At Swords' Points;

OR,

A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Paul Plays for Time.

Rhinelander needed no lexicon to tell him facts that were as plainly marked as daylight before his eyes. No sooner had his eyes fallen upon the face of the dapper captain who came last month into the apartment behind the soldiers than the truth burst upon him like a flash.

It was the countess!

The eager look upon her face as she entered the room told him it was with her a moment of considerable satisfaction, a time of triumph.

Paul was calm.

He knew the crisis of his life, perhaps, had come.

There was a foe more to be feared than the duellist through whose living shoulder he had thrust his ready blade in the gray of dawn.

It was his duty, of course, to appear indignant, and to demand what such an unannounced entree might signify.

The major was good enough to listen to Paul's little protest, though the contemptuous smile never once left his florid face.

He begged to assure the gentleman that it was with deepest regret the soldiers of His Majesty the Emperor thus invaded a private house in the city of Metz, but these were times when all ordinary rules and regulations had to be set aside, and they had been given positive assurance that those who were plotting treason against France, had sought refuge beneath this roof.

The one glance Paul swept around showed him his mother, pale-faced, yet brave, surveying the scene in astonishment, Beatrix wringing her little hands in sore dismay, knowing what danger hung over the head of her Karl, and that latter individual, perfectly cool and alert, watching the course of events.

Paul drew out his papers of parole, which he carried as a protection—they gave him the liberty of the city of Metz upon certain conditions which he had thus far faithfully carried out.

"Monsieur le major, will you be good enough to examine these documents?" he said.

The officer caught sight of the signature, and felt compelled to give them a glance:

"They seem regular enough," he grunted.

"Then this is, after all, a mistake?"

The fat major smiled.

"Oh, no, monsieur, I do not exceed my duty, I assure you, when I come to place you under arrest."

"But—the charge—surely—I have a right to visit my mother and my sister."

It was the dandy captain who uttered a cry and fastened her eyes eagerly upon the fair face of Beatrix—perhaps, in that moment, the countess may have wondered whether she might not have been too hasty after all—if one of these chamers which turned out to be his sister, might there not be some hope of the other proving at least a cousin?

The suggestion vanished almost as speedily as it had leaped into being.

She had gone too far now to turn back—this man had scorned the chances she offered him to come in out of the wet, and she must not enter a complaint if the deluge overwhelmed him.

"Under ordinary conditions—of course—but not to plot against the lilies of France," returned the French major solemnly.

"I assure you—I am ready to take my oath that not one word has been uttered here that you might not have heard—that since my parole I have adhered strictly to its provisions, which require that I hold no communication with the German army outside the gates of Metz."

Even while Paul was uttering these words he started and cast a sudden apprehensive look in the direction of Karl.

The thought had come to him that possibly he had unconsciously broken the spirit of his parole by seeking the company of one whom he knew to be in Metz acting for the Crown Prince.

It was a most unfortunate action on his part, since hostile eyes were watching him, eyes that were quick to catch the slightest move and interpret it to suit their fancy.

Not to the fat major did these keen eyes belong—that worthy was endeavoring to collect his scattered senses, and carry out his prearranged part in the program—what Paul asserted had in a measure thrown him off the track, and he did not feel quite easy after seeing the signature at the bottom of the parole.

Had Paul been left alone with the soldier he might have won out.

But there was another with whom he had to deal, one possessed of a mind so subtle and a heart so filled with ideas of revenge that the barriers he might raise would go down before the attack as though made of straw.

He saw the woman glide up to the major, who eagerly bent his head to listen.

Paul feared the worst, for had he not seen her glance toward Karl with the eager look of a hawk seeking its prey.

She knew, or had guessed the truth, and was now posting the old fool of a major.

That this was so could be discovered by a single glance, for the soldier puffed out his stout form as though he had been suddenly invested with the coveted cross of the Legion of Honor.

The countess stepped back.

One flash of her eyes Paul had, and the baleful look staggered him.

Was this her hour?

Defeated by fortune in Berlin, would she accomplish his destruction in Metz, even while the guns of his fellow soldiers from over the Rhine were pounding away beyond the forts and beating the devil's tattoo in the determined effort to secure the surrender of MacMahon's fine army?

"Monsieur," said the major, stiffly, "the point you have advanced may be well taken, but I cannot allow you your liberty. Perhaps you have held no communication with the foes without, but can you answer the same as to the spies within?"

