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AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

When we got the two women bundled on board, disappointment was not the mood in which they took possession of their new quarters. They were simply delighted with everything; could not express their admiration of all the cunning little arrangements; must needs ransack the pantry, and overhaul the cooking apparatus; were astonished at the convenience and snugness of the berths; and then, when it was intimated to them that the saloon forward, when not required for meals, was to be their own especial boudoir, into which meaner members of the company might occasionally be admitted on invitation, you should have seen how naturally Queen Tita began to roll up the red silk blinds of the small windows, so as to let plenty of light in, and Miss Peggy, taking her banjo from its case, at once found a hook where it could hang.

"Well, I do think this is very comfortable," says the elder of them.

"I call it perfectly charming," says the younger.

"I am sure we are very much obliged to Mr. Duncombe—where is he?" And she cries: "Why, I declare we're moving!"

There could be no doubt of the fact; for a glance out at the forward window showed that we were being towed across the river by a small boat pulled by two men. And of course the two women must needs see the start; and as that forward window was found to open on to a space of deck at the bow, they had no difficulty in getting out there, and commanding an excellent view of all that was going on.

Where was Jack Duncombe all this time? Why, he was steering. He was responsible for all the arrangements of our setting forth; and his air was serious, not to say important. He had neither word nor look for the women folk; and they, of course, knew better than to talk to the man at the wheel. They humbly looked on as he got the boat close to the bank, and, springing ashore, proceeded to get ready the towing line.

We made a sufficiently pleasant start, after all; and glad enough were we when the vibration of the long, tight line and the swishing of water at the bows told us we were really off. It was a cheerful morning, too; for if there was no positive sunlight, there was a white glare of heat; the birds were twittering everywhere; the swallows skimming and darting over the surface of the silver river. Of course this was rather a well-known panorama that was now gliding silently by—the Surbiton villas among their abundant gardens—with here and there a boating party embarking, and here and there a rose-red sunshade visible under the young green of the trees; and, indeed, some of us may have been wishing that we could get the Thames part of our voyage over and done with, and set forth upon less familiar waters.

It was nearer eight than half-past seven when we reached Staines and found a safe mooring for the "Nameless Barge." The labors and experiences of this our first day were over, and we went ashore in a placid frame of mind. The twilight was darkening to dusk now; but the thrushes and blackbirds were still piping everywhere.

Dinner ordered at the old familiar Pack Horse, one or two of us went out on to the little balcony overlooking the river. The evening was very still. There was a curious metallic gray on the surface of the stream; and as we stood regarding it a single bronze-hued boat went noiselessly by, floating down with the current; and in the stern of the boat, sitting very close together, were two young people, who might have been ghosts gliding through the mysterious gloom.

"Doesn't it remind you of those nights in Venice?" says Miss Peggy, rather absently.

And then, behold! far above the darkness of the trees, there is the young moon, of a pale silver, in the lilac-tinted skies; and in the closing down of the night the birds are still calling.

CHAPTER III.

It is early morning—calm and clear; a pale sunlight lies over the green landscape; the masses of foliage are mirrored on the smooth waters of the stream. There is quietude on board this gently gliding boat; for Jack Duncombe has gone ashore to walk with the driver; Murdock is in the pantry; the two women are also within; and the helmsman, left solitary at his post, has little to do but listen to the universal singing of the birds, and also to look out for shallows.

But the quietude is suddenly broken; a woman appears—a small woman, apparently half inclined to laugh, and yet as fierce as a bantam.

"And what do you think of yourself now?" she says.

"I am pretty well, I thank you," is the properly civil answer to this polite inquiry.

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"But I am."

"Why do you do it, then?"

"Do what?"

"Oh, of course you don't know how you were going on last night—both of you. In all my life I never saw two human beings make such an exhibition of themselves. I wish you could have seen yourself, and her too—" continues this wildly imaginative and wholly unveracious person, whose testimony the kind reader of these pages will doubtless estimate at its proper value—"the underhand talking, eyes fixed on eyes, the sniggering at small jokes that no one else was allowed to hear. And then the pretty dear must give you that little bouquet of pansies; and, of course, you couldn't pin it on for yourself; oh, no, a man's fingers are so clumsy; and, of course, she must lean over to do it for you, and be about an hour in doing it; I wish someone had knocked your two heads together. Then comes out the cigar cutter—oh, yes, she saw it in Paris, and thought the combination of silver and gold rather pretty, and had your initials engraved on it; and, of course, you can't be behindhand when it is a question of love-gifts; you go and give her the silver penholder you have had for years, and that you promised to Edward——"

"What!"

