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Captain Brabazon

BY B. M. CROKER

A Military Romance of South Africa

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Closer and closer he came; his eyes bent on the ground, his hands behind his back, evidently lost in the deepest abstraction. He had approached to within a few paces of the summer house. Esme's heart was thumping as loudly as a big drum, it seemed to her own terrified ears, and that every other sound was swallowed up in its audible pulsation. Miles came nearer. He was within a yard of the summer house, and while they themselves were wrapped in darkness, he himself stood in the full view of the searching moonlight. They could note the accuracy of his tie, the rather withered little flower in his buttonhole, the parting of his hair, the gold links in his shirt cuffs. Now he stood on the very step. Then he turned slowly away and began to retrace his footsteps.

"Oh, Ted, I feel so dreadfully frightened," murmured Esme. "I know I'm very foolish; for, after all, if he had come in, and I had told him who you were there would have been no harm done."

"Of course he has never heard of me—the family black sheep!"

"I believe Mrs. Brabazon told him you were dead!"

"Upon my word! She does not stick at a trifle!"

"Oh, Teddy! may not I tell him?"

"You shall the moment I get my commission—no sooner! Just have patience! You're always so impetuous, and in such a hurry about everything. I'm glad I've had a good stare at him. He's a good-looking fellow; very like that picture in the hall—the chap with the dish-cover and red sash, that was killed at Naseby!"

"I suppose you mean Rupert Brabazon, in the steel cuirass?"

"Yes. I'm glad to have seen him," nodding his head toward his now distant cousin, "but I doubt if the satisfaction would be mutual were he to see me."

In another moment Esme had said a hurried good night to her brother, darted round the corner of the summer house, and buried herself in a thick, dusky walk, which led straight to the friendly side door, through which she vanished.

Miles had been a prey to Mrs. Brabazon all the evening, her grand friends, her health, and her airs; bound to her side by strong social cords, he could not get away, but he had not been indifferent to the fact that Esme had stolen out of the room an hour ago. He had seen her running down the pleasure ground. Why should he not slip out, too, and meander by her side through the shady walks under the chestnut trees, instead of being pinned to the apron strings of a prosy, egotistical old woman? At last he was released, and had come out in hopes of meeting Esme. He was going away for a whole week, and to return and learn his fate at the bachelors' ball at Sandborough, which was to take place within a week. Something told him that the answer would be "Yes." But that photo he had seen on the moss at his feet that very morning kept protruding its ugly presence into his rosy dreams, and trying to imbue his mind with the poisonous taint of suspicion. Who could it have been? A man in uniform. "No one that Esme cared a straw about," he kept assuring himself, but still it was a man in uniform! His soul shrunk from the plain truth, but was compelled to embrace it, all the same; Esme and his aunt had positively assured him that she had no other suitor but himself, and he believed them. He was not such an infidel as to doubt the solemn word of two ladies of his own family—one who bore the weight of years of uprightness, and the other who looked at him with eyes so true and so frank that, if her tongue had dared to utter a falsehood, they themselves would have betrayed her.

That meeting at the gate he had now put down to Miss Bell. Yes, he had been mistaken; Esme and Miss Bell were friends; she had been from home, and she was an unusually tall young woman, of almost masculine proportions. Yes, the apparition at the gate was peacefully laid. It is wonderful how young men in love will eagerly furbish up and present excuses to themselves, and accept them, rather than be brought face to face with any little imperfection or flaw in their divinity. The photograph, Miles boldly told himself, was some public character. Girls carried all manner of queer things in their pockets, as he knew from his experience of his own sister. Esme had a craze for collecting the photos of royalties and celebrities. Why should not that suspicious picture be the Crown Prince of Germany, our own Prince of Wales, or that handsome man, the late Emperor of Russia? What a fool he was not to have asked her!

