The sad fields, voiled in falling snow They are not sail to me Not chill, to me, the winds that blow, However chill they be:

The oddying flakes that sped away, With music they drift down, Through myriad, lacing branches gay, Or dead leaves, crisp and brown.

No bloom upon the whitening hill, No green leaf on the tree :

The music is sail music : still It is not sad to me, For some with my heart's muffled might.

Koeps in manys, blow for blow My love's warm breast is pure and white, And softer than the snow. -Robert Burn Wilson, in the Century

STORY OF A NUGGET.



NOTED western financier wears on his watch chain a tiny nugget of gold, set about with small, but exceedingly fine, diamonds, and if you should chance to strike this money king when he is in one of his rare

communicative moods, he will tell you, if you ask, the following story of how from the nettle danger, he plucked, not only the flower of safety, but of fortune, as well

"It was when the gold fever in Califorms was at its height that I sold out all I had at home and went to join the throngs streaming to the new El Dor-It was what you might call a groundhog case with me, for if I did not strike it rich I was ruined, as I had nothing in the world except the little pile I took with me to the mining country. I fell in with a fellow calling himself Peter Sharp, and sharp he was, too. I afterward learned that he was a fugitive from justice in England, that heaven alone knows what his real name was, as he had as many aliases as a tropard has spots. But he was a good judge of ground where gold would be likely nidden, and was above all a very amusing, agreeable companion, so I was very glad on the whole of his company. We decided to make for the extreme corner of the goldbearing region, and to do our own prospecting, so that if we found the precious metal none could benefit by it but ourselves.

"Sharp was pretty nearly broke and I had to pay for both our outfits, but I did not mind this, as his knowledge "cology, which, while limited in ex-. could be depended on so far as it went, offset this Well, we kept on

edging away from the overswarmed districts toward the north, until we bould find a spot where Sharp saw instrons of the turner we were ofter, fatigue and r ---

parted and I fell headlong into a pool of dirty water and mud.

" What did you do that for?" heard Sharp cry, and Harold answered something, which I did not hear, but Sharp shouted again, quite angrily, 'I'm going to kill and rob him in no such way

"Then Harold talked awhile, but still I could hear nothing, though I the open air. could imagine the argument that was going on above. I was actually on trial for my life. Would Sharp be firm in his friendship for me, true to his manhood? But even as I asked myself this question with a beating heart there sounded from above a pistol shot, and I felt a sharp sting in my shoulder, just below the collar bone. Another and another came, one splintering the rock over my head and the other burying itself in the mud in the bottom. I could make out a ledge projecting a few feet out from the perpendicular wall, and under this I ran for shelter from the murderous rain that was falling down that old shaft. Here I was safe, and after several more years for some one to marvel over for it also a quantity of dirt. a moment and then to leave.

"It had been late in the afternoon when I descended, but was already dark as could be down there, and even if I had anything with which to have kindled a light, every match I had had been destroyed by the water into which I had fallen. I walked round the other rascal were to have lowered point, I felt my way about until I came back to it, and calculated that the shaft was five by five feet. But I could discover no outlet, save that far above my head. Then I reconnoitered to see what was in the pit besides water, mud and me. On one mals, as near as I could judge, and handling these I discovered something that sent the delicious intoxication of hope once more thrilling through my veins, and this was while many of these bones were brittle with age and had long been bare, there were others that still had fragments of flesh hanging to them in a way as if some ani-

mal had caten a meal here. "Reflection came then whispering that these creatures to which these bones belonged might have fallen over into the pit, and the latest comer deyoured all the remains that he found and so sustained life for a few days. But I could not relinquish my hope so soon and tried to believe that these of a saloon. He staggered back, and were signs of some animal making this then watching me closely, stepped forits den and that this animal must have ward once more and fired at me. The some exit. Repeating this to myself I ball passed through my hat, and as I fell asleep at last, worn ort with the drew v pistol to fire 1 int of the sur

prepared to go up the channel. It was quite narrow at first, but widened out presently and I guessed that I was in another shaft of the old mine. Atter crawling on for a half hour, my progress being impeded by rocks and debris that had fallen into the place, I saw ahead of me the faint glimmer of day and in another ten minutes was in