Paul was silent, for he hardly knew what to say.

"You do not speak, monsieur—you tacitly admit the charge—therefore, you must not protest if we lead you back again to your prison."

The major knew, then, that he had been in a dungeon—perhaps he was also aware of his engagement with Conrad.

"Monsieur le major, I carry here the freedom of the city, signed by the commandant, Marshal Bazaine, whose signature you know. I rely upon that passport to take me where I please within the city walls. You have been influenced by one who hates me to make this arrest. But, M. le major, I stand upon my dignity as the guest of the city of Metz, and I defy you to arrest me. I warn you plainly that if you order one of these men to place hand on me you will be the first to suffer. Because my life is in danger from yonder woman I have been generously allowed to carry arms, a most unusual thing in the case of a prisoner on parole. So you see I have here a revolver that contains six bullets, more than enough to finish all those who are opposed to me. Much as I should regret spoiling the new apartments of my mother, and depriving you of what you evidently need, I shall be under the painful necessity of scattering your brains about this place if you persist. I am willing to go to the commandant and surrender myself, but must object to becoming the prisoner of one whom I know to be as unscrupulous as yonder woman."

The sight of Paul's revolver rather staggered the major, who had, of course, received the report that a prisoner on parole could properly be possessed of so dangerous a weapon.

He backed to the door, opened it, and bawled out an order for half a dozen more men to come into the apartment.

At the same time Paul managed to say a few words to his mother that caused her to leave the room by another door—he had thought of a forlorn hope.

It was a faint hope indeed upon which Paul was obliged to lean, and only the desperate condition of affairs could account for him giving it any credence whatever.

Heknew his gigantic bluff had failed to work, except in so far as the major's quick demand for a larger bodyguard went.

With nearly a dozen soldiers to one, his back and call, he would only make sure that his own precious carcass was well out of range when the word to advance and fall upon the two men would be given.

All Rhinelander could do was to delay this climax as long as possible, and meanwhile pray in his heart that some fair measure of success might accompany his mother's mission.

One thing surprised Paul.

This concerned Karl.

The young German had appeared to be taking no steps toward saving himself.

Could it be that he was in measure stupefied by the alarming conditions.

Paul thought not.

He had known the other for some time, and felt sure he was not made of such poor material that the presence of danger would deprive him of his usual sterling good sense.

Was he indifferent?

He had much to live for, and even the customary German phlegmatic temperament could not account for a young fellow with a sweetheart resigning himself to death so calmly.

There must be something back of it.

Perhaps he was watching his chance, and when the old major and his guards were caught napping he meant to suddenly dash into life, make one mad spring through the door which Paul's mother had left open and, taking his chances with pursuing bullets, attempt to escape.

At best it was a hazardous game, with the odds three to one against him.

And yet, what of that—were not they ten to one he would be hung or shot if he remained?

So Paul was ready to see him fling past into the blackness beyond the door, and felt even in a condition to give him his blessing and good wishes.

There was something about Karl's coolness, that warmed the cockles of his heart and gave him renewed confidence for the young German soldier had the confident appearance of a man who possessed faith.

At least there was not an atom of that quality called fear about his composition.

So Paul devoted himself to the task, which was one of the strangest in his whole adventurous career, of spellbinding the enemy.

Seconds counted, and as to a minute, it was precious beyond words.

Perhaps the major might be a little more amenable to reason now that he had things in his own hands.

The spell-binding began.

Paul crushed down his bona fide feelings and bent his energies toward cajoling the man who held their destiny in the hollow of his hand.

To hear him talk one might have been pardoned for entertaining a grave suspicion that his ancestry, instead of dating back to old Holland or some Dutch country extended to the famous region of Blarney Castle.

For truly Rhinelander did himself proud upon this occasion, when the incentive that spurred him on was life itself.

So rapidly he talked that the major was not able to get a word in edgewise.

Several times he half raised the arm holding that sword of authority, as though he would fain give the signal for a closing in on all sides.

But the major was a Frenchman, with all the courtesy that distinguished his countrymen from the barbarian outer world, and on his life he could not treat a soldier and a gentleman with so great disrespect as to break in upon the thread of his discourse with an order for his arrest.

So he waited.

