TO A CAT.

Condescend
Here to all by me and turn
Glorious eyes that smile and burn,
Golden eyes, love's lustrious meed,
On the golden page I reach

All your wondrous wealth of hair, Dark and fair. Silken shrapp, so t and bright As the clouds and beams of night, Pays my reverent hand's careas lack with triendler gentlepess.

Dogs may fawn on all and some Dogs they love on a care of a same of a same of a same of the same of lotter mind.

Answer friends of lotter mind.

Answer friends alone in kind.

Just your foot upon my hand

Eof ly bids it understand.

Morning round this silent sweet colden seat. Sheds its wearth and gathering light. Theilis the grad not clouds with might, Changes woodard, orchard heath, Lawn, and ar len there teneath.

Fair and dim they gleamed below; Now they glow
Deep as even your authoright eyes,
Full as even the wakening skies.
Can it not or can it be
Now that you give thanks to see?

May not von rejoice as 1.
Seeing the sky
Change to be new revealed, and bid
Earth reveal the neaven in bid All ment long from atars and moon, Now the sun sets all in tune?

What within you wakes with day Who can say?

All two little may we tell
Friends who like such other well,
What might havy if e might,
Rid us read our lives aright.

KATIE'S LOVERS.

"Is that your last word Kate?" "My last."

"You have no love to give mey" "How many times must you ask

"Fut it seems that I have looked into your eyes and that they have given me a different answer than your tongue. Deny it or not. Kate, your eyes have looked into mine and told me that I had a small place in your heart. I have seen it, say what you this prop resting on a plank laid may, and though your voice was silent, your eyes, my bonny Kate, have whispered soft promises that caused my temples to throb and the blood to rush to my head, until I seemed half mad with joy."

She, a stalwart English lass, brown as a berry, as handsome an example of a working woman as ever lived, til daylight and now with the liquor laughed. It was a musical, bewitching laugh, but it sounded like a death knell to the man who stood before her, with face affame with passion. He was a tall specimen of the Anglo-



demon of lealousy raged so furiously those of the other.

"Pshaw! A woman's eyes, Geoffry" not mean:

with me?

"Oh, I do not say so."

"Kate, take care." "Of what?"

"You are playing with fire, lass, where, My love must have its way-you must be mine."

"Must" Indeed! You have Surely I may love whom I choose ' "Yes; and you love that Norwe

looked at him-how you encouraged him, while I stood aside with the rage in my heart to kill you both. Before that scoundrel came between

You forget yourself to defame a -if he were here-

'You defend him. You love him? Deflantly: "And if it were true?" He grasped her arm with a cry.

to me, lass, and I-

"Let go my arm." "I will not."

"Coward! I shall hate you." "It is as well since you do not love

"At last I understand you. I de spise you now that I know you. Let that

enough to strike a woman."

fore her, pale as death. One hand he passed nervously through his bair, while his features worked convulsively. she, with figure erect and blazing eyes, confronted him.

If that is your last word, goodby," he said. 'Tell your Norwegian to look out or I will kill bim " "Perhaps he's a better man than

Don't drive me too hard with your tongue.'

Next time you think to win a sweetheart, learn bow to treat her." "Kate, something oppresses me. Something is going to happen on the morrow. Should you care if I met my death in the mine?" she laughed lightly.

"Not at all." Without a word he turned and walked hastily away. She watched his figure vanishing in the light of

the silver sun. Fool," she said. "Has he not yet learned that no man on earth may drive me?"

The following day Geoffry and the Norwegian were working on the footwall on the third tier up from the level mining out the fourth tier underhand. This portion of the mine had caved in the year previous and the roots were filled and the posts more or le's crushed, so that great care was necessary in taking out the piliars. They had worked out one lot of sets on the cast side of the pillar and were engaged on the one next to it. In mining these crushed pillars, sets of smaller dimensions are used in order that very little ground should be opened at one time without timber. Here the ground was so soft that laths were driven to support the back until the timber could be not This particular set was nearly out and a prop and head board had been erected to support the laths, across the lagging of the set below. Geoffry and the Norwegian were working silently, but now and then they gazed furtively at each other. The heart of the Englishman was full of insane Jealousy and he was not himseif that morning. After his talk the evening before he had drank unworking in his brain, mad desires chased one another through his mind and he regarded the Norwegian with the glance of a wild beast-a look that impelled the latter to the greatest caution. Never once did he turn his back to the Englishman: never once was his attention detracted from his danger. Like two dumb brutes. filled with savage impulse, the primal wish of man to kill, they worked side by side in the narrow place. The Norwegian moved to the other end where work was necessary, when suddenly he slipped. With a hoarse cry the Englishman sprang forward with uplifted implement to brain his fallen antagonist, when sudden, there was a crashing behind those , he framework gave way; t te and rock

stock still, thinking his last day had and I praved that you might be come: in a moment he was frozen saved so that my devotion could undo like a statue. When he recovered the harsh words of the past. Do you his senses he heard the groan of the forgive me?" Norwegian and saw that he was pinned to the earth by masses of ore. Saxon type of miner, with arms like Hastening to him, as best he might, a blacksmith and the legs and thighs he removed the ore from the crushed of an athlete. Kate was the daugh body, which he took in his arms and ter of the captain of the mine and bore to the other end of the chamber came from the same part of England in which they were literally ento America when the mining industry tombed. The Norwegian was groanhere was almost in its infancy. For ing in the greatest pain and Geoffry some time Geoffry had been suitor litted his head and pressed his flask for her hand, and hate had played to the lips of the dving man, whose fast and loose until at times the eyes never even in his agony left While before that he was almost beside himself, the picture was that of primal man, An I now at twilight time the two born to kill, to slay, to annihilate, stood just without the door of her now it was a picture of that human father's cottage. The sun was going brotherhood which lies deep down bedown in a haze like that seen on the neath all evil desires and toward orean. It was not a golden sun, which the young world is struggling though so near its resting place, but and struggling. Into the eyes of the a sun of silver, bright and shining Norwegian the Englishman was gazin harmony with the snow covered ing. Both were members of the same surface of the earth and the gray sky. fraternal working order. The breath Above the Lills the shalf-houses were of the dving man came in gasps, sharply defined against the sky, and shorter and shorter; the light faded in the distance the lorests-those from those deep-set eyes and the form noble Michigan torests seemed like became stiff. Geoffry's rival was a dark fringe around the pallid land dead. The Englishman, shut up in that horrible pri on, threw himself Can you deny. Kate, that your upon the body and wept. How long eyes have told me you might care for he remained thus he never knew, for what are periods when anguish annihilates time-when the lines of the They may say many things they do poet sout of space, out of time," give a certain divinity to human nature. "You mean you have been playing Geoffry did not suffer from suffocation. Although shut out from the world by what seemed a solid wall a draft of air was apparent and it was evident there were crevices some-

Meanwhile the news of the disaster had spread far and wide. The aptain was busy over his books in pleasant manner of winning a woman his of ce and near him sat bonny Kats Why did she come? Was it to catch a glimpse of the Norwegian gian. At the dance I saw how you as he emerged from the shaft? Was love, then, so impatient? A man covered with dirt and grime rushed nto the office.

"An accident, captain--

"Where?" On the third tier. The Norwe man behind his back. It is cowardly gian, Bnorgson, and Geoffry were working there.'

Kate gave a cry. Her face was the color of the pallid landscape now, and she sprang up like a deer shot to "It cannot be, Kate. You must the heart, while with quivering hips love no one but myself. You belong she gazed at the messenger of evil.

"Is he are they killed?" she asked, the words falling slowly.

"There isn't much chance." Now in the mine the men were working with a will, clearing away the enormous masses of ore and rock. The only chance for the men was they were imprisoned, not go of my arm. It is the part of a crushed, and that was a faint hope man to exert brute strength over a at the test. An ong the throng of woman. I believe you are coward workers was Kate, who herself worked until her strength was exhausted. Gang relieved gang and He released her arm and stood be still the great mass seemed to become

but the more impregnable. On the second day the men paused, for they thought they heard something. They listened intently. It was a faint rapping on a timber. On the third day the tapping was fainter and then it ceased. The fourth morning they reached the men. The Englishman was dead, apparently. Both bodies were taken to the surface. At the word 'dead," Kate, worn out, had failen unconscious. Suddenly one of the men who had been bending over the Englishman, shouted:

"I here's life here." The Captain knelt by his side and heard the faint beating of the heart. "Carry the lad to my house." he commanded.

When Geoffry came to himself he was lying in a small room near the window. Upon the window sill were flowers. Bending over him was a woman. Someone held his hand; lips were pressed to his forehead: kindly, sympathetic eyes gazed into his and their tender light bewildered him.

"Kate "Geoffry"

"Is it you sweetheart?"

It is 1. dear.

What did this mean? His head was now resting on her bosom, the broad, womanly bosom, of this



GEOFFREY SPRANG FORWARD WITH HIS AX

woman of the people. Her lips close to his whispered:

"How do you feel?" "In Heaven, Kate. I have had a bad dream-

"Hush, dear heart. Get well, for my sake ! "For yours, Kate?"

"Yes, yes, for mine-for mine."

"Then you-"Love you" Yes, ves."

"My sweet lass! But why "Geoffry, Geoffry, sweetheart, did you know me so little you thought to drive me? You could not command me-your jeal usly could not force me to be yours-but you may lead me to the end of the world. There, close your eyes. You are worn and weary. You have passed nearly from me and my life would have while you w. Think how I suffered, nat comb. Then avalanche. The Englishman stood I knew what my love for you was

again to hear such words."-Utica

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

1789. The First Federal American longress under the Constitution hold

in New York 1790. Philadelphia was made the

capital for ten years, and congressional essions were held there. 1790. The National Assembly of France declared the Government a

limited monarchy 1790. The United States Constitution ratified by all the original States. 1791. The first Plank of the United states established by act of Congress

National Convention of France onstituted: 371 members. 1792. French National Convention prec aimed a republic. The aften and sedition laws

bassed by Congress during trouble with 1799. Council of Five Hundred deposed by Bonaj acte and representative

overnment ended. 1799. A French Senate created watch over the administration of the

1800. Washington was made capital, and the first-ession of Congress in that city was held.

1800. Last Irish Parliament met; bill for union passed, 1801. Clergymen prohibited from becoming members of Parliament.

1801. First Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. 1505, Diet of Rati-bon. Many German princes seceded from the empire and joined the party of Napoleon.

British Parliament pa sed acts abolishing the slave trade. 1809. Representative congressional government established in Sweden and

members of Congress elected. 1810. Chili declared independent of pain and a Congress elected.

1812. Cortes of Spain re-established on a new and democratic basis. 1814. The French Senate replaced

by a Chamber of Peers. 1814. Legislative upion of Sweden and Norway accomplished: the latter declared a free and independent state.

united to Sweden. Services Declined.

Mr. Busy had a hard afternoon's work before him, and as ill luck would have it his friend Smithson had come into the office for an idle chat. Mr. Busy had given him one or two hints to go, but without avail. "Dear me!" said Busy, who felt that something must be done. "I'm so overwhelmed with work that I scarcely have time to live. If this rush continues I shall have to engage

somebody else to cat my meals for me. "Now, now," said Smithson, who, like most idle men, was a great eater, "that's just my chance. Hire me. I'll

do it cheap." "No, Smithson," answered Busy. "I don't think it would be safe. You know I'm subjected to dyspepsia, and I'm afraid you'd have me sick.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Christ the Conqueror."

TEXT: "Who is this that cometh from Edon with dyel garments from Borrah—this that is glorious in His apparel, traveling in the great-ness of His strength?"—Isaiah lxiii., 1.

Edom and Bozrah, having been the scene of flerce battle, when those words are used here or in any other part of the Bible they are figures of speech setting forth scenes of severe conflict. As now we often use the word Waterloo to describe a decisive contest of any kind, so the words Bozrah and Edom in this text are figures of speech descriptive of a scene of great slaughter. Whatever else the prophet may have meant to describe, he most certainly meant to depict the Lord Jesus Christ saying, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyel garments from Bozrah, iraveling in the greatness of His strength?"
When a general is about to go out to the

wars, a flag and a sword are publicly pre-sented to him, and the maidens bring flow-ers, and the young men load the cannon. and the train starts amid a huzza that frowns the thunder of the wheels and the shries of the whistle. But all this will give no idea of the excitement that there must have been in heaven when Christ started out on the campaign of the world's conquest, If they could have foreseen the siege that would be laid to Him, and the maltreatment fie would suffer, and the burdens He would have to earry, and the battles He would have to fight, I think there would have been a militon volunteers in heaven who would have insisted on coming along with Him. But no , they only accompanied him to the gute; their last shout heard clear down to the earth; the space between the two worlds

bridged with a great hosanna.

You know there is a wide difference between a man's going off to battle and coming back again. When he goes off, it is with epaulets untangled, with banner unspecked. with horses sleek and shining from the groom. All that there is of struggle and pain is to come yet. So it was with Christ, lie had not yet fought a battle. He was starting out, and though this world did not give Him a warm hearted greeting there was a gentle mother who folded Him in her arms. And a babe finds no difference between a stable and a palace, between courtiers and

camel drivers.
As Jesus stepped on the stage of this world if was aprid angelic shouts in the galleries and amid the kindest maternal ministragather. They deployed from the sanbedrin. They were detailed from the standing army. They came out from the Casareau castles. The vagabenes in the street joined the genlemen of the mansion. Spirits rode up from together that threatened to put to rout this

hewiy arrived one from heaven.

Jesus, now seeing the battle gathering,
lifted His own standard. But who gathered
about it? How feeble the recruits! A few shorenen, a blind beggar, a woman with an alabaster box, another woman with two mittee and a group of friendless, moneyless and positionless people came to His standard.
What chance was there for Him? Nazareth
against Him, Bethlehem against Him, Capernaum against Him, Jerusalem against Him, Galilee against Him, the courts against Him, the army against Him, the throne against Him, the world against Him, all hell against No wonder they asked Him to sur

But He could not surrender, He could not logize, He could not take any back steps, He had come to strike for the deliverance of an ensiaved race, and He must do the work. Then they sent out their pickets to watch Him. They saw in what house He went and when He came out. They watched what He ate, and who with; what He drank, and how much. They did not dare to make *!

ore fleres than Bozrab, more bloody than Gettysburg, involving more than Austerlitz, more combatants employed than at Chalons, a ghastiler conflict than all the battles of the Lass, lass, pray God I might die earth put together, though Edmund Burke's estimate of thirty-five millions of the slain be accurate. The day was Friday. The hour was between 12 and 3 o'clock. The field was between 12 and 3 o'clock, was a slight hillock northwest of Jerusalem. The forces engaged were earth and hall oined as alites on one side, and heaven opresented by a solitary inhabitant on the

The hour came. Oh, what a time it was! I think that day the universe looked on. The spirits that could be spared from the heavenly temple and could get conveyance of wing or charlot came down from above and spirits getting furlough from beneath came up ; and they ustened, and they looked. and they watched. Oh, what an uneven bat-Two world's armed on one side; an unarmed man on the other. The regiment of the Roman army at that time stationed at Jerusaiem began the attack. They knew how to fight, for they belonged to the most They knew thoroughly drilled army of the world. With spears glittering in the sun they charged up hill. The horses prance and rear amid the excitement of the populace—the ficels of the riders plunged in the flanks, urging them on

The weapons begin to tell on Christ. how faint He looks! There the blood starts, and there, and there, and there, He is to have re-enforcements, let Him call them up now. No: He must do this work alone. He is dying. Feel for vourselt of the wrist the puise is feebler. Feel under the arm; the warmth is less. He is dying. Aye, they pronounce Him dead. And just at tent moment that they pronounce Him dead He rallied, and from His wounds He quisheathed a weapon which staggered the Roman legions down the hill and buried the satunte battations into the pit. It was a weapon of love—influite love, all conquering love. Mightier than javelin or spear, it triumphed over all. Put back, ye armies of carto and hell

The tide of hattle turns. Jesus hath over-ome. Let the people stand apart and make a line that He may pass down from Calvary to Jerusalem, and thence on and out all around the world. The battle is fought. The victory is schieved. The triumphal march is begun. Hark to the hoofs of the warrior's steed and the tramping of a great multitude, for He has many friends now! The hero of beaven and earth advances. Cheer, cheer! "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Boz-rah, traveling in the greatness of His steaugth?

We behold here a new revelation of a blessed and a startling fact. People talk of Christ as though He were going to do something grand for us after awhile. He has done it. Peopletulk as though ten or twenty years from now, in the closing hours of ou life or in some terrible pass of life, Jesus will help us. He has done the work already. He did it 1861 years ago. You might as well talk of Washington as though he were going to achieve our national independence in 1950 as to speak of Christ as though Ho were going to achieve our salvation in the future—He did it in the year of our Lord 33-1861 years ago-on the field of Bozrah, the Captain of our salvation fighting unto death for your and my emancipation.

All we have to do is to accept that fact in our hearts, and we are free for the world to come.

But, lest we might not accept, Christ comes through here to-day "traveling in the greatness of His strength," not to tell you that He is going to fight for you some battle in the future, but to tell you that the battle is already lought and the victory already won. You have noticed that when soldiers come home from the wars they carry on their face. home from the wars they carry on their flags the names of the battlefields where they were distinguished. The Englishman coming back has on his banner Inkerman and Balaklava, the Frenchman Jona and Eylau; the German, Versailles and Sedan. And Christ has on

the banner He carries as conqueror the names of 10,000 battlefields. He won for you and for me. He rides past all our homes of becavement—by the door bell swathed in sorrow, by the wardrobe black with woe, by the dismantled fortress of our strength.

Come out and greet Him to-day, O ye people! See the names of all the battle passes on His flag. Ye who are poor, read on this ensign the story of Christ's hard crusts and pillowless head. Ye who are persecuted, read here of the rufflans who chased Him from His first breath to His last. Mighty to soothe your troubles, mighty to balk your calamities, mighty to tread down your foes, "traveling in the greatness of His strength." 'traveling in the greatness of His strength.' Though His horse be brown with the dust of the march, and the fellocks be wet with the the march, and the fetlocks be wet with the earnage, and the bit be red with the blood of your spiritual foes, He comes up now, not axhausted from the battle, but fresh as when He went into it—coming up from Bozrah. "traveling in the greatness of His strength." You know that when Augustus and Constantine and Trajan and Titus came back from the ware what a titus came back from the ware what a titus came.

from the wars what a time there was. You know they came on borseback or in chariots, and there were trophies before, and there were captives behind, and there were people shouting on all sides, and there were gar-lands flung from the window, and over the highway a triumphal arch was spring. The solid masonry to-day at Benevento, Rimini and Rome still tell their admiration for those heroes. And shall we let our conqueror go without lifting any acclaim? Have we not flowers red enough to depict the cannage, white enough to celebrate the victory, fra-grant enough to breathe the joy?

Those men of whom I just spoke dragged their victims at the chariot wheels, but Christ, our Lord, taxes those who once were captives and invites them into His chariot to ride, while He puts around them the arm of strength, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the waters shall not drown it, and the fires shall not burn it, and eternity shall not exhaust it."

