaurant. The cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. Gambling for drinks. Shuffle away, shuffle away. The landlord stands in his short sleeves, with his hands on his hips, waiting for an order to fill up the glasses.

The clock strikes twelve—the tolling of the funeral bell of a soul. The breath of eternal woe flushes in that young man's cheeks. In the jets of the gaslight the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. Two o'clock in the morning, and now they are sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord comes around and says "Wake up, wake up! Time to shut up!" "What!" says the young man. "Time to shut up? Push them all out into the night air. Now they are going home. Going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipations in the barroom of a Fifth avenue hotel and completed his damnation in the lowest groggery.

Sometimes sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to the drawing room. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted in the highest circles of society. He is so elegant, he is so bewitching in his manner, he is so refined, he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design, but after a while the talons of death come forth. What is the matter with that house? The front windows have not been open for six months or a year. A shadow has come down on that domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say, "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" Loss of property? No. Death in the family? No. Madness? No. Some villain, kid gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows played around the rim and then dashed it into desolation and woe, until the harpies of darkness clapped their hands and all the voices of the pit uttered a loud "Ha, ha!"

The statistic has never been made up in these great cities of how many have been destroyed and how many beautiful homes have been overthrown. If the statistic could be presented, it would freeze your blood in a solid cake at your heart. Our great cities are full of temptations, and to vast multitudes of parents these temptations become a matter of great solicitude.

Begin early with your children. You stand on the banks of a river and you try to change its course. It has been rolling now for 100 miles. You cannot change it. But just go to the source of that river, go to where the water just drips down on the rock. Then with your knife make a channel this way and a channel that way, and it will take it. Come out and stand on the banks of your child's life when it is thirty or forty years of age, or even twenty, and try to change the course of that life. It is too late! It is too late! Go farther up at the source of life and nearest to the mother's heart, in where the character starts, and try to take it in the right direction. But, oh, my friend, be careful to make a line, a distinct line between innocent hilarity on the one hand and vicious hilarity on the other. Do not think your children are going to ruin because they make a racket. All healthy children make a racket. But do not laugh at your child's sin because it is sweet. If you do, you will cry after awhile because it is malicious. Remember it is what you do more than what you say that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose Noah would have got his family to go into the ark if he staid out? No. His sons would have said, "I am not going into the boat; there's something wrong; father won't go in; if father stays out, I'll stay out."

Are all your children safe? I know it is a stupendous question to ask, but I must ask it. Are all your children safe? A mother, when the house was on fire, got out the household goods, many articles of beautiful furniture, but forgot to ask till too late, "Are the children safe?" When the elements are melting with fervent heat and God shall burn the world up and the cry of "Fire! Fire