I do believe her beart Is something still to me She is the one that had no art Save love, that is to be. She is the one who was so dear And caught me with her golden hair

My sweet remembrance makes A melody of her! No thrush that sings in all the brakes Would I-could I, prefer!

For when she spoke, in Love's sweet way All the dear birds sang night and day! -Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

DR. FRESTON'S BROTHER.



WAS sister in a large male surgical ward of a wellknown hospital in the north of England at the time when the following accident occurred:

A few months previously one of those disastrons colliery explo-

sions, only too common in our neighborhood, had taken place, and eight of the men, poor fellows, all badly injured, had been brought into the Martin ward. We all had a heavy time of it, and our house surgeonnever very strong-had completely broken down under the strain of his devoted attention to his patients.

He had the satisfaction of seeing all the cases (with one exception) fairly started on the road to convalescence before he, too, came on the sick list, and was ordered absolute rest for several months. No man ever deserved a rest more than he.

By his constant and unwearied labors of love he had earned the blessing pronounced in Abon Ben Adhem as "One who loved his fellow-men." We all greatly missed his cheery presence in the wards, and felt small interest in the doctor who came as his "locum," feeling sure that no one could take his place.

Dr. Freston, the temporary house surgeon, however, made a favorable impression on his arrival and soon showed that he thoroughly knew his work. He had a quiet, reserved manner, and we had worked together some days before I learned anything more about him. Then an accident, if there is such a thing, showed me the real man. One evening, on going his rounds, I reported a new case, just come in, to him. It was a man who had been found lying in the road. He had evidently fallen against a curbstone and had received a scalp wound. was proved by some papers in his pocket, showing him to have been discharged from a sailing vessel at Hull w days previously.

ade out his history

on his face before. "Very few of us the locket with eyes that seemed to realize what those words mean, sister.

pierce it through.

'Look, sister!" he said, and his the lowest depths; no anchor to hold the rocks which surround us all; some seen and some hidden ones more dangerous than all."

He paused, then turned round to face me, and spoke more quickly, as if he wished to force himself to say something.

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"To me it is the most painful sight of all, because I am haunted by the feeling that somewhere in this world there now may be a man who is friendless and alone through my fault. Every fresh face I see I think may be his. Every morning I wake with the thought that I may see it before

I looked at him with intense interest. My woman's instinct, which so seldom errs, told me that he had never spoken of this to any one before, and that it was a great relief to him to do so now.

I longed to hear more. He seemed to read the sympathy expressed in my face and went on more quietly; "I had a younger brother. There

were only the two of us. I was older by three years, and both in appearance and character we were totally unlike. He had been spoiled by my him. father, who always let him have his own way, chiefly, I fancy, on account of the strong likeness he bore to our mother, who died when we were quite young. I was at Oxford reading for a degree previous to entering the hospital when my father died.

"My father had had a nasty fall in the hunting field, and was almost at the last before I got to him. All his affairs were in perfect order, but he was anxious about Jack-always his first thought.

"You'll look after him, Tom," he said. "Promise me you'll look after him. If you promise, I know you won't go back. A promise is a promise

with you, Tom; I could always trust you. "I did promise, again and again. and God knows I meant to keep my happy with my promise still sounding

word, and my old father died quite ir his ears and his eyes resting to the last on his darling Jack. He never doubted me for a moment. How could be foresee?"

"I went back to Oxford, and Jack entered the same college. That was the mistake. At a distance—if I had only seen him now and then-we might have got on well enough; but at my elbow, always bursting into my room when I wanted to read, filling his room with friends as noisy and light-hearted as himself, spending money recklessly on all sides, and turning everything I said into a joke ward routine went on as usual.