"He is an idiot about you," said Gussie, one afternoon, in a sudden burst of frankness, "and it is very plain that he has never been in love before; if he had he would know better than to show his hand. If he were to 'dissemble' as they say in plays, or to bully you a little it would be all the better for him, poor, deluded young man!" From which it will be seen that Augusta pitied Miles.

CHAPTER IX.

The great day of the bachelors' ball, at Sandborough, dawned at last; and, had you been on the platform at Byford, about 2 o'clock, you would have seen Mrs. Brabazon, Miss Jane, her two nieces, her own maid, Flack, and Nokes, all departing with a world of baggage. The two Miss Clippertons and their meek little mother filled up the compartment in which the Brabazons had taken their places. They were two young ladies, bound for the ball, whose slangy conversation nearly made Miss Jane's hair come out of curl. They wore their hair cropped close to their heads, very manly hats, coats and collars, and were an entirely novel experience to the dear old person with the bobbing curls and worked black satin handbag. They were going to the same hotel—horror! their rooms were already taken.

And now behold our party descending at the Town Hall, and stepping delicately on the red cloth carpeting which was lined at either side by a dense, discriminating crowd, who exchanged audible and critical remarks anent the arriving company. Miss Jane and Mrs. Brabazon swept their young people on the stairs before them into the ladies' waiting room, where great pulling out of skirts and tousling of fringes and rearranging of flowers was going on. The new arrivals were carefully looked over by those already on the spot. "Who were these new girls?" was whispered. However, they had some acquaintances, who welcomed them cordially, helping them to take off their wraps, and envied Esme her first ball.

"Indeed, you need not envy me," returned that young lady, emphatically; "if it were my fifth or sixth, I should be far more easy in my mind. Feel me!" holding out her hand; "I'm quite cold and I'm shaking all over."

While this conversation was going on Mrs. Brabazon had arrogated to herself an entire toilet table, and was pulling out a ruffle here, straightening a fold there, and rearranging her diamond stars as deliberately as if she were in her own apartment, and not keeping an aristocratic old lady, with a haughty nose and very white hair, awaiting her good pleasure. This old dame waited for some five minutes with ill-concealed impatience, and as she waited she had ample time to study the lady who was figuring before the glass with such aggravating tardiness. Suddenly she started, looked scrutinizingly into Mrs. Brabazon's face and said, in an awe-struck tone, "Why, Jupp! I declare it is Jupp! How do you come here?" measuring her and her velvet gown, lace, diamonds and all, from head to foot.

"Madam," exclaimed the other, with a face the color of a brick, "what do you mean?" trembling violently all over.

"I mean that it is a pretty thing that I should have to stand and wait while my sister's maid arranges herself at the looking glass!" returned the other, in a hard, uncompromising tone, and with an inexorable eye.

"I—I—am Mrs. Brabazon of Baronsford," replied that miserable woman; "you are making some mistake."

"None whatever!" very decidedly; "whoever you are now, you were and are Jupp; you can't deny it; and you know me; you have brushed my hair and buttoned my boots many and many a time! I am Lady Augusta Sharpshooter, and you are my sister's——"

"Hush, Lady Augusta!" implored the other; "for mercy sake, hush! You are quite right. I have become what you see—the widow of a gentleman of fortune. I entreat you to keep my secret," pleaded Mrs. Brabazon, brought to her knees for once in her life, and, in truth, a most abject spectacle. At this moment Gussie and Esme came forward, accompanied by Miss Jane, and declared "that they were quite ready now, if she was," and, with an extraordinary effort to regain her composure, and one beseeching glance at her austere old acquaintance, Mrs. Brabazon was carried away. No words could paint her feelings; she felt that a veritable sword of Damocles was hanging over her head. She had no spirit to seek out and attach herself to the great ones of the land. She sat alone and aloof for fully half the evening, reviling fate for having sent Lady Augusta across her path, and asking herself what the world would say when they were acquainted with her former career.