"I was afraid to go on at once to Sacramento, for I might run into my rascally companions if they had halted on the road, when I thought that they would kill me to keep me from telling of their crime. So for the next day or two I lingered about the spot, living on the wild berries and such small game as I could ensuare After some trouble I found a bit of flint, with which and the steel of my knife I kindled a fire, and beside the use this was to me in cooking my food I made me several torches with which I proposed to explore the old mine. This I did pretty thoroughly, to find that the vein of metal it had once contained had been very nearly worked out, and shots there was silence and the two was about to close my investigation villians must have gone on, thinking I and proceed on my journey when a lay dead there where no man might sudden rainstorm came up. The bury me and where only a whitened water fairly poured down the old shaft skeleton might be found in future washing its sides clean, carrying with

'I was amusing myself after this fall of rain looking over into the tunnel to see the effect of the deluge. when my eye caught sight of this little nugget I wear here on my charm. I picked it out and rubbed it clean, when I could have leaped with joy, for if things were as this piece of metal and round my prison, longing in vain indicated there was a rich vein of gold for the torch, at least, that Sharp and running almost parallel with the one that had been removed from the mine after me, but leaving my starting and which had never been discovered by the ancient miners. I could scarcely wait to begin my search, so eager was I. But I had no pick-ax, Sharp and Harold having taken even that, so I had to improvise one of a branch of a tree with a pick of one of bones that were in the bottom of the side away from the little pool I came main shaft. But luckily the soil was across a heap of bones of various ani- sofa from the recent rain, and I had no difficulty in digging out several very fine nuggets, one of which I after-

ward sold for \$3000 in San Francisco. "I staved there for three weeks, working alone and bringing in all nearly \$50,000 worth of metal from the mine, which I buried as soon as found. I now saw that in order to go deeper in the thing I would have to have assistance, and with some of the smaller nuggets I set out once more for Sacramento, traveling mostly by night, for those were wild times, and the roughest element on earth was abroad in those mountains. But at last I got to the city, and the first man I saw was Harold, standing in the door his friends

own sort, whereas I was a stranger.

"However, I had the thing taken out

out of my hands, for no doubt in

night. Two weeks later Sharp's body

was found a few miles out with his

throat cut from ear to ear and with all

his pockets turned out, so that he met

his death at the hands of his partner

in crime. Of Harold nothing was

heard for some years, until one day,

while riding with a party through the

mountains, we came upon a body fairly

riddled with bullets and suspended by

a rope from a tree, where the scoun-

drel had suffered death at the hands

of some lynching band, and met only

then with his just rewards. I sold my

mine for nearly \$100,000, besides the

tuggets I had taken from it by my-

self, and which were worth at least

\$50,000 more. It proved to be a com-

paratively small vein that I had dis-

covered, but very rich while it lasted,

and made the modest fortune of every

one of the stock company to which I

sold it. Those mountains are rich in

just such stories, but I think few can

A Military Use of Aluminum.

The German war department has or-

dered that the cooking utensils and

other metallic vessels furnished to the

soldiers shall be made of aluminum.

The reason given for the order is that

the physical standard of the men is

much lower than it was before the new

army law went into effect, and many

of the men now mustered into the ser-

vice are not able to carry the heavy

loads with which the troops are bur-

dened on the march. Aluminum ves-

sels are much lighter than the iron

ones hitherto used. For the same

reason experiments have been ordered

to determine whether an aluminum hel-

met can be devised which will give as

equal the true one I have given you.

Philadelphia Times.

d him

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Rubles Surpassed."

Text: "Wisdom is better than rubies."-

The world does but a precious stones were formed. The ancients thought that amber was made of drops of the solution of the goldess Ge. The thunperspiration of the goddess Ge. The thun-derstone was supposed to have dropped from a stormoloud. The emerald was said to have been made of the firefly. The lapis lamil was thought to have been born of the ery of an Indian giant. And modern min-cralogists say that the precious stones were made of gases and liquids. To me the ruby seems like a spark from the anvil of the setting sun.

