THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG,

If the swaying mountain harebell Had its choice,

And could shatter the sweet silence With a voice:

If a violet bud its fragrant Soul had found,

And would breathe the lovely socret Forth in sound :

If the summer sky the meaning Of a rune.

Would unfold in one enchanting Bit of tame ;

If a post his flost fancies, Sought in vain,

Would o'erta're in one compelling Perfect strain :

If a lover his first ander-Hidden long,

Would express in one revealing Tender song :

Flower and poet, sky and lover, Well might canture From a bluebint's throat the malting

Tones of rapture. -Eila Gilbert Lyes, in Lippincott.

THE STRAW-RIDE.

BY ERNEST A. VOUNG.



stm pletons- point. that's all I've got to say about it!"

Then he opened

the door of the kitchen stove, dexterously transferred a live coal to the pipe, and then leaned back to puff contentedly, having saved the value of

"Young folks can't be expected to be jest as stiddy as old ones like us, Simon. If they think there's more comfort ridin over a frozen road in an old hay-wagon with straw on the bottom on't to keep their fest from freezin', it ain't for us to quarrel with 'em 'bout it."

So reasoned Samantha Gale, who was elattering the suppor dishes at the

and the young fellers up to Carter's," admitted Simon, with a sniff. "But I thought M'rye had more sense than to go with 'em. I should smiled to see you go to a straw-ride when you was goin' on twenty-eight."

"We'd been married nine year then, Simon," she reminded him.

"So M'rve would have been if she hadn't sot her mind on havin' William Frye's son. Pretty nigh ten years since they had their fallin' out, ain't it, Samanthay"

"It'll be ten year Thanksgivin'-

"And they haven't spoke to one 'nother since, have they?' "Not a word."

his mother. And as for M'rye

"Hush, Simon! Here con

the room.

With her graceful curves, softlyrounded cheeks, with a dash of pink in them, and a sweet dignity of bear- scowled. ing, Maria Gale was more beautiful, perhaps, than she had ever been before he asked. in her life.

"They are coming, mother," she said.

"Guess everybody this side of the State line will hear 'em!" said her father, with a twist of his shaven lips.

The rumble of the heavy wagon could not, indeed, have been mistaken, and with a chatter of merry voices and ripple of laughter, it was plain that the occupants of the haywagon felt little apprehension of frozen feet or stinging ears.

The team drew up at the door with a flourish. "Halloo, house!" came from mascu-

line voices. And then, from the Jenks girls:

"M'rye! All aboard for Wigson's!"

"Do you think I'm silly to go? I'm so much older than the others," Maria to the truth. faitered, as her lips touched her mother's cheek.

"No, no, child; it'll do you good; you're allus so sober-like. And besides, they'll need somebody oller and stiddier to balance their giddy

"I so like to go to the Wigson house, with its great fireplaces and its homelike nooks.

"Yes, child, and they're cheerfuller than we be, and they've read more and have more to talk about. Go along, M'rye, and be sure and not git Got my heavy shawl, have ye?" "Yes, mother, and I promise to be

She went out into the keen November air and up into the big wagon, with its acttees set lengthwise, with barely room upon one of them for Maria to sit. Joe Carter, a stripling

of seventeen, lifted her into the cart. With her feet buried in the mass of straw on the floor, and with a Jenks girl upon one side and Lou Baxter on low murmur of their voices sent a eral substances. It was asserted that the other, there seemed little danger

"I'm glad the wagon makes lots of noise," Lou confided to her, as they went clattering away down the road. sight. "For there's something I'm just dying to say to you, and nobody can hear any more than if we were all soul alone. You know I always tell you

everything, Maria "It is about Phil Marston, of course. and your voice and shining eyes tell me that it is something good this time; don't deny it, you rogue!" A little tremor of delight shot

never cared for Alma Gray. Oh, I am porch at Wigson's. so happy! But poor Alma, when she comes to know-

"Perhaps Alma won't care, Lou. You mustn't think that Phil has the power of making everybody so miserable as he could you," said Maria, with her sweet smile.

And so she listened to the raptuous confidences of Lou Baxter, seeming to enter into the joy of her fresh young heart, though there was a faint mem-

ory of pain at her own. Down a long hill flew the heavilyfreighted wagon. Three powerful horses made up the team, and Joe Car- too?" ter's twin brother, Jerry, was driving.

