At Swords' Points;

OR,

A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Conclusion.

When the little martinet thus announced his decision it created something of an excitement.

Hildegarde's face lost its pallor, and Paul smiled grimly, at the same time he kept an eye on Aimee.

Just as he expected, the baffled countess aimed to carry out a desperate plan.

"It is a lie, a base forgery, a trick to deceive fools; but it cannot hoodwink me. What is this you say—that the man shall go free, he, caught red handed in the act, a spy, a hated German spy, fit only for the halter? And you dare to say that, you who swore on bended knees that my word should be law?"

The poor major, victim of cross purposes, could only shrug his shoulders.

"There is a previous oath, ma'mselle, my vow to my country to obey my superiors. That is above life to me, since my honored name is involved. Even for you I dare not order my men to arrest one who, is under the protection of such a sacred document, written by Marshal Bazaine himself."

The countess, apparently cheated out of her prey, and deserted by an ally whom she had believed could be depended upon through thick and thin, looked about her sullenly. Desperation had made her temporarily mad, and she would risk even her own destruction in order to gain revenge.

From figure to figure this glance went—and then he saw a fierce joy flash over her face.

It was as though she had discovered that all was not yet quite lost.

Ah! it was Karl!

Remembering as he did that the other had candidly confessed he was in Metz as a secret agent of the German forces, no wonder Paul felt a sudden fall of his spirits when he recollected that the magic document of his British friend would not cover two companions, and that the dreadful fate of death at the hands of the mob, from which he had just escaped by a mere scratch, would probably be the doom of his friend and brother, poor Karl.

Still keeping her eyes glued upon Karl, the countess once more addressed the major, resolved to test the last remainder of her power over that worthy.

"One has escaped us, you say, but do not forget, my friend, there are two. Yonder man, his comrade, is the spy we seek. You prate of your sacred duty as a soldier—let us see some of it now—arrest that man and search him for positive evidence of his guilt."

The major woke up. He was once more the warrior bold, eager to faithfully serve the woman he adored.

Heaven help the poor devil upon whom his concentrated wrath now fell, for, having been held in the leash so long the fighting major was apt to be exceedingly ferocious.

However, if the bellicose soldier anticipated any quailing on the part of Karl Von Stettin, he made the most grievous mistake of his life.

The young Heidelberg philosopher even smiled as brightly as one could wish.

In fact, he even appeared pleased to have all eyes concentrated in his direction.

This was not braggadocio.

What could it mean?

Beatrix crept up beside Karl, and caught hold of his arm.

Her action could not be mistaken—it meant as plainly as those words of old which Ruth spoke to Naomi:

"Whither thou goest I shall go, thy country shall be my country, thy God my God."

Karl put an arm around the girl and strained her to his heart.

And into Hildegarde's cheeks, hitherto as white as marble, the color surged, as the light of a great revelation began to force its way.

Paul, then, was not lost—he had not been unfaithful—he was all her most fervid fancy had ever painted him—and deep down in her heart she knew he loved her.

No wonder, then, she glowed with sudden hope and the world took on a new brightness—after all, it is our condition of mind that makes or mars the scene. To the happy soul even a dreary day of rain affords seasons of rejoicing.

Thus one good thing had come about through this concentration of attention upon Karl.

Utterly helpless himself, in so far as assisting his comrade was concerned, Paul could only turn to watch the progress of events, praying that Sir Noel could see the way to lend a hand, or that Karl himself might have a card concealed up his sleeve that would sweep the board.

"Your name?" demanded the major, grudly, as he frowned upon the smiling young student-soldier, who stood with one arm thrown reassuringly around the girl.

"Karl Von Stettin," came the prompt reply.

"Native of Germany?"

"It is true."

"You belong to the army of the Crown Prince?"

"Yes."

"Have you been a prisoner on parole, the same as this gentleman?"

Karl shook his head in the negative, while the others hung upon his words eagerly, waiting for the light that was so slow in coming—Karl seemed so positive, so utterly reckless of consequences that one could almost believe he expected a corps of the Feldwache with their spiked helmets to appear upon the scene whenever he chose to turn wizard and utter the magical words that insured their coming.

"I have not, Monsieur le Major," he said, firmly.

"Ah! Then you freely admit that you, a German soldier of the line, have entered Metz for some purpose other than sight-seeing?" eagerly.