"The boy would have prized it, and treasured it all his life; and that minx will throw it away, or give it to the first young numskull she finds in her train. I do wonder that men will make such idiots of themselves—for nothing but a pretty face. A smooth cheek and a pair of baby eyes—that's enough. Don't you see that she is merely playing you off against Mr. Duncombe? It's all done to pique him. That's the way she begins. All these secret confidences—and the attention she pays to your slightest word—and all her unblushing coquetry—that is all done to tantalize him. That cigar cutter; she has had it ever since she came over from Paris; why did she wait till last night before giving it to you in that marked way?"

"I suppose young ladies have a right to open their portmanteaus when they please?"

"At all events, you needn't encourage her in her mischief. Oh, I saw your tricks! That's a very pretty one you've taught her of looking into each other's eyes while you're clinking wine glasses. Pledging friendship, I suppose! Friend ship! And then that stupid old conundrum—What kind of weather represents an animal? Rain, dear!—of course you asked her that just to be allowed to call her dear. I could see what was going on——"

"Doubtless!"

"And mark my words, as soon as she has provoked Mr. Duncombe into paying her attention—as soon as she has got him in a fair way of becoming her slave—I wonder where you will be!"

"Where, indeed! With the snows of yesteryear. But in the meantime, while heaven vouchsafes such mercies, one mustn't throw them away, don't you see?"

"Heaven! It's very little you know about Peggy Rosslyn. If you think that heaven has anything to do with her."

Just as this atrocious sentiment has been uttered, there is suddenly heard the tinkling of a banjo within the saloon—a careless strumming, apparently to test the strings. Then we hear a girl's voice, also quite careless; and we can just make out something about

"My old Kentucky home far away."

The next instant the door opens, and Miss Peggy, without her banjo, but radiant, and fresh as a wild rose in June, and smiling content with herself and all the world, comes out into the daylight.

Then says the smaller of the two women:

"Look here, Peggy, no one seems to take any notice of Mr. Duncombe, though he is working so hard for us. He has been quite by himself ever since breakfast. What do you say—shall we go ashore and walk with him for a bit?"

"Please, I wanted to be shown how to steer," says Peggy, timidly.

"And consider this, Miss Peggy," says a third person present, "you'll be coming to Runnymede very soon.

"Not the real Runnymede?" she says quickly.

"The actual and veritable meadow where the barons met; and you'll see the place where King John waited on the other side; and the island between, where Magna Charta was signed."

"Now heaven grant me patience, for they're at their English history again!" says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, apparently to herself: and then she opens the door behind her, and calls: "Here, Murdoch, come and get ready the gangboard; I'm going ashore."

It was at the entrance to Windsor Home Park, where we were charged ninepence for permission to pass along this portion of the river, that Mrs. Threepenny-bit and her companion came on board again.

By the time we had got through the lock at Cookham and poled across to the riverside inn there the dusk had fallen, and orange rays of light from the windows of the comfortable looking hostelry shot through underneath the ancient yews. A good-natured boatman guided us to convenient moorings, which seemed to be just outside somebody's garden, for we were imbedded among bushes and overarched by tall trees; and then we began to light our lamps and candles, and to draw together the tiny red window curtains, while Miss Peggy helped to lay the cloth for dinner. Jack Duncombe slung a battle of wine over the side to cool; Mrs. Threepenny-bit apportioned the napkin rings we were to retain during the voyage, and so forth; and presently Murdoch's welcome appearance summoned us to our seats.