Delays are often dangerous, and in this case the old aphorism seemed peculiarly suggestive.

For delay was what Paul desired—the hope of it oiled his tongue, and gave him an eloquence he had never before known he possessed.

The wretch who stands with the noose about his neck, scanning the horizon to see some cloud of dust that might betoken the advent of some courier bearing a reprieve, would appreciate the feelings of Paul Rhinelander as he endeavored to so hold the fat major by the power of his eloquence that the soldier would delay giving his signal until the hoped for arrival of newcomers on the scene of action.

At first Countess Aimee listened to his flow of compliments with astonishment, since she had never suspected the young American capable of such a remarkable effort.

Gradually, as she noted the soporific effect of this harangue upon the major, she began to feel some apprehension lest her end might be defeated after all.

She frowned and stamped her little foot, whereat the major started and glanced hastily toward her.

Then ensued a pantomime between the two, he shrugging his shoulders as though asserting his unwillingness to act while Paul kept up this flow of eloquence, while the woman pointed to the American nodded her head vehemently and again stamped her foot in a temper.

Paul saw it all but he did not let a little thing like this disturb him.

He talked on, even faster than before, talked in a way that must have convinced any jury and even inclined the judge in his favor, talked as a lawyer who seldom found occasion to do so in defense of a client, for Paul was holding his own life in the balance.

A few minutes at the most was all he wanted, and, thanks to his surprising tactics, he won.

He had kept the major in suspense just three full minutes, loaded to the muzzle all the while with an order for action, yet finding no opportunity to hellow it out unless he chose to forget he was a gentleman, and he would sooner die than do that.

But patience has its limits, even in a polite Frenchman, and Paul, seeing him puff out his cheeks, knew the northwest wind and smelled a squall; but a sensation of satisfaction came over him when he heard some one clattering up the stairs, some one who presently pushed into the room unannounced.

(To be continued.)

THE GENTLE ART OF BURGLARY.

Lecture by a Professor Preliminary to Temporary Retirement.

Those who predicted without ceasing the jerry builder and all his ways should really "stag" Mr. Richard Murray as chief speaker at their next demonstration, even if a writ of what Mr. Weller called "have his carcass" must be served on the governor of his majesty's prison at Pentonville.

Mr. Murray is a burglar of repute. He has a past, he said as much to the jury at Clerkenwell sessions yesterday. He forgot to state that about fourteen years of that past had been spent where the next two years will find him.

The latest "little job" at a Fulham dwelling house brought Murray in conflict with the police. That, however, was not his chief annoyance. He had pitted himself against law, and law won; therefore the loser didn't feel ruffled.

What roused him to complaint was a sort of aspersion on his professional skill.

"What! Me do the 'plant' in a clumsy way, as the police say? W'y, if I'd a leant again the house it 'ud 'a' fallen down, so w'y use a jimmy?"

And more to this effect—something like Mr. Gashford's indignation when other modes of "working off" were suggested.

If Mr. Murray be a good judge of building (and he ought to be), Fulham householders may thank their stars that their "castles" remain in the one spot after a moderate gale.

He gave a lucid lecture from the dock on the childish ease with which a Fulham house can be entered. "Slip to the back, push the window-catch back with a thin knife, raise the sash, climb in, shut the widow, and fasten the catch, and there you are; you can do as you like."

The thin knife we know, and the ill-fitting sash also, but to refasten the dimsy catch! That is for the unexpected policeman or the roused tenant. Quite a touch of genius!

No "pushing in the front door." That is vulgar, common, and eke noisy. Besides, there are the bolts. Did the jury think Mr. Murray would go to all that trouble and strain when he could get in so easily at the back? Faugh! It was repugnant to him as an artist.

Murray knows too much about burglary and jerry houses to be at large. He was "sent up" for two years to a place where his skill will be as effective as "hitting on granite."

Even then he was dissatisfied. He wanted three years, "and then I shall feel happy."

Cheerfulness has its beauty everywhere.—London Express.

A Kissing Fable.

There is a Fench anecdote about a student who took the liberty of kissing a young girl. She got very angry, however, and called him an insolent puppy, whereupon he retorted: "For goodness sake, don't be cross, young lady. If this kiss annoys you give it back to me." It seems he had a more amicable settlement in the case of a Danish couple who had resolved to break off their engagement: "It is best, I suppose, that we return each other's letters?" said he. "I think so, too," said she. "But shall we not at the same time give each other all our kisses back?" They did so and thus agreed to renew their engagement.