The home of the genuine ruby is Burmab. and sixty miles from its capital, where lives and reigns the ruler, called "Lord of the Rubies," Under a careful Governmental guard are these valuable mines of ruby kept. Rarely has any foreigner visited them. When a ruby of large value was discovered, it was brought forth with elaborate ceremony, a procession was formed, and, with all ban-

Of great value is the ruby, much more so than diamond, as lapidaries and jewelers will tell you. An expert on this subject writes, "A ruby of perfect color weighing five carats is worth at the present day ten times as much as a diamond of equal weight." It was a disaster when Charles the Bold lost the ruby he was wearing at the battle of Grandson. It was a great affluence when Rudolph II of Austria inherited a ruby from his sister, the gueen downer. It was the same the same than the s his sister, the queen dowager. It was thought have had much to do with the victory of lenry V, as he were it into the battle of

It is the pride of the Russian court to own It is the pride of the Russian court to own the largest ruby of the world, presented by Gustavus III to the Russian Empress. Wondrous ruby: It has electric characteristics, and there are lightnings compressed in its double six sided prisms. What shall I call it? It is frozen fire! It is perrified blood! In all the world there is only one thing more valuable, and mytext makes the comparison, "Wisslom is better than rubbles."

Wisdom is better than rubies."
But it is impossible to compare two things gether unless there are some points of si ilarity as well as of difference. I am glad ere is nothing lacking here. The ruby more beautiful in the night and under iamplight than by day. It is preferred for evening adornment. How the rubies glow and burn and flash as the lights lift the dark-Catherine of Aragon had on her finger

a ruby that fairly ianterned the night. Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated trav-Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated trav-eler of 400 years ago, said that the Emperor of China had a ruby that made the night as bright as day. The probability is that Solo-mon, under some of the lamps that illumined his cedar palace by night, noticed the pecu-liar glow of the ruby as it looked in the hill of a sword, or hung in some fold of the up-holstory, or heautified the lip of some chalice. istery, or beautified the lip of some chall while he was thinking at the same time of the excellency of our holy religion as chiefly seen in the night of trouble, and he cries our, "Wisdom is better than rubles." him back oh, yes, it is a good thing to have reugh him back while the sur of processity rides high an

talk of some animal in my face, but I could see an assayer I knew to be an honest not make out what this animal was, man, and showing him my specimens, ance and how much of it is natural experience of at though these man and showing him my specimens, and at though these man and showing him my specimens. sickness or poverty or persecution or mental exhaustion fill the soul and fill the house and fill the world ; then you sit down by the amp of God's word, and under its light the consolations of the gospel come out; the eace of God which passeth all understand-ing appears. You never fully appreciated with Harold and Sharp myself, there

> were once black with disaster.
>
> What the world most needs is the consolaory, and here it comes, our holy religion with both hands full of anodynes and sedsives and balsams, as in Daniel's time to stop mouths- leonine : as in Shadrach's time to ool blast furnaces; as in Ezekiel's time to inrol! an apocalypse over rocky desolations. cometh in the morning." "The montains shall depart and the hills be removed, but neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their

ers's malformation of feet to make

him the literary conqueror.

saying that religion or wisdom is better than rubies, from the fact that a thing is worth what it will fetch. Religion will fetch solid happiness, and the ruby will not. In all your observation did you ever find a person thoroughly felicitated by an incrustment of jewels? As you know more of yourself than any one else, are you happier now with worldly adoraments and successes than be-fore you won them? Does the picture that you hundreds or thousands of dollars on your wall bring you as much satisfaction the engraving that at the expense of \$5 was hung upon the wall when you first began to

Do all the cutlery and rare plate that glitter on your extension dining table, surround ed by flattering guests, contain more of rea ed by flattering guests, contain more of rea-bits than the plain ware of your first table, at which sat only two? Does a wardrobe crowded with costly attire give you more satisfaction than your first clothes closet with its four or five pegs? Did not the plain ring set on the third flager of the left hand on the day of your beyothal give more glad-ness than the ruby that is now enthrosed on the third flager of your right hand?