Now, when four people are dining together, nothing is easier than to keep the conversation general; but when you have a young man who is rather anxious to be brilliant, and who nevertheless will constantly address his hostess, evidently expecting the other two to listen, then perhaps, the other two may be driven, in self-defense, to talk by themselves. Moreover, when you have two and two talking, courtesy demands that you should not speak loudly, for you might annoy your neighbors. Besides that, Miss Peggy was telling her immediate companion of her experiences of camping out in the Adirondacks, while she and her mamma were staying at the Sagamore Hotel, on Lake George. Miss Peggy's eyes said more than her words when she was challenged to make confession. And it is to be imagined that the presence of one young lady—of rather attractive appearance, and just a little bit inclined to be mischievous—among those idling young men did not tend much to the cultivation of a generous good-fellowship. She herself, of course, gave quite a different reason for the breaking up of the camp. She said the young men were simply crowded out. It appears that they used to have occasional afternoon receptions, to which they invited such neighbors as were within reasonable distance, giving them what little refreshment was procurable. But these festivities proved popular; neighbors invited neighbors; all sorts of people came unasked; and the climax was reached when one tall native of the wilds was overheard to say to another stranger: "Be them nuts free?" That was Miss Peggy's story of the breaking up of the camp; but there may have been other reasons for those young men forsaking their forest life and going sadly away back to their homes in Brooklyn and New York.

In the midst of all this Queen Tita is heard to exclaim:

"Well, I declare! Look where he has hung that cigar cutter! That is a pretty kind of thing to wear at one's watch chain as a charm!"

"Madame," observes the owner of the article in question, "for once you are right. It is a very pretty kind of thing to wear as a charm. But, supposing it were not, what then? Have you lived all these years without discovering this—that it is not the character of the gift, but the intention of the giver, that is of importance? Isn't that so, Miss Peggy?"

"Why, of course it is!" says Miss Peggy, boldly, but with her eyes cast down.

"Oh, indeed!" she says, turning to the girl. "And you? I supose you will have that silver pencil-case mounted and made into a brooch?"

Peggy looks up, laughing but defiant.

"Why not? I think it would do very well, and be such a new idea. Why, the British jeweler's imagination never gets beyond a butterfly or a horseshoe. You should see Tiffany's. And then the dressmakers are all for making you so square-shouldered nowadays; an oblong brooch at your neck would suit very well."

Mrs. Tomtit, cowed, balked, jumped upon, outstared, exterminated, can only turn and say to her companion, with a sigh of resignation:

"Did you ever hear such brazen impudence?"

"I am afraid you goaded Miss Rosslyn into it," he says, with a smile which is meant to carry peacemaking all round the little board.

Well, we sat late after dinner; for everything was very snug and comfortable; and two and two make excellent companionship. Of course, that arrangement did not always exist; for occasionally Jack Duncombe, with a humility we had never before seen him exhibit, addressed Miss Rosslyn direct; and always she listened to him attentively, and with grave and courteous eyes.

The next afternoon, when we reached Henley, we stopped to bait the horse there, and we all went ashore; and, of course, for the sake of old associations, made our way to the Red Lion, the front of which was one magnificent mass of wisteria in full blossom, a sight worth coming all the way to see. It was while we were having tea in the well-known parlor overlooking the river that Jack Duncombe made these observations:

"We shall get to Sonning to-night; and I have been thinking that if Miss Rosslyn would like to see a capital specimen of an old-fashioned country inn, we might dine at the Bull there. Not the White Hart down by the riverside—that is beloved of cockneys—but the Bull that the artists who know the Thames swear by. It won't be exactly like dining at the Bristol; but it will be a good deal more picturesque. What do you say, Miss Rosslyn?"

Miss Rosslyn, who has taken off her sailor hat (thereby graciously revealing to us all the beautiful masses of her golden-brown hair) and is twirling the same on her forefinger, makes answer very prettily: "I am sure whatever you all think best will be best. Everything has been delightfully arranged so far; it is like a fairy dream to me. So don't ask me to give any opinion, please; it will be much better to leave it in your hands."

When we arrive at our destination and walk up through the little village to the Bull inn, there is just enough light to give our young American friend some vague idea of what the place is like—the quaint, old-fashioned building of brick and timber, with its red-tiled roof, its peaked windows and small-paned casements, the creepers trained up the wall, the large orchard on one side of the house, the row of tall limes in front. Inside there is another tale to tell; for we have made our way along the uneven flooring of the corridors and stumbled headlong into the apartment where we are to dine; we find that lighted up by a cheerful blaze of lamps, and everything looking very snug and comfortable indeed.

(To be continued.)

In the Laboring World

The carpenters of Lynn, Massachusetts, struck for increased wages and an eight hour day.

One hundred and ten miners went to work at Ocean, Maryland. This is the first break in the strike in the Georges Creek region.