An old bachelor says that matrimony is the best cooking school.

"He was an excessively active man. His great weakness was the common one—failure to concentrate."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CHRISTIAN DEATH AS THE ENTRANCE TO FULLER LIFE.

Eloquent Easter Discourse Preached from Corinthians, "Death Is Swallowed Up in Victory"—Why Should We Doubt That God Can Raise Us from Death?

(Copyright, 1892, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

Washington, March 30.—The Christian view of death as the entrance to a fuller life is presented in this Easter discourse by Dr. Talmage from the text I Cor. xv, 54, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

About 1,870 Easter mornings have wakened the earth. The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears richer diadem, she sways a more jeweled scepter, and in her smile nations are irradiated. How welcome she is when, after a harsh winter and late spring, she seems to step out of the snow bank rather than the conservatory, to come out of the north instead of the south, out of the arctic rather than the tropics, distinguishing from her icy equipment, but welcome this queenly day, holding high in her right hand the wrenched off bolt of Christ's sepulcher and holding high in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

My text is an ejaculation. It is again out of hallelujahs. Paul wrote on in his argument about the resurrection and observed all the laws of logic, but when he came to write the words of the text his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory;" it is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, of Napoleon's track of 90,000 corpses in the snowbanks of Russia, of the retreat of our armies from Appomattox, of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Beth-horan with their armies while the hailstorms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury.

In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his hosts all the aches and pains and malarias and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northwest wind and amid the hush of tempests. He piled up barricades of grave mound. He pitched tent of charnal house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double quick command of pneumonias. Some he took by long lodgement of evil habit and some by one stroke of the battleax of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sickrooms, and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all of the five continents. Forward, march ordered the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders in chief and all the presidents and kings and sultans and czars dropped under the feet of his war charger. But the Christmas night his antagonist was born.

As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the east, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchers will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old bragart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his scepter, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one world written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, and cenotaph and sarcophagus, and the lonely khan of the arctic explorer and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalia and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "Victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose abbey and Kenilworth castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulcher. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloakroom at a governor's or a president's levee. We stop at such cloakroom and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a King's banquet and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of death and the rubbers of this world, which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter, the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue and all their slowness of locomotion. We want them put through a chemistry of soil and gas and fire and changing seasons, out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn in Central Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue hospital. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation, the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and paneled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view, of course, makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepultured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration, let them have it without cavil or protest. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution, at Smithfield; Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius; at least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. Whether our natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body. You will have it; I will have it.

I say to you to-day, as Paul said to Agrippa, Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" That far-flying cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from a river, other drops from a lake, still other drops from a stagnant pool, but now embodied in a cloud and kindled by the sun. If God can make such a beautiful cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones, muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drops a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Resurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly—where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wings—where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb near a block, were found flower seeds that had been buried 2,000 years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up. It bloomed in blood-red and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected! A traveler says he found in a mummy pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there 3,000 years ago. He brought them out and on the 4th of June, 1844, he planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried 3,000 years, yet resurrected! "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff of Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progeniture of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silkworms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life, our loves unfold lilies, something worthy of the coming eternities? Put silver into diluted nitre, and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper, and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves, another force organizes.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler and then stopped. They have taken no food. They want none. They lie dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and all the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as he does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half-past 4 o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced. A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days. Total suspension of mental power and voluntary animation. Dr. Ham Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit apparently left the body. People came to the door and said, "He is dead, he is dead." But the soul that fled returned, and Will Tennent lived to write what he had seen while his soul was gone.

It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world, from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return. Physiologists tell us that while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hindrement and the injury of a toe joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparatuses, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell us what they are good for. They may be the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbis and the scientists of our day have found out that there are two or three superfluities of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with the rubbish of carpenter's and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in repairs. All the pictures were gone, and the paper hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And, oh, what was his joy when at the end of six months he returned and found the old house had been enlarged and improved and glorified. That is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after awhile your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery and vein will be built over, and the old structure will be burnished and adorned and raised and cupoladed and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a pain and your soul not pity it, or your body have a joy and your soul not receive it, or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it, growing wan and weak under the depressing influence? Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be long separated.