Karl did not hesitate an instant in replying.

"Even that is true," he said, calmly.

Whereat Paul mentally groaned, and the Britisher elevated his eyebrows in surprise, for both of them believed the frank soldier of the Rhine was giving himself bodily into the hands of the enemy.

"Since you have confessed that your mission is that of a spy, there is no other course open for me but to convey you to a dungeon and put your case before a drumhead court. Resistance, you realize, is utterly useless. I shall proceed to have you searched on the spot, so that you may not get rid of any incriminating evidence."

"Ah, do," said Karl, composedly, "since it will save me very much trouble in explaining certain facts which had better been whispered in your private ear—facts that your commander most particularly desired should be kept secret."

His words, of course, aroused the major's curiosity. Since seeing the magic paper carried by the English man, he was fearfully afraid of exploding some other hidden mine.

"Come, monsieur," said the accommodating major, "you are concealing something from me something I should know."

"Something you shall know," declared the other, placidly, nodding and smiling. "It is for your ear alone, Monsieur le Major."

The soldier waddled forward, while the countess hissed and showed her utter disgust by crying:

"Fool! coward! you would lose all!"

Karl spoke a few sentences in a low tone.

Whatever their import, they startled the French major, who looked at him in amazement.

"Can you show me the proof?" he demanded, hoarsely.

Apparently it was the fashion to produce papers, for Karl took one from some concealed pocket.

Paul had a glimpse of it, and felt sure the peculiar chirography was exactly the same as that which characterized the Bazaine letter or passport Sir Noel carried.

At any rate, the effect upon the major was quite as startling—his hand trembled as it held the magical document, and his little eyes glowed like sparks of fire.

"Enough," he cried, handing it back to Karl hastily. "I have come upon a fool's errand. There are no spies in Metz—there will be no need of any search. You, mademoiselle, will go after to-morrow, the 27th, for Metz will no longer be ours. Sergeant, take your men off. Go and tie crepe upon your left arms, soldiers of France, for we are undone."

Evidently the gallant fighter had read that which chilled his heart.

The order was given.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the tall guards marched out of the room—tramp, tramp, tramp, they went down the stairs until all had disappeared.

Then were left stood and stared.

"Gentlemen—ladies—I congratulate you on the very happy outcome of this adventure—for you. Pardon my unwarranted intrusion, and, bon soir."

With this the stout, discomfited major betook himself off, accompanied by the countess, whose angry voice could be heard far down the stairs as she berated him for not taking drastic measures to accomplish their desired end in spite of the commandant and his passports.

Already Beatrix was clasped in her lover's arms, and the sight must have inspired Paul, for he immediately strode over to where the blushing nurse stood.

"Hildegarde, once I told you that a Rhinelander never loved twice. I failed then to explain my meaning—kept back by a dreadful fear of a family secret. I have found a mother and a sister, and you must hear the sad story connected with the past of this parent it is now my duty to love and cherish. After that, if you do not look down on me because of the shame upon my name, I want to tell you of my love for you, which will live to the end of my life, whether I win your consent to be my wife or not.

And Hildegarde put her hand in his. Like the noble, true-hearted girl she was, saying:

"My heart has been yours this long time, Herr Paul—take my hand and all I have with it. I do not wish to hear the story now—at some other time, perhaps. Stop, do not insist. I may have an idea as to the truth, but it is enough for me to know you are innocent. I am only too happy to trust my whole future in your hands."

What could he say?

He sealed the compact as any bold lover would have done, and the bargain made while German shells still exploded in the streets of Metz was founded upon such mutual respect and perfect faith that neither could ever regret it.

The sturdy Briton appeared to be especially tickled over the fact that Karl had seen his lead and gone him one better in the way of legerdemain.

"You came very near ending our friend for good. I declare, the major was so staggered his life hung by a thread," he laughed.

Perhaps there was a tinge of curiosity in his tone

"You heard enough to give you an inkling of the truth, gentlemen, and now I feel in duty bound to tell all. I am not in Metz as a spy, though I thought it my duty to allow even Paul here to believe it for a time, as my mission was supposed to be a dead secret. On the contrary, I have come here at the written solicitation of Marshal Bazaine, who desires to discover the best terms he could secure for his brave army of the Rhine.