If in this journey of life we have learned anything, we have learned that this world, neither with its emoluments nor gains, can estisfy the soul. Why, here come as many witnesses as I wish to call to the stand to testify that before high heaven and the world, in companionship with Jesus Christ and a good hope of heaven, they feel a joy that all the resources of their vocabulary fall to express. Sometimes it evidences itself in ejacolations of bosanna sometimes in doxology; sometimes in tears. A converted native of India in a letter said: "How I long for my bed, not that I may sleep—I lie awake

Text: "Wisdom is the precious stone commonly called the ruby. It is of deep red color. The Bible makes much of it. It glowed in the first row of the high priest's breastplate. Under another name it stood in the wall of heaven. Jeremiah compares the ruddy cheek of the Nazarites to the ruby. Ezekiel points it out in the robes of the king of Tyre. Four times does Solomon use it as a senate had decreed him an honor, expired, and if Tolonysius and Sophocles, overcome of joy, expired, and if a shipwrecked purser, walting on the coast of Guines in want and starvation at the sight of a vessel bringing relief, fell dead from shock of delight, is it any surprise to you that the joys almost too much for the sign and heaven rolling over the soul of pardon and heaven rolling over the soul should sometimes be almost too much for the Christian to endure and live? An aged aunt said to me: "De Witt, three times I have fainted dead away under too great Christian joy. It was in all three cases at the holy communion."

An eminent Christian man while in prayer said: "Stop, Lord; I cannot bear any more of this gladuess. It is too much for mortal, Withhold! withhold!" We have heard of poor workmen or workwomen gesting a let.

poor workmen or workwomen geiting a let-ter suddenly telling them that a fortune had been left them, and how they were almost beside themselves with glee, taking the first ship to claim the estate. But, oh, what it is to wake up out of the stupor of a sinful life, and through pardoning grace find that all our earthly existence will be divined aged for our best welfare, and that then all heaven will roll in upon the soul!

procession was formed, and, with all bannered pomp, military guard and princely attendants, the gem was brought to the king's
palace

Of great value is the ruby, much more so a bery no aquamarine, and a ruby no ruddi-ness. My gracious Lord! My giorious God! My precious Christ! Roll over on us a few billows of that rapture. And now I ask you, as fair minded men and women, accustomed to make comparisons, is not such a joy as that worth more than anything one can have in a jeweled casket? Was not Solomon right when he said, "Wisdom is bet-ter than rubles?"

There is also something in the deep carmine of the ruby that suggests the sacrifice on which our whole system of religion de-pends. While the emerald suggests the eadows, and the sapphire the skies, and meadows, and the sappnire the skies, and the opal the sea, the ruby suggests the blood of sacrifice. The most emphatic and start-ling of all colors has the ruby. Solomon, the author of my text, knew all about the sacri-fice of lamb and dove on the altars of the temple, and he knew the meaning of sacri-ficial blood, and what other precious stone could he so well use to symbolize it as the ruby? Bed, intensely red, red as the blood ruby? Bed, intensely red, red as the blood of the greatest martyr of all time—Jesus—of the centuries! Drive the story of the cruci-fixion out of the Bible and the doetrine of the atonement out of our religion, and there would be nothing of Christianity left for our worship or our admiration.

Why should it be hard to adopt the Bible

theory that our redemption was purchased by blood? What great bridge ever sprung its by 50501? What great bridge ever sprung its arches, what temple ever reared its towers, what Nation ever achieved its independence, what mighty good was ever done without sacrifice of life? The great wonder of the sacrifice of life? The great wonder of the world, the bridge that unites these two cities. cost the life of the first architect. Ask the shippards of Glasgow and New York how many carpenters went down under accidents before the steamer was launched, ask the three great transcontinental railroads how many in their construction were buried un-

have been martyrs to the cradia of

and and the ansa orath and the in the effort of support their households. Tell us how lany men in England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in the United States, have died for their country. Vicarious suffering is as old as the world, but the most thrilling. sacrifice of all time and eternity was on a bluff back of Jerusalem when one Being took upon Himself the sins, the agonies, the per-dition of a great multitude that no man can number between 12 o'clock of a darkened soon and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, purchasing the ransom of a ruined world.

