

THE BRIGHT COUNTRY.

The country's just as smiling from the mountains to the sea...

The Despised Pink Frock.

STORY OF GRADUATION DAY.

BY CATHERINE JEWETT.

From my youth I took naturally to the science of mathematics. Even as a little child I did my sums without any conscious effort.

family moved east, it ceased altogether. She was never strong or smart or capable, and little by little everyone's patience gave way.

At first I had been one of its most enthusiastic supporters, believing that its coveted successes would not only stimulate ambition and reward industry.

The roses were dreadful. I almost doubted Mrs. Kempton's skill in their behalf, and I pitied the girl, shrinking with all her heart from a mortifying ordeal.

The leader in every extravagant device was, naturally enough, Muriel Mason, only daughter of the richest man in town.

"Yes, my dear," said I, "I think you can and will. It takes a deal of pluck to have a tooth out, you know, but the sharp, relieving pain is far easier to bear than weeks of dull, wearying anguish."

"It won't make any difference on the stage," said Muriel, with careless unkindness.

Graduation day dawned bright and clear. The church was crowded. The expected governor arrived in excellent season, bringing with him a visiting senator, and everything seemed harmonious with the exception of one rosy-looking dress among a half-dozen white ones.

Poor Dolly: I divined her trouble before she voiced it. She was a delicate little creature, studious and refined, yet not exactly popular among her mates.

The exercises passed off with what might be termed "great eclat." The young ladies were graceful and winning, their parts well prepared, their enunciation clear and distinct.

Knowing the circumstances, I could well understand what a perplexing question graduating expenses must be in that pinched household; but I was hardly prepared for the solution which Dolly's big bundle contained.

After the exercises the eminent visitors held an informal reception, shaking hands with everyone, and good-naturedly giving their autographs to all petitioners.

"Dear Miss Deacon," said Dolly, with a little nervous laugh that had in it a hint of tears.

When the crowd had nearly dispersed Senator Borden surprised me by asking, with an expression of real interest, for the young lady in pink.

"I am sorry," said he. "I wanted to meet her. Her face, her voice, her gestures, all seemed wonderfully familiar. I cannot place the resemblance, but it moved me strangely."

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"Mother wants me to wear it," she went on, "and indeed I want to, after a fashion; yet all the same my soul abhors those ancient roses. You see, it was Aunt Marty's wedding gown, and in her eyes was fine and valuable as ever."

"Something of his interest had communicated itself to me with his voluntary exclamation of 'Poor Marty!'" the girl who wore just such a rosy gown the last time he ever saw her.

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gave her, and while he lived I never heard her name mentioned. Since his death I have searched for her long and unavailingly.

"I think your search is ended," said I, "and that you will find her living with Mrs. Kempton in this village."

"Is it far from here? Would you show me the way?" questioned he, eagerly; and the next moment we were hurrying down the broad elm-shaded street.

"And yet," said my companion, seeming to divine my thoughts, "it is Marty herself; the very image of our mother as I saw her last."

"Father died years ago," answered Senator Borden, gently, "and ever since I have been searching for you, my sister!"

"That afternoon I was 'a personage' in the village. Over and over again I told the story, fairly revelling in the first bit of romance that had ever stirred the monotony of my quiet life."

Of course there were a few ill-natured souls who declared that Mrs. Kempton had known all along which side her bread was buttered on, but as this idea seemed to be confined exclusively to those who had beforetimes pronounced her quixotic and imprudent, and it did not greatly affect public sentiment.

Senator Borden made immediate arrangements to remove his sister to his own home. But she, poor soul, in abject fear of her august sister-in-law, clung to the dear second cousin who had so brightened the years of her adversity.

A compromise was at last effected. Mrs. Kempton selling her little home and removing to Anderson, where Mr. Borden lived, and where the famous Anderson seminary was located. To attend this school had long been Dolly's highest ambition—an ambition which a grateful brother's liberality made it perfectly possible to gratify.

In a few days the little ripple of excitement that attended their departure died away, leaving in its place only a memory.

I missed Dolly sadly, feeling sure that the duties and pleasures of her new life would soon blot out all interest in her older and less favored friends.

I realized my mistake when, weeks afterward, I received a letter from her which wrought in my life a delightful change.

"One of our teachers," she wrote, "has resigned, and Senator Borden has secured the position for you. He knows how you helped and encouraged me through the pink-dress ordeal, and he is very glad of this opportunity to show his appreciation of your good sense and kindness."

A day or two later this delightful news was officially confirmed, and I at once set about my modest preparations for departure. Just before I left I called upon old Deacon Dudley and found him not only sympathetic but fairly jubilant over my improved prospects.

"I gave you your first chance," said he, "and I presume to say I helped you to your second one. I talked quite a spell with the senator when he was here, and I gave you a first-class 'recommend.'"