As Esme stood under the gallery and gazed timidly about her, she felt absolutely dazzled; the immense hall was filled by a gay crowd, who were walking, standing, sitting after the second dance. Miles had appeared on the scene, full of apologies for his tardy arrival, the sole fault of the train, which was late. He could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld Esme floating around with such grace, looking even more lovely than the image he had fondly carried away in his mind. Certainly there was no doubt that this dress was an adornment, and that even Esme was more beautiful in this silvery gauze garment, with pearls on her neck, flowers in her hands, excitement in her eyes, than in her ordinary common white gown, even when re-enforced by the crimson parasol.

"I have kept two dances for you," said she, holding out her hand with a smile.

"What! Only two?" ungratefully.

"Yes, lancers and waltz. Aunt Jane," lowering her voice, "made me promise not to dance more than twice with anyone."

"Not even with me?" expressively.

"Not even with you." Here Esme's partner made a bow and retired gracefully. "Evidently," he said to himself, "the dark fellow was the man."

"I suppose your card is full?"

"Yes, I can't believe it," smiling; "for I don't know anyone in the room. Isn't it funny?"

"Excessively funny; most unaccountable," replied Miles, with a smile quivering under his mustache.

"But who is your friend opposite? the man with the shiny face, who is nodding at you like a mandarin?"

"Oh, look away, look away! he is a horror I met at the Toppingtons' Christmas party."

"Esme," whispered her sister, breathlessly, over her shoulder, "there's little Madden, and he is coming over; he has caught your eye; mind you mount your very highest horse."

"Now for it," said Miles, as a little man with a red face and the tallest of collars, and an air of being on admirable terms with himself, advanced with a kind of grin.

"So charmed to see you, Miss Brabazon; this is indeed a treat. Hope you have kept a couple of dances for me?"

"No, I have not," very stiffly returned the young lady, ostentatiously avoiding the proffered hand.

"Ah! but you're gong to da-ance this with me, are you not? or the next? I'll get you lots of partners. Don't you recollect me?" in a tone slightly tinged with amazement. "We had the pleasure of meeting at Mrs. Top's."

"I do not remember the pleasure," returned Esme, with very emphatic significance, while Miles and Gussie exchanged glances of the keenest delight.

But even this snub had but little effect on Mr. Madden. He rose to the surface with cork-like buoyancy, and boldly demanded at least one dance, and his persistent entreaties were only cut short by Miles leading his partner away to take their places in one of the rapidly forming sets of lancers.

"I did not thing you had it in you to snub anyone but me. Poor beggar, you were awfully rough on him," said Miles, as they came to anchor.

"Rough! You don't know him!" viciously. "At the Toppingtons' party he was quite—quite——"

"Intoxicated?" suggested her companion, interrogatively.

"Yes, very much so; he actually took me for a school girl, and had the impudence to try to kiss me under the mistletoe," growing rather red, and speaking very fast.

"Confounded cad!" muttered Miles, looking over in the direction of Mr. Madden with a countenance now the reverse of indulgent or sympathetic.

"I suppose," said he, looking round, "that you are as great a stranger to all these people as I am, and you don't know anyone from Adam?"

"Not quite so bad as all that," responded Esme, with a smile; "some of the Maxton and Byford people are here. There, you see that nice-looking lady over there in the white lace shawl, she is Mr. Bell's sister, and between you and me that is Mrs. Bell's shawl!" lowering her voice to a whisper.

"Oh, and the girl near her in the swell dress?"

"That is a bride—and the old gentleman with the bald head, holding her fan, is her husband. She is his fourth wife."

"Oh, come now," in a tone of amused expostulation.

"She is!" indignantly.

"She is a courageous woman!" ejaculated Miles.

"How do you do, Miss Brabazon?" said a tall, plain girl in a pink dress, accosting Esme in the tea room, while Miles was procuring her a cup of coffee, addressing her with such warmth that she felt quite taken aback, for she had only met Miss Courtenay Green at one or two garden parties, and then she had barely deigned to notice her save by a few tepid monosyllables and a fishlike clasp of the hand.

