IN MEMORIAM.

The rhythmic beat of a thousand feet
Come floating up from the crowded street
Where flags are gaily arching,
And proud as the day they went away,
But crippled and robbed of their brave array,
The boys grown gray are marching.

From the window there, with a heart sick stare
Her fair face full of a deep despair,
A woman leans longingly over;
Out of the gloom that fills the room
There comes the thought of an unknown tomb,
Where lie her heart and her lover.
—W. H. Hereford.

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Surely no man had ever a nicer calculation to make, or one requiring more judgment or medical knowledge, than I had then; for though I felt myself morally justified in pushing my experiment and his endurance to the utmost limit, I knew that I was actually guilty of murder if he died under the test. And the skilled intelligence that could have lifted the heavy burden from my shoulders tarried yet, so that twice I sent Stephen in search of Dr. Cripps, and was now awaiting his second return. With a bitter sense of powerlessness I felt myself reduced to one of two courses; to restore the man's poison to him, and with it his life, or to withhold it and so inflict on him death, and, as a natural consequence, on Judith, also.

How long, I asked myself impotently, might a man writhe in unrelieved tortures not to be surpassed by any in Dante's Inferno, and yet retain life in his racked body? Would not his resolution by infinitesimal degrees give way, and that confession spring to his lips which would lift him from the pains of purgatory into the peace of heaven?

I have since thought that it might have done, had not Stephen been present to keep alive in him the jealous hatred that devoured him. And to this day I believe that if Judith's love had been an ordinary fisherman, instead of in the likeness of a young Greek god, the Styrian would have gone his way with that raging devil unaroused in him, which even prompted self-slaughter, rather than the surrender of her to one so infinitely his superior.

But my blunder in bringing the two men together was on a par with my other mistakes, and, like them, irreclaimable. And I began to think that my latest achievement in engaging the Styrian in a duel of wills, out of which, dead or alive, he must emerge victorious, was but the biggest mistake of all.

And truly I could not but feel admiration for this wretch (who put me forcibly in mind of the fabled boy who suffered the fox to knaw at his heart rather than cry out) whose heroic absence of sound or word (since once he had taken his resolve) only impressed the more vividly his agony upon me—and yet I sat there watching like a stone, or a devil, with the means of relieving it lying idle to my hand.

If he died, would his death be proof presumptive that Seth Treloar died in the same way, not from the effects of the poison but from the cessation of it?

Suddenly it struck on me like a chill blow that this man had been my guest, that I had no one to bring forward as witness that he administered the arsenic to himself, that the box was even then in my possession, and, if he were found dead, I should be in precisely the same position as Judith had filled, and possibly found guilty, as she had been, of a crime I had never committed. True, Dr. Cripps knew the circumstance, but he could only quote my unsupported testimony, which would go for nothing. And as all these things dawned upon me I said to myself that verily the Styrian's revenge upon me, as upon Judith, would be complete indeed.

A man's guilt—and very often his success—is decided by the way he rises to an emergency or quails before it, and I must confess that I failed before this one, and did not think or do any one of the hundred things that an heroic man would have done easily in my place. I just waited in a sort of sullen stupor for events to take their course, for Dr. Cripps to turn up, or for the man to think better of his suicidal obstinacy, or for some command from my innermost self that I dared not disobey, but neither Cripps, nor the Styrian's repentance, nor my spiritual orders arrived, though something else did, with all the swiftness of a genuine catastrophe.

A long, convulsive shiver suddenly passed through the Styrian's body, then his head fell forward above the arms clenched across his heart, and he was still.

Cold as the dead, I gazed, and all the irrevocableness of my deed rushed upon me. I knew then the sensations of the murderer, whose hand has in one moment substituted death for life, and who stands appalled at the awful image he has created.

Like him, I would have flown from the sight that will never leave him more by night nor by day, but an inward power compelled me, and making my way to the Styrian, I threw myself down beside the huddled up, stirless figure.

I touched his hands, they were ice—his heart, and could find no beat; then an awful sense of his presence, of being alone with this murdered spirit, we two apart, and forever face to face, while heaven and earth fell away, seized me, and with a cry in my ears of "Where is now thy brother Abel?" I fell downward across the Styrian's feet.

CHAPTER XV.

What happened after was such a confused medley of fact and imagination, that I find it difficult to describe what really happened.

I thought I fell headlong down a pit of darkness to have my throat seized by strong hands, that choked my gasping breath as it rose, while my temples seemed bursting with the waves of blood that surged upwards, until a dull stupor crept over me, in which I felt no pain. Suddenly, I was dragged out of it by a vigorous wrench that set me free of those iron fingers, and I was flung aside, scarce knowing if I were the victim of a realistic dream, or awake, and roughly treated in very prosaic fashion indeed.