"I thanked the old gentleman for his doubtful compliment with becoming gratitude. Not for the world would I have pained his kindly heart by the knowledge that anything so frivolous as a pink frock had far more to do with my good fortune than his unique and well-meant 'recommend.'"

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Victor's Shout—The Joy of Overcoming Difficulties—The Satisfaction Expressed by Christ on the Outcome of His Earthly Labors.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows in an unusual way the antagonisms that Christ overcame and finds a balsam for all wounded hearts; text, John xvii, 4, 'I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do.'

There is a profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the capstone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is a gloomy disappointment when, after having toiled in a certain direction to which our time is wasted and our investment profitless.

Alexander the Great was wounded, and the doctors could not medicate his wounds, and he seemed to be dying, and in his dream the physician saw a plant with a peculiar flower, and he dreamed that that plant was put upon his wound and that immediately it was cured.

In the first place, His worldly occupation was against Him. I find that He earned His livelihood by the carpenter's trade, an occupation always to be highly regarded and respected.

In many of our plans we have our friends to help us, and we have a plan, but Christ fought every inch of His way against bitter hostility and amid circumstances all calculated to depress and defeat.

No man could go through all the obstacles I have described, you say, without having a nature supernatural. In that sense, amid its muscles and nerves, bones, were interwoven the energies of omnipotence.

Neither was there any pretension in His diet. No emperor with golden chalice brought Him wine to drink. On the contrary, He ate fish, first having broiled it Himself. One fish fetched Him water to drink; but, bending over the well in Samaria, He begged a drink. He sat at only one banquet, and that not at all in honor.

Other kings ride in a chariot; He walked. Other kings, as they advance, have heralds in front, and applying the same honors to Christ, His retinue was made up of burned fishermen. Other kings sleep under embroidered canopy; this one on a shelterside hill, riding but once, as far as I now remember, on a colt, and that borrowed.

His poverty was against Him. It requires money to build great enterprises. Men of means are afraid of a penniless projector lest a loan be demanded. It requires money to pay debts, to make institutions, to build a city. No wonder the wise men of Christ's time laughed at this penniless Christ.

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THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

It holds an Adder's Sting—A Touching Incident Which Shows the Power of Song to Reclaim the Drunkard—The Rescue of a Rum-Sodden Wretch.

To earth the cup be hurled, That holds an adder's sting; And let us pledge the world With nectar from the spring.

The following touching incident, as related one day by Mr. Sankey at Mr. Moody's Gospel Temperance meeting, Boston, well illustrates the power of song to reclaim the inebriate, and its influence and importance in the evangelistic work.

"Many have wondered that I sang here alone in this way, but it is because I thought I might preach some little truth from the Word of God in these simple hymns. And I thank God that He has blessed His message as sung. For instance, here is this hymn: 'What Shall the Harvest Be?'"

"Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of eternal shame," he said those lines went as a dagger through his heart, and he said to himself: 'That's me!'

"That's what I've been doing. My name is gone, and I'm sowing the seed of eternal shame." Grief seized those who had turned into the heart of that poor man, and he came out and went to a saloon to see if he could drown them from his memory.

"Which Road Will You Take?" You may have heard the story of the man who, being obliged to be driven over a dangerous mountain pass, tested the coachmen in this way: He asked three drivers how many roads before us.

"The Drink Death-Rate." Some years ago a statement was made that 60,000 drunkards died every year in the United Kingdom. Dr. Norman Kerr, who is President of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, has declared that this terrible statement was true, and he set to work to try and prove that it was untrue.

"Beer Makes Wife Better." A woman in Trenton, N. J., confesses that she has been in the habit of putting landanum into her husband's beer in order to make him sleep, and thus to save her from the beatings she would otherwise be sure to inflict upon her.

"A Sad Pre-Eminence." The French have an unenviable pre-eminence in alcoholic intemperance. They consume eight times as much wine as the three other nations combined, and nearly fifty times as much per head.

"The Crusade in Brief." The oldest teetotaler in Great Britain is said to be Mrs. Sampson, aged ninety-seven. She was born at King's Lynn, and signed the pledge in January, 1820. She had ten daughters, and the eight still living are teetotalers.

"The Cubans are a temperate people," says a recent writer. "It might perhaps be impossible to find a total abstainer on the island, but drunkenness is practically unknown."

"The number of saloons in New York is 13,064, a reduction of nearly 2,000 in three years. The New York Sun says: 'That the smaller number of saloons the less drinking there is, is an axiom which experience shows to be irrefutable.'"

"Total abstinence societies degenerate into mere clubs for sociability only if there is not continuous discussion of the temperance question, and constant striving on the part of the members to understand the logic of the temperance movement."

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