The strike of the moulders in the United States Radiator Works, at Dunkirk, New York, which has been in progress for six weeks, was settled. The strikers secure their essential demands, including recognition of the union.

The 300 employes at the Jeanesville Iron Works, Luzerne county, have been granted an increase of five per cent. in wages.

Fire Water.

Mrs. O'Toole—O'im afraid th' wather av Chicago will cause me ould mon to fill a drunkard's grave.

Mrs. O'Shea—Phwat makes ye t'ink so?

Mrs. O'Toole—Ol'll till ye. He wud always take a throp av liquor wid a gloss av wather. Th' ither day he read that th' wather wuz 'suspicious an' now he takes a throp av wather wid a gloss av liquor.

Getting Rid of Turkish Malcontents

They have pleasant ways in Turkey. According to a Constantinople dispatch to the London Leader, the latest invention for suspected malcontents when arrested is examination by medical commission. The commission then gravely declares them to be lunatics and orders them to be confined in an asylum, a fate which usually means death.

Had Her Doubts.

"I don't believe professors know so very much," said Minnie.

"Why, how can you talk so?" rejoined Maud.

"Well, I don't see why Mr. Fulpate should have seemed so surprised and puzzled when I asked him how to say 'rubberneck' in Greek."—Washington Star.

Behind the Engine.

Quinn—Which is the swiftest animal?

DeFonte—Well, I've heard of an elephant making a mile a minute.

Quinn—Preposterous! Where was this wonderful elephant?

DeFonte—On a circus train.

More than 40 per cent. of the British people could not write their names when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. The proportion in that condition has now been reduced to 7 per cent.

—A new way of blasting rock is to place a cartridge of water into a shot hole and convert it into steam instantly by electricity. This method is especially applicable in coal mines.

—A Bohemian shoemaker has invented a shoe that is heated by means of an electrical apparatus in the heel, with tubes conveying heat under the surface of the sole. The inventor claims perfect protection from snow and rain at a cost of about $11.

More accommodations for spectators will have to be provided at Memphis.

BE A GOOD BOY.

THE railway passenger station was a mass of people. Cheers and sobs, smiles and tears, were mingled and merged into the scenes of the last minute. One of Chicago's volunteer regiments was leaving for the front. A blaze of soldiery, a fever of patriotism, and ten thousand people had transformed the station into a turbulent sea with waves of unrestrained emotion. Between the inspiring strains of patriotic airs and the rattling of drums, shouts of encouragement were pouring from the megaphoned mouths of the multitude.

"Remember the Maine!" thundered a man whose appreciation for the eternal fitness of things is more to be admired than his originality.

Instantly a thousand voices took up the uncouth refrain, which ended finally in an uproar.

"Kill every bloody Spaniard you see!" added a young man, whose appearance gave no token of the vicious injunction.

An old fellow with a copper button in the lapel of his coat hobbled through the throng, flourishing his cane in the air with little consideration for the comfort of his countrymen.

The clang of the bell gave notice that little time remained for the final farewells. Wives, mothers and sweethearts were clinging about the necks of the departing soldiers, and, amid the tumult, great tears were falling from the eyes of the parting friends.

A witness of all these demonstrations, and alone, with no one to cheer him or to say good-by, was a silent young soldier, who stood lost in reverie. He looked scarce more than a boy, with a proud military bearing and a handsome face. While his comrades were bidding their last adieus, he stood as if transfixed to the platform, but suddenly he looked about and exclaimed:

"Won't somebody kiss me good-by?"

Before he could escape a pair of arms were thrown around his neck from behind, and as he turned he caught a warm kiss squarely on the lips, and a soft voice whispered: "Be a good boy and come home again!"

In another instant the savior had gone, but as the train moved out a dainty white handkerchief was waved in the gaped—and for him.

The vision—the sweet face, the burning of the kiss on his lips, and the tender admonition to "be a good boy and come home again"—followed Eugene Brockway to Springfield. It broke camp with him when they were ordered South and embarked with him when on the transports which carried the regiment to Cuba. In his dreams the girl was sure to present herself, and when the fever took possession of his reason the boys heard him say:

"Be a good boy and come home again!"