But even as I lay there, stunned and stupid, the lightning consciousness of what I had done flashed through my mind, and I covered my face with my arms and groaned aloud.

Immediately I felt a touch on my shoulder, and Steve's voice sounded in my ear.

"Be 'ee much hurt?" he inquired anxiously; "you devil war close 'pon fluishin' 'ee off when I comed in. What iver made 'ee go a'nigst un?"

I dragged myself up and saw—O God! a sight that made me the happiest man alive. For there, the livid ness gone from his face, and the raging agony of his eyes changed to an expression of mocking triumph sat the man of whom I had believed myself to be the murderer for the few most awful moments of my life.

"Thank God!" I cried, forgetful of Judith, forgetful of everything, save that I was not to be followed by the accursed shadow of blood guiltiness for the rest of my days.

"'Iss," said Stephen, "'ee may well say that. Him have robbed 'ee too—he'm got the box 'ee set so much store 'pon, an' swallowed some o' what be inside."

I uttered an exclamation, and looked at the Styrian.

Ay, by artifice he had overcome me, and obtained the medicine that was his life, and healthy vigor once more flowed through his blood, and showed in his natural fresh color, and for a considerable time, at least, he could defy me.

He laughed as our eyes met, and a glow of intense triumph overspread his features.

"You are beaten," he said, "confess it and let me go in peace. You will hardly care to go through the experience of last night again, and I see you have scruples about taking a man's life. I had none whatever about relieving you of yours, and if yonder fellow had not returned—" he paused significantly, and I perfectly understood him.

"I should have cut my cords with your pocket knife," he continued coolly, "and walked out. Curse that interfering fool," and he darted a savage look at Stephen.

"And now you will do nothing of the sort," I said; "it will be easy enough to take that box from you, and I have plenty of time, I can afford to wait until you tire of this game."

His face fell, and I saw that he had not expected my stubbornness to hold out any longer.

"So be it," he said, with affected indifference, "but living you will no more be able to drag a word from me than dead. She alone can make me speak, but if she will not—" he shrugged his shoulders in completion of the sentence.

I left him, and went to the open door, for my head was still giddy, and my throat sore from the Styrian's grasp.

Dawn was breaking in sober guise, a chilly wind blew up from the sea, as I gazed abroad methought the spirit of spring had folded her wings and stolen away in the night, taking with her the warm hopes that ran riot but yesterday in my breast.

I felt helpless as a derelict that drifts hither and thither at the mercy of the waves, for I had no power within to guide myself or others.

Yesterday I had regarded myself as master of the situation, to-day I knew that the Styrian held the key of it, and would indifferently live or die with it in his possession.

Involuntarily I took the way that led to Dr. Cripp's house, and arrived at his gate just in time to see him driving up in his shabby cart, looking thoroughly jaded and fagged out.

"Well, man," he said, irascibly, as I opened my lips to speak, "what do you want with me at this hour?"

"Want with you!" I said indignantly in my turn, "why, you forget that man, you promised to watch him with me last night, and—"

"Promised a fiddlestick," he said, throwing the reins to a Cornish lad who hurried up, "I've had other fish to fry. A dozen killed, five and thirty mangled in the worst railway accident we ever had hereabouts, what time do you think I have had to bother about your Styrian."

And he walked stiffly into the house, pausing inside to call back:

"I must get some sleep and then I'll come down. Is the man dead?"

"No, but I'll bet my night has been a worse one than yours."

I thought I heard a fierce grumble in the distance as I moved away, bitterly disappointed, but yet with a wholesome sense of correction that helped to brace up my unstrung nerves.

I set myself resolutely to walk, and so transfer my trouble of mind to fatigue of muscles, and soon felt the desired effect; my mind grew calm, the strain upon me relaxed, I regarded the night and its events dispassionately, asking myself in what better way I could have acted, and whether indeed I had not been imposed upon and hoaxed by a consummate actor. But no, the Styrian's sufferings had been very real, and I could not but believe that, though he so cleverly simulated death as to out-match me, yet that death itself trod hard on the heels of his counterfeit, and only by a hair's breadth had I escaped a crime.

It was, I thought, natural enough that he should try to take the life of a man who had in cold blood almost taken his, and I bore him no malice, and possibly thought that it would have been nobody's loss, nor mine either, if he had.

And then my thoughts turned to Judith, and of how, through the long night, life must have beckoned her with alluring finger, bidding her turn away from death and with Stephen to fulfill her allotted span, and to find peace, ay, and even happiness, as time slowly blotted out the past. But alas! for Judith, she was no time server, no trader in love, but one who threw down her one queenly gift in all its integrity and had no power to take from or add to it more.

CHAPTER XVI.

I could not face the house and my triumphant prisoner, and remained abroad till I saw Dr. Cripps' rotund person climbing the path, far more rapidly, too, than usual, as I thought.

Even at the distance I was, I perceived a beaming cheerfulness in his broad face that distinctly irritated me.

"It is all very well for you," I growled to myself, "who have been doing your duty nobly all night, and since slept like a top for some hours, and eaten a good breakfast, but I've done none of these things, and been made a fool of into the bargain."

When a few hundred yards distant, he spied me, and brandished in the air something that looked yellow or pink, shouting out "Hurrah!" at the same time, as loudly as his scarcity of breath would permit.

I wondered what he found to hurrah at, as I advanced to meet him, but my ill-humor gave way to capture as he shouted out, "Judith is saved, man, saved! Read this, and this," and he thrust several telegraphic sheets into my hand.

"There's a good fellow for you," he said, "only got my letter at 8, answer here by 9, and a boy has walked two miles with it from the telegraphic office. Evidently deeply interested, and thinks me a fool, of course, but how's a poor devil in the desert to keep up with all the new discoveries in town."

The message—it was a long one—ran thus:

"In 1875, at the forty-eighth annual meeting of the German society of naturalists and physicians, which was held at Gratz, Dr. Knapp, practising in Styria, introduced two male arsenic eaters to the assembly. One of these men consumed in their presence above six grains of white arsenic—that is, enough to poison three men—without suffering the slightest inconvenience; he stated he had been accustomed to this sort of thing for years, and that it was a practice common among ox-herds and shepherds in Styria. One peculiarity of arsenic eating is this, that, when a man has once begun to indulge in it, he must continue to indulge, for, if he ceases, the arsenic in his system poisons him, or, as it is popularly expressed, the last dose kills him. Indeed, the arsenic eater must not only continue in his indulgence, he must also increase the quantity of the drug, so that it is extremely difficult to stop the habit, for, as sudden cessation causes death, the gradual cessation produces such a terrible heart-gnawing, that it may probably be said that no genuine arsenic eater ever ceased to eat arsenic while life lasted. The fact is unprecedented in the annals of toxicology; and though incredible, it is true that our bodies, which may be annihilated with two grains of a white powder, may be so far changed as to require, nay, even crave for, a dose of this same poison. In Styria this arsenic poison goes by the name of 'Henri.' Full medical report follows by post."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Clever Criminal.

John Dryden, one of the most dangerous criminals in the Northwest, recently escaped from the county jail at Seattle, Wash., by cleverly posing as an itinerant preacher. The street preachers were admitted to hold service at the jail. Dryden joined fervently in the prayer and singing, and when the preachers left he boldly walked out with them, carrying a big hymn book under his arm. The guards did not challenge him, as all the cells were closed on the prisoners before the preachers left, but they found later that a dummy, and not Dryden, occupied one cell. Dryden told the preachers he had just received a pardon and was determined to lead a better life. He has in the past few years escaped from both the Oregon and the Washington penitentiaries.

Wooden Whalers no Longer Useful.

The old, fashioned whaling ships have been practically ousted from the whaling industry in the Arctic ocean by the new steam whalers. They have been trying to hold out against very great odds, but the disastrous experience of the past two years has convinced most of the old skippers that their day is past, and the greater number of the old whalers did not fit out last season. While more whales were taken in the Arctic last season than ever before, the catch of four steamers being 217, eighteen sailing vessels failed to take a single whale, and nearly all were losers by the season's trip. Fifteen sail whalers tied up at Oakland this winter, which threw about 500 men out of employment and caused many thousands of dollars to be unspent.—New York Sun.

Help for Malarial Neighborhoods.

People who are unfortunate enough to live in damp houses, particularly near undrained land, are apt to think there is no help for them save in removal. They are mistaken. Successful experiments have shown that it is quite possible to materially improve the atmosphere in such neighborhoods in a very simple manner—by the planting of the laurel and the sunflower. The laurel gives off an abundance of ozone, while the "soulful eyed" sunflower is potent in destroying the malarial condition. These two, if planted on the most restricted scale in a garden close to the house will be found to speedily increase the dryness and salubrity of the atmosphere, and rheumatism, if it does not entirely become a memory of the past, will be largely alleviated.

The Banker's Son.

When Mr. Goschen was chancellor of the exchequer and all alive with his scheme for the introduction of one-pound notes, he met Mr. "Hughie" Drummond at dinner one evening. "Hughie" was introduced as a banker's son and a member of the stock exchange, and Mr. Goschen at once began to question him as to what that institution thought of his idea of the paper money. "Oh, we don't think much of it," replied Mr. "Hughie." "Indeed, and why not, pray?" asked Mr. Goschen, somewhat taken aback. "Well, you see, you can toss with a sovereign, but a flimsy is no good to anybody."—Argonaut.

He Really Wanted a Shave.

A curious case of the tramp was seen the other day. He was a veritable one with a three weeks' growth of stubble. Sliding into a restaurant he asked for alms.

"What would you do with a dime if I gave you one?" asked a guest.

"Spend it on a shave," he said.

He got the dime, nobody, however, believing him. One of the spectators followed him to a shop in the neighborhood and the man did spend the money on a shave, and on being spoken to about it said he thought he might now strike a job, he looked so respectable.

One Result of Amateur Photography.

Amateur photography has taught many thousands the truth as to the cost of photographic processes and made it more difficult than it once was for professional photographers to charge exorbitant rates for so-called "extras." It sometimes happens that $1 per dozen extra is added to the price of photographs for processes that consume little or no time and require the use of materials that are almost valueless.

Discovered by Accident.

The works of Quintillian were revived by being discovered under a heap of rubbish in an Italian monastery. Those of Tacitus were found in a monastery in Westphalia, where they were being used as fuel by the cook. The original manuscript of Justinian's Pandects were found in a cellar in a little town.

Had Him There.

Lawyer—When were you born?

Witness—I can't tell you. You told me a while ago that I must only say what I knew myself, and not what I heard other people say. I didn't look at the almanac when I was born.—Texas Siftings.

Stuffing a Visitor.

"When that man came to Chicago, sir, he couldn't write his name. And now he's worth millions."

"I suppose he has learned to write by this time?"

"Write? That man wields the finest cattle pen in Chicago!"

EXCITED GOVERNOR.

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S TALK THROUGH THE PRESS.

Acts 24: xxv—Felix Trembled and Answered: "Go Thy Way for This Time, When I Have a Convenient Season I Will Call for You."

A city of marble was Cesarea—wharves of marble, houses of marble, temples of marble. This being the ordinary architecture of the place, you may imagine something of the splendor of Gov. Felix's residence. In a room of that palace, floor tesselated, windows curtained, ceiling fretted, the whole scene affluent with Tyrian purple, and statues, and pictures, and carvings, sat a very dark-complexioned man by the name of Felix, and beside him a woman of extraordinary beauty, whom he had stolen by breaking up another domestic circle. She was only 18 years of age, a princess by birth, and unwittingly waiting for her doom—that of being buried alive in the ashes and scoriæ of Mount Vesuvius, which in sudden eruption, one day, put an end to her abominations. Well, one afternoon Drusilla, seated in the palace, weary with the magnificent stupidities of the place, says to Felix: "You have a very distinguished prisoner, I believe, by the name of Paul. Do you know he is one of my countrymen? I should very much like to see him, and I should very much like to hear him speak, for I have heard so much about his eloquence. Besides that, the other day, when he was being tried, in another room of this palace, and the windows were open, I heard the applause that greeted the speech of Lawyer Tertullus, as he denounced Paul. Now, I very much wish I could hear Paul speak. Won't you let me hear him speak?" "Yes," said Felix, "I will. I will order him up now from the guard-room." Clank, clank, comes a chain up the marble stairway and there is a shuffle at the door, and in comes Paul, a little old man, prematurely old through exposure—only 60 years of age, but looking as though he were 80. He bows very courteously before the governor and the beautiful woman by his side. They say: "Paul, we have heard a great deal about your speaking; give us now a specimen of your eloquence." Oh, if there ever was a chance for a man to show off, Paul had a chance there. He might have harangued them about Grecian art, about the wonderful water works he had seen at Corinth, about the Acropolis by moonlight, about prison life in Philippi, about "what I saw in Thessalonica," about the old mythologies; but "No!" Paul said to himself: "I am now on the way to martyrdom, and this man and woman will soon be dead, and this is my only opportunity to talk to them about the things of eternity." And just there and then, there broke in upon the scene a peal of thunder. It was the voice of a judgment day speaking through the words of the decrepit apostle. As that grand old missionary proceeded with his remarks, the stoop begins to go out of his shoulders, and he rises up, and his countenance is illumined with the glories of a future life, and his shackles rattle and grind as he lifts his fettered arm, and with it hurls upon his abashed auditors the bolts of God's indignation. Felix grew very white about the lips. His heart beat unevenly. He put his hand to his brow, as though to stop the quickness and violence of his thoughts. He drew his robe tighter about him, as under a sudden chill. His eyes glare and his knees shake, and, as he clutches the side of his chair in a very paroxysm of terror, he orders the sheriff to take Paul back to the guard room. "Felix trembled, and said, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." A young man came one night to our services, with pencil in hand, to caricature the whole scene, and make mirth of those who should express any anxiety about their souls; but I met him at the door, his face very white, tears running down his cheek, as he said, "Do you think there is any chance for me?" Felix trembled, and so may God grant it may be so with others.

I propose to give you two or three reasons why I think Felix sent Paul back to the guard room and adjourned this whole subject of religion. The first reason was, he did not want to give up his sins. He looked around; there was Drusilla. He knew that when he became a Christian, he must send her back to Azizus, her lawful husband, and he said to himself, "I will risk the destruction of my immortal soul, sooner than I will do that." How many there are now who can not get to be Christians, because they will not abandon their sins! In vain all their prayers and all their church going. You can not keep these darling sins and win heaven; and now some of you will have to decide between the wine cup and unlawful amusements, and lascivious gratifications on one hand and eternal salvation on the other. Delilah sheared the locks of Samson; Salome danced Herod into the pit; Drusilla blocked up the way to heaven for Felix. Yet when I present the subject now, I fear that some of you will say, "Not quite yet. Don't be so precipitate in your demands. I have a few tickets yet that I have to use. I have a few engagements that I must keep. I want to stay a little longer in the whirl of conviviality—a few more guffaws of unclean laughter, a few more steps on the road to death, and then, sir, I will listen to what you say. Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.'"

Another reason why Felix sent Paul back to the guard room and adjourned this subject was, he was so very busy. In ordinary times he found the affairs of state absorbing, but those were extraordinary times. The whole land was ripe for insurrection. The Sicarii, a band of assassins, were already prowling around the palace, and I suppose he thought, "I can't attend to religion while I am so pressed by affairs of state." It was business, among other things, that ruined his soul, and I suppose there are thousands of people who are not children of God because they have so much business. It is business in the store—losses, gains, unfaithful employes. It is business in your law office—subpoenas, writs you have to write out, papers you have to file, arguments you have to make. It is your medical profession, with its broken nights, and the exhausted anxieties of life hanging upon your treatment. It is your real estate office, your business with landlords and tenants, and the failure of men to meet their obligations with you. Ay, with some of those who are here it is the annoyance of the kitchen, and the sitting-room, and the parlor—the wearing economy of trying to meet large expenses with a small income. Ten thousand voices of "business, business, business," drown the voice of the Eternal spirit, silencing the voice of the advancing judgment day, overcoming the voice of eternity; and they can not hear, they can not listen. They say, "Go thy way for this time." Some of you look upon your goods, look upon your profession, you look upon your memorandum-books, and you see the demands that are made this very week upon your time and your patience and your money; and while I am entreating you about your soul and the danger of procrastination you say, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Oh, Felix, why be bothered about the affairs of this world so much more than about the affairs of eternity? Do you not know that when death comes you will have to stop business, though it be in the most exacting period of it—between the payment of the money and the taking of the receipt? The moment he comes you will have to go. Death waits for no man, however high, however low. Will you put your office, will you put your shop in comparison with the affairs of an eternal world? Affairs that involve thrones, palaces, dominions eternal? Will you put 200 acres of ground against immensity? Will you put forty or fifty years of your life against millions of ages? Oh, Felix, you might better postpone everything else! for do you not know that the upholstering of Tyrian purple in your palace will fade, and the marble blocks of Cesarea will crumble and the breakwater at the beach, made of great blocks of stone sixty feet long, must give way before the perpetual wash of the sea; but the redemption that Paul offers you will be forever? And yet, and yet, and yet you wave him back to the guard room, saying: "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

Again, Felix adjourned this subject of religion and put off Paul's argument, because he could not give up the honors of the world. He was afraid somehow he would be compromised himself in this matter. Remarks he made afterward showed him to be intensely ambitious. Oh, how he hugged the favor of men!