Dive in all the seas, explore all the mines, crowbar all the mountains, view all the crowned lewels of all the emperors, and find me any gem that can so overwhelmingly symbolize that martyrdom as the ruby. Mark you, there are many gems that are somewhat like the ruby. So is the cornelian. so is the garnet, so is the spinel, so is the balas, so the gems brought from among the gravels of Ceylon and New South Wales, but there is only one genuine ruby, and that comes from the mine of Burmab. And there only one Christ, and He comes from Son of God, only "one name given under heaven among men by which we can be

Ten thousand times 10,000 beautiful imitations of that ruby, but only one ruby. Christ had no descendant. Christ had no counterpart. In the lifted up grandeur and glory and love and sympathy of His character He is the Incomparable, the Infinite One! "The only wise God, our Saviour." Let all hearts, all homes, all times, all eternities, bow low before Him: Let His banner be lifted in all

In olden times Scotland was disturbed by freebooters and pirates. To rid the seas and ports of these desperadoes the hero William Wallace fitted out a men and put sels, but filled it with armed men and put sels, but filled it with armed men and put out o sea. The pirates, with their flag in-seri ed of a death's head, thinking they would get an easy prize, bore down upon the cottish merchantman, when the armed men of Wallace boarded the craft of the pirates and put them in chains and then sailed for port under the Scotch flag flying And to our souls, assailed of sin and deat and hell, through Christ are rescued, and the black flag of sin is torn down, and the striped flag of the cross is hoisted. Biessed be God for any sign, for any signal, for any precious stone that brings to mind the price paid for such a rescue.

Ilike the coral, for it seems the solidified foam of breakers, and I like the jasper, for it gathers seventeen colors into its bosom, and I like the jet, for it compresses the shadows of many midnights, and I like the chrysoprase because its purple is iliumired with a small beaven of stars, and I like the chrysolite for its waves of color which seem on fire. But this morning nothing so impresses me as the ruby, for it deng so impresses me as the ruby, for it de-picts, it typifies, it suggests "The blood o Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin." Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Yea, Solomon was right when in my text he said, "Wisdom is better than

To bring out a contrast that will illustrate To bring out a contrast that will illustrate my text, I put before you two last earthly seenes. The one is in a room with rubies, but no religion, and the other in a room with religion, but no rubies. You enter the first room, where an affluent and worldly man is about to quit this life. There is a ruby on the mantel, possibly among the vases. There is a ruby in the headdress of the auteonly wite.

vases. There is a ruby in the headdress of the queenly wite.
On the finger of the dying man there is a reby. The presence of these rubies implies opnier ee of all kinds. The pictures on the walls are heirlooms or the trophies of European travel. The curtains are from foreign looms: The rugs are from Damascus or Cairo. The sofas are stuffed with ease and quietus e. The rocking chairs roll backward a id forward on luitables. The pillows are explicitly embroidered. All the appointments of the room are a peroration to a success all commercial or professional life. But the man has no religiou, never has had are professed to have. There is not rome religious book in the room.

career is ended, and nothing opens beyond Where he will land stepping off from this its a mystery, or whether he will land at al. for it may be annihilation. He has a prayer to offer, and he does not know how is pray. No hope of meeting again in anothe state of existence, He is through with this life and is sure of no other. The ruby of the mantel and the ruby on the wasted fager of the departing one say nothing of the ransoming blood which they so mightily typify. So far as giving solace or islumination to a departing spirit, they are a deal failure. Midnight of utter hopeicasure drops on all the scene.

drops on all the scene.