After a year's struggle with war and the elements of the tropical island Brockway was returned to Chicago, haggard and weak from the privations and hardships of the Cuban campaign. One thought remained uppermost in his mind. His deeds of daring and bravery while in the trenches of Santiago, his praises sounded in the home papers, and his new commission as lieutenant were entirely forgotten in his quiet search for the pretty and plump little maiden whose kindliness had completely disturbed his peace of mind.

In a comfortable and happy home in one of the suburbs the movements of a certain Illinois regiment had been of uncommon interest to Maime Hurdman. She followed the campaign of the infantry in Cuba with a consuming relish. She scrutinized the printed lists of casualties and refused to believe that death was able to overcome the rugged lad she had jokingly clasped in her arms, and who, in return, had carried away her heart with neither her consent nor hint of where he might be found in the future.

Several weeks after his return Lieutenant Brockway received an invitation to a reception he was disposed to decline, owing partially to the state of his health, but more directly to the general disfavor with which he now considered society girls in comparison with one romping yet sympathetic soul whose image was lodged in his memory. Had it not been for the persistency of his friend, Horace Judson, he would have remained in his room. But Horace had sent him word that he would call for him with a carriage and two ladies at 7:30 o'clock, and there was but one thing to do.

"Hang the parties," muttered 'Gene, as he pulled and tugged with his high stiff collar.

The door bell rang, and in a moment the familiar voice of Judson was inquiring for 'Gene.

"Tell him to hurry; the girls are crazy to see him."

In a few moments he was undergoing a counterfeited enjoyment of greetings, and took his place beside a young lady whom he could see but dimly. She had been presented to him as Miss Hurdman. The conversation naturally drifted to the war, but it was with a noticeable effort that 'Gene was induced to participate in the discussion.

"And you have been with the —— Illinois, Mr. Brockway?" said Miss Hurdman, plunging into the subject very near her heart.

"Yes, I started with the boys," growled the soldier.

"How strange; I had a very dear friend with that regiment. I had known him but a short time," she continued, with a concealed smile, "but I had become very much attached to him, and the thought of his being so far from home and the object of Spanish treachery has given me an interest in the war which otherwise I would never have felt."

The tender and sincere manner of Miss Hurdman in referring to her friend appealed rather strangely to young Brockway, and he brightened somewhat as he quizzed his clever charmer as to her soldier boy.

"Was he a private, Miss Hurdman?"

"Well—yes, I believe so," she drolled feeling her way out of rather a dangerous corner of the conversation, "but was it really true that you had nothing to eat but bad beef, which made you sick?" she added, seeking, with some adroitness, to generalize a bit.

"Our provisions were served a la carte," joked Brockway, "but not with the pomp, perhaps, of our Chicago Delmonicos. But your friend, has he returned to the States?"

"No—that is, not that he has told me. It has been so long since I have received any news from the company that I am getting much alarmed. And had you no cream for your coffee, and did you often sleep out of doors all night, Mr. Brockway, by the banks of rivers where crocodiles and things were crawling and swimming around?" rambled Miss Hurdman, with embarrassed desperation.

"The heat and swamps of Cuba were our deadliest enemies, Miss Hurdman, but what was the name of your friend and of what company was he a member? Perhaps I may know something of him——"

"Are you folks still talking war?" exclaimed Judson, whose previous attentions had been so absorbed that he was not aware how his timely interruption had saved the day for Maime.

"I must tell you a good joke on 'Gene," continued Judson. "It comes from his own comrades, girls, so I know it must be true. When he was sick and out of his head in the army hospital the only thing he ever said was, "Be a good boy and come home again."

"Well, any fellow's mother would tell him that," laughed Brockway.

The thrill which swept through one of the hearts in the carriage at that moment was known to Maime Hurdman alone. "Could it be possible that this was the fellow," she thought; "and still these were the very words I used," and she secretly wished that he might be he. When she spoke she leaned lovingly to the shoulder of the young man by her side and softly whispered in his ear:

"'Gene Brockway, your mother never told you that. It was I."

A double wedding took place that fall, for 'Gene begged the privilege from his friend Horace, who was to marry Zella Raymond, the fourth member of the happy driving party which attended the reception.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Place de la Concorde.