"At first he demanded that there be some allowance made for their emigration to Algiers, which the Crown Prince declined, and matters have become so bad that the French commander has agreed to an unconditional surrender. At midnight I shall go out of Metz bearing his acceptance, and after that time, when this document is in the hands of the Crown Prince, not another bomb will fall within these walls, for Metz will have fallen."

Paul looked delighted, and even the non-partisan Britton seemed pleased to know the era of bloodshed in this particular region was at an end.

"Thank God!" he said, reverently, "then peace will follow when Paris also falls."

"Yes, we have much to be thankful for," said Paul, glancing toward Hildegarde.

As for the doctor, spying a bottle of wine with three glasses upon a sideboard, he poured some into the crystal receptacles.

"Gentlemen, join with me in this toast—here's to the gallant major!"

"And may he escape the almost universal fate of those who worship at Aimee's shrine," added the Rhinelander, earnestly.

And so they drank it down.

Little did they guess that at the very moment Countess Aimee was being carried into the hospital, a victim of an exploding Prussian shell, and that if she lived through the dreadful shock it would be as a helpless wreck of her past beautiful self.

The judgment had come at last, and in this hour her myriad victims were avenged.

What more need be said?

Paul and Karl served until Paris fell, and peace came upon the stricken fields of France.

There is no necessity to tell how they married, and what joys or sorrows came their way, for this world holds its share of both for all who love and who are chosen.

Paul tenderly cared for his mother the rest of her years, and at her request finally laid her away in the American cemetery, where rested the husband who had been so fearfully wronged, yet who, with his last dying breath, had pardoned all in the greatness of his love, believing that to those who have sinned much, if they truly repent, everything shall be forgiven.

THE END.

SENTENCED TO ATTEND MEETINGS

New Jersey Judge Imposes Unique Penalty Upon a Prisoner.

Magistrate Charles P. Smith of Burlington, N. J., is famous for his unique methods of dispensing justice, and on more than one occasion has butted through a problem that would have driven old Solomon daffy.

Some time ago Magistrate Smith gazed down from his judicial throne on a man whom he had seen lined up at the bar—bar of justice, if you please—no less than a thousand times, and had sent him to the county jail so often that the city had gotten tired of paying his car fare. The 'Squire scratched his head thoughtfully as he surveyed the prisoner and listened to the officer's charge of drunk and disorderly.

"It don't do any good to send you to jail, does it?" he remarked.

"I'm afraid that it does not, your Honor," replied the prisoner.

"Well, I am going to give you something new this time," returned the justice. "You are hereby sentenced to attend forty consecutive meetings of the Salvation Army, but in order that the community at large may not suffer, you will be exempt from singing or beating a drum. Officer, see to it that the will of the court is complied with."

For forty days the prisoner attended the meetings, with a cop on one side of him and an officer of the army on the other, and for forty days he was as sober as a water pipe. At the end of the forty days, however he went on the biggest "bust" of the year, and was hauled before Justice Smith in a push cart.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" asked the magistrate.

"Nothing, your honor," replied the soaked one, "except that if it don't make any difference to you I will go to jail this time."

And he went.

WANT ANTELOPE FOR AUSTRALIA.

They May Be Imported to Keep Down Unwelcome Bushes.

There has always been a desire to acclimatize the eland, the largest and most ox-like of all antelopes, and the only one which puts on fat. Though it has been reared for generations in Paris and herds have been formed in English parks the eland has not proved a profitable beast. It wastes too much grass and does not mature quickly.

But the Queensland agricultural board has a scheme for using them which sounds promising. There is an immense quantity of useless bush in the colony which cattle will not graze and which cannot be kept thinned by artificial means. Elands are fonder of grazing on bushes than grass, and eat dry and arid bush fodder by preference.

The belief is that, if imported into Queensland they would "fend for themselves" and feed down a large amount of superfluous bush.

There is this in favor of the idea—that there is no indigenous carnivora to kill off the eland calves, and that there is much in common between the vegetation of a good deal of the eland country and that of Queensland. They flourish in the Kalahari desert, where water is generally absent.—Country Life.

It is better to be a good man in a bad place than a bad man in a good one.

The man who wouldn't kiss a pretty girl if he got her when she couldn't help herself hasn't enterprise enough to get out of the way of an automobile.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PLEA TO ALL TO ACCEPT THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

Text from the Fourteenth Chapter of Luke: "And They All with One Consent Began to Make Excuse"—The Necessity for Religion.