"Your first ball, I suppose? I hope you are enjoying it," eying Esme's dress, as she spoke, with an air of critical inspection, looking at it sideways and frontways, and evidently not merely appraising its value, but taking the pattern in her eyes, as she drawled forth remarks about the band, the floor and the lights, in an abstracted manner. "Is that your cousin Captain Brabazon?" she asked, having at length summed up Esme's ball costume; "the dark young man who was dancing with you?" lowering her voice mysteriously.

"Yes."

"The one who has come in for such heaps of money?" with still greater animation. "Very good looking, too. You may introduce him to me when he comes back. Here he is," eagerly. "Now," with a sharp nudge from a still sharper elbow.

"Miles," said Esme, in the innocence of her heart, "what ages you have been getting this coffee. Miss Courtenay Green wishes you to be introduced to her."

Miss Courtenay Green beamed and bowed with laudable presence of mind, but felt at the moment that she would have been almost justified in having Miss Brabazon's life. However, Miles duly begged leave to inscribe his name on her rather empty program and led his partner once more back to the ball room.

(To be continued.)

PRECIOUS GEMS ARE GUARDED.

The Dealers Make Careful Note of All Changes in Their Ownership.

The dealer in precious stones keeps remarkable account of the valuable gems which come into this country. His business does not end when he succeeds in disposing of a precious stone or mounted piece at a good round figure. He can tell how many times it has changed hands since it reached these shores and usually he can tell every person in the country who owns anything in gems worth knowing about. This city is the great center of these dealers, as it is through this port that practically all gems enter.

The American woman buys the finest diamonds that can be had in the medium sizes, in which the purest stone comes. The mine from which the most beautiful stones are taken, at Jaegersfontein, in the Orange Free State, has been shut up, as a great reef encountered made it unprofitable to mine further. The next best diamonds come from Wesselton, about fifty-two miles from Kimberley, and that, too, is shut up on account of the war.

The finest large diamond which ever came into this country belonged to the Morgan collection. It weighed twenty five carats and sold for about $100,000. There was one diamond of 128 carats sold in this city and another Kimberley stone of seventy-six carats, but both were tinged with color and not nearly so valuable as the Morgan gem. Another single diamond sold in this city less than three years ago for $42,000 and it is now owned by a Western woman. The American woman likes her diamonds, not by ones or twos, but by dozens and hundreds, and these are formed into tiaras, necklaces, corselets, corsages and hair bouquets and sprays, all arranged with or without other stones, and so that they can be easily detached and worn in separate pieces.

As the wealthy families of this country come into possession of a large number of diamonds, their taste turns toward colored stones. The ruby is preeminently the next in favor, and prices higher than those paid for diamonds are given for it. Two years ago a firm in this city sold a single ruby for $25,000. Last year there came a demand for the emerald and a single beautiful stone in the autumn brought a dealer $20,000.—New York Evening Post.

It is a great mistake to try to learn wisdom out of books.

He who can stand the little trials is fitted for the great trusts.

All lovely forms and objects are the offspring of lofty and pure thoughts and minds, and they are the natural order when undisturbed by sin.

The Sheriff of Lancaster sold the real estate of twenty debtors. 1

A crowd of Minersville toughs stoned the house of a saloonkeeper, then entered the saloon and robbed the till.

Falling under a car he was trying to board, at Excelsior, Patrick Wilkerson had his right foot crushed.

Raymond Mowery, a boy, was kicked in the stomach by a horse, in Lurgan township, Franklin county, and is in a serious condition.

Hetty Long, of Logansport, was killed by a fall through a trapdoor at her home.

At Catawissa, Mrs. John Keifer died of injuries received in a fall down the cellar stairs.

Attacked by a dog, near Pottsville, Harry Rodgers was badly bitten about the abdomen.

Do not trust your money to those who keep their eyes on the floor.

Poverty is a great blessing to some people.

Put your strength in your fight instead of in your challenge.

If you can't be a man and an angel at the same moment postpone the angel.

