BARGAINS.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

He pressed a ruby on her lips, whose burning blood shone through;
Twin sapphires bound above her eyes, to match the fiery blue;
And where her hair was parted back, an opal gem he set—
Type of her changing countenance, where all delights were met.

"Will you surrender now," he said, "the ancient grudge you keep
Untiring and unuttered, like murder in the deep?"
"I thank you for the word," she said, "your gems are fair of form,
But when did jewels bind the depths, or splendors still the storm?

"There is no diamond in the mine, nor pearl beneath the wave,
There is no fretted coronet that soothes a princely grave,
There is nor fate nor empire in the wide infinity,
Can stand in grace in virtue with the gift you had for me."

TESSA.

CHAPTER XI.

"You will be welcome with or without Austen's permission," he had said fervently.

Tessa resolved to test the truth of the words. Hastily she thrust a few necessaries into her traveling bag, and packed her dresses and clothes into the large traveling trunk. It could be sent after her at some future time, she thought. As she turned the key the flash of the diamond on her hand caught her eye.

It was not usual among the Friends to exchange rings; but Austen, though he laughed at the custom, had gratified Tessa's childish fancy for pretty things and given her a ring she had admired one day in a jeweler's window—a broad gold band with one large diamond set in the centre. There was a flash of indignant tears in Tessa's eyes as she drew this ring from her finger, placed it in an envelope and addressed it to Austen. How well she remembered the day on which he had brought it home from town—the loving words he whispered as he placed it on her finger—the kisses she had given as her thanks! Ah, well, it was all ended now! she thought.

She completed her preparations, putting her bag carefully out of sight in the wardrobe, and, having removed all traces of packing from the room, drew up her chair to the window, and sat looking out across the garden with sad dreamy eyes! How pretty it looked that summer afternoon, with the sunshine pouring upon the trim lawn, and the roses and lillies of which poor Mrs. Bevan had been so fond! How many happy hours Tessa had spent there with Austen during the last few weeks! The tears rushed into her eyes at the remembrance of them.

The carriages returned by-and-by from the funeral. Tessa saw Austen, looking very pale and stern, descend and enter the house, and heard him cross the hall and shut himself up in his study.

The day wore on; the guests who had been invited to the funeral departed, and a great silence fell upon the house. Tessa was startled out of her reverie at last by a low tap at the door. At the sound her cheeks flushed and her heart beat wildly. Perhaps it was Austen—Austen who had repented of his harshness, and had come willing to listen to the explanation which she had offered and he had refused to hear. Hurriedly she rose from her seat and opened the door; but her heart sank again, and she could not repress a faint cry of disappointment, for it was not Austen who stood there, but only the under housemaid.

"Oh, Mary, is it you?" she said.

"Yes, Miss Tessa."

All the servants were fond of Tessa, and with this girl she was an especial favorite; and now she looked pityingly at Tessa's tear-stained face.

"I came to see if you wanted anything, miss. May I bring you a cup of tea and something to eat? You have had nothing since breakfast, and you are looking quite pale and ill."

"I have a headache. Yes, you may bring me some tea, please, Mary."

"And something to eat with it, miss? There is to be no regular dinner, to-day, for master and Mrs. Callender dined early with the visitors; but cook said I had to tell you she would make some soup hot in a minute."

"Cook is very kind." Tessa, suddenly remembering the journey that lay before her, and also that it was improbable she would get anything to eat until late at night, felt grateful to cook for the suggestion. "I should like the soup."

"Then I'll bring it at once, miss."

Mary retired, and presently returned with a tray containing a very tempting little repast; Tessa, who had eaten very little in the past two days felt her appetite return at the sight of it. She ate heartily, and thoroughly enjoyed the cup of fragrant coffee which concluded the meal. Mary looked on with satisfied eyes.

"There—you look better already, miss! It's queer what a difference food makes to one's feelings," she remarked philosophically. "I wish you could persuade Mr. Bevan to have something, miss. He ate nothing at luncheon, and directly he came home from the funeral he shut himself up in his study—it is over the housekeeper's room, you know, miss—and we can hear him walking up and down the room and never resting a minute. He do take on sadly to be sure, but he was so fond of the poor old missus! Indeed, who wasn't?"—and Mary put her apron to her eyes and sobbed. "Ah, there's one though that don't grieve much!"

"Who, Mary?" Tessa asked absently.

"Why, Mrs. Callender, of course, miss! She'd barely got home from the funeral afore she was in the poor missus's room, ferreting about her drawers! And you know that white lace scarf which missus said you was to have for a remembrance of her? Well, I saw Mrs. Callender with my own eyes take it out of the drawer and carry it off to her room; and it's my opinion, miss, and cook's too, that she means to keep it."

"Never mind, Mary; I can remember Mrs. Bevan without the scarf. Now you may take these things away; and, Mary"—Tessa hesitated—"my headache is so bad that I will stay here and be quiet; and as I shall not want anything else, you need not disturb me again to-night."

"Very well, miss. You will be sure to ring if you want anything?"

"Quite sure; but I shall not want anything. Tell Mrs. Callender so, please, if she makes any inquiries about me."

"Oh, she won't trouble herself, miss—no fear!"

Mary gave a sniff, took up her tray, and left the room. Tessa locked the door after her, took out her bag, and looked at her watch. The train by which she intended to travel left Pennington at six; it would take her nearly an hour to walk to the station, and, as it was then nearly five, she had no time to lose. She slipped on a long ulster and a close hat, and, taking her bag in her hand, crept noiselessly down-stairs, and unnoticed left the house.

There was great consternation in the household the next morning when Tessa's flight was discovered. Mrs. Callender came flying into the library, where Austen was writing letters, full of alarm and wondering conjectures.

She was much astonished at the way in which her brother received the intelligence — utterly thunderstruck when he told her calmly, but with a gray haggard look on his face, that he was not surprised—that he had fancied that Tessa intended to leave them, only—and his face changed a little—he had not expected she would go so soon or so suddenly. Their engagement had been broken off two days before; some facts very discreditable to Tessa had come to his knowledge, and made this course absolutely necessary.

He refused, however, much to Mrs. Callender's disappointment, to say what these falts were, and something in his face and manner forbade even that strong-minded lady to persist in her inquiries.

"She left this for you, Austen," placing the envelope which contained the ring on the table.

Austen took and opened it slowly—took the ring in his hand. He looked at it for a moment in silence, then, with a sneering laugh, threw it into the drawer of his desk. Tessa's flight had thoroughly convinced him that his suspicions were correct. Well, she might go. She had preferred shame to honor—vice to virtue, and he would not lift a finger to drag her back.

* * * * *

"Austen have you heard that Noel Cleveland has come back to Priory?"

Three months had passed since that July evening when Tessa had left her home, and it was now nearly the end of October. The nights and mornings were cold and frosty, and here and there the trees were beginning to show the vivid tints of autumn. Austen, who was sitting by the fire with a book in his hand, started and frowned angrily at the words.

"No, I did not know it. When?" he said curtly.

"Last Monday. His wife died three months ago, you know, and he is coming back to live altogether at the Priory, he tells me."

"Is he married again?"

"Good gracious, Austen"—and Mrs. Callender assumed her most severe expression—"and his wife just dead! Of course, he will marry again, by-and by." She paused for a moment, and then went on meditatively, "I used to think he admired Tessa very much once, and certainly the eager way in which he asked after her to-day confirms that idea."

"After her?" and Austen looked up suddenly.

"Yes, and seemed so astonished when I told him she was not with us—so astonished indeed that he forgot his good manners," Mrs. Callender went on severely.

"What did you tell him?"

Austen's voice sounded very hoarse and strange, Mrs. Callender thought. She looked at him rather sharply.

"What could I tell him, except that she had left us quite suddenly, and that I did not know where she was?" she answered in an aggrieved voice. "You were always so very mysterious about Tessa, Austen, and he seemed so surprised."

Austen sprang up suddenly from his seat. Could this be true? Could Cleveland really be as ignorant as he pretended to be—know as little of Tessa's movements? Surely he must be either the most consummate hypocrite—the most bare-faced villian; or he—Austen—must be the greatest fool the world held! He felt that he could not rest an instant longer—that he could not let another hour pass by before he confronted Cleveland and learned the truth.

Without another word, and with a restless impetuosity which surprised and annoyed Mrs. Callender, he went hastily out of the room, caught up his hat from the hall-table, and rapidly walked across the fields to the Priory. There was a light in the library window—the room which Cleveland generally occupied when alone; Austen saw his shadow move across the blind as he passed, heard his cheery voice speaking to his dogs. The servant who opened the door looked a little surprised when he saw the visitor. It was many a long day since Austen had been at the Priory. He took him at once into the library where Cleveland was sitting.

The room looked cheerful and cosy; a table spread with wine and fruit and flowers was drawn close to the fire; a great mastiff and a tiny terrier were rolling about on the rug, and Cleveland, lying back in his chair with his pipe between his lips, looked the picture of comfort and ease. He started up and looked surprised as the visitor entered, then came forward with outstretched hand and a cordial greeting.

"Austen! It is pleasant to see you here again!" he cried. "You have come to welcome me home? Sit down, old fellow—I am delighted to see you!"

But Austen did not take any notice of the proffered hand. There was an intent questioning look on his face, and his eyes gleamed oddly under their thick brows, and Cleveland noticed that the veins on his clenched hands stood out like knotted cords.

"I have come," he said at last, speaking in an unnatural voice, "to ask you one question; and when you have answered it I will either ask your pardon on my knees, or execrate you as the greatest villian that ever walked this earth! Where is Tessa Cardine?"

"Tessa Cardine? How on earth should I know?" Cleveland cried, in a tone of the wildest amazement. "I should have thought you were the most likely person to answer that question. Why do you ask me?"

There was such an unmistakable surprise in his face—such an accent of complete truth in his voice that Austen could not doubt any longer. He gave one long searching look into Cleveland's face—a look which seemed as if it would pierce into his very soul, then, with an odd sound, half of relief, half of despair, sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

Cleveland watched him silently a few minutes with a sympathetic impatient face.

"Come, Austen, don't be a fool! Don't you know where she is?" he said at last. "Why do you ask me?"

"Because I thought she was with you."

Even Cleveland was moved to compassion at the sight of the stricken white face which Austen raised. He listened in silence, but with his heart beating with indignation, as Austen, in a tone of resolute calmness, told the story of his jealousy and anger and Tessa's flight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN THE HOLY CITY.

Sermon Preached by Dr. Talmage in Jerusalem.

The Procession of Kings, Conquerors, Poets and Immortal Men Pass Before the Mind's Eye of the Celebrated Brooklyn Pastor.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached in the city of Jerusalem last Sunday to a large gathering of Christian people His text was Matt. xxiii, 37: "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" A report of his eloquent sermon is appended.

This exclamation burst from Christ's lips as he came in sight of this great city, and, although things have marveously changed, who can visit Jerusalem to-day without having its mighty past roll over on him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exclamatory as we cry, O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Disappointed with the Holy Land many have been, and I have heard good friends say that their ardor about sacred places had been so dampened that they were sorry they ever visited Jerusalem. But with me the city and its surroundings are a rapture, a solemnity, an overwhelming emotion. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! The procession of kings, conquerors, poets and immortal men and women pass before me as I stand here. Among the throng are Solomon, David and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wonder of splendor and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur but it was all his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from Engedi, fell the long shadows of trees brought from distant forests.

Fish pools, fed by artificial channels that brought the streams from hills far away, were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from water cave to water cave with endless dive and swirl, attracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been brought from foreign aviaries glanced and fluttered among the foliage, and called to their mates far beyond the sea. From the royal stables there came up the neighing of twelve thousand horses, standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their bits over troughs of gold, waiting for the king's order to be brought out in front of the palace when the official dignitaries would leap into the saddle for some grand parade, or, harnessed to some of the fourteen hundred chariots of the king, the fiery chargers with flaunting mane and throbbing nostril would make the earth jar with the tramp of hoofs and the thunder of wheels. While within and without the palace you could not think of a single luxury that could be added, or of a single splendor that could be kindled, down on the banks of the sea the dry docks of Ezion-geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce, for all lands and climes were to be robbed to make up Solomon's glory. No rest till his keels shall cut every sea, his axmen hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trade in every bazaar, his name be honored by every tribe; and royalty shall have no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, song no melody, light no radiance, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, upholstery no gorgeousness, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his.

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace, and see his robes actually incrusted with jewels, as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy? No. While standing here amidst all the splendor, the tears start, and his heart breaks and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet? No, not happy. The honors and the emoluments of this world brings so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquietude. Pharoah sits on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I. arches under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. Frederick William III, of Prussia, is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces. The world is not large enough for Louis XIV and William III. The ghastliest suffering, the most shriveling fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power.

Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and good in all ages have been execrated by the mob who cry out: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you seek for the favor and the confidence of your fellow men; but do not look upon some high position as though that were always sunshine. The mountains of earthly honor are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. "Having obtained the confidence and love of your associates, be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." There is an honor that is worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God. This day rise up and take it. "Behold what manner of love the father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Who aspires not for that royalty? Come now, and be kings and priests unto God and the lamb forever.

If wealth and wisdom could have satisfied a man, Solomon would have been satisfied. To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of six hundred and eighty million pounds, and he had silver to the value of one billion, twenty-nine million, three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. The queen of Sheba made him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down and pick it up. He wrote one thousand and five songs. He wrote three thousand proverbs. He wrote about almost everything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes, and put on hunter's trapping, and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds; and then with his fishing-apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the denizens of the deep, and plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers; and then he came back to his study and wrote books about zoology, the science of animals; about ichthyology, the science of fishes; about ornithology, the science of birds; about botany, the science of plants. Yet, notwithstanding all his wisdom and wealth, behold his wretchedness, and let him pass on. Did any other city ever behold so wonderful a man? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But here passes through these streets, as in imagination I see him, quite as wonderful and a far better man. David the conqueror, the king, the poet. Can it be that I am in the very city where he lived and reigned? David great for power, and great for grief. He was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of wordly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that, when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshalled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion! Two great questions were to be decided; the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off, and he sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no. There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battle field—the question: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son! my son!" Stupendous grief of David resounding through all succeeding ages. This was the city that heard the woe. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

I am also thrilled and overpowered with the remembrance that yonder, where now stands a Mohammedan mosque, stood the temple, the very one that Christ visited. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Then Herod built a temple because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together, and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. Stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence! But the material and architectural grandeur of the building were very tame compared with the spiritual meaning of its altars and holy of holies, and the overwhelming significance of its of its ceremonies. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But standing in this old city all other facts are eclipsed when we think that near here our blessed Lord was born, that up and down the streets of this city he walked, and that in the outskirts of it he died. Here was his only day of triumph and his assassination. One day this old Jerusalem is at the tiptop of excitement. Christ has been doing some remarkable works and asserting very high authority. The police court has issued papers for his arrest, for this thing must be stopped, as the very government is imperiled. News comes that last night this stranger arrived at a suburban village and that he is stopping at the house of a man whom he had resuscitated after four days' sepulture. Well, the people rush out into the streets, some with the idea of helping in the arrest of this stranger when he arrives, and others expecting that on the morrow he will come into the town and by some supernatural force oust the municipal and royal authorities and take everything in his own hands. They pour out of the city gates until the procession reaches to the village. They come all around about the house where the stranger is stopping, and peer into the doors and windows that they may get one glimpse of him or hear the hum of his voice. The police dare not make the arrest, because he has somehow won the affections of all the people. Oh, it is a lively night in yonder Bethany! The heretofore quiet village is filled with uproar, and outcry, and loud discussion about the strange acting countryman. I do not think there was any sleep in that house that night where the stranger was stopping. Although he came in weary he finds no rest, though for once in his life time he had a pillow. But the morning dawns, the olive gardens wave in the light, all along yonder road, reaching over the top of Olivet toward this city there is a vast swaying crowd of wondering people. The excitement around the door of the cottage is wild as the stranger steps out beside an unbroken colt that had never been mounted, and after his friends had strewn their garments on the beast for a saddle the Savior mounts it, and the populace, excited and shouting and feverish, push on back toward this city of Jerusalem. Let none jeer now or scoff at this rider, or the populace will trample him under foot in an instant. There is one long shout of two miles, and as far as the eye can reach you see wavings of demonstrations and approval. There was something in the rider's visage, something in his majestic bow, something in his princely behavior, that stirs up the enthusiasm of the people. They run up against the beast and try to pull the rider off into their arms and carry on their shoulders the illustrious stranger. The populace are so excited that they hardly know what to do with themselves, and some rush up to the roadside trees and wrench off branches and throw them in his way; and others doff their garments, what though they be new and costly, and spread them for a carpet for the conqueror to ride over. "Hosanna!" cry the people at the foot of the hill. "Hosanna!" cry the people all up and down the mountain. The procession has now come to the brow of yonder Olivet. Magnificent prospect reaching out in every direction—vineyards, olive groves, jutting rock, silvery Siloam, and above all, rising on its throne of hills, this most highly honored city of all the earth, Jerusalem. Christ there, in the midst of the procession, looks off and sees here fortressed gates, and yonder the circling wall, and here the towers blazing in the sun, Phasaelus and Mariamne. Yonder is Hippicus, the king's castle. Looking along in the range of the larger branch of that olive tree, you see the mansions of the merchant princes. Through this cleft in the limestone rock you see the palace, of the richest trafficker in all the earth. He has made his money by selling Tyrian purple. Behold now the temple! Clouds of smoke lifting from the shimmering roof, while the building rises up beautiful, grand, majestic, the architectural skill and glory of the earth lifting themselves there in one triumphant doxology, the frozen prayer of all nations.

The crowd looked around to see exhilaration and transport in the face of Christ. Oh, no! Out from amid the gates, and the domes, and the palaces, there arose a vision of this city's sin, and of this city's doom, which obliterated the landscape from horizon to horizon, and he burst into tears, crying: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" But that was the only day of pomp that Jesus saw in and around this city. Yet he walked the streets of this city the lovliest and most majestic being that the world ever saw or ever will see. Publius Lentlus, in a letter to the Roman senate, describes him as "a man of stature somewhat tall, his hair the color of a chestnut fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders; in the midst of his forehead is a stream, or partition of his hair; forehead plain, and very delicate; his face without a spot or a wrinkle, a lovely red; his nose and mouth so forked as nothing can be represented; his beard thick, in color like his hair—not very long; his eyes gray, quick and clear." He must die! The French army in Italy found a brass plate on which was a copy of his death warrant, signed by John Ferubbabel, Raphael Robani, Daniel Robani and Capet.

Sometimes men on the way to the scaffold have been rescued by the mob. No such attempt was made in this case, for the mob were against him. From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, Jesus hung a-dying in the outskirts of this city. It was a scene of blood. We are so constituted that nothing is so exciting as blood. It is not the child's cry in the street that arouses you as the crimson dripping from its lip. In the dark hall, seeing the finger marks of blood on the plastering, you cry: "What terrible deed has been done here?" Looking upon this suspended victim of the cross, we thrill with the sight of blood—blood dripping from thorn and nail, blood rushing upon his cheek, blood saturating his garments, blood gathered in a pool beneath. It is called an honor to have in one's veins the blood of the house of Stuart, or of the house of Hapsburg. Is it nothing when I point you to the outpouring blood of the king of the universe!

In England the name of Henry was so great that its honors were divided among different reigns. It was Henry the First, and Henry the Second, and Henry the Third, and Henry the Fourth, and Henry the Fifth. In France the name of Louis was so favorably regarded that it was Louis the First, Louis the Second, Louis the Third, and so on. But the king who walked these streets was Christ the First, Christ the Last, and Christ the Only. He reigned before the czar mounted the throne of Russia, or the throne of Austria was lifted, "king eternal, immortal." Through the indulgences of the royal family, the physical life degenerates, and some of the kings have been almost imbecile, and their bodies weak, and their blood thin, and watery; but the crimson life that flowed upon Calvary had in it the health of immortal God.

Tell it now to all the earth, and to all the heavens—Jesus, our king, is sick with his last sickness. Let couriers carry the swift dispatch. His pains are worse; he is breathing a last groan; through his body quivers the last anguish; the king is dying; the king is dead! It is royal blood. It is said that some religionists make too much of the humanity of Christ. I respond that we make too little. If some Roman surgeon, standing under the cross, had caught one drop of the blood on his hand and analyzed it, it would have been found to have the same plasma, the same disk, the same fibrin, the same albumen. It was unmistakably human blood. It is a man that hangs there. His bones are of the same material as ours. If it were an angel being despoiled I would not feel it so much, for it belongs to a different order of beings. But my Saviour is a man, and my whole sympathy is aroused. I can imagine how the spikes felt—how hot the temples burned—what deadly sickness seized his heart—how mountain, and city, and mob swam away from his dying vision—something of the meaning of that cry for help that makes the blood of all the ages curdle with horror: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!"

Forever with all these scenes of a Saviour's suffering will this city be associated. Here his unjust trial and here his death. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But finally I am thrilled with the fact that this city is a symbol of heaven which is only another Jerusalem, "The New Jerusalem!" And this thought has kindled the imagination of all the sacred poets. I am glad that Horatio Bonar, the Scotch hymnist rummaged among old manuscripts of the British museum until he found that hymn in ancient spelling, parts of which we have in mutilated form in our modern hymn books, but the quaint power of which we do not get in our modern versions:

Hierusalem, my happy home!—
When shall I come to thee!
When shall my sorrowes have an end,
Thy joyes when shall I see!

Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
Noe colde nor darksome night,
There everie soule shines as the sunne,
There God himselfe gives light.

Thy walls are made of pretious stones,
Thy bulwarkes diamondes square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrettes and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles doe shine;
Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,
Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of yvorie,
Thy windows crystal cleare;
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,
O God! that I were there.

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,
Our pleasure is but paine;
Our joyes scarce last the lookeing on,
Our sorrowes stille remaine.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasures and such play,
As that to them a thousand yeares
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
Continually are greene;
There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seene.

There trees for evermore beare fruite
And evermore doe springe;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore doe singe.

Hierusalem! my happie home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see!

How the Japanese Make Tea.

One of the delightful features of an entertainment by a Japanese gentleman is the way he makes the tea with his own hands. The ware and the hot water and the tea may be brought by the servant, but the host reserves to himself the function of preparing the tea. It is a simple process, but the result is a decoction totally unlike anything that Americans know as a cup of tea.

It is a very simple process, indeed. Say two persons are to drink. A small handful of tea is thrown into a teapot. Then the boiling water is poured out into two cups. The host leisurely pours these cups of hot water from one to another, until the water is cooled some degrees below the boiling point. It is so cool that an American housewife would consider it totally unfit for making tea, as the general rule with us is to pour on a little boiling water first to draw the tea. The idea of cooling the water, the Japanese say, is to avoid extracting the sharp acrid taste that is often noticed in tea. When the water is sufficiently cooled it is poured upon the tea all at once, and allowed to stand but a few moments. Then it is poured off and it is ready to be drunk. To use milk and sugar would be sacrilige. The decoction is a delicious, smooth, and peculiarly aromatic liquid, a nectar of the gods. It is, of course, a very expensive way to make tea, but when it is made it is a drink to be remembered.

His Remarkable Vocabulary.

A lady who has recently come from the west to locate in Washington has found a prize in a phenomenal small colored boy. He is only about 12, but he uses the most remarkable English ever found outside of a cage.

"Yo' will discover," he told the lady, "dat my capacities is of a mos' extror'nary charcter. My superfluvious opportunities is devoted exclusively to de perfection of my information."

"Wh—what have you done for a living?" gasped the astonished lady.

"My recentest avocation wuz sift'n coal ashes for a lady on K street, but she couldn't un'erstan' my languages."

"That is very strange."

"Yessum, but yo' couldn't expec' me to change my vocabulary for no ign'ant white trash."—Washington Post.

The Crossroads May be Reached.

On the Ratchet & Joltbard road.

Nevous old lady—Conductor, do you think we'll get to Chipmunk Crossroads on time?

Conductor—P'raps we will an' p'raps we won't. We're eleven hours behind now and we've just lost our smokestack by running into a cow. It's down grade though, and the engineer says he's going to get there if he loses a wheel.

German in the Public Schools.

The proposition to introduce the study of German into New York's public schools should meet with disfavor. The pupils of the public schools have little enough time as it is to obtain a thorough mastery of English without burdening them with other languages. A proposition to introduce any other foreign language should be treated the same way.

Pacifying a Youngster.

Small boy: "Say, dad, I wish you'd give me a bicycle." Old man: "Can't afford it, my son. Rent too high, coal too dear. Besides, I don't want you to break your neck." "Well, then, a tricicle." "Can't do it. But I'll tell you what you can have. When winter comes I'll try and get you a nice long icicle." The youngster is pacified.

A western man, proud of his immensely productive acres, says the Youth's Companion, was showing a visitor from Vermont his farm, and while boasting somewhat of his own crops, turned upon the Vermonter with the question:

"You can't raise much back there on those stony Vermont hills, can you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, we generally get fine crops."

"But you don't raise much grain, do you?"

"Oh, yes, we raise a sight of barley."

"You do?"

"Why certainly; I don't know what our farmers would do if it wasn't for their barley."

"Do you get much for it?"

"Oh, we don't sell it, sir; we don't sell a grain of it."

"You don't feed it to your stock?"

"Oh, no, no; you don't ketch us wasting barley like that."

"Well, what do you do with it, then?"

"Why, man, we save every grain of it for seed—that's what we do with it."

This is the western man's story, and he naturally thinks this a queer kind of "farming for profit."

The New York Furniture-Workers' Union has consented to allow its members to demand $15 a week.

Samuel Shepardson, of Armada, lost his wife three years ago and agreed to deed his farm, worth $6000 to a nephew in Massacusetts if he would move his family on the farm and support Mr. Shepardson, which he agreed to do, but failed in. The uncle finally brought suit to recover his farm, but the circuit court dropped the case. The supreme court set aside that decree and gives the farm back to Mr. Shepardson.

Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. S. H. Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouched for by nearly the entire population of Corunna, Mich., her home for years. She was for two years a terrible sufferer from rheumatism, being confined to her bed most of the time, her feet and limbs being so badly swolen she could scarcely move. She was induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her, and two additional bottles entirely cured her. To day she is a well woman.

First ask your druggist, should he not keep it we will send on receipt of price. $1.00 per bottle or six for $5.00.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.,
Jackson, Mich.

The Federation of United Labor claims $500,000 men.

The old smoker's delight—"Tansill's Punch," America's finest 5c. Cigar.

Tobacco gives employment to 30,000 persons in New York. Germans, Bohemians and English predominate.

The People

are not slow to understand that, in order to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing them to benefit or cure, medicines must possess more than ordinary merit and curative properties. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the only blood medicine sold, through druggist, under a positive guarantee that it will benefit or cure or money paid for it will be returned. In all blood, skin and scalp diseases, and for all scrofulous affections, it is specific.

$500 Reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case.

The practice of forming benevolent and protective organizations and benefit funds is becoming almost universal among united trade societies.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

Governor Larrabee of Iowa, says the only ones who complain against the state's reduction on railroad rates are those who enjoy special rates.

Pure soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of putrid fat. Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure, white, and unscented. Has been sold since 1865. Try it now.

Up to a few years ago castor oil came from Bombay, India. Lately the bean has been cultivated in Kansas and the southwest. Up in New England they use the oil in print cloth making. It is also the best leather lubricator. In India they use it in lamps.

Among the successful business institutions of Toledo, Ohio, is that of Col. Frank J. Cheney, the manufacturer of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Under his wise and careful management it has assumed gigantic proportions, and recently an eastern syndicate made him an offer in cash of $250,000 for his plant, which Mr. Cheney declined to accept. A few years ago he was seriously embarrassed, but undaunted by misfortune, he settled down to hard work in pushing an article which he believed possessed merit. Long ago he paid every claim against him, dollar for dollar, and now has a fortune left. All this he has accomplished by persistent push and printer's ink. Among the great advertising firms of the country he stands in the front rank of advertisers. The press of Toledo, and its citizens generally, rejoice at the success and good fortune of Mr. Cheney, who is highly esteemed among them for his business energy, as well as his happy social qualities.—From an article in the Toledo Bee, Nov. 16th.

They talk of using steel in locomotive construction. The substitution for bolts, nuts, bars, plates, etc., of a tough, soft manganese steel, in place of iron, was some time since proposed, and experiments show the metal to have an unsurpassed toughness.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for coughs and colds, does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

New York state has a law which prohibits the employment of children under the age of 13 in any of the 50,000 manufacturing establishments in the state, and which makes 60 hours the limit of a week's work in such factories for all women under the age of 21 and boys under 18.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says: TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours Truly, L. L. GORSUCH, M.D. Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. ☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"When I wrote 'Progress and Poverty,'" said Mr. George at the Paris conference, "I had no hope of seeing the question brought into the field of discussion during my lifetime. Now it is here, there is not a hamlet from the Atlantic to the Pacific where there is not a single-tax man. Our party is the growing party of America. The future is ours."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

THE WINNER.

The Promptness with Which Mr. Harris Received His Money from The Louisiana State Lottery.

Napa, (Cal.) Reporter, November 12.

The fact of the winning of the $15,000 by our townsman Henry Harris in the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery is not new to our people, but meeting the ex-sheriff yesterday, we asked him if he had received his check. Mr. Harris replied, "That the money had promptly come, and that everything connected with its receipt had been most satisfactorily done. I like" said he, "the way The Louisiana State Lottery Company do business. The fortunate holder of the winning number sends his ticket to the home office and as soon as the mail can return a check is received for the full amount. There is no quibbling, no discounting, no delays, everything is done promptly and squarely. As to what to do with the money I haven't yet exactly settled. I guess I will invest the money in real estate in the best county in the state of California—Napa—and enjoy the fruits of my good fortune."

Belfast, Me., has a women machinist apprentice.

At Little Rock, Ark., 5,000 colored people own their homes.

Near Orizaba, Mex., there is a co-operative colony of 400 Indians.

At San Francisco the eight-hour movement is kept back by the women refusing to join.

The United States has 70,000 lawyers, or one to every 715 people. France has one to every 6,667.

My boy met with a serious accident by pulling a can of boiling water over on himself and scalding his face, hands and arms dreadfully. Having a bottle of Salvation Oil in the house I applied it immediately to the parts scalded, (as per directions) and am glad to state that he is now well, and the wounds healed nicely without leaving a scar.

MRS. A. CAMPBELL, 2 Roberts St., Balto.

Some Albany stove-molders have struck to have their castings counted in their own alleys.

The Jersey Lily has become quite famous for her beauty, and she means to keep it, too, for hasn't she learned in the great United States to cure colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup!

Carpenters and others are using glycerine and spirits for edging tools.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Billousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

Ely's Cream Balm THE CURE FOR CATARRH HAY-FEVER 50 Cts. COLD IN HEAD

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago. | HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Thermometer below Freezing

and a fierce storm of cutting sleet which strikes the face like a thousand needles. Wind forty miles an hour. You say a man couldn't stand such exposure? No, he couldn't, without just the proper clothing. And there's only one outfit that can keep a man both warm and dry at such a time, and that is the "Fish Brand Slicker." They are guaranteed storm-proof, waterproof, and windproof. Inside one of them, you are as much out of the weather as if indoors. They are light, but warm. Being re-enforced throughout, they never rip; and the buttons are wire-fastened. No railroad man who has once tried one would be without it for ten times its cost. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

TAR-OID

A new method of compounding Tar.

SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 2c-stamps for Free Sample with Book. Sold by all Druggists and by TAR-OID CO., 73 Randolph St., Chicago. Price, 50c.

CHAMPION BALING PRESSES. LEVER AND BELT POWER. ALL STEEL OR WOOD AND STEEL AS DESIRED. FAMOUS MF'G. CO. QUINCY ILL.

NORTHERN PACIFIC. LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS and FREE Government LANDS. MILLIONS OF ACRES in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. SEND FOR Publications with maps describing the best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to settlers. SENT FREE. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner, ST. PAUL, MINN.

The oldest medicine in the world is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's CELEBRATED EYE WATER. This article is a carefully prepared Physician's prescription, and has been in constant use nearly a century. CAUTION.—The only genuine Thompson's Eye Water has upon the white wrapper of each bottle an engraved portrait of the inventor, DR. ISAAC THOMPSON, with a fac-simile of his signature; also a note of hand signed John L. Thompson. Avoid all others. The genuine Eye Water can be obtained from all Druggists.

JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N.Y.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark. I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M.D., Amsterdam, N.Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

Don't fail to visit the LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM CHICAGO. Send ten cents and receive a handsomely colored picture of LIBBY PRISON (24x36 in.) and ten cts. extra for a highly interesting 70-page illustrated story of Libby. Address LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM, Chicago, Ill.

INFORMATION ABOUT ARKANSAS good lands low prices, Easy Terms, mild climate, variety of crops. Maps and circulars free. Thos. Essex, Land Com., Little Rock, Ark.

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WIVES should and may know how child bearing can be effected without Pain or Danger. Information sent sealed. A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY! DR. J. H. DYE, Buffalo, N.Y.

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$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZIEGLER & CO., 115 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

TELEGRAPHY. We guarantee a good paying position to every graduate. American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

W. N. U., D.—VII—50.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

THE FOLDING SAW.

COMPARATIVELY A NEW INVENTION.

25,000 NOW SUCCESSFULLY BEING USED!

Actually saves the labor of one man. Adopted by all foreign countries as well as the U. S. Write for Descriptive Catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have sawed from 4 to 9 cords daily. Easiest and fastest selling tool on earth. Thousands sold yearly. Agency can be had where there is a vacancy. A New Invention for filing saws sent free with every machine, by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Adapted to all crosscut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Ask your dealers or write FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO. 303-307 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.