I never saw the honors of this world in their hollowness and hypocrisy so much as in the life and death of that wonderful man, Charles Sumner. As he went toward the place of burial, even Independence hall, in Philadelphia, asked that his remains stop there on their way to Boston. The flags were at half-mast, and the minute-guns on Boston Common throbbed after his heart had ceased to beat. Was it always so? While he lived, how censured of legislative resolutions, how caricatured of the pictorials; how charged with every motive mean and ridiculous; how all the urns of scorn and hatred and billingsgate emptied upon his head; how, when struck down in senate chamber, there were hundreds of thousands of people who said, "Good for him, served him right!" how he had to put the ocean between him and his maligners, that he might have a little peace, and how, when he went off sick, they said he was broken-hearted because he could not get to be President or secretary of state. Oh Commonwealth of Massachusetts! who is that man who sleeps in your public hall, covered with garlands and wrapped in the stars and stripes? Is that the man who, only a few months before, you denounced as the foe of republican and democratic institutions? Is that the same man? Ye American people, ye could not by one week of funeral eulogium and newspaper leaders, which the dead senator could neither read nor hear, atone for twenty-five years of maltreatment and caricature. When I see a man like that, pursued by all the hounds of the political kennel so long as he lives, and then buried under a great pile of garlands, and amidst the lamentations of a whole nation, I say to myself: What an unutterably hypocritical thing is all human applause and all human favor! You took twenty-five years in trying to pull down his fame, and then take twenty-five years in trying to build his monument. My friends, was there ever a better commentary on the hollowness of all earthly favor? If there are young men who read this who are postponing religion in order that they may have the favors of this world, let me persuade them of their complete folly. If you are looking forward to gubernatorial, senatorial or Presidential chair, let me show you your great mistake. Can it be that there is now any young man saying, "Let me have political office, let me have some of the high positions of trust and power, and then I will attend to religion; but not now. Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee!"

And now my subject takes a deeper tone, and it shows what a dangerous thing is this deferring of religion. When Paul's chain rattled down the marble stairs of Felix, that was Felix's last chance for heaven. Judging from his character afterward, he was reprobate and abandoned. And so was Drusilla.

One day in southern Italy there was a trembling of the earth, and the air got black with smoke intershot with liquid rocks, and Vesuvius rained upon Drusilla and upon her son a horrible tempest of ashes and fire. They did not reject religion; they only put it off. They did not understand that that day, that that hour when Paul stood before them, was the pivotal hour upon which everything was poised, and that it tipped the wrong way. Their convenient season came when Paul and his guardsman entered the palace; it went away when Paul and his guardsman left. Have you never seen men waiting for a convenient season? There is such a great fascination about it, that though you may have great respect to the truth of Christ, yet somehow there is in your soul the thought, "Not quite yet. It is not time for me to become a Christian." I say to a boy, "Seek Christ." He says, "No; wait until I get to be a young man." I say to the young man, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I come to mid-life." I meet the same person in mid-life, and I say, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I get old." I meet the same person in old age, and say to him, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I am on my dying bed." I am called to his dying couch. His last moments have come. I bend over the couch and listen for his last words. I have partially to guess what they are by the motion of his lips, he is so feeble; but rallying himself, he whispers, until I can hear him say, "I—am—waiting—for—a—more—convenient—season"—and he is gone!

May God Almighty forbid that any of you, my brethren or sisters, act the part of Felix and Drusilla, and put away this great subject. If you are going to be saved ever, why not begin to-night? Throw down your sins and take the Lord's pardon. Christ has been tramping after you many a day. An Indian and a white man became Christians. The Indian, almost as soon as he heard the gospel, believed and was saved; but the white man struggled on in darkness for a long while before he found light. After their peace in Christ, the white man said to the Indian, "Why was it that I was kept so long in the darkness, and you immediately found peace?" The Indian replied, "I will tell you. A prince comes along, and he offers you a coat. You look at your coat, and you say, 'My coat is good enough, and you refuse his offer; but the prince comes along and he offers me the coat, and I look at my old blanket and I throw that away, and take his offer. You, sir," continued the Indian, "are clinging to your own righteousness, you think you are good enough, and you keep your righteousness; but I have nothing, nothing, and so when Jesus offers me pardon and peace, I simply take it." My reader, why not now throw away the worn-out blanket of your sin and take the robe of a Saviour's righteousness—a robe so white, so fair, so lustrous, that no fuller on earth can whiten it? O, shepherd, to-night bring home the lost sheep! O, father, to-night give a welcoming kiss to the wan prodigal! O, friend of Lazarus, to-night break down the door of the sepulchre, and say to all these dead souls as by irresistible fiat, 'Live! Live!'"

T. DeWitt Talmage.

ETCHINGS AND ECHOES.

Krupp has made fully 20,000 guns of large caliber for the armies of Europe.