Result of a Snapshot

"OH, pshaw. You're too mean for anything!" This exclamation in a childish treble so startled Tom Gillespie that he drove into his thumb a hook he was baiting, and nearly fell off the stump. He turned and beheld about ten feet distant a very jolly looking little girl, who held a camera, and whose evident design had been to choose him as a subject for a snap shot.

"I think you're the mean one," said Tom; "you nearly made me tumble into the water. And were you going to take my picture? And did I move?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I was, and you did," replied the unheralded arrival, pettishly throwing back a mass of brown hair, which had tumbled over her face when she stooped to adjust a focus. "I want it for mamma, and it was such a lovely chance. You don't care, do you?"

"Care?" laughed big-hearted Tom; "of course not! I'll sit any way you want me to if you'll send me one of the pictures."

"Oh, goody; I'll do that!" eagerly agreed the tiny photographer. "Can I make two?"

"All you wish, my dear," promptly consented Tom, "but how am I to get my picture?"

"I never thought of that," replied Mildred, her sunny face clouding for an instant with perplexity.

"Well," suggested Tom, producing a card after rummaging about in various pockets of his corduroy jacket among tobacco, books, lines, letters, pipes, matches, trout flies, and other sundries, "you mail it to me at this address and I'll get it."

"You'll get 'em about next week," pledged Mildred, as her chubby legs mounted the bank of the creek. "Good-by!"

"Good-by!" cried Tom cheerily, and a moment later she was gone.

The next morning, out on the horse block, Mildred, with unusual care and at least ten anxious peeks in the frame, printed from her valued negative, obtaining a result which quite delighted her. Before noon it was toned and dried, and, swelling with pride, she sought "Dearie."

"There he is, 'Dearie,' there he is!" she cried, excitedly, throwing one arm about her mother's neck and thrusting out the picture with her disengaged hand.

And then the queer thing happened.

"Tom!" gasped Mrs. Wells, the blood suffusing her cheeks.

"Why, 'Dearie,' you know him?" asked Mildred, almost frightened, as she peered into her mother's face with wondering eyes.

Mrs. Wells' reply was to bury her face in her hands and seek relief in a flood of tears.

The now terrified Mildred cried in sympathy for a few seconds on her mother's shoulder, and then suddenly asked, with keen concern.

"'Dearie,' what are you crying for?"

"Nothing, darling," said Mrs. Wells, raising her head and vigorously using her handkerchief as she checked a final and very womanlike snuffle, "but the picture made mamma think of an old friend."

"Well, it just won't make you cry," said the now thoroughly aggrieved Mildred. "I'll just put it away and come right back." And off she went and deposited the print in a story book in her room. Then she returned to "Dearie," who caressed her fondly and said:

"It's a very nice picture, darling, and mamma will keep it as long as she lives."

The next day as Tom Gillespie sorted his mail, somewhat aimlessly, his indifference suddenly vanished as he picked up an envelope on which was scrawled a full copy of his business card, and in addition the caution: "For nobody but Mr. Gillespie." Tom drew forth a letter and a crumpled and spotted picture, which he immediately recognized as that of himself on the stump.

"A very mussy little girl," thought Tom. Then he read the epistle. It ran:

"Mr. Gillespie: I promised you a picture, and here it is. Two were bad and one was good. This was good. I made it this morning on one of the only two pieces of printing paper I had. I thought it was fine until I showed it to 'Dearie,' my mamma. It made her cry. The spots on it are her tears. She just said 'Tom' and then she cried all over it and you see how she spoiled it. I am going to make a good one for her on the only piece of printing paper I have left. She says she will keep it as long as she lives. When I get more paper maybe I'll send you a better one. I also inclose a little picture of 'Dearie' sitting on the horse block, so you can see what she looks like. I made it. Isn't she sweet? I shall keep your card a long time, for I like you very much. Your little friend,

"MILDRED WELLS."