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Washington, April 13.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, the folly and danger of postponing the acceptance of the gospel of invitation are exposed on the text, Luke, xiv, 18, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

After the invitations to a levee are sent out the regrets come in. One man apologizes for nonattendance on one ground, another on another ground, but the regrets are founded on prior engagements. So in my text a great banquet was spread, the invitations were circulated, and now the regrets come in. The one gives an agricultural reason, the other a stock dealer's reason, the other a domestic reason. All poor reasons. The fact was, they did not want to go. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

So now God spreads a great banquet. It is the gospel feast, and the table reaches across the hemispheres, and the invitations go out, and multitudes come and sit down and drink out of the chalices of God's love, while other multitudes decline coming, the one giving this apology and the other giving that apology, "and they all with one consent begin to make excuse." I propose, so far as God may help me, to examine the apologies which men make for not entering the Christian life.

Apology the first: I am not sure there is anything valuable in the Christian religion. There is so much quackery in physics, in ethics, in politics, that men come to the habit of incredulity, and after awhile they allow that incredulity to collide with our holy religion. But, my friends, I think religion has made a pretty good record in the world. How many wounds it has salved! What promises it hath sent out like holy watchers to keep the lamps burning around deathbeds through the darkness that lowers into the sepulcher! What flashes of resurrection morn!

Besides that, this religion has made so many heroes. To give new wings to the imagination and better balance to the judgment, to nerve determination to the will and greater usefulness to the life and grander nobility to the soul there is nothing in all the earth like our Christian religion. Nothing in religion? Why, then, all those Christians were deceived when in their dying moment they thought they saw the castles of the blessed, and your child, that with unutterable agony you put away into the grave, you will never see him again nor hear his sweet voice nor feel the thrill of his young heart.

There is nothing in religion? Sadness will come upon you. Roll and turn on your pillow, no relief. The medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp, no relief. Christ never comes to the sickroom. Let the pain stab; let the fever burn; curse it and die.

There is nothing in religion? After awhile death will come. You will hear the pawing of the pale horse on the threshold. The spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take flight—whither, whither? There is no God, no mediation, no angels to conduct, no Christ, no heaven, no home. Nothing in religion? Oh, you are not willing to adopt such a dismal theory!

And yet the world is full of skeptics. And let me say there is no class of people for whom I have a warmer sympathy than for skeptics. We do not know how to treat them. We deride them, we caricature them. We, instead of taking them by the soft hand of Christian love, clutch them with the iron pinchers of ecclesiastical law. Oh, if we, who profess to be Christians, had fallen away from Christianity and become skeptics you would not be so rough on them!

There is a man who says, "My partner in business was conspicuous in prayer meeting, and he was officious in all religious circles, but he cheated me out of $3,000, and I don't want any of that religion." Then there are others who go into skepticism by a natural persistence in asking questions, why or how? How can God be one being in three persons? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. How can God be a complete sovereign and yet man a free agent? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They can not understand why a holy God sin come into the world. Neither can I. They say: "Here is a great mystery; here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and godless all her days; she lives on to be an octogenarian. Here is a Christian mother, training her children for God and for heaven, self-sacrificing. Christ-like, indispensable seemingly to that household; she gets a cancer and dies." The skeptic says, "I can't explain that." Neither can I.

I can see how men reason themselves into skepticism. With burning feet I have trodden that blistering way. I know what it is to have a hundred nights poured into one hour. There are men in the arid desert of doubt who would give their thousands of dollars if they could get back the old religion of their fathers. Such men are not to be caricatured, but helped, and not through their heads, but through their hearts. When these men really do come into the kingdom of God, they will be worth far more to the cause of Christ than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity.

Thomas Chalmers, once a skeptic, Robert Hall once a skeptic, Christmas Evans once a skeptic, lived when they did lay hold of the gospel chariot how they made it speed ahead! If, therefore, I address men and women who have drifted away into skepticism, I throw out no scoff; I rather implead you by the memory of those good old times when you knelt at your mother's knee and said your evening prayer, and those other days of sickness when she watched all night and gave you the medicines at just the right time and turned the pillow when it was hot, and with hand long ago turned to dust soothed your pains and with that voice you will never hear again unless you join her in the better country, told you never mind, you would be better by and by, and by that dying couch where she talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words—by all those memories I ask you to come and take the same religion. It was good enough for her; it is good enough for you.