He was said to be a famous lad to handle horses, and by the rate they were going some of the older members of the party judged that he was yield- time while you and I were talking. ing to the youthful propensity for "showing off."

The moon was "in the full," and had not yet risen high enough above the horizon to afford much light upon the road. There were few houses and many trees; and at the foot of the long hill the driver made the most of to help the team over the beginning HEY RE a pack of of the up grade which began at that

> The feat was successful, but it caused the settees to give a bounce said Simon Gale, and a slide toward the rear end of the He pressed the wagon, while a choras of feminine tobaccodowninto screams and masculine shouts of the bowl of his warning to the reckless driver interrupted the chat and laughter which had been going on.

There was a moment of desperate clinging to seats and wagon rails, a shouting to the driver to stop, in the found the sweet delight of a strong hand to hold her from falling out, with Phil's magnetic voice telling her not to be afraid-whispering the assurance unnecessarily close to her ear.

It took some moments for the driver to bring the horses down to a walk, however, and when they got the settees back into place, and the occupants had relacsed from scolding into chatter and laughter again, Lou found "It's well 'nough for the Jenks gals herself in the forward end of the had all been distributed among the wagon, with Phil mumbling his happy nothings at her side.

> "And-joyous ingrate that she was -not a thought of Maria Gale entered her mind until the team drew up with a flourish in front of Wigson's.

By this time the moon was high enough to shed transforming light upon them. Joe Carter, with the shy, boyish liking for a young woman many years older than himself, looked around lips. for Maria, bent upon showing her how easily he could lift her out.

But the wagon was quickly emptied, and Joe blankly looked to find how Maria had given him the slip. "Where's M'rye?" he demanded of

Lou. "Maria Gale" she "Maria Gale" she epected, aroused from us, own bleasant ae thoughts. "I'm sure I don know. wagon, makin' as much noise as a train | She must have jumped out and gone of cars. And here's M'rve, all ready." | into the house shead of us. You know The door from the stairway had she was at the rear end of the wagon. softly opened, and a tall young woman, And-that makes me think. I don't facturing chemists of Paris, M. Berthemuffled up in hood and furs, and with believe she suspected that he was let indulged in some extraordinary have seen him, and I know she wasn't

told of his intention to go." Joe shrugged his shoulders and

"I s'ppose you mean Jimmy Frye?"

"Of course. And he sat right opposite to us when she got in. But he was so muffled up and so glum that I'm sure-"Don't know what that signifies,"

snapped Joe.

And he abruptly turned his back upon this young lady, who, with all her own experience, had no thought for the fierce flame of jealousy which her suggestion roused in his boyish heart.

He began his search for Maria Gale then in earnest.

But not for her alone did he inquire-for it was quickly discovered that James Frye, the "old bachelor" of the party, was also missing.

Great was the consternation when there could be no longer any doubt as It was Lou Baxter who first put it

into words.

"They must have been joited out of the wagon when we all came so near being upset!" she cried.

Joe Carter, without saying so, had reached this conclusion some time before, and while the others were talkalone down the moonlit road, with his young heart aglow with the resolution to show Maria Gale that he had been the first to discover her mishap, and the promptest to come to her relief.

"As for Jim Frye," he muttered, as he strode along, "he is too much of a mummy to appreciate any decent girl, plenty. - New Orleans Picayune. let alone such a real lady as M'rye

Jos suddenly slackened his pace; then withdrew his sturdy form in

among the roadside shadows. Up the road two forms were slowly of suffering from either cold or en- they drew near-passed almost within reach of his outstretched hand, with the moonlight full upon them-and then on up the hill and out of his

"It was them!" gasped Joe, as he stoood for a moment gazing after them in a tragic attitude.

"I thought I heard some one hollering for us to stop, when we was all jumbled up in the wagon there at the foot of the hill," he added. "And it was him calling to us, and she was there, too! Why didn't I jump out and go back? If I only wasn't so through the petite form of Lou Bax- tbick-headed!"

While poor Joe was thus lashing city are the rata-

"Yes, Maria, it is really so. He himself into a jealous fury, Jimmy spoke to me this very night, and he Frye, with Maria upon his arm, met has loved me all along, and he has Philip Marston and Lou Baxter on the

They were just starting out to find the missing ones, and a horse and buggy had been brought to the door to expedite the search.