Another room of mortal exit. Religion and no rubies. She never had money enough to buy one of these exquisites. Sometime she stopped at a jeweler's show window and saw a row of them incarnadining the verse. She had keen taste to appreciate those game, but she naver owned one of them. She was not jealous or unhappy because others had rubles while she had none. But she had a richer treasurer, and that was the grace of God that had comforted her along the may amid bereavements and temptations and per-secutions and sickness and privations and trials of all sorts. Now she is going out of

tife.

The reom is bright, not with pictures or statues, not with upholstery, not with anyof the gems of mountain or of sea, but there is the gems and vivid glow in the room. Not the light of the chandeller or star or noon day sun, but something that outshines all a them. It must be the presence of super-naturals. From her illumined face I think she must hear sweet voices. Yea, she does hear sweet voices—voices of departed kindred, voices apostolic and prophetic and evangelic, but all of them overpowered by the voice of Christ, saying, "Come, youllessed of My Pather, inherit the kingdom

From her illumined face. I think she must hear rapturous music. Yes, she does hear rapturous music, now soft as solos, now thunderous as orchestras; now a saintly voice alone, now the hundred and forty and four thousand in concert. From her illu mined face. I think she must breathe redol ence. Yea, she does inhale aroma from of the gardens whose flowers never wither and from the blossoms of orchards, every tree of which bears twelve manner of fruit. From her illumined face, I think she must see a glorious sight. Yea, she sees the wall that has jusper at the base and amethyst at the top and blood red rubies between. Goodby, sweet soul! Why should you longer stay? Your work all done, your burdens all carried, your tears all wept! Forward into the light! Up into the joy! Out into the grandeurs! And after you have salued Christ and your kindred, search out him of the palaces of Lebanon cedar and tell him that you have found to be gloriously true what thousands of years ago he asserted in this morning's text, "Wisdom is better than

In those burnished palaces of our God may we all meet. For I confess to you that my chief desire for heaven is not the radiance, or, to take the suggestion of the text, not the rubescence of the scene. My one idea of heaven is the place to meet old friends, God, our best friend, and our earthly friends already transported. Aye, to meet the millions whom I have never seen, but to whom I have administered in the gospel week by week by journalism on both sides of the sea, and throughout Christendom, and through

many lands yet semibarbaric. For the last twenty-three years every blast of injustice against me has multiplied my readers all the world over, and the present malignancy printed and uttered because our church is in financial struggle after having two great structures destroyed by fire and we compelled to build three large churches -I say the present outrageous injustice in some quarters will multiply my audience in all lands if I can keep in good humor and not fight back.

A gentleman tapped me on the shoulder

der crumbling embankments or crushed un-der timbers or destroyed by the powder blast. Tabulate the statistics of how many with 'h to an audience of neighter lives in Cape Town.

both Arrica, and acrears to a swary Sambath to an audience of his neighbors." And I hear and now say to the forty millions of the earth to whose eyes these words w come, that one of my dearest anticipati-is to meet them in heaven. Ah, that wil

etter than rubies. Coming up from different continents, fr different hemispheres, from opposite seasof the earth, to greet each other in holy love in the presence of the glorious Christ who made it possible for us to get there. Our sins all pardoned, our sorrows all banished, never to weep, never to part, never to die! I tell you that will be better than rubles. Others may have the crowns, and the turones, and the scepters; give us our old friends back again. "the friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and all the kindred who have got up from our bereft households, and all our friends whom we have never yet seen, and you may have all the rubies, for that will be

better than rubies. Instead of the dying kiss when they looked so pale and wan and sick, it would be the kiss of welcome on lips jubilant with song, while standing on floors paved with what exquisiteness, under ceilings hung with what glory, bounded by walls facing us with what splendor, amid gladness rolling over us with what doxology—far better, infinitely better, everlastingly better than rubies!

All About the Eyes.