There is said to be no equal in the world to this grand and imposing square of Paris. On one side of it is the Tuileries, on the opposite side the Champs Elysees, and on a third the River Seine. In the center stands the obelisk of Luxon, a magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite, 74 feet high and weighing 500,000 pounds. This obelisk was one of two of the same shape and size, erected in 1350 B. C., by Rameses the Great, at the entrance of the Temple of Thebes. Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, presented it to the French government, and in 1836 it was removed to its present position in the Place de la Concorde. The removal and erection on the new site required an outlay of £80,000 and the employment of 800 men, the obelisk being transported to France in a vessel built especially for the purpose. The Place de la Concorde is rich in historic interest. It was there that the guillotine was erected in the "reign of terror," after the death of Louis XVI., and it was there that the signal was given for the attack on the bastile in 1789. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were beheaded there in 1793, and it was the scene of great rejoicing in 1848, when France was proclaimed a republic. The Place de la Concorde has also been termed the Place Louis XV. and Place de la Revolution.

Cross in Front of Engines.

"One of the oddest traits of animal nature," said an old-time Illinois Central engineer, "is the desire of every living thing to cross in front of the locomotive. At first it filled me with wonder, and I used to lie awake nights trying to explain it. Now it's grown to be an old story with me.

"What goes in front of the engine? Why, everything. Let me see! I've seen snakes—and I'm a sober man, mind you—stick up their heads to see what was making all the rumble along the right of way, and then deliberately start to crawl across the rails. I've seen many a quail spring up along the right of way, fly along just ahead of the engine, and then shoot across in front. Several times when I've been running a mile a minute the engine has struck these birds and killed them. In the old days I used to jump a deer every now and then, and the chances were he'd cross the track every time. Cattle invariably do it until they have learned better; so do pigs and all the domestic animals. Even chickens will run fluttering across.

"It seems to me I've killed enough animals to stock a farm and menagerie."

NEGRO LAD INVENTS NEW GUN.

Eugene Burkin of Chicago Constructs a Rapid-Fire Machine Weapon.

Eugene Burkin, a colored boy of 19 years, who lives in Chicago, is the inventor of a rapid-fire machine gun which he claims is the most effective weapon of its kind in the world, and is destined to throw the inventions of Maxim and Nordenfeldt, now in general use in the armaments of the world, into the scrap heap. Several experts who have seen the model of Burkin's gun pronounce it a marvel of ingenuity and a terrible weapon. The boy is said to have refused an offer of $50,000 for his invention.

The boy has never had any mechanical training, yet all the work on his model has been his own. The first idea

EUGENE BURKIN.

of the weapon came to him during the Spanish-American war, when the magnificent work of the American gunners directed his thoughts to guns and their improvement. He constructed his first model of wood, his only tool being a jackknife.

The lack of funds then threatened to put a stop to the young inventor's work, but he finally obtained enough money to go into an iron works on the West Side, which gave him the use of its tools and machinery for $5 a day. Here he constructed the model, which he sent to the patent office at Washington, which has already allowed seventeen of his claims on the weapon.

Effect Somewhat Marred.

When one gives good advice it is well to be prepared to "back it up." Otherwise, although it be never so good, it may lose something of its efficacy.

"Johnny," said the boy's elderly uncle, who was on a visit to the family, "how old are you?"

"Nearly sixteen," answered the boy.

"How do you put in your mornings?"

"Going to school."

"I mean that part of your mornings before breakfast."

"Oh! Sleeping, generally."

"That's bad. When I was about your age, my boy, I made up my mind I would learn shorthand. I used to get up at five o'clock in the morning, study till breakfast-time, and then lay it aside. In this way I learned shorthand thoroughly, even to the extent of being able to report verbatim, in about six months. This shows what can be done by making systematic use of one's time."

"Did you ever make any use of your shorthand, uncle?"

"Well—er—no," reluctantly admitted the uncle, to whom this phase of the subject had not occurred when he began his instructive little lecture.

Shattered Illusions.

This age of personalities is the means of spoiling many illusions, says Beacon. One listens to a musician and finds the music heavenly, and then he remembers bits of gossip and talk that are very unpleasant, and it does detract a little from one's enjoyment, for the personal does come into one's relations of all kinds. The same thing is true of prominent persons in other walks of life. Ideals rarely bear contact with realities without becoming somewhat damaged, and the tendency to idealize musicians, authors, painters and such folk is very strong, for they appeal most strongly to those persons who have imagination and ideality above a low level. It is a mistake to sell the public about the personality and life of its idols unless they are more than human in their characteristics. The fact that the public is curious does not alter the case. The love of talking about people is almost as universal as the instinct of self-preservation.