"It is such a joke-that is, if you are unburt?" Lou exclaimed, with one of Maria's hands between both her

"I was a little stunned for a moment," she explained, as Jimmy and Phil left them together, and they lingered in the hall where the tall old clock was solemnly ticking. "But Jimmy-was he stunned,

"Oh, no; for you see he wasn't thrown out at all. He saw me fall and jumped to save me, for there he

was sitting right opposite us all the

"Perhaps I didn't know," said Lou, her bright eyes looking into those of her friend.

Something like happy tears were glistening in the eyes which had been sweet and grave for so many years.
"I almost knew," Lou hurriedly

uttered, "that if you could only be the momentum gained in the descent brought together again, that the ice would be broken, and that your foolish pride and his would give way. Maria, dear, it is so, isn't it? You have made up with each other-you and that obstinate Jimmy Fryehaven't you?"

"Yes, you silly child. Now hush!" was the soft answer.

The moon rode high in the heavens as the big wagon and its load went back over the hilly road. The air was stinging cold, and shawls and mufflers were wrapped close about chins and ears, while aching feet shuffled about midst of which confusion Lou Baxter amongst the straw on the floor of the Wagon.

> There was much chatter and some laughter, but on the whole the homeward ride, for various causes was quieter than it had been when they were going toward Wigson's.

Jerry Carter did not attempt any new exploits with the team.

Joe Carter, wth his face like a thunder-cloud, did not break the silence all the way. When the crowd straggling houses, and Joe and his brother were driving the team to the stable, Jerry leered into the face of the former, and said;

"M'rye and Jimmy Frye have made up. I reckoned she'd do better than to adopt me or you."

"James says that he was an obstinate brute," were Maria's words, with her cheek against her mother's sympathetic

"And yet you have taken him back, M'rye?"

"I told him that I was more in the wrong than he-and I know it was so, mother. So tell father not to blame him any more."

Simon Gale only sniffed increduously when Samantha told him -- acknowing L-Saturday Night.

Chemistry to Regenerate the World, In a recent address before the manuwith us. It was so dark she couldn't dreams of what chemistry is to do for this world of ours. He said that by utilizing the central heat of the earth, which can readily be procured by means of shafts sunk to the depth of 3000 or 4000 metres--which modern engineering can dig with little troublefrom these water will be obtained hot enough to keep all possible machinery going at the smallest expense, and it would be an unfailing source of mechanical and electrical energy. With such a source of heat all chemical nsformation would be easy. The production of alimentary matter will be one consequence. This production is resolved in principle, and has been for forty years, by the syntheses of grease and oils. That of hydrates of carbon is going on, and that of nitrogenous substances is not far off. When energy can be obtained thus cheaply, food can be made from carbon taken from carbonic acid, hydrogen taken from water, and nitrogen from the air. What work the vegetables have so far done science will soon be able to do better, with far greater profusion and independently of seasons or evil microbes or insects. There will be then no passion to own land, beasts need not be bred for slaughter, man will be milder and more moral, and barren regions may become preferable to fertile as habitable places, because they will not be pestiferous from ages ing of going back to see if the missing of maturing. The reign of chemistry ones were injured, he was striding will beautify the planet. There will, under it, be no need to disfigure it with the geometrical works of the agriculturist, or with the grime of factories and chimneys. It will recover its ver lare and flora. The earth will be a vast pleasure garden and the human race will live in peace and

Do Minerals Grow!

The discussions at the meetings of the National Academy of Science, held in Washington last week, brought up the very curious question whether walking, very close together. The there was not some sort of life in minseething flame to the heart of Joe as crystals certainly have the power of growth. If injured or broken they can, under favorable circumstances, redevelop their characteristic forms. A grain of sand broken from the parent rock ages ago, and worn and polished by the restless waves to a round ball. will, if placed under certain conditions, resume its normal chrystalline shape, with polished faces of geometrical regularity. In order to do this the injured crystal must be placed in some solution of its own elements. -

> The most valuable scavengers about the streets and in the sowers of a large

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Another Chance."