If this be true, I cannot see how any man

can carry his sorrows a great while. If this conqueror from Bozrah is going to beat back all your griefs, why not trust Him? Oh, do all your griess, way not trust Him? On, do you not feel under this gospel your griefs falling back and your tears drying up as you hear the tramp of a thousand illustrious promises led on by the conquerer from Boarah, "traveling traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

On that Friday which the Episcopal church rightly celebrates, calling it "Good Priday," your soul and mine were contended for. On that day Jesus proved Himself mightier than earth and hell, and when the lances struck Him He gathered them up into a sheaf as a reaper gathers the grain, and He stacked them. Mounting the horse of the Apocalypse, He rode down through the ages traveling in the greatness of His strength On that day your sin and mine perished, if we will only believe it.

There may be some one here who may say: "I don't like the color of this conqueror's garments. You tell me that His garments were not only spattered with the blood of conflict, but also they were soaked; that they were saturated; that they were dyed in it." I admit it. You say you do not like that. Then I quote you two passages of Scripture: "Without the sheding of blood there is no remission." "In the blood is the But it was not your blood. wit His own. Not only enough to redden His garmenis and to redden His horse, but enough to wash away the sins of the world. Oh, the blood on His brow, the blood on His hands, the blood on His feet, the blood on His side! It seems as if an artery must have

been cut. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from himmanust's veice. And sinners plumed becaute that floot Lose all their guidy stains.

At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon go amone the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who by their looks show you that they are over worked. They are pre-naturely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shaftered their nervous system and "led on the brain. They have a shortness

and at night an insome that he head, and at night an insome that air. In.

Why are they drudging at pusiness early and late! For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaus-tion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases, no. Because their own personal ex-penses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants.

The simple fact is the man is enduring all that intigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store. from that bank, from that sliop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread and war irobe and education and proserity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury nine die o overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life, Blood for blood, Substitution

At 1 o'clock to-morrow morning, the house when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But youder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window easement a glass or pitcher ntaining food for a sick child—the food set in the fresh air.

This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription. ot giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very auxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss on the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal.

After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and

with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life, Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlinost, have only strength enough left to die. They fadeaway. Some call it consumption : some call it nervous prostration (some call it intermittent or malarial disposition, but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Blood for blood. Substitution

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses auxiety about him, But she goes right on, looking earefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought some, worn out with dissipation, nurses him till be gets well and starts him till be gets well and starts him again and hopes and expects and prays and counsels and suffers until her strength gives out and she falls. She is going, and attendants bending over her pillow ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but our of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words, "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Sub-

About thirty-three years ago there went forth from our homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud. They slept in snowbanks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws all tractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cred for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick and received no message from their loved About thirty-three years ago there went and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in

only attendants on their obsequies.

No one but the infinite God, who ke

everything, knows the ten thousandth of the length and breadth and depth height of anguish of the northern and so ern battlefields. Why did these fatt leave their children and go to the front. why did these young men, postponing marriage day, start out into the probabil of never coming back? For the country died. Life for life. Blood for blood.

But we need not go so far. What is t monument in Greenwood? It is to the a tors who fell in the southern epidem. Why go? Were there not enough sick to attended in these northern latitudes? yes: but the doctor puts a few medical bo-in his vallee, and some vials of medicine, leaves his patients here in the hands of or physicians, and takes the rail train. But he gets to the infected regions he pashe gets to the infected regions he pa-erowded rail trains, regular and extra, ing the flying and affrighted population He arrives in a city over which a great | for is broading. He goes from cou-couch, feeling of pulse and studying sy-toms, and prescribing day after day, in after night, until a fellow physician "Doctor, you had better go home and you look miserable."