A Boat Made of Jewels.

An Italian jeweler in Turin has made a tiny boat of a single pearl. The hull is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a great sloop. The sail is of beaten gold studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. Its weight is less than an ounce, and it is said to have cost $5,000.

Information Wanted.

"Say?" asked the editor.

"What is it?" asked the office poet.

"Are you sure that this head, 'Made Miserable,' is what you want over this stuff? Isn't it intended to read 'Made Miserably?'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Was Lonely.

An American girl who was engaged for service by a West Philadelphia family, being directed to leave a candlestick and candle in the lower hall for the master of the house, amused herself by paring a potato into candle shape and sticking a clove in it for a wick. This she made ready with several matches for her employer, who, having turned out the gas, spent five minutes in vainly trying to light the potato candle. Then he stumbled upstairs in the dark and asked his wife to explain. She called upon the maid servant, who replied that it was so lonely there she wanted to be turned off the next day, when she would get her whole week's wages, and so she adopted the candle expedient.

It takes a girl of fashion at least an hour to comb her hair so that it looks as if a comb had never been near it.

One of the most cruel impositions in the world is to convince a child that the Lord has been good to it in bringing it a little red baby brother.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: The Splendors of Heaven—However Exalted Our Ideas May Be of the Home on High, They Are Far Short of the Reality What Awaits Us.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage lifts the curtain from eternal felicities and in an unusual way treats of the heavenly world; text, I Corinthians, ii., 9, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

The city of Corinth has been called "the Paris of antiquity." Indeed for splendor the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharfs, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery such as modern invention cannot equal lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked in her porticos and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while, standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corinthians, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, towers and temples (1000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak; these waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure; these statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite; your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. Your Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate—that after all the nations have been gathered to heaven there will be room for each soul, a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for you; it would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take in the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard" or arithmeticians calculated.

I first remark that we can get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street. You had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps after you felt a glow in your cheek and a spring in your step and an exuberance of spirits and a clearness of eye that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that now float upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a lifelong invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health, in all the pulses, health of vision, health of spirits—immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No head aches, no side aches, no back aches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem; that old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete, forever young again. That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache nor pain nor weakness, nor fatigue! "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. John tries to describe them. He says "twelve gates are twelve pearls" and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St John we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl, and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus, throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory, and it is thrones, thrones, thrones!

John bids us look again and see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven follow on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line; ages following ages; dispensation tramping after dispensation; glory in the track of glory; Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into lines, islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder; generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves His sword in signal of victory all crowns are lifted and all ensigns swung out and all chimes rung and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high!" and some, "Hosanna to the son of David!" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted and there comes up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! and Amen!" "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace; every house is a triumph; every covering of the head a coronation; every meal is a banquet; every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell; every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

I remark further we can get no idea of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the seas and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange land, you remember how your blood thrilled and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the Lord those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years and we come upon them we see how differently they look. Their hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But, oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and, feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!"

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven. Don't cry." And the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave and, looking down, said: "Is this heaven?" We have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here, it is darkness here, but there is merrymaking yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus." The missionary said: "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then said, "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand into that hand which was wounded for us on the cross, to go around amid the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with the prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now. Our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on to the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they do not seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child, is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters! None, none! Unbelief says, "They are dead, and they are annihilated." But, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it, and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated, that they were never so much alive as now, that they are only waiting for our coming and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion, we cannot grasp it now! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

What a place of explanation it will be! I see every day profound mysteries of providence. There is no question we ask oftener than why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. God will hear it all. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind and Joseph that he was cast into the pit and Daniel that he dwelt with the lions and Paul that he was hump-backed and David that he was driven from Jerusalem and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow, and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes and aching heads and exhausted hands and scourged backs and martyred agonies. But we can get no idea of that anthem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes, they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were aged and broken in the music, voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break.

When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting houses joined in the chorus and city church and sailor's bethel and western cabins until the whole continent lifts the Doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time in the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars, do we not cheer them and shout, "Huzza, huzza?" and when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth shall we not have for Him one loud, ringing cheer?

All hail the power of Jesus's name!
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal di