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A Mystery of the Sea and the Romance of a Wreck.

BY NEREN NEVILLE.

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ON a bright morning in the middle of the month of August, Arthur Beckweth, who had been traveling for several years, found himself, in company with his fellow passengers, eagerly watching the approaching shores of his native land from the deck of a South American steamer. In due time the steamer reached her dock, and a day or two later Beckweth was with his aunt at Rockberg, on the New England coast.

Although the first summer residence of Rockberg had been erected for nearly thirty years, but a dozen establishments of a similar kind had ever followed it. This was chiefly owing to the fact that Rockberg was situated somewhat off the beaten line of travel, and but few persons had as yet discovered its attractiveness. To persons of quiet tastes and habits, such as were the summer residents of the village, there was much there to excite their admiration as they looked about them from the sightly location of their dwellings on the cliffs. Before them stretched the ever-changing, ever restless, deep blue ocean, on whose surface could be seen the white sails of the ships passing in the distance to and from the far-away port to the south.

At one time, perhaps, the constantly changing shades of light on the sails of the yachts, coast-bound craft and the fishing fleet that passed close in shore would attract an observer's attention; while another moment it would be the long column of smoke, appearing at first like a light cloud against the sky, that heralded the approach of the in-bound ocean steamer sometime before its long dark hull was visible above the horizon.

At the foot of the cliff nestled the little village with its white cottages and neatly-kept flower and vegetable gardens. Beyond, bounded on either side by the main road and the edge of the beach, was the long row of fish houses, in which, in stormy weather,

ROCKBERG.

many a tale of shipwreck and danger was told while busy hands overhauled for repairs the various appliances, by the aid of which the men of Rockberg forced their living from the sea. These fish-houses, with the boats hauled up in front of them out of the reach of the tide, although certainly not beautiful in themselves, added a bit of character to the scene, while the picture of the village as a whole was far from tame.

Back from the cliff could be seen ranges of small hills, on whose sides were scattered here and there a few stunted fir trees and cedars. These hills, extending from the shore in to the distant island, formed the boundaries of several small fertile plains, which were generally cultivated by hard-working, industrious men of semi-amphibious habits, who divided their time, according to the season, between farming and fishing.

All this, together with the pleasing contrast between the crisp brown grass of the hills and the dark, rich verdure of the valleys, the occasional orchards and elm trees, from behind whose foliage a farm-house was visible here and there—the whole backed by gray and partially wooded hills in the far distance—made a scene of considerable attractiveness.

Mr. Jabez Horton had been among the first to make his summer residence amid these surroundings. After his death, his widow not only continued to go there, but found its quiet and beauty so congenial that her stay each season was of longer duration than that of any of the other summer visitors.

Mrs. Horton had now reached that time of life, just turning into the "sere and yellow leaf," when the heart leans most dependently on those upon whom it has learned to set its affections. For many years bereaved of husband and children, the full wealth of her naturally loving disposition had been bestowed upon her only nephew, Arthur Beckweth. To him was given the first place in her thoughts and affections; but he was by no means the only one who had reason to cherish her love and esteem, for the measure of her tender sympathy and love was boundless. Of late a strong natural regard and friendship sprang up between her and Miss Kate Denham, a young lady whom she had found in the city, surrounded by affluence, a large circle of acquaintances and admirers, but without a single known relative.

The acquaintance between these two had been formed during Beckweth's absence from home; when, however, the latter arrived at Rockberg, he found Miss Denham a visitor there in Mrs. Horton's little household.

In answer to Beckweth's inquiries, his aunt explained to him how utterly alone in the world Miss Denham was, and added:

"She is a lovely young lady, and I have quite learned to love her! I had serious fears," she continued, "when I first brought her here, that she would find it too dull. I have once or twice had some young people down from the city, thinking their company would make an agreeable change for her, but she seems full as contented and happy when alone with me. She appears to be an extraordinary person in many ways. Now, please to try, Arthur, for my sake," she concluded, "not to wholly ignore the presence of Miss Denham. Forego busying yourself completely in your

ARTHUR MEETS MISS DENHAM.

usual occupations, while here, of fishing, yachting or riding. I want you to help me entertain her, for, notwithstanding what I have said about her apparent contentment, there are times when I think I detect in her a quiet sadness which I can not understand."

Beckweth soon settled into the quiet ways of his aunt's little household. With the exception of a drive every pleasant forenoon with his Aunt Alice, as Mrs. Horton was called, and Miss Denham, one or two sails and an occasional walk on the beach with Miss Denham, he seemed to be contented to remain for the most part quietly about the house. Frequently, during an afternoon, he would entertain the ladies with accounts of his travels. As the evenings began to grow sufficiently long to make the gathering about the evening lamp a cheerful feature of the day's quiet routine, Miss Denham would entertain them with music; or, to please Aunt Alice, she would read aloud to them from Thackeray—the favorite author of the old lady. The apparent contentment of Beckweth with this quiet life was rather a surprise to his aunt, who was accustomed to see him restless and active. She was nevertheless delighted to have him so constantly near her, for he was excellent company at all times. She could not refrain, however, from speaking to him one day about it. "Oh! I am very glad of the opportunity for a good rest, and to experience once more the pleasures of home life, however quiet, after wandering about so long," he laughingly explained to her.

CHAPTER II.

A WAIF OF THE SEA.

Mrs. Horton had now remained at Rockberg past the usual time for even her to return to the city. The few trees of a deciduous nature that were to be found in that locality were nearly stripped of their foliage, and cold blustering winds had begun to prevail. The waters of the bay had assumed a greenish hue, over which the white caps of foam were constantly playing, instead of the prevailing blue tints and frequent calms that had accompanied the summer winds and skies. An easterly storm, which the fishermen said had been "brewing" for several days, had now reached them in all its fury.

Several of the fishing boats broke away from their moorings in the bay, and the hardy valor displayed by the fishermen in launching their dories in the high surf that beat fiercely on the beach, their long and dangerous pull to board the crafts and drop an anchor, were watched with interest and anxiety by Mrs. Horton and Miss Denham from the windows of the cottage. Towards night the storm increased,

LISTENING TO THE STORM.

and the howling of the wind and roar of the ocean on the beach came up from the shore to those on the cliff with redoubled fierceness.

After the lamps had been lighted the ladies drew their chairs before the blazing fire on the hearth, and, what was unusual with both of them, sat with idle hands listening to the storm without. Their conversation, which had been desultory from the beginning, gradually ceased altogether; perhaps from a feeling of dread and awe at the wildness of the night, made doubly lonesome by the absence of Beckweth. The latter had gone that morning to the city and was not expected to return until the next day.

Had Mrs. Horton watched Miss Denham narrowly during this silence, she might have seen in her countenance signs of more than dread and lonesomeness; for, surely, perplexity and sadness were clearly written in the features of her face, and once she might have seen a tear silently coursing its way over her handsome cheek.

The old lady was busy with her own thoughts, however, which found expression a little later when Beckweth came briskly into the room with a gleeful salutation of: "Good evening, Aunt Alice and Miss Denham! Here I am again! Sooner than you expected; but the fact is, I could not miss seeing this storm down here, so I hurried back. I love a storm!"

"Why! we are delighted to see you," said his aunt, "for I am sure this dreadful weight had already given both Kate and myself the blues. They had so far taken possession of us as to drive all sociability between us away. Now Arthur, you must cheer us up!"

"Cheer you up? Of course I will!" he said, with a laugh, as he wheeled his easy chair to the fire and seated himself comfortably in it. "But why, Aunt Alice, do you call this a dreadful night? A glorious night I call it; provided one is properly equipped and prepared to meet it.

"But Arthur, just think of the poor sailors to-night! I was thinking of their hardship and peril when you came in."

"The sailors! dangers! of course I think of them. But just listen to what the sailor himself has to say of the matter, aptly expressed by the master mind of the poet:

"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now!
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!"

"Then you know, Aunt Alice," he continued, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "how this same old Barney Buntline, after rehearsing to his mate the various dangers to which he thinks the landsman is liable on such a night as this, while he and Bill 'on the deck are comfortably lying,' says, referring to those he calls the 'foolhardy chaps who live in towns:'

"'Poor creatures! how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good lucks, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!'

SAFE UPON THE OCEAN.

"Then he sums the whole matter up, Miss Denham, in the following honest expression of his sentiments:

"'We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors.'

"There! you see, ladies, it is of no use for you to expend much of your sympathy on sailors; they won't thank you for it."

"If I thought you were really as thoughtless as your levity might imply, I would appeal to your aunt to give you a severe reprimand," said Miss Denham, with an amused smile. "For my part, I can not keep from my mind to-night the experience of a friend of mine who was shipwrecked in just such a storm as this on Fisher Island, in this very bay. Do you remember, Mrs. Horton, a family by the name of Harper that used to spend the summer months here in Rockberg years ago?"

"I do," said Beckweth, "particularly because Mrs. Harper used to take her little daughter Hattie and myself to drive almost every pleasant day, for a whole summer. Riding with any one but Hattie Harper had no charm for me in those days. That was the year, Aunt Alice, that father and mother were in Europe, and I was left with you."

"You remember Hattie, then," said Miss Denham, earnestly. "It was of her that I have been thinking. Did you ever know that she was a shipwrecked child—a castaway on Fisher Island? In all probability not, however, for she did not know it herself in those days. I was once her most intimate friend, and she has told me all that she herself knows about it. Being acquainted with her at one time yourself, Mr. Beckweth, you may be interested to hear as much of her history as pertains to her being shipwrecked:

"Just twenty-six years ago the 23d of the coming December, during a terrible storm that lasted for several days, the people of Rockberg saw, just before the night shut in, a large bark, in a disabled condition, being rapidly driven onto the outer point of Fisher Island. The wind and tide being against them, and the storm a most terrific one, the fishermen could render the disabled vessel no assistance, although several attempts were made to launch the surf-boats. In the early part of the night the watchers on the beach were assured that the vessel had struck, and was rapidly breaking up, for drift from the wreck began to be scattered along the shore. When the morning came, not a sign of the vessel was to be seen; she had gone literally to pieces. Eight corpses were thrown up on the beach, all of sailors, it was thought, and also one living person—a little girl apparently two years of age. The latter owed her life to the fact that she came ashore carefully wrapped in blankets and canvas, and securely packed in an open box which was secured to an empty cask. To the cask were lashed some pieces of spars in such a way that it had floated on the waves without turning. 'None but a sailor's hand did that work.' 'She is a sailor's child,' said the fishermen, as they looked, many of them with moistened eyes, from the wondering face of the child to the construction of the raft that had brought her to them. Their hearts warmed towards the little waif on that account, and she was carefully cared for. Although every effort was made at that time, and afterwards, to learn who her parents were, or had been, it was never ascertained. The wreck afforded no clue as to where the bark belonged, or what her name was, beyond the fact that, from certain indications among the wreckage, known only to sailors, it was said to be of English rig. From the number and dress of the bodies washed ashore, it was also believed that she was not a passenger vessel. Furthermore, there was the ship whose arrival was expected about that time at the port of the neighboring city, which did not reach there in safety.

"The child remained in the charge of the people of the village here until the following summer, when Mrs. Harper, who had but a short time before lost her only daughter, adopted her."

CHRIST OUR EXEMPLAR.

HOW HE URGES AND IMPELS TO A COURSE OF CHRISTIAN CONDUCT.

The Saviour Considered as a Motive to Patience and Perseverance in Christian Labor--A Sermon Delivered by the Rev. A. McA. Pittman, of Winnsboro, S. C.

"For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds"—Heb. XII.:3.

As Christians we do well to take our stand near the middle cross, on which the Prince of glory died, and settle all questions of duty and opportunity in full view of the "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." There are duties and opportunities thrust upon the army of the saved to-day, as never before in the history of mankind. The Christian world has as little patience now with those who hold that the former times were worse than these in every particular, as with those who say that "the former times were better than these" in all respects.

It seems to me that we are living in a grand and awful time—grand in the way of avenues opened, as never before for Christian endeavor—for enlarged usefulness in the sphere of Christian work—grand in having the eyes of the whole world turned upon us as never before. Christians are on exhibition to-day, as never before in the history of Christianity. They are standing up for Christ in the uttermost parts of the earth. A chain of human voices, ringing out "the glad tidings of the kingdom of God," is rapidly encircling the globe. Let us pray that the heralds of the cross, at home and abroad, may be honored instruments in the hands of God in alarming the guilty fears of the lost, and leading this hungry, run-mad world to the foot of the cross.

Let every member of the body of Christ awake and arise with renewed energy, heart and hope, and with the courage of their convictions, do what they can, in the strength of God, to dissipate the darkness and introduce the light of Heaven into the hearts and homes of the people all the world around. The prospects of a glorious triumph over the powers of darkness are as bright as the promises of God made to his people in the all-prevailing name of the Son of God.

But I also said that we live in an awful time. One has only to look out upon the world in its present restless and greatly agitated state to be convinced of this. Truth and error, light and darkness, sin and holiness, the good spirit and the evil spirit, are waging a perpetual warfare everywhere. In some places there are avalanches of collision. We do not only hear of "earthquakes in divers places" showing that the earth itself is in an unsettled state, but there are earthquakes of discord in families, in churches, in States, in nations and throughout the world. And what is more, all the civil powers, standing armies, and combined forces of the universe, that have upon them the stamp of man's wisdom and puny might cannot bring this discordant, confused world into the gentle sway of peace, loving and abiding brotherhood. The only hope for this lost and ruined world is found in this word of reconciliation. The angels sang it at the birth of Christ. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." "For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Reconciliation between God and man and all the blessings that flow from a union so divine—such as peace on earth and good-will and holiness among all mankind—must be effected through the dissemination of the truths of divine revelation, and saving faith in the Saviour that they reveal.

Now with the stupendous work of the world's subjugation and salvation confronting the sacramental host of God's elect, they certainly need the inspiration that comes from knowing that back of them are the promises of God; that on them is the paneply of God; and that before them is the Son of God, with the thrice thrilling history of his eventful life, wonderful teachings, labors of love, tragic death, resurrection and ascension to the right hand of his Father in Heaven.

The Apostle Paul enjoined it upon the Hebrew Christians to consider their Lord and Master in all his bearings toward mankind—in every vicissitude and relationship in life—what he did and what he suffered, and how he behaved himself under the severest maledictions, and the most cruel treatment at the hands of violent foes. Now, if Paul thought that it would be helpful to the Hebrew Christians, in all their trials and labors of love in life, to think upon the life and character of Christ with great care, lest they became wearied and faint in their minds and souls, may we not, also, make an application of the same injunction with equal profit to ourselves? Whatever views may be entertained by atheists and infidels with reference to the comparatively unsuccessful ministry of Christ, among the people to whom he preached the wonderful words of life, the whole Christian world is now ready to concede that it was not owing to the lack of wisdom and interest on the part of Christ, nor to a failure on his part to present the truth with telling force that his ministry was not wonderfully successful, but to the opposition and manifest indifference He encountered in His ministrations.

It is true we might attribute the apparent smallness of his success while here in the flesh to the fact that He was human, like the rest of us; but then it would neither be wise nor just to compare Him with the prophets and apostles, and latter day ministers of the gospel, because He was the Son of God, and as such He was intensely divine. "Never man spake like this man." "A greater than Jonas is here." "A greater than Solomon is here." But it is a source of strength and encouragement to weary, toiling, faint-hearted, discouraged ministers of Christ to "consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself." "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as master, and the servant as his lord."

Ah! my brethren we see enough in a single day, sometimes, to greatly discourage us. At such times we almost lose all heart and hope in our work. But we must remember that Christ, in a certain place, did not do many mighty works, because of the prevailing unbelief. In other places He encountered the most violent opposition, and the most perverse contradiction of sinners. But all were equally and alike effectual in impeding the progress of the gospel as preached by the Son of God. So we see that there were multiplied phases of the opposition our Saviour met in his public ministry. The same may be as truly said of the opposition that the apostles met, and that ministers of Christ have everywhere and ever since met. We speak of this opposition in a general way, as affecting the progress of the gospel in all times and in all places—not as existing primarily between men and men, simply considered, but as existing primarily between the Spirit of Christ and the Spirit of the Devil.

What is the history of mankind but a running commentary upon the Holy Scriptures, bearing on the desperate wickedness of the human heart, the dreadful nature of sin and the fearful effects of sin?

Notwithstanding all the excellencies of the character of Christ, and the diffusive goodness that shone forth in all his life and labors, proclaiming Him divine, and the greatest benefactor of suffering humanity, there were yet found those so lost to gratitude—so implacably wicked as to array themselves against Him. Instead of the reception and honors he justly deserved the text records the fact that He "endured the contradiction of sinners against himself." Let us with affectionate sympathy look on the indignities that were heaped upon Him when He "gave His back to the smiters, His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; and hid not his face from shame and spitting." Isa. 50:6. Behold the Son of God's delight, thus vilely degraded, thus infamously abused. But not only so—the wonders of His power and goodness were maliciously ascribed to Satan. This was the highest pitch of iniquity. At last as a malefactor of the worst sort, He was nailed to the cross, and in torture hung and bled and died—thus giving his precious "life a ransom for many."

It is well therefore that his faithful followers consider Him that endured so much for them, lest they grow weary and faint in their minds when real trials and persecutions come. The early followers of Christ, though far inferior to their divine Lord, expressed so much of His temper and conduct in their lives and teachings that they were accounted worthy to suffer shame and reproach in the next degree to Him. Paul, who labored more zealously and more abundantly than his brethren, experienced a larger share of dishonor and ill treatment. Though educated at the feet of Gamaliel, and no stranger to Grecian literature, when he showed himself determined to live for Christ and die for the truth, if necessary, and to glory only in the Cross of Christ, he was "made as the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things." 1st Cor., 4:13. And what was true in the lifetime and experience of Paul will hold universally true—in proportion as the truths of divine revelation are faithfully proclaimed to this sinning, sinful world. It is not possible to believe that the carnal mind is better reconciled to the truths of the gospel to-day than in former times. And if there is less persecution, and fewer trials to ministers of Christ, now than then, it may be because they live under a better government and are protected by purer and better laws now than then, but I would sooner guess that it is because their zeal, faith and activity are not such as characterized the apostles, and that their conduct is more conformable to the prevailing tastes of sinners around them, if they have not in many cases actually toned down the gospel to suit the refined sensibilities of influential sinners in their midst. Only let there be a return to the apostolic simplicity, plainness and directness of preaching the gospel, and there will be a greater upheaval in the world, and a greater turning of sinners in one direction or the other. The faithful preaching of the gospel has never yet failed to stir carnally-minded men. It either has a salutary or a deleterious effect. It either wins to Christ and thus secures the love and fidelity of those that hear it, or it hardens and thus secures the contempt of those that hear it. If the faith and practice of the saints on earth, agreeable to the New Testament, were not always and everywhere attended with a measure of opposition and persecution we should want at least one Scriptural evidence that the gospel is of divine origin. Infidels would be in possession of one solid objection against it. But Christ was not mistaken when he predicted the reception His gospel would meet with in the world. The divine prophecy is fulfilling every day. Christ assured His disciples that their attachment to Him and their fidelity to the truth would expose them to the violent hatred and tumultuous rage of mankind. Ecclesiastical history often repeats itself, and as often verifies the words of Christ.

Dr. Broadus, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, in commenting on the 10th chapter of Matthew, says: "Let no one be surprised at learning that so much persecution is to be encountered by the Twelve and by Christ's followers in general; for it was the object of Christ's mission to introduce principles which would be sure to cause divisions and conflicts among men, even within the bosom of families. His religion was so wholly opposed to the spirit of the world, that such a result was inevitable."

Again, the same commentator says: "The gospel does tend to bring men into peace with each other, but only in proportion as they are brought into peace with God. So as to the prophecies; men will beat their swords into plow-shares only when men ground the arms of their rebellion against God. Till then the enemies of God will be the enemies of His people, and often bitter enemies." Matthew Henry, a distinguished Presbyterian commentator, says: "There is no part of Christ's gospel that needs, upon any account, to be concealed; the whole counsel of God must be revealed. In never so mixed a multitude, let it be plainly and fully delivered. If through fear of man we shrink from duty God will punish us. If amid all opposition we persevere, God will care for us."

We may therefore conclude that wherever the gospel of Christ is preached and opposed, the grounds of the opposition must be essentially the same. The truths which faithful ministers evolve and enforce from the Holy Scriptures are the same that Christ and the apostles inculcated. The effect must be essentially the same in all places of his dominion. But the gospel, however opposed by the many and slighted by none, is never preached in vain. It has always been and always will be the power of God and the wisdom of God in the salvation of some. Supported and encouraged by the words and spirit of their divine Lord and Master, His true and willing servants have never been ashamed nor afraid to appear in the defense of His cause, whose right it is to reign, against all opposition and through all dangers.

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross:
Lift high His royal banner—
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed."

The defalcation of State Treasurer Tate, of Kentucky, is now ascertained to be over $250,000. He has fled to Canada.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

An Outrage Alleged to Have Been Perpetrated on a Fish Warden at Georgetown.

(From the Marion Star.)

Some time ago Mr. Tom Tanner was appointed fish warden at Georgetown at the suggestion of the Hon. L. S. Bingham. Mr. Tanner went at once to his post at Georgetown to begin his duties, which were to see that no fishing for shad was carried on during certain days of the week. Mr. Tanner is a good man and did his duty so faithfully that the people of Georgetown concluded to get rid of him if they could not buy him off. Failing in the latter scheme they got up a little racket and successfully roped the fish warden in. Mr. Tanner became the lion of the day and was treated with all the courtesy that President Cleveland could have desired. He was much flattered and elated and voted the citizens of Georgetown the most friendly and generous people in the State. On a certain night he was invited to a big supper given in his honor. Punctually at the appointed time Mr. Tanner was on hand, dressed in his best, and everything went on merrily until the time arrived to drink the toasts. A large number of them were drunk and speeches were made, when suddenly to Mr. Tanner the room began to assume a curious shape, the guests to look like shad, and then oblivion. When Mr. Tanner awoke in the early gray of the next morning he was minus all of his clothing and had been painted a brilliant black. He viewed himself with a surprised look, tried to straighten the occurrences of the night before, the memories of which came crowding upon him. He then concluded it would not do to return to his post and face his entertainers of the previous night, so paying a negro to bring him a suit of clothes he scoured himself in the yellow waters of the Great Pee-Dee. He jumped on the first boat and returned to the house of the Hon. L. S. Bingham, to whom he made a faithful report of his escapade, and received the sincere sympathy of the West Side representative. Mr. Tanner is sufficiently amused with the fish business for the present and expresses himself as amply satisfied with his domestic surroundings.

NO ONE NEED DIE.

Dr. Hammond's Plan for Living Forever--A Startling but Plausible Theory--Life a Process of Death and Restoration.

Dr. William A. Hammond, the eminent physician, furnishes the following to the Washington Post:

People die through their ignorance of the laws which govern their existence and also from their inability or indisposition to obey those laws with which they are acquainted. We are told in the first chapter of Genesis that before Adam ate the forbidden fruit the life of man was to be eternal. But with the acquisition of the knowledge of good and evil death became his portion. It seemed to me that it would be more in accordance with the actual state of affairs at the present time to believe that his death, came through the loss of knowledge rather than from his obtaining it, for now he loses his life not through an excess of knowledge but through an excess of ignorance.

I do not see that there is any physiological reason why even at the present day man should die. From a knowledge of the causes of disease greater than that possessed fifty years ago, and from the advance of medical science leading to better methods of treating the deviations from the normal standard of health to which we are subject, the life of a generation has within the period mentioned been lengthened five or six years. That is, the average man instead of living thirty years, as he did fifty years ago, now lives nearly thirty-six years. Looking at the question from this standpoint only it will be seen that it is merely a question of time when his life will be extended to thousands of years, and that with an eternity of time his life will also be eternal.

Let us take one aspect of the subject and we shall not, I think, fail to perceive that when we thoroughly understand it and are willing to live in accordance with its requirements, death, unless by accident, will cease to exist.