Don't allow a cold wind to strike the

Don't have colored shades on the amps; use white or ground glass. Don't go directly from a warm room

into a cold, raw atmosphere. Don't open the eyes under water in bathing, especially in salt water. Don't let any strong light, like that from electricity, shine directly into

the eyes. Don't strain the eyes by reading. sewing or any like occupation, with an imperfect light.

Don't bathe the eyes with cold water; that which is as warm as can be borne is better.

Don't sleep opposite a window in such manner that a strong light will

strike the eyes on awakening. Don't, above all, have the children sleep so that the morning sun shall

shine in their faces to arouse them. Don't expect to get another pair o eyes when these have been destroyed by neglect or ill use, but give them fair treatment and they will serve faithfully to the end. - New York Ad-

Cooking by Steam.

vertiser.

Cooking dishes are now made in England in which, in the boiling process, the meat does not come in contact with the water or steam. The edible is contained in a jacket, which in turn is immersed in the outside kettle containing the boiling water. It is claimed that by this the nutritious qualities of meat are preserved, nothing passing off in vapor. There is moisture enough in the meat to prevent it burning and all the flavor is retained, while, again, the fiber retains a tenderness not found in any other method. - Hardware.

One Maine teacher says: "I can teach my pupils more physiology in half an hour with a cat and a jac knife than with all the textbooks that we have in the schools."

what we wanted and at last volun-though there was a full moon looking told him my story. He pronounced though there was a full moon looking told him my story. He pronounced though there was a full moon looking told him my story. He pronounced though the plain, and the shadows available with me. Sharp took to the man, who gave his name as Harold, but I did not somehow fancy him from the first, and my instinct was not at fault. The follow was an escaped convict from the East, and had been put in for life for the murder of his father-in-law to secure that relative's money. But Sharp caught so eagerly at his offer to go with us that the whole thing was settled before I could have taken my companion to one side to have remonstrated. We journeyed on for several days, at last reaching a lit-

mountains, washing down ore with it. "He was right as to that, though we found far less than we had hoped for, and after a month or six weeks there we had exhausted the resources of the place. We each had about a thousand dollars in nuggets and nearly as much in dust. Harold then proposed our going down to Sacramento to bank it, so we set out. But not having noticed the way we came, on going back, we lost our bearings for a day, and at last came upon a shaft like a big well cut square down into the carth about three hundred feet or

tle dip between two great, almost per-

pendicular rocks, where Sharp said a

river had once trickled down from the

" That place was sunk by miners, said Sharp, examining the sides care-

"Jut Harold laughed and asked, What miners? Gold war only found in this State in '49, and thar warn't tion, and with a growl of fury attaked no mining done here before then, for me so suddenly that I had only time thar warn't much 'sides Injuns about.' "All the same, this shaft was cut Look here, man, here you can see fellow had, slipped. Sure's you're alive, somebody that knew a thing or two about mining was once at work here, though I can't say how long ago. Maybe they were at it when old

Columbus landed in this country.' "Harold here seemed to give in. and leaning over the sides of the welllike thing said in a sort of specula- crawling away, and reaching out tive tone, 'Wonder if there's any gold. doon there yet? What do you say to one o' us goin' down to see?"

"We both assented and Sharp volumteered to be the one, but Harold stopped him. 'No. Blank here had better go; he's the lightest and me and dropped my hand and went on whining you, Sharp, kin lower and haul him up." "So ropes were untied from about the baggage and knitted into one long length, and attached to my wrist. As I followed it the few feet that lay be-I stepped to the opening Harold tween it and the wall. In a moment caught me: "You will be heavy it was gone, and I was at a loss to know enough without that extra fifty pounds,

and kick off your boots, too. "So, with the jest that I thought I might trust the money with them, I strength, and after a minute or two, put off the belt and boots and, with felt a cold breath of air in my face. only my knife in the band of my

eneficent eve. I lay quite still, not have no difficulty in making up a comdaring to move a muscle, but presently pany to work the mine, if it was found the cold, damp nose of the unseen in- to be all that I claimed for it. But he spector of my body tickled me into a told me that unless I meant to settle sneeze. There was a low growl and sharp teeth seized my wounded shoulder in such a way as to cause me justice, as they were well known there the intensest agony, but I controlled and had friends by the score of their myself, and presently the teeth let go and the creature, whatever it was, walked away and I could hear it erunching the bones between its dread of me, the two left town that powerful jaws.

