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Well, yes, 'tis a hair-curlin' story-I would it could not be recalled! The terrible fright of that hell-tinctured night

Is the cause of my head bein' bald! I was runnin' the Git-There express, sir, On the Yankee Creek Jerkwater Line, An' the track along there was as crooked,

swear. As the growth of a field pumpkin vine. My run was a night one, an' nights on the

Yank War as black as the coal piled back there on the tank.

We pulled out of Tenderfoot station

- A day and almost a half late, An' every durn wheel was a-poundin' th
- steel At a wildly extravagant rate!

My fireman kep' pilin' the coal in The jaws of the ol' H

Till the sweat from his nose seemed to play through a hose

An' splashed 'round his feet on the floor, As we thundered along like a demon in

flight. A-rippin' a streak through the breast of the night!

As we rounded a curve on the mountain, Full sixty an hour, I will swear, Just ahead was a sight that with blood

freezin' fright Would have raised a stuffed buffalo's

hair! The bridge over Ute Creek was burnin'. The flames shootin' up in their glee! My God! how they gleamed in the air, till -

they seemed Like flery-tongued imps on a spree! Jest snickered an' sparkled an' laughed like they knowed

I'd make my next trip on a different road!

In frenzy I reached for the throttle, But 'twas stuck an' refused to obey! I yelled in affright, for our maddening

flight I felt that I never could stay!

Then wildly I grasped the big lever, Threw her over, then held my hot breath An' waited fur what I assuredly thought

Was a sure an' a terrible death! Then came the wild crash, an' with horro fringed yell

Down into that great flery chasm I fell!

When I came to myself I was lying On the floor of the bedroom; my wife Sat astride of my form, an' was making

warm For her darling, you bet your sweet life! fy hair she had clutched in her fingers An' was jamming my head on the floor

Yet I yelled with delight when I found that my fright Was a horrible dream, nothing more!

had wildly grabbed one of her ankles, she said.

An' reversed her clear over the head of the bed! -Denver Evening Post.

The Flower of Death

A Night of Wild Despair and Its Joyful Morning

" VOU are as good as dead," said the doctor, looking steadily at Ana-

tole. Anatole staggered. He had come to pass a cheerful evening with his old

friend, Dr. Bardais, the savant whose works in poisonous substances are so well and favorably known, but one whose excellence of heart and almost fatherly kindness Anatole had been able to appreciate more than anyone. And now all of a sudden, without regard for his feelings, without being prepared to hear it, the terrible prognostic is uttered by so great an author-

ity. "Unfortunate fellow," continued the doctor, "what have you done?" "Nothing that I know of."

"Waiter, a bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink."

He drank a glass and looked at his writing paper, reflecting: "To whom shall I leave my 6,000 france income I have neither father nor motherfact which is lucky for them. And among the persons who interest me I can only think of one-Nicette."

Nicette was one of his forty-second cousins, a charming young girl of 18 years, with fair tresses and large, black eyes. Like himself she was an orphan. and this community of fate had long ago established a bond of sympathy be tween them. His will was speedily drawn up. He left everything to Nicette.

When it was finished he drank a econd glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette," thought he. "Her ruardian, who knows little of the world except his class, which he teaches to play on brass instruments at the Conservatory, has bethought himself to promise her hand to a brite, a sort of bully, whom she detests, because she loves another, as she has avowed to me, although with reticence and an embarrassed air. Who is this happy mortal? But he must be worthy of her, since she has fixed her affection on him. Good, gentle, comely and affectionate Nicette deserves an ideal husband. Ah, how well would she have suited me for a wife. It is an infamous tyranny to spoil her life by giving her to a brute. But why should I not be Nicette's champion? I have said it now, and to-morrow morning I will begin to act. But to-morrow morning it will be too late. Now is the time to begin, if at all. The hour is a little mal a propos to see people, but as I shall be dead in five hours I don't care a sou for conventionalities. Yes, I'll do it-my life for Nicette."

It was four o'clock in the morning when Anatole rang the bell at the house of Nicette's guardian, M. Bousard. Badly frightened and wearing his nightcap, he answered the door. "Is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear M. Bousard," replied Anatole, "I have come for a chat." "At this hour?"

"I am at all hours pleased to see you; but you are not dressed, M. Bousard Are you going back to bed again?"

"That's what I am going to do. But -- I suppose, monsieur, that to disturb me in this manner you must have something very important to say to me." "Very important, M. Bousard. It is

necessary that you give up your plan of marrying my cousin Nicette to M. Capendac."

'Never, monsieur, never." "But I say, yes."

"Monsieur, my resolution is taken The marriage will take place." "It will not."