TEXT: "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be."-Ecclesiastes

There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multirude that there will be an opportunity in the next world to correct the mistakes of this ; that if we do make complete shipwreck of our earthly life it will be on a shore, up which we may walk to a pal-ace; that, as a defendant may lose his case in the circuit court and carry it up to the su-preme court or court of chancery and get a reversal of judgment in his behalf, all the costs being thrown over on the other party, so, if we fail in the earthly trial, we may in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the judgment of the lower court set aside, all the costs remitted, and we may be victorious defendants forever. My object in this ser-mon is to show that common sense as well as my text declares that such an expectation is chimerical. You say that the impenitent man, having got into the next world and seeing the disaster, will, as a result of that disaster, turn, the pain the cause of his reformation. But you can find 10,000 instances in this world of men who have done wrong, and distress overtook them sud-denly. Did the distress heal them? No; they went right on.

That man was flung of dissipations. "You must stop drinking," said the doctor, "and quit the fast life you are leading, or it will destroy you." The patient suffers paroxysm after paroxysm, but under skillful medical treatment he begins to sit up, begins to walk about the room, begins to go to business, And, lo, he goes back to the same grog-shop for his morning dram, and his evening dram. and the drams between. Fiat down again? Same doctor! Same physical anguish! Same medical warning! Now the illness is more protracted, the liver is more stubborn, the stomach more irritable, and the digestive gans are more rebeilious. But after a while he is out again, goes back to the dramshops and goes the same round of sacrilege against

his physical health. his physical health.

He sees that his downward course is ruin-ing his household, that his life is a perpet-ual perjury against his marriage vow; that ual perjury against his marriage vow; that that broken hearted woman is so unlike the hopeful young wife whom he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her; that his sons are to be taunted for a lifetime by the father's drunkenness; that the daugh-ters are to pass into life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestor. He is drinking up their happiness, their prospects for this life, and perhaps for the life to come. Sometimes an appreciation of what he is do-ing comes upon him. His nervous system is all a-tangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? In hell on earth. Does it reform him?

After awhile he has delirium tremens, with a whole jungle of hissing reptiles let out on his pillow, and his screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of his bed, cryling, "Take these things off me!" As he sits pale and convalescent the doctor says "Now, I want to have a plain talk with you, my dear fellow. The next attack of this kind you have you will be beyond all medical skill, and you will die," He gets better and goes forth into the same fight again. This time medicine takes no effect. Consultation of physicians agree in saying there is tation of physicians agree in saying there is

no hope. Death ends the scene.

That process of inebriation, warning and dissolution is going on within a stone's throw of you, going on in all the neighborhoods of Christendom. Pain does not correct. Suffering does not reform. What is true in one sense is true in all senses and will forever be so, and yet mer expecting in the next world purgat rejuvenation. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States, and you will find that the vast majority of the incarcerated have been there before, some of them four, five, six times. With 1,000,000 illustrations all working the other way in this world, people are expecting that distress in the next state will be salvatory. You cannot imagine any worse torture in any other world than that which some men have suffered here, and without

any salutary consequence. Furthermore, the prospect of a reformation in the next world is more improbable than a reformation here. In fals world the life started with innocence of infancy. In the case supposed the other life will open with all the accumulated bad habits of many years upon him. Surely it is easier to build strong ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers. If with innocence to begin with in this life a man does not become godly, what prospect is there that in the next world, starting with sin, there would be a scraph Surely the sculptor has more prospect of making a fine statue out of a block of pure white Parian marble than out of an old black rock seamed and cracked with the storms of a half century. Surely upon a clean white sheet of paper it is easier to write a deed or a will than upon a sheet of paper all scribbled and blotted and torn from top to bottom. Yet men seem to think that, though the life that began here comparatively perfect turned out badly, the next ife will succeed, though it starts with a dead

"But," says some one, "I think we ought have a chance in the next life, because this life is so short it allows only small opportunity. We hardly have time to turn around between cradle and tomb, the of the one almost touching the marble of the But do you know what made the another. cient deluge a necessity? It was the longe-vity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century of their lifetime than the first hundred years, and still worse in the third century, and still worse in the third century, and still worse all the way on to 700, 800 and 200 years, and the earth had to be washed and scrubbed and soaked and anchored clear out of sight for more than a month before it could be made fit for

decent people to live in. Longevity never cures impenitency. the pictures of Time represent him with a southe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a case of medicines to heal. Seneca says that Nero for the first five years of his public life was set up for an example of elemency and kindness, but his path all the way descended until at 68 A. D. he bethe way descended until at 68 A. D. he be-came a suicide. If 800 years did not make antediluvians any better, but only made them worse, the ages of eternity could have no effect except prolongation of deprayity.

