IN THE CANON.

BY EVELYN RAYMOND.

A TRAIN which had been creeping cautiously across the great bridge came to a dead halt. For a few seconds the weary passengers in the "Pullman" continued to read, yawn, or gaze from the windows with the same apathy which had characterized their interest since they had reached the monotony of Arizona. But when the halt was protracted and the train employes began to rush through the car with excitement expressed on their usually stolid faces, one after another the four travelers grew curious to discover through the steam-covered panes the cause of this fresh detention.

The old gentleman in the end section muttered a mild oath and bruised his fingers in a vain attempt to raise the double sashes, then settled back with a sigh and touched the button for Joe.

That long-suffering creature failing to respond, the ringing was prolonged till the jingling of the bell roused the occupant of the state room from her nap, and she appeared at its door with surprised inquiry on her countenance. One glance showed her that it was Number Eleven who was manifesting so much impatience; a second, that the train was standing still above a wonderful gorge.

"Oh, sir! has anything happened?" demanded Miss Denslow, strangely ready to take alarm on that lonely homeward journey in midwinter.

"That's what I am trying to find out! Where the—Don't allow yourself to be disturbed, miss. I will—Joe! porter!" Voice was added to ring in the summons for the attendant.

The audacious, aggressive commercial traveler, in section four, rose and came down the aisle.

"I'll find that porter, and I'll find out what's up," he remarked to Helen in passing.

She ignored him, but after he had disappeared walked through the car and seated herself before a window.

"Why, this is Canon Diablo! Strange I did not recognize it."

"Rightly named," retorted Number Eleven. "Seems as if all the imps in creation had been hired to pile those rocks there! Wonder if that porter isn't one of them, and gone to join the fellows. If it were not for this foot I'd soon find out what's the matter. Josephs, or—Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"

"Well, there's a 'Jonah' somewhere on this train, sure. Never made such a trip since I've been on the road, and that's four years. We're five hours late now, and the bridge all torn up!" exclaimed the guard, entering hastily.

"The bridge torn up! What do you mean?" thundered Number Eleven.

"Fact. Some would-be robbers, or 'greasers,' been at work. Indians maybe."

"What—what will become of us!" asked Miss Denslow, faintly.

"Oh! I forgot there was a lady aboard, or I wouldn't have said that. But we'll be all right. Found the thing out in time."

"But you have said it. Now tell me; what is to be done?"

"Go back, of course, till the track's repaired. We're beginning to move now. See? But, upon my word, I'd like to know who the fellow is. We've broken an axle, blown out a cylinder head, smashed the windows of the tourist car—had about forty such hinderances since we left Los Angeles—and now stalled here for nobody knows how long."

Pullman conductors are less wary in their conversation than train conductors, on whose shoulders responsibility rests; they are apt to be chatty and communicative. They regard the traveling public as a guest to be entertained in one fashion or another.

Helen Denslow did not look as if it were a pleasant form of entertainment just then employed.

"How far back must we go? How long will it take?"

"I hope not long," and to ward off further inquiry the official departed.

The girl looked hopelessly around. In reality her situation had not changed. She was no more alone than she had been. But the consciousness of motion, progress, had given her a sense of nearness to the rest of the world; but now that the progress had ceased she felt as if she were. She observed afresh her companions in the "Pullman." She had exchanged speech with but one of them, the gouty and ancient New Yorker in section eleven. The somnolent presiding elder in number five was awake at last, and mildly curious, though as exasperatingly placid as if he hoped on a trestle two hundred feet above that awful chasm were a commonplace incident. The merchant from San Diego had ceased his eternal figuring in a notebook, and now gazed through the glass, though he remained indifferent to the presence of any fellow creature. The commercial traveler had returned and deposited himself, his plaid cap, and his magenta necktie upon the seat across the aisle, where he kept up a running comment on the state of things, which was intended for Miss Denslow's ears, but was addressed to Number Eleven.

The train receded to the west brink of the canon and came to another halt with a thud which shook the heavy carriages violently.

Joe appeared. His face was pallid beneath the dark exterior.

"Fo' de lan'! We's don' fixed now!"

The employes swarmed backward through the car.

Before and behind the road had been torn up, demolished. The fiendish work of a few moments had caused the delay of hours, and already the early dusk was settling down. But life was safe—so far.

"Who could have done it—and why!"

"Some lurking band of thieves, no doubt, hoping to rob the train!"

"The took a deal of trouble. They could have 'held us up' without making themselves so much work," said the man with the loud necktie. "There's only one solitary passenger in the other Pullman."

Miss Denslow turned sick with fear. The utter desolation of her position appalled her. Why had she done this foolhardy thing? Yet, why should she have thought of danger; or how foretell that she would be the only woman on board that east-bound train? And the doctor's letter had been so urgent. Her aunt was dying and needed her. She felt as if suffocating, and hurried toward the door.

"I wouldn't lady! Bettah stay inside. Yo' needn' be sca'ed. We kin take ca' o' yo', lady. Mebbe nuffin' won't happen. Mebbe it's on'y foolin'," urged the porter, gently. Helen had been a generous patron and not fault-finding. She had almost compensated to the calumnious porter for his empty car, and, therefore, almost empty pocket.

"Open the door, quick! I must get out of this prison!" In an instant she had sprung to the frozen ground and was running blindly, wildly forward. She passed the train's length and came to the canon's brink. As she flew by them her pale face was illumined by the flare of the trainmen's torches, searching the disaster's extent.

"Oh, lady! Don't go down there! Take care! It's a tough place!"

At the touch of the brakeman's hand on her arm the girl stopped. Her unreasoning fear left her as suddenly as it had come, and she was her cool, alert self again.

"Have you telegraphed for help?"

"That's the worst—the wire are cut."

"Sent some one, then?"

"Yes—if the messenger ain't stopped."

"Did such a thing ever happen before?"

The man answered evasively.

"It's a wild country, lady. Considerable money goes east now and again, and there's a diamond merchant travels the road sometimes."

"Jerry! Bring that light this way."

As the glare of the torch faded the moonlight filled its place. Miss Denslow's fear gone, her curiosity remained. Canon Diablo is a world's wonder. Its sides are covered with loose stones and bowlders which look as if they had been brought one by one and tossed into place.

"I will go down a little way. We must stay here for hours—I shall have no other such a chance in all my life!"

The girl's nostrils dilated. Her heart beat eagerly. Here was a new experience, indeed. It promised to be a satisfying one; and she had fed her hungry heart with such husks since that day, a year before, when she had parted from her lover in a quarrel. Moonlight always brought his memory back to her with cruel distinctness. He seemed very near to her at that moment. "I wonder if he did really go to the Pacific coast. They said so—and—all seem as if I must have heard of him there; and yet—is that why I hate going home! What a dunce I am! Expecting to hear of anybody in such a great country as California. Ah, this is happiness. Here am I, not sometimes be bought, but not often. In a letter on this subject newly received by the Department of State, Consul Smithers writes from Osaka, Japan, that it would be very desirable to send a competent agent from this country to Japan, who should visit the camphor-producing districts and study the processes of manufacture, packing, etc.—Washington Star.

The Population of Greenland.

It seems by a recent report of the Danish Statistical Bureau that the census of Greenland in 1890 showed a total population of 1516, of which 309 were Europeans, the remaining 10,207 being natives. Since 1880 the increase has been five per cent., the greatest growth being in North Greenland. In one of the "colonies," that of Godhavn, the increase has reached thirty-one per cent. Nearly the whole of the European settlers are found in the south. As has always been the case, the women greatly outnumber the men. This is especially true of Southern Greenland, owing to the fact that the milder climate allows hunting and fishing from the kayak to be carried on both winter and summer. During each of the last decades the number of accidental deaths in this occupation has averaged 200 in the south alone, or sixty in the north. With regard to occupations, 1668 persons are engaged in the whale and seal fisheries, 365 are ordinary fishermen, thirty-three are netters, forty-seven are hunters, and three are cattle-owners, this last industry having been introduced into Southern Greenland during the year 1890.—London Times.

No Cloud Without Rain.

A very curious fact is that a cloud is always raining. Even in summer, when the cloud over our heads is white, the drops are falling from it. But they are very small and they evaporate before they reach the earth. In evaporating they pass from the cloud particle stage to the haze particle stage; from saturation to simple condensation, that dust particles on which the condensation took place may be left perfectly dry. It is a general truth that when a cloud is formed it begins to rain. The minute particles of water come down in millions. The distance they fall depends on their size. If the air the cloud rests on is dry and warm they go on get far. It is chilly they collect in masses and form drops of rain that reach the earth.—Longman's Magazine.

HUSKING OUT OF SOULS.

TALMAGE'S LATEST SUNDAY SERMON.

Death and Heaven the Garnering Time for the Golden Grain.

TEXT: "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."—Job v. 26.

This is the time of the year for husking corn. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or in any of the country districts, you know that the corn is all out. The sharp knife struck through the stalk and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then, gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock. There are now at least two billion bushels of corn either standing in the shock or having been laid in the mow. The farmers gather one day on one farm and then another day on another farm, and they put on their rough husking apron, and they take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leathern loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons come along and take it to the corncrib.

About corn as an important cereal or as a metaphor the Bible is constantly speaking. You know about the people in famine coming to Joseph, and the forces on fire running into the "standing corn," and about the corn treading out the corn, and about the seven thin ears of corn that in Pharoah's dream devoured the seven good ears, and the "parched corn" handed to beautiful Ruth by the harvesters of Beth, and Abigail's five measures of "parched corn," with which she hoped to appease the enemies of her drunken husband, and David's description of the valleys "covered over with corn," and "the handful of corn in the earth," and "the full corn in the ear," and Christ's Sabbath morning walk through cornfields, and the disciples "plucking ears of corn," and so I am not surprised to find corn husking time referred to in my text, "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the glueful company. The frosts, which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others they stood blowing their breath through their fingers or thrashing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation. Rosina mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. Already now the men take hold of the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The strike of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks heavy with the wealth of grain are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain disingenious is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so toxic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company less blithe that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some propose as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After awhile the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and all the cellars and all the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles, but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and some hands gather in the field, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "silly as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields, but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew almost fifty bundles, for there have been grains of corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I found it; just as you and I threw it; just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls which we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude are of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters, instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is removal of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is transmutation, of the iron handcuffs of earthly incorporation into the disenfranchised wristlets of a bridal party, or, to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheaths of the body that the bright and beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ hooks up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother, and I would that I could break up your sadness and knit the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence; frost on the stubble; frost on the ground; frost on the bare branches of the trees; frost in the air; frost on the beard of the husker. You remember when we used to hide between the corn rows so as to keep off his wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up, and all the frosts went out of the air, and all bilarities awakened the echoes, and joy from one corn shock went up to "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock, "Aha, aha." So we all realize that the death of our friend is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind.

"It comes out of the frigid north, as when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul." Blessed among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of eternal reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement as the temporary distresses of husking time.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. "Light, and but for a moment," saith the apostle as he clapped his hands; "light, and but for a moment." The child of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in, and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and then there was a ruthless tearing, and

them a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if this time could have spoken it would have said: Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me? Ah, my friends, just as that was God has arranged that the ear and husk shall part, and that is the way He has arranged that the body and the soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distress when you know that they are only forward ing the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker.

There is gold in you that must come out. Some say the snackle must be broken. Some say the ship must be launched for heavenly voyage. I say the Heavenly Husbandman busk off the mortality for the immortality. There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more subtly taking away from you that which minies your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps He will do in one fell blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm you ought to say: "Thank God that is all just now; thank God, I will never have to suffer that again; thank God, I am so much nearer the hour of liberation."