"We'll see about that. And now that you are acquainted with my answer will detain you no longer."

procedure, and I will remain."

"Remain if you like. I consider you

And M. Bousard turned toward the the like; to disturb a peaceful man, to rouse him from his sleep, for the purose of listening to such

and two-handed swords, pistols, lances; there was plenty there to make a timid

heart quail. "Bah," thought Anatole, "what do I risk now? Two hours and a half at the most. Here goes." "Monsieur," said Anatole, "you are going to marry Mile. Nicette?"

"Yes, monsier."

"Monsieur, you shall not marry her." "Blood and thunder, and who will hinder me?"

"I will." Capendae looked askance at Anatole,

who was not a large man, but who

seemed very determined. "Ah, young man," said he at length 'you are lucky to find me in a pleasant humor. Profit by it. Do you know that I have fought 20 duels in which I have had the misfortune to slay five of my adversaries and to wound the other 15? Once more I warn you to retire."

"I see," replied Anatole, "that you are an adversary worthy of my steel, and my desire increases to measure swords with a man so redoubtable. Let us see. Suppose we fight with those two swords by the chimney, or these cavalry sabers, are these-or what do you say to these curved ataghans. You don't decide. Why do you hesitate?"

"I was thinking of your mother and the grief your death would cause her." "I am an orphan. Do you prefer the carbine, the pistol, or the revolver?" "Young man, do not fool with these

firearms." "Are you afraid? You tremble." "I tremble? Nonsense, it is the cold." "Then either fight or renounce the

hand of Nicette." "I like your pluck. The brave should always be in harmony with each other. Do you wish me to confess something to you?"

"Out with it."

"For some time past I have wished to free myself from this betrothal. But I did not know how to go to work about it. I would consent very willingly to what you desire of me, but you must understand that I, Capendac, cannot have the air of yielding to threats. Now, you have menaced me."

"I withdraw the menace."

"Then it is agreed."

"Will you write and sign your refinuishment of Nicette ?"

"I have so much sympathy for you that I can refuse you nothing."

door of Nicette's room, called out:

the dawn, came into the little parlor.

sard, "that your cousin is crazy."

"What is the matter?" she inquired.

cousin, I have achieved two things. M.

Furnished with the precious paper. Anatole hurried back to the residence of M. Bousard. He reached his door at

eight o'clock.

"Ting-a-ling-d-ling." "Who is there?"

"Anatole." "Be off to bed," cried the professor

and come down."

wrathfully. "I have the consent of M. Capendao Open, or I will have to break the door.'

"That is not altogether polite. But am as good-natured as I am tenacious, M. Bousard. I am not offended at your

as gone, and I will not converse further with you."

wall, grumbling: "Did you ever see

THE NEW LIFE IN CHRIST.

STREET, DAY INT HUNDE

International Sunday School Lesson for June 18, 1809-Text. Colossians Sil-15-Memory Verses 1-4.

Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes.

[Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.-Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.-Col. 3:15. READ Ephesians 4:17 to 5:24. TIME.-Written during Paul's first Ro-man imprisonment, about A. D. 62. PLACE.-Paul's prison at Rome. RULERS.-Nero, emperor of Rome; Al-binus, governor of Judea. PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.-Paul's imprisonment is referred to in Acts 28:30, 31. There is no mention of the Colossians in Imprisonment is referred to in Acta 3.4.4. There is no mention of the Colossians in the Acts, but it is probable to it the church there was founded while Aul was at Ephesus, in that neighborhood (Acta 19). DIVISIONS OF THE BOOK.-1. The in-

troduction (1:1-13), including the greeting, thanksgiving and prayer for the Colossian church. 2. A doctrinal section (1:14 to 2:3). S. A controversial section (2:4 to 3:4) against certain errors. 4. Moral application (3:5 to

 5 Personal greetings (4:1-17). EXPLANATORY.
I. Crucified with Christ. The Old Life Dead.-It has been wisely said that "to learn what to love and what to hate, what to honor and what to despise," is the purpose of education. It may be added that what one is alive to, and to what he is dead, are the test of character; so that he who loves what he ought to love and hates what is hateful to God, who honors what is honorable and despises what is unworthy, who fears to do wrong and delights in whatever is pure and holy, who is dead to sin and alive to righteousness-he is "the perfect man in Christ Jesus," and is "made meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light," and has been translated by God "into the kingdom of His dear Son" (1:12, 13).