"But," says some one, "in the future state evil surroundings will be withdrawn and elevated influences substituted, and hence expurgation and sublimation and giorifica-But the righteous, all their sins forgiven, have passed on into a beatific state. and consequently the unsaved will be left alone. It cannot be expected that Dr. Duff, who exhausted bimself in teaching Hindoos the way to heaven, and Dr. Absel, who gave his life in the evangelization of China, and Adoniram Judson, who toiled for the re-demption of Borneo, should be sent down by some celestial missionary society to educate those who wasted all their earthly existence. Evangelistic and missionary efforts are ended. The entire kingdom of the morally bankrupt by themselves, where are the salvatory influences to come from? Can one speckled and bad apple in a barrel of dis-eased apples turn the other apples good? Can those who are themselves down help Can those who are themselves down help others up? Can those who have themselves failed in the business of the soul pay the debts of their spiritual insolvents? Can a

dobts of their spiritual insolvents? Can a million wrongs make one right?

Poneropolis was a city where King Philip of Thracia put all the bad people of his kingdom. If any man had opened a primary school at Poneropolis, I do not think the parents from other cittes would have sent their children there. Instead of amendment in the other world, all the associations, now that the good are evolved, will be degenerating and down. You would not want to send

a man to a cholera or yellow fever hospital for his health, and the great lazaretto of the next world, containing the diseased and plague struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. If the surroun-lings in this world

recevery. If the surroundings in this world were crowded of temptation, the surroundings of the next world, after the righteous have passed up and on, will be a thousand per cr. t. more crowded of temptation.

The fount of Chateaubriand made his little son sleep at night at the top of a castle turret, where the winds howled, and where specters were said to haunt the place, and while the mother and sisters almost died with fright the son tells us that the process gave him nerves that could not tremble and with fright the son tells us that the process gave him nerves that could not tremble and a courage that never faltered. But I don't think that towers of darkness and the spectral world swept by strocco and euroelydon will ever fit one for the land of eternal sunshine. I wonder what is the curriculum of that college of inferno, where, after proper preparation by the sins of this life, the candidate enters, passing on from freshman class of depravity to sophomore of abandonment, and from sophomore to junior, and from junior to senior, and day of graduation comes, and with diploma signed by satan, the president, and other professorial demoniace, attesting that the candidate has been long enough under their drill, he passes up to enter heaven! Pandemonium a preparative course for heavenly almission! Ab, my friends, satan and has coherts have fitted uncounted millions for ruin, but never fitte! one soul for happiness! never fitte! one soul for happiness

Furthermore, it would not be safe for this world if men had another chance in the next. If it had been announced that, however wickedly a man might not in this world, he could fix it up all right in the next, society would be terribly demoralized, and the human race demolished in a few years. The fear that if we are bad and unforziven here it will not be well for us in the next existence is the chief influence that keeps civil-ization from rushing back to semilarbarism, and semibarbarism from rushing into mighty savagery, and midnight savagery from extinction, for it is the astringent impression of all nations, Christian and heathen, that there is no future chance for

those who have wastel this.

Multitudes of men who are kept within bounds would say "Go to, now! Let me get all out of this life there is in it. Come. gluttony and insbriation and uncleanness and revenge and all sensualities, and wait upon me! My life may be somewhat short-ened in this world by dissoluteness, but that will only make heavenly includence on a larger scale the sooner possible. I will over-take the saints at last and will enter the heavenly temple only a little later than those who behaved themselves here. I will on my way to heaven take a little wider excursion than those who were on earth pious, and I shall go to heaven via genenna and via sheel." Another chance in the next via sheel." Another chance in the next world means free license and wild abandonment in this,

Suppose you were a party in an important case at law, and you knew from consultation with judges and attorneys that it would be tried twice, and the first trial would be of little importance, but that the second would decide everything, for which trial would you make the most preparation, for which retain the ablest attorneys, for which be most anxious about the attendance of witnesses? You would put all the stress upon the second trial, all the anxiety, all the expenditure, saying, "The first is nothing, the last is everything." Give the race an assurance of a second and more important trial in the subsequent life, and all the preparation for charming would be "post appearable to the subsequent life, and all the preparation for eternity would be "post mortem," post iu-neral, post sepulchrai, and the world with one jerk be pitched off into implety and god-