-all this was a daily annoyance to me. It grew intolerable. I had no sympathy at all with any of his pur-suits and I grew more cold and reserved, until one day, exasperated more than usual, I told him that if he wanted to go to the dogs he might go by himself. His temper was as quick as mine. His sharp answer drew a sharper one from me, which roused him to a fury. 'You won't see me again, so you need not trouble your head about it. I can work for myself,' and he was gone. Even then, sister, if I had gone after him, I might have stopped him, but I was angry with him, and glad that he was gone. As glad then to hear that he was gone as I should be now to hear that once again on this earth I might hope to day it may come."

"And you never heard of him again?"

"No sound from that day to this. He went without money, and he could draw none except through me."

"Perhaps," I suggested, utterly at a loss what to say, "he found some work or"—I began, rather hopelessly.

"No," he replied, with a deep tone of sadness in his voice; "no; not one of his friends ever heard of himthat's four-no, five years ago. Five years-and night and day I think of those words, 'You will look after Jack, Tom ?' "

The door opened to admit the stretcher with a new case from the surgery, and Dr. Freston was in a moment the professional man, absorbed in investigating the extent of the new arrival's injuries.

Before leaving the ward he turned to the bedside of the patient whose friendless condition has led to our conversation. He took down the head card to fill up the details.

"Name, sister?" "George Thomas,"

"Age?" "I do not know; he looks about

forty; but he is very weather-beaten?' The doctor glanced at the tanned, scarred face, nearly hidden by bandages, and stood hesitating, pen in band.

"Occupation-do you know?" "Sailor.

"No other particulars, sister?" He laid the card on the table and wiped his pen carefully -a methodical

"I only found a few coppers and these old napers in his pocket," Isaid, showing the contents of a pocket-book much the worse for wear. One crum-pled piece of paper had the words, "15 Black Wells Court, Hull," written upon it, probably the address of his last lodging. I proceeded to unfold That he was a stranger in the town another piece, and found an old, was proved by some papers in his plain gold locket, worn thin and bright; one side was smooth, and on the other was a monogram still faintly legible, "J. F."

I felt it suddenly snatched from my hands.

Dr. Freston had seized it. and con-

ness. It means a man's life without strong hand shook as he held it toward any influence for good upon it-no me, "there can be no mistake. I rerestraint to keep him from sinking to member this locket so well. Jack server may detect peculiar fan-like gave it to my father with his photohim back from suffering shipwreck on graph inside before he went to school, and after father died Jack kept it. It was an old joke of theirs to take each other's things, because they were marked with the same initials. could swear to this anywhere, and I see quite clearly how it came here, Jack met this man at Hull, perhaps he came off the same boat, and if he was hard up-but he must have been hard up before he would part with this, and then it's not much use to any one else. No one would give a shilling for an old thing like this, but here it is, and here's the address of where the man stayed. It's the first clue I have ever had, sister," and his face was bright with hope. "Jack may be still there; I must go without losing a minute. I may catch him before he goes on further. Is there anything else you want me for to-night?"

He was already near the door. "No. not to-night; the others are all very comfortable; but do you not think it would be worth while to ask this man where he got the locket? It may not have been in Hull at all, and you would have the journey for nothing. Give me the locket, and I will ask

He handed it to me without appear-

ing to follow what I had said. The idea of his brother being within reach had taken such a hold of his mind that he could hardly endure a minute's delay before going off to seek him.

"I found this among your things," I said to the patient after Dr. Freston had gone. "Is it your own, or did some one sell it to you?"

He looked up quickly and suspi-

"What do you want to know for?" he muttered. "I only want to know whether the

man who owned this first was with you at his address in Hull." He looked at me sharply, and did

not answer for a minute. "Yes," he said, slowly, "the man who owned that was there when I was,' and he turned round, as if unwilling to say more.

I had learned all I wished, and repeated the information to Dr. Fres-

"Thank you very much," he said, simply, "Good night. sister; 1 may not see you for a few days." He was

already on the landing. Good night, Dr. Freston," but I doubt if he heard me. He was half-

way downstairs. Next day Dr. Freston's work was done by the junior surgeon, and the

I could find out nothing more of No. 7's history, except that his real age was twenty-eight. He looked at least ten years older. He was knocked about a good deal in the world, he told some of his fellow patients.