Aye, it makes better pies. By the wounds and the death throe of the Son of God, who approaches you in infinite love with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back, crying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest!"

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temperament. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others, but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb or to an abyss that it could not fathom or to a bondage that it could not break. And the wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created by the grace of God may be subdued and sent out on ministry of kindness, as God sends an August thunderstorm to water the wild flowers down in the grass.

Rich harvests of grace may grow on the summit of the Alps, and the white flocks of Christian graces may find pasturage in fields of bramble and rock. Though your disposition may be all a bristle with fretfulness, though you have a temper a-gleam with quick lightnings, though your avarice be like that of the horse leech, crying "Give!" though damnable impurities have wrapped you in all consuming fire, God can drive what devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and the darkness he can say, "Let there be light."

Converting grace has lifted the drunkard from the ditch and snatched the knife from the hand of the assassin and the false keys from the burglar, and in the pestiferous lanes of the city met the daughter of sin under the dim lamplight and scattered her sorrow and her guilt with the words, "Thy sins are forgiven; go, and sin no more." For scarlet sin a scarlet atonement.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the inconsistencies of those who profess religion. Now, I say it is illogical. Poor lawyers are nothing against jurisprudence; poor physicians are nothing against medical science; farmers are nothing against agriculture, and mean, contemptible professors of religion are nothing against our glorious Christianity.

Sometimes you have been riding along on a summer night by a swamp and you have seen lights that kindled over decayed vegetation—lights which are called jack-o'-lantern or will-o'-the-wisp. These lights are merely poisonous emanants. My friends, on your way to heaven you will see a better light than the will-o'-the-wisps which dance on the rotten character of moribund Christians. Exudations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds.

Sickness will come, and we will be pushed out toward the Red sea which divides this world from the next, and not the inconsistency of Christians, but the rod of faith, will wave back the waters as a commander wheels his host. The judgment will come, with its thunder shod solemnities. Oh, then we will not stop and say, "There was a mean Christian; there was a cowardly Christian; there was an impure Christian." In that day as now, for thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shall bear it."

Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians, so far from being an argument to keep you away from it, ought to be an argument to drive you to Him. The best place for a skilful doctor is in a neighborhood where there are all poor doctors, the best place for an enterprising merchant to open his store is in a place where the bargain makers do not understand their business and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christian, the best place for you is to come right down among us who are so unconsistent and so inconsistent sometimes. Show us how. Give us an example.

Other persons apologize for not becoming Christians because they lack time, that enough religion muddled the brain of the accountant so that the pen of the author or thickened the tongue of the orator or weakened the arm of the mechanic or scattered the briefs of the lawyer or interrupted the sales of the merchant. They bolt their store doors against it and fight it back with trowels and with yardsticks and cry, "Away with your religion from our store, our office, our factory!"

They do not understand that religion in this workday world will help you to do anything you ought to do. It can lay a keel; it can sail a ship; it can buy a cargo; it can work a pulley; it can pave a street; it can fit a wristband; it can write a constitution; it can marshal a host. It is as appropriate for an astronomer as his telescope, to the chemist as his laboratory, to the mason as his plumb line, to the carpenter as his plane, to the child as his marbles.

No time to be religious here! You have time not to be religious. You might as well have no clothes in your store no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no hat for your head, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet. Better travel on toward eternity bareheaded and barefooted and houseless and homeless and friendless than to go through life without religion.

Why, my friends, religion is the best security in every bargain; it is the sweetest note in every song; it is the brightest gem in every coronet. No time to be religious? Why, you will have to take time to be sick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for heaven. No time to secure the friendship of Christ? No time to buy a lamp and trim it for that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whiteness of the tombstones? No time to educate the eye for heavenly splendors or the hand for choral harps or the ear for everlasting songs or the soul for honor, glory and immortality? One would think we had time for nothing else.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because it is time enough yet. That is very like those persons who send regrets and say, "I will come in perhaps at 11 or 12 o'clock; I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close." Not yet! Not yet!