But he cannot rest while so many suffering. On and on until some mor finds him in a delirium. In which he talk home and then rises and says he must and look after those patients. He is to: ile down, but he fights his attendants the falls back, and is weaker and weaker. dies for people with whom he had no kins and far away from his own family, an hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, a only the fifth part of a newspaper line to us of his sacrifice—his name just mention among five. Yet he has touched the furth height of sublimity in that three weeks humanitarian service. He goes straigh an arrow to the bosom of Him who said was sick and ye visited Me. 'Life for

Blood for blood. Substitution:
Some of our modern theologians who to give God lessons about the best w: save the world tell us they do not want blood in their redemption. They wan take this horse by the bit and hari him i on his haunches and tell this rider i Bozrah to go around some other way, out lest ye fail under the flying boofs of horse, lest ye go down under the swo this conqueror from Bozrah! What m the blood of the pigeons in the old dispotion, the blood of the bullock; the block the heifer; the blood of the lamb? It m to prophesy the cleansing blood, the par-ing blood, the healing blood of this

queror who comes up from Bezrah, "tra ing in the gratness of His strength." I catch a handful of the red torrent rushes out from the heart of the Lord, a throw it over this audience, hoping that drop of its cleansing power may come your soul. O Jesus, in that crimson your soul. O Jests, wash our souls! We accept Thy sacr Conqueror of Boxrab, have mercy upon the way. W We throw our garments in the way. We into line. Ride on, Jesus, ride on! "Triing, traveling is the greatness of

strength. But after awhile the returning conqu will reach the gate, and all the armies saved will be with Him. I hope you withere and I will be thore. As we go thre the gate and around about the throughour review. "a great multitude that no man number"—all heaven can tell without as right away which one is Jesus, not only cause of the brightness of His face, but cause while all the other inhabitants in are robed in white-saints in white, c bim in white, scraphim in white-His shall be scarlet, even the dyel garmen Boarah. I enteh a glimpse of that trit ant joy, but the gate opens and sh quickly I can hear only half a sentence it is this: "Unto Him who hath washed His blood !--

Popular Stones for Jewelry.

Through all changes, when stone seems to he a its day, the mond stands alone, incompratol these days stones are prominence to meet th variety, and such stones thyst, the aquamarine, t., beryl, the golden carnelian and other stones known as semi-pri are so wonderfully cut and set greatly increase their intrinsic These stones are very fashions just at present, set in the form of lar and girdle. The turquoise has more universally adopted in reyears than any other stone. The gr est number, and some of the beautiful, have of late years found in our own country. Du the last three years \$400,000 worth American turquoises have been used And the opal-that exquisite step with its fairy light dancing over delicate surface-just now it is finding its reward after many years of pr udice. Indeed, so far has the old s perstition regarding this stone be removed that it has become, when se in diamonds, one of the chosen stor for the engagement ring, and the w man who can claim among her assoc ates the most beautiful opal is to

A Ring's 6wn Story.

envied, not pitied. -Jewelers' Circ

Picking up from the sidewalk the other morning what happened to be a gold ring, with empty claws showing the removal of a stone, the finder took it to a jeweler in Eleventh street for inspection. He examined it for a few minutes under a magnifying glass and said: "Yes, this is a gold ring of fourteen carats. The stone it contained was a three-carat diamond. It was worn a number of years on a slender woman's third finger. Then it changed hands and was enlarged by the insertion of a piece of gold of inferior alloy, and may have been worn on the third finger of a stout woman or the little finger of a man. The diamond was removed by a clumsy hand, probably by a thief, who either accidentally dropped the ring or threw it away where you found it. I never saw the ring before, but plainly read its history by the same process of observation, analysis and deduction that an Indian unconsciously employs in detecting the testimony of a forest trail."--Philadelphia Record.

Fads of Naval Officers.

Naval officers have little fads of their own to help while away time on board ship. Some are experts in photography. Other make a specialty of something immediately in the line of their profession. Many collect bric-sbrae and curios. These amusements are for the most part inexpensive, and sometimes they are profitable. One officer usually picks up enough foreign postage stamps and strange coins on long cruise to bring in a nest little sum when he gets to some port where such things can be sold. -Chicago