II. The Resurrection with Christ to a New Life .-- Vs. 1-4. But he that is dead to sin is not a dead being. Thus Paul says of himself: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2:20. See also Rom. 6:4, 5, 9, 10; Eph. 4:22-24; Col. 2:12). Disciples are branches of the True Vine. Their life is the same as the life of the vine. The same life flows unseen through vine and branches. "In God:" "As the infinite sphere of all your life, your love, your aspirations, your voluntary ac-tivitica."-Cowles, "When Christ * * • shall appear:" R. V., shall be manifested, in this world by the coming of His kingdom, by the fruits of His life, and at last by Ilis glorious coming in the clouds of glory. "Shall ye also appear with Him in glory:" both in this present time, in the fruits which grow from the inner life, as the clusters cover the vine and show what it is and manifast the glory of its life, and also

in His final coming in glory. IIL Putting Off the Old Man and His Deeds.-Vs. 5-9. "These verses con-M. Bousard opened it. Anatole showed him the paper, and going to the tain the negative side of Paul's appeal." -Barry.

"Cousin, rise, dress yourself quickly Intemperance is one of the worst and most typical manifestations of the old Some minutes after Nicette, fresh as and worldly nature. It fosters all the evils spoken of above, as dampness and darkness foster crawling insects and "The matter is," answered M. Bouvermin. It is the hot house of crime. When our judges tell us from the "If that be so there is at any rate method in my madness," exclaimed Anatole. "This very night, my dear bench that nine-tenths of pauperism

and crime are caused by drink, and our to other partitioned for corn-meal, no large drawer; one bread board physicians that if only irregular tippling were abolished half the current

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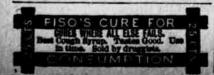
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mered Anatole, greatly troubled. "Try to recollect. Tell me what you have drank, what you have eaten, and what you have breathed."

The last word spoken by the doctor was a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was traveling in India. In this letter had been a flower plucked on the shores of the Ganges by the traveler-a flower, red, warped, and of bizarre shape, the odor of which, he remembered well now, had seemed to him strangely penetrating. Anatole searched in his pocketbook and took therefrom the letter and flower in question, which he showed to the savant.

"Without doubt," exclaimed the doc-Crossgrave, Pa. | tor, "it is the Pyramenensis Indicathe fatal flower, the flower of death." "Do you really think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"But it is not possible. I am only 25 ears old. I feel myself full of life and health."

"When did you open that fatal letter?"

"At nine o'clock this morning."

"Well, to-morrow morning, at the same hour, indeed at the same moment, you will feel a sharp anguish at the heart, and it will be all over with you."

"And do you not know any remedy, any means of-' "None," said the doctor, and, hiding

his face in his hands, he sank backward in his armchair, choked with grief.

From the emotion displayed by his ol friend, Anatole realized that there was no hope. He departed in a dazed manner.

With beads of cold perspiration on his brow and his thoughts confused, Anatole moved along unconscious of what was passing around him, and not even suspecting that the streets were becoming deserted. He wandered a long time thus; but at length, coming to a bench, he sat down.

The rest did him good. Until then he had been like a man who has been struck on the head with a club. The effects of the shock were disappearing, and he began now to collect his vagrant thoughts.

"My plight," thought he, "is that of a person condemned to death. Yet I can still hope for mercy. By the way, how much longer have I to live?" He looked at his watch.

"It lacks three hours of morning. It is time I was in bed. I go to bed, indeed! To devote the last sad hours of my life to sleep! No. I can certainly do better than that. But, what? Parbleu! I have it. I will draw up my last will and testament."

A restaurant which remained open all night was near by. Anatole entered

Suddenly M. Bousard made a bound from his bed.

Anatole had taken up one of the trombones of the professor, into which he blew with might and main, madly moving the slide. Infernal sounds were emitted by the instrument.

"My cherished trombone, given me by my pupils! Leave the instrument alone, monsieur."

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you consider me as departed. I consider you as absent, and I am amusing myself while waiting for your return. Um-pa! Um-pa! What dulcet melody!"

"You will cause me to receive notice to leave the house. My neighbors will not tolerate the trombone after midnight."

"Then all I can say is, they have no love of music in their souls. Z-z-z-z! Wow! Tootle-too! Um-pal Um-pal' "Stop, for mercy's sake." "Do you consent, then?" "To what?"

"To give up the marriage?" "But monsieur, I can't do it." "Then, um-pa!"

"M. Capendae is a terrible man. If I affront him thus he will kill me." "Does that reason influence you?" Yes, and others besides."

"In that case leave all to me. Only swear to me that if I obtain the consent of M. Capendac to the breaking of the match my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free." "Bravo. I have your word. Permit me to retire. But where does this Capendac live?"

"Number 100, Rue des Deux-Epees "I will go there. Good-by."

"As for you," thought M. Bousard 'you are putting your head in the lion's mouth, and you will be taught a lesson that you deserve to learn."