Lawn is fine linen bleached on the lawn instead of the ordinary drying ground.

A new set of stamps are to be issued by the French government. Prizes are offered for the most suitable designs.

It cost $46,000,000 to maintain our army last year. The expenses in our war department in the year 1865 were $1,031,000,000.

Of people in the United Kingdom above the age of 60, rich and poor alike, one in seven is said to be in receipt of parish relief.

Benjamin Wells is said to be the oldest ticket agent in the railway service in the United States. He is 80 years old and for fifty-seven years has been stationed at Elkton, Md., as the agent for the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad.

The British parliament has passed a special act introducing manual training into all the common schools of the kingdom.

Whatever may be the reason, fainting, which was formerly so common among women, has gone almost entirely out of vogue.

An ounce of the tincture of benzoin added to half a pint of distilled water makes an excellent wash for keeping the skin soft and free from chapping. Apply it night and morning, and after every ablution.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley of Cincinnati found their daughter, who had been missing for over twenty years, a few days ago. The girl was living but five doors from where the Rileys reside when her identity was discovered.

While Martin Larson was digging a cellar on his farm near Earles, Yates county, N. Y., the other day, he claims to have unearthed the skeleton of a man who must have been nearly seven feet high. Further digging showed that Larson had invaded an Indian cemetery, unearthing a mine of aboriginal relics.

This story is told at the expense of the empress of Austria, in connection with royal photographs. Permission to be granted a sitting by her majesty was always refused, till one up-to-date photographer issued to the trade a counterfeit presentment, which was so unlike as to be almost a caricature. The royal vanity was touched, and thenceforth appeared more pleasing and much more truthful portraits of the empress.

SO SCIENTISTS SAY.

The highest peak of the Rocky mountains is Mt. Brown, in British America, 15,900 feet.

A Florida horticulturist says a scuppernong can be made to cover ten acres of land if started off properly when it first begins to run.

Isaac Zangwill, the author and writer, says that sewer gas is beneficial rather than poisonous, and he predicts that we may yet live to see it manufactured artificially and conveyed to residences through pipes, for the purpose of improving the health of the inmates.

Dr. M. L. Nardi, who served as physician to General Grant during the commander's tour around the world, is now living in San Francisco, where he devotes all his leisure time in making casts of the human body. He has completed a cast of the heart which is thirty-five times the actual size of the human organ.

The preservation of the carcasses of 12,000 sheep for eleven months on shipboard is the extraordinary achievement in refrigeration claimed by the ship Wellington, which sailed from Picton, New Zealand. She passed through terrible storms, narrowly escaped destruction at Rio, struck an iceberg, had two men killed and one drowned, but landed her mutton in good condition.

It has been found by Saville-Kent that the pearl oyster reaches maturity in a shorter time than was formerly supposed. He thinks that under favorable conditions a period not exceeding three years suffices for the shell to attain to the marketable size of eight or nine inches in diameter, and that the heavy shells of five pound or six pound weight per pair may be the product of five years' growth.

A FUNNY SHOE STORE.

Illustrating the Old Jingle, "One Shoe Off and One Shoe On."

A company of idlers on a hotel piazza were telling such yarns as are commonly spun in such places, when one of them offered to wager that he had done something as a boy in Tennessee that no other member of the party had ever done or heard of.

"What was it, colonel?" asked one of the crew.

"I wore out my first pair of shoes without ever having them both on at once."

"Explain."

"Well, you see, it was this way. The shoemaker was slow and I was in a hurry. A boy who has never had a pair of shoes finds it hard to wait. Come Saturday night the man had one of them done, but told me I should have to wait a week for the other.

"'Well, give me that one anyhow,' said I, and I carried it home. I wore it all that week, and all the next, for the fellow didn't keep his word any more than shoemakers generally do; and by the time the second one was done the first one needed repairing.

"And so the thing went on. That shoemaker was so slow and the leather was so poor and I ran about so much that somehow I never once had both shoes on together, and by and by they were gone entirely."

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

LEFT IN CHARGE.

The Boy Was Satisfied That the Child Would Grow Up to Be a Bruiser.

A woman left a baby carriage and a sleeping child outside of a store on Grand River avenue the other day while she went in to make a purchase says the Detroit Free Press. On coming out she walked off up the avenue, forgetting all about the child, and it was twenty minutes before she came running back to find a ragged urchin in full charge.

"My blessed baby!" gasped the woman as she sprang forward.

"Yes'm," replied the boy. "Purty cute young'un, he is. Me'n him's bin gittin' along together like two brothers."