Tom, whose fingers now trembled, took from the envelope the hitherto overlooked picture of "Dearie." The effect of his first glance was startling. His pipe dropped from his mouth and he flung himself back in his chair.

"Great heavens, Laura! At last! At last!" he exclaimed.

Despite the fact that he had a case on in court, Tom left the trial to his junior partner and hurried next day down to the farmhouse. He surprised Mildred, who was putting a daisy chain around the neck of a cat.

"Have you come fishing again?" was her salutation.

"I certainly have," replied Tom, already feeling a sort of proprietorship as he stooped down and kissed her. "And here," he continued, producing a package from his pocket, "is printing paper enough to keep you busy a month."

"Well, you're just the loveliest man on earth!" exclaimed Mildred, and 'Dearie' will think so, too."

"I sincerely hope so," earnestly responded Tom; "but where is mamma?"

"Well, she's over there in that hammock under the apple tree, and if she isn't reading she is asleep, and if she's asleep you must not wake her up."

"Not for the world," gallantly cried Tom. "But let's go softly and see. I think I know your 'Dearie.'"

On tiptoe, over the lawn, Tom holding Mildred's hand, they approached the hammock. "Dearie" certainly was asleep, and with a dainty handkerchief covering her pretty face.

"Now, don't you scare her," cautioned Mildred in a hoarse whisper, raising a warning finger. "Isn't she sweet?"

"Lovely!" whispered Tom in reply, quietly sitting down on the grass by the hammock and drawing Mildred beside him. Thus, with a hand of the little one in his own, he sat and gazed until he broke the silence with a "Thank God!" which made the child start.

"Are you praying?" she asked, hoarsely, in astonishment.

"Maybe I was, dear," he replied, under his breath, "but, hush!"

Mrs. Wells stirred. Mildred could stand it no longer. She bounded to the side of the hammock, snatched the bit of lace from "Dearie's" face, and, before her bewildered mother could protest, kissed her and shouted, disregarding grammatical rules:

"He's came, 'Dearie,' he's came again!"

"Who, Mildred? What are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Wells, rubbing her eyes.

But before Mildred could reply, Tom answered for her:

"It's Tom, Laura," he said, quietly, as he rose to extend his hand. "I hope you are glad to see me."

It was all so sudden that perhaps "Dearie" was excusable for making no response other than to turn and bury her face in the hammock cushion.

Tom waited and Mildred looked on in wonderment. In a moment, however, a ruffled voice and a sort of gulp came from the cushion.

"Tom, can you forgive me?"

Could he? It looked as if he did when ten seconds later Mildred danced up and down as Tom, kneeling at "Dearie's" side, brought the pretty head around and then gave proof in such a way that Mildred excitedly shouted:

"That's right! Kiss her! She can't help herself. Ain't he lovely, 'Dearie?'"

"Now, you go get your camera and make your pictures," said Tom to Mildred, as he settled himself in the hammock by "Dearie's" side. "We'll be here for half an hour." And although Mildred's alacrity brought her back in less than ten minutes, Tom managed to say so much before her return that "Dearie's" heart was lighter than it had been in years. And, of course, Tom stayed to dinner and far into the moonlit night and took a long walk with "Dearie" and they talked it all over.

When fifteen years previously Laura Hale, to please her parents, had refused to marry Tom Gillespie and became the wife of Willis Wells, Tom, nearly heartbroken, had left her side to hope and wait, believing that her love was still for him, a then almost penniless lawyer. Then their paths drifted apart until Tom's fishing rod and Mildred's camera brought them together.—Buffalo Enquirer.

How He Managed.

Absent-minded persons are the easy prey of the unscrupulous. A noted German chess-playing professor had lost three overcoats at a cafe while engaged at his favorite pastime. He was at a loss to know how to prevent a fourth from going astray, when all at once a brilliant idea occurred to him. Immediately before sitting down to a game he took his brand-new garment, hung it over the back of his chair, leant against it, and said to himself with a grateful feeling of perfect security, "Now it must be safe." He soon became deeply engrossed in his game, when a light-fingered gentleman approached, and apparently became greatly interested. At a critical moment he tapped the professor on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Excuse me."