You will never suffer the same pain twice. You may have a new pain to-morrow, but never the same pain twice. The pain does it work and then it is lost. Just so many plunges of the crowbar to free the quarry stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul from the clay. You who have chronic ailments and disorders are only paying in installments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the moment of the Heavenly Husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I notice in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn, and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed, while, on the other hand, there was corn that hardly seemed worth cultivating.

We threw that into a place all by itself, and we called it nubbins. Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was white nibbled, and some of it was great promises and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven into the barn we came around with the corn basket and we reeled up those nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to comparatively nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promises and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of God.

Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn and wounded and lacerated and wrenched and husked and at last go in amid the very best grade of the granary—than to be pronounced a nubbin? In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not destroying; it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

You remember also that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified backlogs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spin the evening, and there would be scant sociality; but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around.

Good spirits reigns I suppose me, and there were great handshakings, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experience in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of the player have swept the chords. The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just that. There they come up! They kept in the old village churchyard. They they come up! They reclined amid the fountains and the heights and the parteries of a city cemetery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all the sides—from poorer's field and part of the solid masonry of Westminster Abbey. They come up! They come up!

All the hindrances to their better nature busked off. All their spiritual despondencies busked off. All their hindrances to usefulness busked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous. Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable.

They meant well enough, but they told you how sick you looked, and they told you how many hair's things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost that they had took sain in so as of the battles. Good, glory, consecrated, well meaning disagreeables. Now in heaven all their disagreeables have been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be.

Heaven—one great neighborhood re-union. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God the Father with His children all around Him. No "goodby" in all the air. No graves out in that hillside. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprase, in to seas of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing, and the ripping, and the twisting, and the wrenching and lacerating, and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the King's granary "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, heaven is a great sociable, with joy the joy of heaven. If that feeling, as big as declines to speak, the one that is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door, of caste and orca banquet. No ticket to keep but the citizen of a smaller mansion. No cliques in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking one of the airs of a giant killer; Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt; Paul making no assumption over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness; Naaman, captain of too Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get cured. No place for smallest cherub. Nothing in heaven but joy, joy, joy; what a consummate place! The humblest man a king, the poorest the sharper lifetime eternity. Heaven is more strange about it all is we say glad to get there.

The Cholera in Persia.

A letter in the Paris Temps gives some account of the cholera in Persia. The writer says that from Meshed the cholera went northwest across the populous district in which are Kutshan, Shirvan and Bujurd, following the valley of the Bhura Mountains. Twenty days later it appeared on the caravan route between Meshed and Teheran. At the many stations along this route the Persian Government established quarantines, and every passer-by was disinfected. The pilgrims arrived weak from traveling, footsore and weary. The sheds improvised for their reception were frightfully crowded and often kept by agents of doubtful morality. The new comers slept in the open air under trees, if there were any, while awaiting their places in the caravanserai. The water was always bad. Often dangerous. There were no medicines, there was no sort of care. Only fanatically religious pilgrims could endure the privations of this experience. Thus all the villages and towns along the route are base infected. Passing through Nishapour, Sebzevar, Damghan, Semnan and finally reaching Teheran, the quarantine system proved an utter failure. Every day during the three spring months from 100 to 150 pilgrims passed each station. They went and came without thought of the cholera. At Teheran the death-roll, however, never exceeded 200 a day, out of a population reduced by emigration to 100,000 inhabitants.

Salaries of Rulers.

Salaries received by the heads of Government in the leading countries of the world are as follows:

Emperor of Germany $3,741,172
Emperor of Austria 4,425,800
Emperor of Russia 5,173,440
King of Spain 1,808,820
King of Italy 2,865,890
Queen of Great Britain 1,998,978
President of France 2,38,480
President of the United States $50,000