"Why, bless his heart, he's wide awake."

"Yes'm—been awake for ten minutes. When he woke up he sniveled a leetle, but I yelled at him and he shet up. I purtended I was goin' to put a head on him, but of course I wouldn't punch a kid like him."

"Dear me, but how absent-minded I was!" exclaimed the woman.

"Yes you was," replied the boy, "but wimmin is most all that way. Say! this kid is goin' to be purty sassy when he grows up."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"He stuck up his nose at me, and when I put my fist down and told him to smell of it and go to the hospital for three months' he jist said: 'Humph!' and stuck it up higher 'n ever. Yes, he's goin' to make a fighter, he is."

"Well, you can run along," said the woman as she handed him a nickel.

"Thankey' ma'am. I see a kid in a keeridge on the next block below, and I'll go down and make up faces and square off at him and see if he's got any sand. Your kid is O. K.—bound to lick Corbett if nothin' don't stop him from growin' upwards."

New Hampshire's Grasshopper Bounty.

The state of New Hampshire pays $1 a bushel to farmers for grasshoppers that they destroy. The insect pests have been very troublesome for the last twelve years. They hatch out in the first part of June, and the farmers have found that this time is the best time for destroying them by plowing them under. The half-growing grasshoppers, that have been hatched early, escape the plow by lively hopping, and to catch these a machine has been invented which consists of two shallow pans of tin or galvanized iron eight feet long and two feet wide, and having a back eighteen inches high. These pans are supported two inches above the surface of the ground, and are fastened to a pair of wheels. The pans are filled with kerosene and water, and are run over the ground at a rapid rate. The half-grown grasshoppers jump up in their terror and alight in the kerosene. When the pans are full the grasshoppers are taken out to be measured for the bounty, which in some cases amply pays for the time and trouble expended in catching the insects.

Condignly Punished.

Charon—Who, in Jupiter's name, is making that awful racket?

Pluto, grimly—That's the shade of the individual who sat behind listeners at the opera and explained things as the performance went along.—Chicago Record.

Lightning-Flash Out of a Clear Sky

Weary Senator—Well, I'm glad my work on the tariff is ended.

His Wife—My dear, I wish you would look over this grocer's bill—it's outrageous!—Truth.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Microscopists say that the strongest microscopes do not, probably, reveal the lowest stages of animal life.

The horn of the rhinoceros is not joined to the bone of the head, but grows on the skin like a wart or corn.

A species of ape, closely resembling the African gorilla, has been discovered on the Mosquito coast, Nicaragua.

Neither chemists nor naturalists have yet been able to solve the question why a lobster turns red when boiled.

The Megalosaurus fossil lizard is estimated from the size of its bones to have been not less than fifty feet in length.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price 75c.

Death is God's paymaster.

God is in the heart that bleeds when others suffer.

For Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Cramp and Colic there is no remedy superior to the genuine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

God's work can only be done by those who wear the yoke of Christ.

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Sham pleasures cost the most.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure
Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25cts., 50cts. & $1.00.

God never tries any experiments.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Life without love is living death.

As a means of grace prosperity has never been much of a success.

In thousands of cases the cure of a cough is the preventive of consumption. The surest cough medicine in the world is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

God's promises are stars that are always shining for the eye of faith.

When a man makes vows to God that he intends to keep, it is pretty good evidence that he has been getting religion right.

The Christian is walking on dangerous ground who is not praying every day of his life that he may be more like Christ.

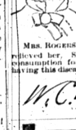
DOCTORS ENDORSE IT.

An Eminent Physician of Arkansas tells of some Remarkable Cures of Consumption.

Stamps, La Fayette Co., Ark.

Dr. R. V. Pierce:

Dear Sir—I will say this to you, that Consumption is hereditary in my wife's family; some have already died with the disease. My wife has a sister, Mrs. E. A. Cleary, that was taken with consumption. She used your "Golden Medical Discovery," and, to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the "Golden Medical Discovery." I consented to her using it, and it relieved her. She has had no symptoms of consumption for the past six years. People having this disease can take no better remedy.



Mrs. Rogers.

Yours very truly,

W. C. Rogers M. D.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

FREE! Madame Ruppert's FACE BLEACH

Appreciating the fact that thousands of ladies of the U. S. have not used my Face Bleach, on account of price, which is $2 per bottle, and in order that all may give it a fair trial, I will send a Sample Bottle, safely packed, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c. FACE BLEACH removes and cures absolutely all freckles, pimples, moth, blackheads, sallowness, acne, eczema, wrinkles, or roughness of skin, and beautifies the complexion. Address

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