Now, I do not give any doleful view of this life. There is nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a doleful view of human life. I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza," where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds, and the race coming on, the most of them falling down through the first span and all of them falling down through the last span. It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which says, "The sky is good and the earth is good; that which is bad is between the earth and the sky." But while we as Christian men are bound to take a cheerful view of life, we must also confess that life is a great uncertainty, and that man who says "I will become a Christian yet" is running a risk infinite. You do not perhaps realize the fact that this descending grade of sin gets steeper and steeper and that you are gathering up a rush and velocity which after a while may run away on the brakes.

Be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their corpse to God. It does not seem fair that while our pulses are in full play of health we serve ourselves and serve the world and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves and then, when the ship is crushed in the rocks, give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent—better that than never at all; but how much better, how much more generous it would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, let us all never get over these procrastinations.

We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! As I was thinking of it on the day while coming down over the Alleghany mountains at noon, by that wonderful pass which you all have heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost runs back again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the name of the Horseshoe—and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon, it seemed to me as if the great course of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into illimitable space. So short is time, so insignificant is earth, compared with the vast eternity! This moment voices roll down the sky and all the worlds of light do a ready rejoice at your disenthrallment. Rush not into the presence of the King ragged with sin when you may have this robe of righteousness. Dash not your feet to pieces against the throne of a crucified Christ, when you may have the gift of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are at this hour ready with volumes of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

METHODS OF EGYPTIAN RULERS

Where Little Niceties of Law Count for Little.

When Mahomet Ali was khedive of Egypt there were reports of discontent and disaffection in the Arab quarter of Cairo and one evening a decree was issued announcing that anyone proved to have spoken disloyally of the government would be hanged on the spot. It so happened that the British consul had occasion to call on one of the viceroy on the day following the issue of the decree. According to the custom of the time, the interview was fixed for a very early hour in the morning. On riding past the Esbekieh gardens, which were then a sort of no-man's land, the consul saw forty corpses hanging in rows by the roadside, with a label affixed to them stating that they had spoken evil of the government. On arriving at the palace the British representative expressed some surprise to his highness at so many disaffected persons having been detected, convicted and punished in so short a time. Mahomet Ali's explanation was to the following effect: "I sent word last night to the head of the police that he must hang forty persons by daybreak this morning and told him to pick out two score of the biggest scoundrels he could think of in the slums of Cairo. I dare say they had spoken, or would have spoken, disrespectfully of the government. If they did not they are a good riddance, and at any rate we shall hear no more of any popular discontent under my rule."

Judge's Witty Remark.

In a certain case tried by Judge F. Carroll Brewster in the old court room at Chestnut and Sixth streets a point was warmly argued by two young lawyers.

The judge's decision displeased the younger counsel, who in a heated manner said:

"Will your honor note an exception?"

"Certainly," said the judge, and leaned forward to make the entry on his docket. At that instant a heavy casting of the arms of Pennsylvania became detached from the ceiling and fell upon the judge's chair, crushing the back and striking the floor with a great noise.

The judge calmly finished his note. A backward glance informed him of what had happened. With his inimitable smile and a meaning look at his "exceptioner," he dismissed the incident with the remark: "It is not always well to be an upright judge."—Philadelphia Times.

How New York Removed Snow.

Street snow was removed in New York city by shoveling it into boxes attached to road engines and melting it by a spray of steam. The saving of expense, as against that of hauling it away, was enormous.

The most valuable picture on earth is that of a living holy family.

A WISCONSIN PAPER ON WESTERN CANADA.

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, One of the Favored Districts.

The following clipped from the correspondence columns of the Eau Claire (Wisconsin) Leader is but one of many letters of a like character that might be published concerning Western Canada, the land of No. 1 hard wheat and the best cattle on the continent. It is a simple matter to reach the lands spoken of, the Canadian Government having agencies established at St. Paul and Duluth, Minnesota; Grafton, North Dakota; Watertown, South Dakota; Omaha, Nebraska; Kansas City, Missouri; Des Moines, Iowa; Wausau and Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Chicago, Illinois; Indianapolis, Indiana; Sault Ste. Marie and Detroit, Michigan; Toledo and Columbus, Ohio, and by writing to or calling upon any of these agents at these points full information can be secured. This is a great opportunity to secure a home free of cost or if you desire to purchase lands they can be bought now at prices much lower than will exist in a few months. But now to the correspondent referred to has to say of one particular district.