His injuries proved to be very slight, and on the evening of the second day he was allowed to sit up for a short

On the day following, when it was growing dusk, the door of the ward opened, and Dr. Freston came quietly

I saw at a glance that he had not been successful in his search. There was nothing more to be learned at that address, he told me. The people there remembered quite well a man who gave the name of George Thomas see his face. I live for that, and one sleeping there for one night a week ago, but they were sure they had no other lodger at the time. They knew nothing whatever about the man. He was evidently very poor, but had paid for what he had had.

"I ought not to have built so many hopes upon so slight a foundation,' he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile, and a tone of weary sorrow in his voice. "I have waited so long that I ventured to think that perhaps at last he"-then, checking himself, and with an effort turning his thoughts elsewhere—"but I am late, sister. I must catch up my work. Have you anything for me to-night?"

"Will you sign No. 7's paper? The wound was very superficial, and Mr. Jones discharged him this morning. He is anxious to get on.

"I must speak to him first; he may be able to tell me something more,' and he turned towards No. 7, sitting by the fire, and for the first time he looked him in the face-the first time for five years, rather; for I saw Dr. Freston pause as if transfixed, and the next moment he was at his brother's

"Jack!" he said, "Jack!" and could not say another word. But that was all he had to say. Jack

had been the thought of his life, night and day, for five years. And now Jack was there, and he held him fast, what should he say but repeat "Jack!" again and again, until he could realize that this was no dream, but rather the awakening to a better and happier life than he had known before. Jack said nothing at all. For one moment he and orderly man in every detail of his had looked around as if wishing to escape; but if he would he could not. And where in the world that he had found so hard and merciless could be hope to meet the warm welcome which strove to find utterances in his brother's happy eyes, which gazed on the ragged figure before him as if he could never look enough?

That is all the tale. It gave the patients something to talk about for a day or two, and was then forgottenin the ward, at least.

But there are three people from whose memories no word or act recorded here can ever be efficiend. Noed I name them? They as Dr. Freston, Jack, his brother, and myself, Tom

The Zodiacal Light.

Sometimes in the evening, some little time before and during twilight. and also sometimes-though rarerbefore and during sunrise, a close obstreaks of darker and lighter shading across the sky. These streaks, of which the plainer ones may number from four to six, together form a triangle with its base on the horizon and extending out at varying altitudes.

This appearance still holds a rank as an unexplained phenomenon in nature. It occurs only occasionally. There may be a fine illustration on a given evening, and while there may be a week of clear sunsets succeeding, not a trace of the streaks will be visible.

From this it would seem that a particular atmospheric condition must be one of the factors in its production. The assumption would be supported by numerous analogies not necessary to enumerate. In the proper atmosphere, then, let it be assumed that the streaks are due to alternate lines of shade and light. Now, let something, to some extent, obstruct the rays of the sun which has set, either an impediment in the distant landscape or an unseen cloud, the combination at the proper angle with the observer's vision, and it is probable that he may approach a solution of the long-standing puzzle.

The fan-like appearance is such for the same reason that the lines in a brick wall leading away from the observer seem to focalize to a center, as do also railway tracks, seemingly come together in the distance. These zodiscal lines are undoubtedly parallels, as are lines of cloud streaks that to our vision seem to point to a common starting point.

It is more than probable that this modest and unobstrusive streaking of the clear evening sky has been unsolved because of its very simplicity. It is probably only a modification of what is commonly known as "the sun drawing water." -- Pittsburg Dispatch.

Health-Giving Pertumes.

There seems to be, undoubtedly is, something positively health-and-nourishment-and strength giving in the influence of sweet and powerful perfumes on the nerves-a subtle something yet unexplained. What we get of most value in the country, physicians and philosophers say, are the sweet smells of grass and flower and tree. It is not chiefly the spirits, the alcchol, in cologne that invigorates; it is the essence or aromatic oils. The delight that a rose gives to everybody is due to some mysterious stimulus the rose fragrance has for the nerves. Half the delight in walking in old lanes in the country comes from the invisible trailing streamers and floating clouds of flower incense in the air. -Boston Transcript.