Meanwhile Anatole hastened to the address indicated. When he arrived there it was six o'clock in the morning. "Ting-a-ling-a-ling."

"Who is there?" said a deep voice from within.

"Open. I am the bearer of a very important message from M. Bousard. He heard the noise of a safety-chain being displaced, and of a key with which three locks were successively opened.

"Here is a man well defended," thought Anatole. Finally the door was opened. Ana-

tole found himself in the presence of a gentleman with a large, curled mustache, who wore a fencing costume as his night-dress.

"Always ready, you see. It is my invention."

The walls of the ante-chamber were hidden by suits of armor. In the little parlor into which Capendas conducted his visitor, he saw only weapons galore; singhans, poigoned arrows, sobres, cos

Capendac has renounced his claim to your hand and your excellent guardian consents that you shall marry whom you please."

"Really and truly, my guardian, am I free to marry Anatole ?"

"Ha!" exclaimed Anatole.

"Then, I love you, my cousin."

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat rapidly. Was it by reason of the pleasure which the unexpected avowal of Nicette had caused him? Was it the pang predicted by Dr. Bardais? Wasit death ?

"Wretch that I am!" exclaimed the poor fellow. "The cup of happiness is at my lips, and I am going to die without tasting it it."

Then feverishly taking Nicette's hand, he told her all: How he had received the letter which contained the flower whose fragrance he had inhaled; and of the prognostic of Dr. Bardais; how he had made his will in her favor. the steps he had subsequently taken. and the success with which his efforts had been crowned.

"And now," sighed he, "I must die." "But it is impossible," said Nicette; "the doctor is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never wrong in his diagnosis, Nicette-Dr. Bardais." "Bardais, Bardais!" cried M. Bousard

suddenly, bursting out laughing. "Hear what the morning paper says: "The learned Dr. Bardais has just been suddenly stricken with mental allenation. The mania from which he suffers is of a scientific character. It is well known that the doctor made a special study of poisonous substances. He believes now that all whom he meets

are poisoned, and endeavors to persuade them that such is the case. He was removed at midnight to the big whote house." "

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

each other's arms, and were locked in a fond embrace.—Translated from the French for the San Francisco Argonaut

by Judson F. Davidson. His Fatal Blunder.

"Don't you think you could learn to love me, Mildred?" faltered the young man.

"I might have done so, Harry," she answered, "if you had not taught me to play chess, but how can I ever learn to love a man whom I can give the odds of a pawn and checkmate in 13 moves?"-Chicago Tribune,

Only the Beginning. "Yes," said Uncle Eben, "you and William think if you can only marry each other you won't want anything else in this world. But after you are married you will find it is only a step-

sickness of the land would cease, and our statesmen that the ravages of strong drink are equal to those of the historical scourges of war, famine and pestilence combined, surely to swallow such a glut of spoil the appetite of hell must have been still more enlarged, and the mouth of hell made yet wider.' -George Adam Smith.

IV. Putting on the New Man and His fore:" As the necessary result of the new life. Dr. Maclaren speaks of these verses as a description of "the garments of the renewed soul," and "the wardrobe of the consecrated soul."

Temperance stands among these virtues. They flourish in its atmosphere. Note. Is this list of virtues practical, and noble, and worthy? Yes; for he who has these has the elements of what are called the heroic virtues. These are the household heroisms, the daily and hourly cultivation of the qualities which make heroes and martyrs. Mac-laren well says: "By the side of its sincere and lofty beauty, the 'heroic virtues' embodied in the world's type of excellence show vulgar and glaring, like some daub representing a soldier, the sign-post of a public house, by the side of Angelleo's white-robed visions on the still eduvent walls. More selfcontrast in the popular estimate, more of overything strong and manly, will find a metice died in subduing passion and cherishing forgiveness, which the world thinks folly and spiritless, than anywhere else. 'Better is he that ruleth a spirit than he that taketh a city.""

Spear Points.

Some forms of Bible study are attempts to satisfy soul hunger by eating the dishes instead of the dinner. Man may inherit but cannot merit eternal life.

Sins should be washed by the blood of Christ, not whitewashed by the devil.

Christ's yoke will not fit stiff-necked people.

The rewards of Heaven are not based on the size of our sheaves, but on the single-heartedness of our service .--Ram's Horn.

Improvement on the Phonograph. At a recent meeting of the Academie des Sciences, Paris, Mr. Marcy presented a new phonograph which speaks so distinctly that one can scarcely recognize any difference between the original voice and its reproduction. On the same occasion Mr. Dusaur described a new method of amplifying the sounds of the phonograph just as a photograph is enlarged. It is done by causing the phonograph to speak into a second phonograph having a cylinder of larger

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