And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" And the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" And the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven. Victory! Do you wonder that on Easter day we swathe our churches with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most consecrated voice of song that we can invite, with the deftest fingers on organ and cornet and with doxologies that beat these arches with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection. A great heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffatt, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary, "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain. "Yes," said the missionary. Then said the warrior: "Let me hear no more about the resurrection; there can be no resurrection, there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than those whose crimes have never been repented of will want to see! But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the unfold tickets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchers, with rough ground tossed on each side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given.
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail the resurrection thou!

FOUND HE COULDN'T SAVE MONEY

He Stopped Smoking Costly Cigarettes but His Appetite Increased.

A young man who is known to his intimate friends as Willie stopped smoking cigarettes a week ago. Willie is contemplating matrimony, and his intended is his ideal wife. As expensive brand of Turkish cigarettes his expenditures amount to considerable in the course of a week.

He gave up smoking for two reasons—economy and health. He complained that cigarettes impaired his appetite. The first week was up Tuesday, and Willie did not seem particularly jubilant.

"How much did you save this week by not smoking?" asked one of his chums.

"Not a cent," growled Willie.

"How was that?" persisted the chum.

"Well you see, it's this way," explained Willie, according to the Philadelphia Record. "When I smoke my appetite is poor and I don't eat much. Since I've stopped smoking I'm hungry all the time and the money I saved on cigarettes I spent for grub!"

English Clergymen Live Long.

There are 103 incumbents of churches in England who have occupied the same livings for fifty years or more, and of these twelve have held their places for sixty years. Their average income amounts to $1,200 a year, and in sixteen cases the income, after fifty years' continuous service, is between the limits of $360 and $760 a year.

Persons, Places and Things

THE M'KINLEY MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Plan for Magnificent Structure to Be Erected in Washington.

Rev. George Buckler of Washington has a plan for a McKinley memorial which he expects to be able to put into effect. It is to be in the form of a church and will be architecturally one

of the finest edifices in the country. He believes it possible to raise the $100,000 necessary for its erection by popular subscription, and will place the names of the donors in the corner stone. The building plans for which are already made, will be in the shape of a cross, 120 feet long and 88 feet wide, with a large dome over the transept. It is to be undenominational in character.

Old Foe of Tobacco.

The celebrated "Counterblaste to Tobacco" written by King James I. of England describes smoking as "a custom loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmfull to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." In 1604 this monarch endeavored by means of heavy imposts to abolish its use in England, and in 1619 he commanded that no planter in Virginia should cultivate more than 100 pounds. It is said that some persons spent as much as $2,500 a year in the purchase of tobacco in those days.

JOSIE MANSFIELD LEAVES PARIS.

Heroine of Fisk-Stokes Tragedy Has Mysteriously Disappeared.

The mysterious disappearance from Paris of Josie Mansfield has caused

much comment, especially in the American colony. She had been living in that city from the time of the Fisk-Stokes tragedy in New York city until about three months ago, when suddenly she was missed. Her house has been sold, together with its handsome furnishings.

Nobody seems to know what has become of her, but the prevailing belief is that she has gone back to America incognito, intending to make her home there hereafter.

PRESIDENT IN WRESTLING BOUTS.

Chief Executive Takes Instructions from a Skilled Professor.

Despite the rumors to the contrary, President Roosevelt is still enjoying his wrestling bouts with Professor J. L. O'Brien, a physical instructor from Boston, who, though skilled on the mat, finds the president no unworthy

opponent. Mr. O'Brien is also giving instructions in physical culture to the boys of the white house household, and the lads take to the exercise with great avidity.

Mystified Scientists.

At the last meeting of the Linnean Society, Prof. G. B. Howes exhibited a marine organism received from Dr. Gilchrist of South Africa. It is structureless and transparent. After having submitted the object to a dozen trained experts, he put it forward in the hope of obtaining a clew to its significance and zoological position. In commenting upon the exhibit, the president said he believed the occasion was probably the first in the history of the society upon which an object had been laid upon the table to which no one could give a name.—London Nature.

Predicts New Great State.

La France Militaire thinks that the piercing of the Isthmus of Panama will offer great opportunities for development to Australasia, and may result in a new independent state—the "United States of Oceanica."

Pigs Drawing Wagons.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.