"Don't mention it," returned the absorbed player bending forward. Like lightning, the thief withdrew the coat from the chair, and a moment later had disappeared into the street.

Numbering Country Houses.

Out in California they are urging the adoption of a system of numbering country residences, reckoning from the county seat as a center, and thus render the location of a point in the rural sections as simple as within city limits. The plan is to name every road in the county, first arranging them in as long lengths as can well be done. Then divide each mile into ten parts or blocks of the same length, and number them, a new number to each frontage.

Reproving an Umbrella Fiend.

The citizens of Berlin have a summary method of stopping the dangerous practice of carrying sticks and umbrellas horizontally. As soon as a man tucks his umbrella under his arm he will promptly feel a quick blow on it from behind. There is no use in his getting angry with the person who strikes the blow, because public opinion sanctions his conduct.

His Experience.

A Pittsburg physician who thought of taking his colored servant with him on a projected fishing trip interrogated him as to his acquaintance with aquatics. After a few preliminary questions he asked:

"Have you ever rowed, James?"

"Only on the cyahs, sah."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

If people were to get paid for all the foolish things they say and do poverty would soon be a thing of the past.

RACKS THE JOINTS MIGHTILY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Is a Complaint No One Need Covet.

The name rheumatism is applied to a great variety of affections accompanied with pain in the joints or muscles, some of them more of a gouty or uric acid nature, others probably of infectious origin, and others still the expression of some disease of the nervous structures.

Acute articular or inflammatory rheumatism is a disease characterized by pain and swelling in one or more of the joints, usually the larger bones, such as the knee, together with fever of more or less intensity. It is a disease of temperate climates, especially in cold and damp regions, being very seldom seen in the tropics. It occurs in this country chiefly in late winter and early spring, although it may occur, particularly on the seacoast, at any time of the year. In England it is said to be most frequent in the autumn.

It attacks persons between the ages of 15 and 40 more commonly than those who are older or younger.

Physicians are not yet agreed as to its nature, although many now incline to regard it as a germ disease. It begins gradually, with slight aching in the limbs, sore throat and a general feeling of depression. The appetite fails, the tongue is heavily coated, often there is complaint of headache, and of chilly sensations and the sufferer is generally "out of sorts." There is feverishness, and as this increases, pain and swelling appear in one or more of the large joints. The joints attacked are hot, red and exquisitely painful and have every appearance of being severely inflamed.

All these symptoms may disappear in a single night from one joint and appear at the same time in another; and so the disease may go on, attacking one joint after another, those first affected recovering much of their tone and function. One of the characteristic symptoms is profuse perspiration, the skin is not red and dry, as in most fevers, but cool, moist and sometimes actually dripping with sweat.

The disease may come to an end in a week or ten days, or it may go on attacking joint after joint and when all have suffered it may begin over again and so go on indefinitely. As long as the rheumatism is confined to the joints there is little danger, although occasionally death results from excessive fever; but there is always danger that it may attack the lining membrane of the heart and cripple the organ permanently. Rarely it attacks the membrane of the brain, causing violent delirium or death.—Youth's Companion.

Racing Camels.

Of all animals the camel would seem to be the least likely to distinguish itself at a race, yet camel races are held regularly in the south of Algeria, where valuable prizes are offered for the encouragement of the breed of racers; and as much interest is taken in their preparation and performances as in that of race horses at Latonia. The racing camels are the result of very careful breeding through many generations, and in size, temper and appearance they are so different from the ordinary beast of burden that they might almost be considered a different race of animals. Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the ordinary camel is its extreme slowness. Nothing on earth will ever induce it to hurry. Twenty-five dollars will buy a very fair specimen, but for a mehart, or racing camel, five or ten times that sum is paid. The racer, however, can be depended on for nine or ten miles an hour, kept up for sixteen or seventeen hours almost without a stop. The pace in a camel race is generally fast and furious at the beginning, when all the animals are together and seem to realize that a contest is in progress.