SERMON ON SUICIDE

SIN OF SELF-SLAUGHTER.

A Discourse Brimful of Common Sensa and Religious Proof.

TEXT: "He drew out his sword and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fied. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm." Acts xvi., 27, 28.

Acts xvi., 27, 28.

Here is a would be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and according to the Roman law a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner, and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be endungeoned for three or four years then the sheriff must be endungeoned for three or four years, and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment.

The sheriff had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas The government had not had confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergy-

bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergy-men, about whom there seemed to be some-

men, about whom there seemed to be some-thing strange and supernatural. Sure enough, by miraculous power they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's ax on the morrow and suffer public disgrace resolves to precipitate suffer public disgrace resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart one of the unloosened prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm."

In olden time, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was con-

had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage, Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's embassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators, isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had seen decessed tora them open and perished. seen dressed tore them open and perished. Hithridates killed himself rather than subnit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, fonsidering life unbearable. Lycurgus a suicide, Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow Napoleon always carried with alm a preparation of epium, and one night als servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put omething in a glass and drink it, and soon ifter the groans arouse all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical kill be was resuscitated from the stupor of

Times have changed, and yet the Amerian conscionce needs to be toned upon the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last mouth that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, puit life precipitately. Men losing large ortunes go out of the world because they sannot endure earthly existence. Frustrat d affection, domestic infelicity, dyspectic inpatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, lestitution, misanthropy, are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this ife by Paris green, by laudanum, by bella-jonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by eap from the abutment of a bridge, by fire-irms. More cases of "felo de so" in the last wo years of the world's existence. The evil more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some loubt as to whether there was really anyhing wrong about quitting this life when it secame disagreeable, and there are found in secame disagreeable, and there are found in sespectable circles people apologetic for the trime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that quicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the way part of this sermon I wash to admit hat some of the best Christians to hat have ser lived have committed self destruction, but always in dementia and not responsible, have no more doubt about their eternal i have no more doubt about their eternal elicity than I have of the Christian who lies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid ever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had

Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life to have ok them right out of their dazed and frentied state into perfect safety. How Christ eels toward the insane you may know from he kind way he treated the demoniac of Jardara and the child lunatic, and the po-ency with which he hushed the tempests hither of sea or brain.

Sectiond, the land prolific of intellectual

glants, had none grander than Hugh Miller, treat for science and great for God. He same of the best Highland blood, and he was descendant of Donald Roy, a man eminent for his plety and the rare gift of second right. His attainments, climbing up as he lid from the quarry and the wall of the stonemason, drew forth the astonished ad-ziration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theolo held universities spellbound while he old them the story of what he had seen of Jod in the old red sandstone,

That man did more than any being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he struck his cuning fork on the rocks of Cromarty until e brought geology and theology accordant a divine worship. His two books, entitled in divine worship. His two books, "Footprints of the Creator" and the mony of the Rocks," proclaimed the banns of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he tolled day and night, through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep, and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets one for him and the other for the gunsmith who, at the coroner's inquest, was examin-ing it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller after his not brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of beaven.

No one ever doubted the plety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "Oh. For a Closer Walk With Go!!" "What Various Hindranees We Meet!" "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood"— William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he resolved to take his own life and rode to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at the very point from which he expected to spring and rode back to his home and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke, and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, but the rope parted. No wonder that when God merci-fully delivered him from that awiul dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn iust as memorable :

Got moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
He riants His footsteps in the sea
Ann rides upon tae storm
Bina; unbeller is sure to err.
And sean His work in vain.
God is His own interpretar.
And He will make it plain.

While we make this merciful and righteous dlowance in regard to those who plunged into mental incoherence, I declare by his own act, snaps the bond hel reason, by his own act, snaps the bond hel ween his body and his soul goes straight into perdi-tion. Shall I prove it? Revelation xxi. 8, "Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone;" Revelation xxii., 15, "Without are dogs and soreerers and whoremongers and murder-ers." You do not believe the New Testaat? Then perhaps you believe the Ten nmandments, "Thou shalt not kill."

Commandments, "Thou shalt not kill,"
Do you say all these passages refer to the
taking of the life of others? Then I ask you
if you are not as responsible for your own
life as for the life of others? God gave you
a special trust in your life. He made you
the custodian of your life as he made you the
custodian of no other life. He gave you as

weapons with which to defend it two arms to strike back assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust, it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep, it is treason to a natural law, and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God in the Bible looked upon this crime I point you to the regues' picture gailery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bathsban. Here is the man who chased little David—ten feet in statue chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, asks his servant to slay him, and when the servant declines then the giant plants the hilt of the sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires, the coward, the suicide! Here is Ahithophel, the Machtavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend, David, in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom and joining that fellow in his attempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics he takes a short cut out of a disgraced life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!
Here is Abimelech practically a suicide.

He is with an army bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in a cracked skull he commands his armor bearer, "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post mortem photograph in the book of Samuel. But the here of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Denne says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder in this day when we have a book revealing. Agent Burr as a pattern of virtue, and ing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statue to George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are be trayals of Christ on the part of some of His pretended aposties—a betrayal so black it makes the intamy of Judas Iscariot white! Yel this man by his own hand hung up for the execution of all the ages, Judas Iscariot, all the good of the control of the second of the se All the good men and women of the Bible left to God the decision of their earthly ter-minus, and they could have said with Jobwho had a right to commit suicide it any man ever had—what with his destroyed proferty, and his body all affame with insufferable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief curse of it—a pestiferous wife—and four garrulous people salitation him with comfort learning the comfort learning him with the learning him with the learning him with hi ple pelting him with comfortless talk while he she on a heap of ashes scratching his scale with a piece of broken pottery, yet crying out in triumph, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this New this tanding the Bible is against this evil and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have huried themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its discribes it is a fact alarming. deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarming-ly patent that suicide is on the increase, What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing. If there no hereafter, or if that nereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome way not pass right over into Elysium? Put this not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections and consider it after you go to your homes—there has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages, and I challenge the whole universe. There never has been a case of self destruction while it full appreciation of his immortality and yof the fact that that immortality would be horious or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected Him.

Christ or rejected Him. You say it is business trouble, or you say tou say it is business trouble, or you say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity which practically says, "If you don't like this life, get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecu-tions to suffer, no gout to torment, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it.' ty always has been apologetic for self immo-lation. After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-slaughter.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, under certain circumstances, were apolo getie for self immolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to people's rushing out from this world into the next. They teach us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world, you will land either in an oblivious nowhere or a glorious somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. If infidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of people that it does not made any difference how you go out of the world you will land safely, the rivers would be so full of corpses the terry-boats would be impeded in their progress. and the crack of a suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rumble of a street

Ab, infidelity, stand up and take thy senand men, stand up, thou monster, thy lip blasted with blasphemy, thy cheek scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corrup-tion of the ages! Stand up, satyr, flithy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster infidelity, part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hand is red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded. Stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit and sup on the sobs and groans of families thou hast blasted, and roll on the bed of knives which they hast sharp ened for others, and let thy music be to everlasting miserere of these whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of infi-delity with all the crimes of self immolation or the last century on the part of those wh had their reason.

My friends, it ever your life through its abrasions and its molestations should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own behest, do not consider yourselves as worse than others. Christ Himself was tempted to east Himself from the roof of the temple, but as He resisted so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life in-stead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it have gone songful on their way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as He keeps the chronology of nations.

Why was it at midnight, just at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Isrcelites free from bondage? The 430 years were up at 12 o'clock that night. The 430 years were not up at 11, and 1 o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The 430 years were up at 12 o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow, and Israel was free. And Go1 knows just the bour when it is time to lead you up from earthly bondage. By his grace make not the worst of things, but the best of them. If you must take the pills, do not chew them. Your earthly perturbations, just as Caius gave to Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy as had been his chain of iron. For your asking you may Why was it at midnight, just at midnight chain of iron. For your asking you may have the same grace that was given to the Italian marryr, Algerius, who, down in the darkest of dunreous, dated his letter from "the delectable orchard of the Leonine pris-

On."
There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstop, and the aurors that lights

up our northern heavens, confounding tronomers as to what it can be, is the ing of the banners of the procession to take the conquerors home from a militant to church triumphant, and you I have 10,000 reasons for wanting there, but we will never get there either the contract of the con there, but we will never get there eitheself immolation or impenitency. At ains siain by the Christ who came to all thing, we want to go in at just the divinely arranged, and from a couch divinely arranged, and then the clang of the achral gates behind us will be overpose by the clang of the opening of the pearl before us. O God, whatever of may choose, give me a Christian's bura Christian's immortalit; I

MAJ. GEN. SCHOFIELD.

The Man Who Holds the Highest Po

in the United States Army. The calling of the regular troops to the scene of the recent road strike draws special attention Maj. Gen. Schoffeld, who holds highest position in the army, ha an authority second only to the President.

John McAllister Schoffeld was In Chautauqua County, N. Y. 1831. He was graduated from United States Military Academy 1853 and was assigned to duti South Carolina and Florida. He held positions as a teacher in portant educational institutions. the opening of the civil war h tered the volunteer service as M of the First Missouri Volunteers was appointed chief of staff to 6 Nathaniel Lyon. He held one portant military position after other, and in 1864 was assigned the command of the Army of Ohio. With Gen. Sherman he gaged in the Atlanta campaign Georgia, and when the latter sta



for the sea Schoffeld was in Ten see. Here and in other places S field showed himself a gallant sold and won the admiration of all.

He was present at the surrende Johnston's army in 1865, and charged with the duty of carry out certain details of the capital tion. Schofield succeeded Eawin Stanton as Secretary of War in 1 and held that office for a year, w he was appointed major general the United States army. He is present senior major general will be retired next year, as he w at that time reach the age limit.

IT COST \$10,000,000.

George Gould's Hunting Lodge in the Catskill Mountains George Gould's mountain luxur Furlough Lodge, cost \$10,000. and an expenditure of upward of 000,000 a year is necessary to ma tain it. The lodge, which is locat in the Catskill mountaids, stands a 1,000-acre tract of very expensi land. The tract is surrounded w a barbed wire fence ten feet hig Within this inclosure is the finpigeon warren in the world, and t

To take care of this great supp of game there are ten men emilos all the year around. And these under the direction of a head gan keeper, who is personally responsi

richest pheasantry. There is an

mense deer park, a small herd

buffalo and foxes that run wild

the year around, inviting visitors



GEORGE GOULD'S SHOOTING BOX.

for a supply of things to be sh when Mr. Gould and his friends con up for a holiday. The winter supp of horses is always seventeen, and the

summer supply twice that number. The Russian dogs, with Czarall the famous foxhound, at the head the kennel, and the kennels of a other rare, hardy winter dogs, have their special keepers; and, all to the place is kept on as large a sca and as luxuriantly as any royal estat No one else on earth spends as muc on a shooting box.

History of Gotham.

At one of the annual dinners of the New England society of New Yor at which Mr. Blaine and the la Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Is and, were both guests, a little goo natured chaff was induiged in as the relative influence of the Hollan ers and Yankees in the settleme and development of New York. can give you the history of New Yo in a sentence," said Van Zandt, whose veins coursed both Dutch at Yankee blood. "The Dutch settle New York, and the Yankees settle the Dutch."

THE only successful way to adve tise a newspaper is to publish a co