should be given in the next world if we have refused innumerable chances in this? Sup-pose you give a banquet, and you invite a vast number of friends, but one man de-clines to come or treats your invitation with indifference. You in the course of twenty years give twenty banquers, and the same man is invited to them all and treats them all in the same obnoxious way. After a while you canove to another house larger and better, and you a loite your friends. It send no invitation to the man who decline! or neglected the other invitations. Are you to blame? Has he a right to expect to be invited after all the indignities he has done you? God in this world has invited us all to the banquet of His grace. He invited us by His provi-dence and His spirit 355 days of every year since we knew our right hand from our left. If we declined it every time or treated the invitation with indifference and gave twenty or forty or fifty years of indignity on our part toward the banqueter, and at last He spreads the banquet in a more luxurious and kingly place, amid the heavenly gardens. have we a right to expect Him to invite us again, and have we a right to blame Him if

He does not invite us?

If twelve gates of salvation stool open twenty years or fifty years for our a imis-sion, and at the end of that time they are closed, can we complain of it and These gates ought to be open again, us another chance?" If the steamer is to sail for Hamburg, and we want to get to Germany by that line, and we read in every evening and every morning newspaper that it will sail on a certain day. for two weeks we have that advertisement before our eyes. and then we go down to the dooks filteen minutes after it has shoved off into the stream and say "Come back! Give me another chance! It is not fair to treat me in this way! Swing up to the dook again and throw out planks and let me come on board!" Such behavior would invite arrest as a madman.

And if, after the gospel ship has lain at anchor before our eyes for years and years, and all the benign voices of earth and heaven have urged us to get on board, as she might sail away at any moment, and after awhile she sails without us, is it common sense to expect her to come back? You might as well go out on the highlands at Navesink and call to the Majestic after she has been three days out and expect he to return as to call back an opportunity for heaven when it once has sped away. All heaven offered us as a gratuity, and for a lifetime we rejuse to take it, and then rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler demanding another chance. There ought to be, there can be, there will be, no thing as posthumous opportunity. our common sense agrees with my text. "It the free fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be."

You see this idea lifts this world up from an unimportant way station to a platform of stupendous issues and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. But one trial for which all the preparation must be made in this world or never made at all. That piles up all the emphases and all the climaxes and all the destinies into life here. No other chance! On, how that augments the value and importance of this chance

Alexander with his army used to surround a city and then would lift a great light in token to the people that if they surrendered before that light went out all would be well, but if once the light went out then the battering rams would swing against the wall, and demolition and disaster would follow. and demolition and disaster would follow, Well, all we need do for our present and everlasting safety is to make surrender to Christ, the King and Conqueror—surrender of our hearts, surrender of our lives, surrender of everything. And He keeps a great light burning, light of gospel invitation, light kindled with the wood of the cross and flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Surrender while that great and sorrow. Surrender while that great light continues to burn, for after it goes out there will be no other opportunity of making peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Talk of another chance! Why, this

is a supernal chance!
In the time of Edward VI., at the battle of Musselburg, a private soldier, seeing that the Earl of Huntley had lost his helmet, took off his own helmet and put it upon the head of the earl, and the head of the private soldier, uncovered, he was soon slain, while his commander rode safely out of the battle. But in our case, instead of a private soldier offering helmet to an earl, it is a King put-ting His crown upon an unworthy subject,

the King dying that we might live. Tell it to all points of the compass. Tell it to night and day. Tell it to all earth and heaven. Tell it to all centuries, all ages, all milienniums, that we have such a magnificent chance in this world that we need no other chance in the next

I am in the burnished judgment hall of the last day. A great white throne is lifted, but the judge has not yet taken it. White we are waiting for his arrival I hear immorwe are waiting for his arrival I hear immor-tal spirits in conversation. "What are you waiting here for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that ascended from America. The latter says, "I came from America where forty years I heard the gospel preached and Bible read, and from the prayer that I learned in infancy on my mother's knee until my last hour I had gos-pel advantage, but for some reason I did not make the Christian choice, and I am here waiting for the judge to give me a new trial waiting for the judge to give me a new trial and another chance." "Strange!" says the other. "I had but one gospel call in Mada-gascar, and I accepted it, and I do not need another chance. another chance.