An African Giantess.

Abomah, a superb specimen of the African negress, who enjoys the distinction of being the tallest woman living, is black as ebony, and endowed with great physical strength, combined with a symmetrically molded figure, is now on her way to Liverpool. She was formerly one of the attendants and body guard of the barbaric King of Dahomey, whose Amazonian warriors have been famous alike for their prowess and cruelty. Trained for her bloodthirsty calling from early childhood, she was inured to hardship and pain. Her stature increasing out of proportion to her years, she became a particular favorite of the monarch, and led his army. This extraordinary woman stands over eight feet in height, and can easily support the weight of a man on her outstretched hand. The dusky beauty, having recently evinced a strong desire to travel, and particularly to visit England, will no doubt soon pay a visit to some of our principal cities.—London Tit-Bits.

Bamboo in China.

Bamboo is of universal use in China. The windows are delicate lattice work of bamboo, and the furniture is of slender bamboo, bent and curled and plaited. The water bucket is a good big stalk, sawed off just below the joint and made as deep as needed above it. For a bottle a slender piece is taken and treated in the same way. Hunger is kept off by cutting the little tender shoots just as they peep from the ground and cooking them like asparagus.

Modern Way of Mending Socks.

Stockings and socks can be easily repaired by means of toe and heel caps which are being made for the purpose and are adapted to fit over the worn parts and be sewed in position.

"Our cook was going to leave yesterday, but my wife's diplomacy saved the day."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; when the cook gave notice, my wife, with great presence of mind, said 'That's too bad, Bridget, but I'm no surprised. Several of the neighbors' girls predicted that you would leave because you knew you wouldn't have any show with the handsome new policeman who is shortly to be assigned to this beat.'"—Philadelphia Press.

A baby is a rose without thorns. The thorns gradually appear as it reaches maturity.

SERMONS OF THE DAY

Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: The Garden of the King—Christ the Founder and Gardener—The Flowers and Fruits of Religious Devotion—The Beauty of Right Living.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—This sermon Dr. Talmage sends from a halting place in his journey through the valleys of Switzerland. It seems to have been prepared amid the bloom and aroma of a garden midsummer. The text is Song of Solomon v. 1, "I am come into my garden."

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer thrashing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the troughs for the camels; from the fish pools of Heshbon up to the psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpelier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantages of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it; he sold it for £17,000. And yet I am to tell you to-day of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it.

Walter Scott, the author of Abbotsford, ruined his fortune, and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of the old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's love and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw Him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted Him and let Him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide! ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it." If the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, to-day; walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself!

The church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock or dahlia or daffodil, but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His Garden, and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid and the sprig of geranium on the stand and the new window curtains keeping out the glow of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping swiftly along amid the thorns and briers of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it all over with flowery jasmine running in and out amid the crevices.

These flowers in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest scrap of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk can, and I said to him: 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church?" Nevertheless that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within—the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giants of battle;" the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wycliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to others one.

Again, the church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums or peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside, but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity, but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church.

Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what the garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from, and your hospitals, and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them. He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, He laid the cornerstone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee, He laid the cornerstone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," He laid the cornerstone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison, and ye visited Me," He laid the cornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been organized. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab-apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted. But are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm eaten leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit.

I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christian men in every church whose religion is not a matter of psalm singing and churchgoing. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated in their worldly occupation as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women with us to-day of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been fifteen years on his back, unable to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river!

I have not told you of the better tree in this garden and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split and bruised and barked men said nothing would ever grow upon it, but no sooner had that tree been planted than it budded and blossomed and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and the men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death, the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Esheol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall restore.

Again, the church in my text is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water.

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best. From many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world. She was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affection, and when at last the sickness came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when, through the rich grace of the L