"I meant, if possible, to learn which way it went on leaving the bottom of the pit, but on this occasion I was disappointed, for after awhile the sound its tearing and gnawing was over, and though I ran at once to the spot where I thought it was, the animal was gone. All next day I waited for its coming with impatience that you must have known something of my position to appreciate, and growing hungry myself was glad to eat a bit of the uncooked flesh it had left, and which was a piece of mountain sheep. It was some time before I could prevail on myself to touch the water at the lowest part of the pit, but thirst, keen and parching, at last overcame my objection, and I drank long and deeply.

"It was again near night when my visitor came again, and this time I marked the spot where it seemed to enter, and moved toward it, but the sharp eyes of the animal noted my acto catch up the nearest object which happened to be a thigh bone of some by human beings, persisted Sharp, large beast, and this I brought down with a terrible thwack upon the head where the pickaxe, or whatever the of the aggressor. It fell back for an instant, when I plucked out my knife and stuck it to the hilt in which I hoped was the creature's neck, but which proved to be its shoulder. Then, unable to withdraw my blade at once, I again struck with my bone, and stunned the animal for a moment. When it arose again I could hear it seized it by the tail; it turned on me with a snarl and caught my hand in its teeth, and I felt upon my flesh the warm drip of blood that told me that the creature was wounded, perhaps much protection as the brass ones now badly. As I made no move, it soon piteously, and, guided by this and by putting out my fingers with as light a touch as I could upon its sleek skin, where. But I knew the exit must be within a very short distance of me, so I lay for a second recruiting my

"This came as if down a funnel in

worn by the troops.-New Orleans Picayune. Lard Oil in the Navy.

Those ships of the United States Navy that do not use the electric light are still lighted with lard oil, which thickens to the consistency of stiff molasses in cold weather, and has other inconvenient habits. They powers that be have always pronounced any other oil unsafe for moving ships. There was a time when the man who should have invented a better oil and persuaded the Navy Department that it was as safe as lard oil would have trousers, was dropped over. I had gotten within seven or eight feet of the bottom when the rope all at once animal could go. I could follow. so I made a fortune.—Globe-Democrat.

was little hope of bringing them to heir power until in the deep night of trouble the Divine Lamp revealed their exquisite-

whies for the night.
All of the books of the Bible attempt in me way the assuagement of misfortune of the 150 psalms of David at least ninety allude to trouble. There are sighings in every wind, and tears in every brook, and pangs in every heart. It was originally proposed to call the President's residence at Washington 'The Palace' or 'the Execu-tive Mansion,' but after it was destroyed in the war of 1814 and rebuilt in was painted white to cover up the marks of the smoke and fire that had blackened the stone walls. Hence it was called "The White House," Most of things now white with attractiveness

nroll an apocalypse over the fear its soothing voice as it declares:
Weeping may endure for a night, but joy
the morning." "The montains My loving kindness shall not depart from you." "Whom the Lord loveth He chas-teneth." "They shall hunger no more,

ryes."
The most wholesome thing on earth is trouble, if met in Christian spirit. To make Paul want he was it took ship wreck, and whipping on the bare back, and penitentiary and pursuit of wild mobs, and the sword of decapitation. To make David what he was it took all that Ahithophel and Saul and Absalom and Goliath and all the Philistine hosts could do against him. It took Robert

It was bereavement that brought William Haworth, of Wesley's time, from wickedness to an evangelism that won many thousands for heaven. The world would never have known what heroic stuff Ridley was made of had not the fires been kindled around his feet, and not liking this slow work he cried: "I cannot burn. Let the fire come to me. I cannot burn." Thank God that there are cannot burn." Thank God that there are gens that unfold their best glories under the amplight! Thank God for the ruby, Moreover, I am sure Solomon was right in