"Why are you here?" says one who on earth had feebiest intellect to one who had great brain and silvery toague and senters of influence. The latter responds: "On, I knew more than my fellows. I mastered libraries and had learned titles from colleges, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power. And yet I neglected my sout, and I am here waiting for a new trial," "Strange," says the one of the facole earthly capacity. "I knew but little of worldly knowledge, but I knew Christ and made Him my partner, and have no need

and made Him my passes,
of another chance."

Now the ground trembles with the approaching chartot. The great folding doors of the ball swing open. "Stand back, and let the celestial ushers. "Stand back, and let of the ball swing open, "Stand back," and let the celestial ushers, "Stand back, and let the judge of quick and dead pass through!" He takes the throne, and looking over the throng of nations He says, "Come to judg-ment, the last judgment, the body judg-ment?" By one flash from the throne all the history of each one flames for in to the vi-sion of Himself and all others. "Divide!" says the judge to the assembly. "Divide!" echo the walls. "Divide!" cry the guards angelie

And now the Immortals separate, rushing this way and that, and after awaitle there is a great aisle between them, and a great vacuum widening and widening, and the vacuum whening and widening, and the judge, turning to the throng on one side, says, "He that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and be that is hely, let him be hely still," and then, turning toward the throng on the opposite side, he says, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is flitby, let him be directly still;" and then lifting one head toward toward. then, lifting one hand toward each group, he declares, "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." And then I hear something jac with a great sound. It is the closing of the book of judgment. The judge ascends the stairs behind the throns. The hall of the last assize is cleared and shut. The high court of eternity is adjourned forever.

Making the Desert to Blossom. "The desert wastes of New Mexico

and Arizona may yet be broad fields of pasturage covered before herds of fattening cattle if the opes of the men who are deeply interested in certain experiments are realized," said J. F. Wilcox, a large ranch owner in the Panhandle country of Texas. 'The expectations of these men are based upon the wonderful vitality of alfalfa, or Mexican clover, the growth of which is astonishingly rapid and a field of which will yield several crops in a season. Its roots are said to go far down in search of moisture, sometimes to a depth of eighteen to twenty feet, and its nutritious properties and the avidity with which stock eat it arwell known. The large land and li stock investment companies which are now operating in New Mexico and Arizona have, as an essential part of their schemes of utilizing the desert lands, the growing of large tracis of alfalfa, with which to feed their range cattle and other stock. At one ranch alone, La Cucoa, in Mora County, New Mexico, 1000 head of range eattle are now being fed and fattened for market on alfalfa. The Mexican clover is grown by aid of modern irrigation and the lands laid down to it tend to improve in fertility. Stockmen down in that country have lost all faith in the prowess of modern rain-makers and their schemes, and they are turning their efforts into more practicable channels."-San Francisco Chronicle.

Nutritions Fruits.

There are many kinds of fruit which

of themselves are sufficient to sup-

port healthy life, among which may be mentioned the date, banana and plantain, figs when dried, the bean of the carob or locust tree, and the fruit of the baobab or monkey-bread tree, which is eaten by the natives in West Africa. All these contain sufficient fat, sugar, starch, pecten, gum and nitrogenous matter to support healthy life. Of all these preference must be given to the banans, which supplies to many millions a permanently nutritive food, and to the fruit of the date palmeor Phonix dactylifera, which serves as an exclusive article of aliment in parts of North Africa, Arabia and Persia. "In all Fezzan," says one authority, "the date is the staple food not only for men, but for camels, horses and dogs. Nineteen-twentieths of the population live on dates slone during nine months of the year." In the Hadji, or pilgrimages, the price of dates at Mecca and Medina forms the first question asked between the Arab pilgrims going to and returning from the sacred city. Cakes of dates pounded and kneaded into a solid mass constitute the main nutriment of the caravans crossing the Sahara. From the fresh juice of the date wine and, also, vinegar are made, and spirits distilled, while the stones or seeds are roasted and largely used instead of coffee. - New York Dispatch.

The Lighthouse Dog.

A dog owned by Captain Orcutt, keeper of the Wood Island light, has become famous this week. It is customary for passing steamers to salute the light and the keeper returns it by ringing the bell. The other day a tug whistled three times. The captain did not hear it, but the dog did. He ran to the door and tried to attract the captain's attention by howling. Failing to do this he ran away and then came a second time with no better result. Then he decided to attend to the matter himself, so he seized the rope, which hangs outside, between his teeth and began to ring the bell. -Lewiston (Me.) Journal.