"To the Editor of the Leader—The rush of the land seekers will be to the prairie provinces of the Dominion of Canada. The allurements of a soil that yields 40 bushels of wheat to the acre are too great to be resisted and an immense migration from this country may be confidently predicted. People here laughed at first at the idea of any one leaving the United States for Canada, but the Dominion authorities knew they had a good thing and they stuck to it. Their officials evidently knew the value of printers' ink. They spared no expense in letting the people of this country know that these lands were there and that they were exactly as represented. They did more. They sent out specimens of the crops raised and samples of the grain. We have had them down at four consecutive street fairs, pegged over by one of their ablest immigration officers. This gentleman spared no pains. He explained the value of the lands and the richness of the soil from morning to night to all comers.

"I will think of the day while coming down over the Alleghany mountains at noon, by that wonderful pass which you all have heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost runs back again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the name of the Horseshoe—and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon, it seemed to me as if the great course of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into illimitable space. So short is time, so insignificant is earth, compared with the vast eternity! This moment voices roll down the sky and all the worlds of light do a ready rejoice at your disenthrallment. Rush not into the presence of the King ragged with sin when you may have this robe of righteousness. Dash not your feet to pieces against the throne of a crucified Christ, when you may have the gift of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are at this hour ready with volumes of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

METHODS OF EGYPTIAN RULERS

Where Little Niceties of Law Count for Little.

When Mahomet Ali was khedive of Egypt there were reports of discontent and disaffection in the Arab quarter of Cairo and one evening a decree was issued announcing that anyone proved to have spoken disloyally of the government would be hanged on the spot. It so happened that the British consul had occasion to call on one of the viceroy on the day following the issue of the decree. According to the custom of the time, the interview was fixed for a very early hour in the morning. On riding past the Esbekieh gardens, which were then a sort of no-man's land, the consul saw forty corpses hanging in rows by the roadside, with a label affixed to them stating that they had spoken evil of the government. On arriving at the palace the British representative expressed some surprise to his highness at so many disaffected persons having been detected, convicted and punished in so short a time. Mahomet Ali's explanation was to the following effect: "I sent word last night to the head of the police that he must hang forty persons by daybreak this morning and told him to pick out two score of the biggest scoundrels he could think of in the slums of Cairo. I dare say they had spoken, or would have spoken, disrespectfully of the government. If they did not they are a good riddance, and at any rate we shall hear no more of any popular discontent under my rule."

Judge's Witty Remark.

In a certain case tried by Judge F. Carroll Brewster in the old court room at Chestnut and Sixth streets a point was warmly argued by two young lawyers.

The judge's decision displeased the younger counsel, who in a heated manner said:

"Will your honor note an exception?"

"Certainly," said the judge, and leaned forward to make the entry on his docket. At that instant a heavy casting of the arms of Pennsylvania became detached from the ceiling and fell upon the judge's chair, crushing the back and striking the floor with a great noise.

The judge calmly finished his note. A backward glance informed him of what had happened. With his inimitable smile and a meaning look at his "exceptioner," he dismissed the incident with the remark: "It is not always well to be an upright judge."—Philadelphia Times.

How New York Removed Snow.

Street snow was removed in New York city by shoveling it into boxes attached to road engines and melting it by a spray of steam. The saving of expense, as against that of hauling it away, was enormous.

The most valuable picture on earth is that of a living holy family.

Lost His
Rheumatism
By the use of a bottle of
St. Jacobs Oil.

SERGEANT JEREMIAH MAHER, of Ardcath, Royal Irish Constabulary, says: "My friend, Mr. Thomas Hand, has been a great sufferer from rheumatism in the back and joints for the last four years, during which time he has employed many different methods of treatment, but obtained no relief whatever, and for the last two years has been unable to walk without a stick, and sometimes two sticks, and was in great pain constantly. I induced him to procure a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which he applied with the most astonishing and marvelous effects. Before he had finished using the contents of the first bottle he could walk readily without the aid of a stick, and after a few applications from the second bottle he was free from pain, and has been ever since; and although fifty years of age and a farmer, he can walk and work without experiencing any pain or difficulty whatever."

VOGELER'S CURATIVE COMPOUND, the great remedy which makes people well; it is made from the formula of Dr. Vogeler, and is sold by druggists. Vogeler Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, Md., for a free sample bottle.