We know that this life is continued through the death of the various atoms of the several tissues that enter into the composition of his body. His organs are kept in action by force and this force results as does all other force from the metamorphosis of matter. Thus to obtain heat we burn wood or coal, and ashes and gases are evolved in this process; to generate elecricity we convert zinc or some other metal into a salt through the action of an acid and electricity is set free. In the body, the brain, the heart, the liver, the muscles all act through the destruction or rather alteration of the substance of which they are composed. With every thought that emanates from the brain, with every emotion which it feels, with every act of the will which it originates, with every perception which it experiences, a certain portion of the central tissue is broken down into simpler substance and through various channels is excreated from the body. With every pulsation that the heart makes some part of the organ, though small it may be in amount, is destroyed, and is cast out of the system to make room for new substance. With every contraction of a muscle, no matter how small, from the effort required to wield the heaviest kind of a sledge hammer to that necessary to lift a pin or crook a finger or wink an eyelid, muscular tissue dies, and being no longer fitted for the purpose for which it was formed, is taken up by the veins and like that coming from the brain and heart and the lungs and the stomach and all the other organs which serve the purposes of the body, is gotten rid of through the kidneys and the skin and the respiration to be reformed outside of the system into other substances which in their turn make the food by which the body is again nourished.

The food that man takes into his stomach ought to be of such quantity and quality as would exactly repair the losses which, through the action of the several organs, his body is to undergo. If it is excessive in either of these directions, or if it is deficient, disease of some kind will certainly be the result. If he knew enough to be able to adjust his daily food to the expected daily requirements of his system, disease could never ensue through the exhaustion of any one of his vital organs. A large majority of the morbid affections to which he is subject are due to a lack of this knowledge.

Suppose, for instance, that a man on rising in the morning should say to himself, "To-day I have to read ten pages of 'Blackstone's Commentaries,' twenty pages of 'Don Quixote,' to walk three miles and a half, to pay a visit of half an hour's duration to my grandmother and to take my sweetheart to the theatre where I shall spend two hours; to do this I require (taking out his pencil and memorandom book as he speaks) so much carbon, so much nitrogen (giving, of course, the exact weight of these several elementary substances.) I can get those precise quantities from eight ounces of bread, four ounces of eggs, eight ounces of beef, six ounces of potatoes, four ounces of fish, a half pint of beef soup, eight ounces of water and eight ounces of strong coffee to make them go a little farther than they would otherwise. In case I have an extraordinary demand made upon me for mental or physical exertion I shall have to add to these substances others which will compensate for the increased loss."

Now suppose he is exactly right in his calculations, and that the food taken is neither too great or too little, but exactly compensates the anticipated losses, the death of each cell in the brain or the heart or the muscles, etc., will be followed by the birth of a new cell, which will take its place and assume its functions. Gout, rheumatism, liver and kidney disease, heart affections, softening and other disorders of the brain, the various morbid conditions to which the digestive organs are subject, would be impossible except through the actions of some external force, such as the swallowing of sulphuric acid or a blow on the head, or stab with a knife, which would come clearly within the class of accidents, and of course many of them would be avoidable.

Again, let us imagine that man knew just to what an extent his animal appetite should be gratified; that he had ascertained to what an extent, if at all, alcohol, tobacco and other stimulants and sedatives should be used; that his knowledge in regard to clothing was perfect; that he had acquired complete information of the manner in which his house should be built and heated and ventilated and otherwise made sanitarily perfect; that cookery had become one of the exact sciences; that he was able to avoid the effects of extreme heat, cold and moisture; that, in a word, he had nothing to learn in regard to the best way of living so as to preserve himself from all morbific causes; supposing all this and I admit that it is not very likely that he will for ages upon ages acquire the almost God-like omniscience necessary, death would be impossible and the eternal life to which we are told he was born would again be his.

From a consideration of these points we perceive that people die—

First. From ignorance of all the laws of life.

Second. From wilfulness in not obeying the laws they know.

THE EMPEROR'S THROAT.

Condition of the Royal Patient at Berlin--He Breathes--He May Live Through the Summer.

(From the New York Times.)

BERLIN, March 19.—I had the privilege to-day of a long and frank talk with one of the German doctors connected with Kaiser Frederick's case. He would not say that the disease was cancer or what; but he said confidentially that the chances were in favor of his living at least through the summer. He explained the appearance of the Kaiser's throat. There is a silver tube with a funnel opening in the front of the throat near the chest. Over this opening is a wire respirator, and over this the first layer of cotton wool. Then there is a sheet of silk, all so thin and compact that the patient is able to button his uniform around it, while not preventing the air from circulating, and when he tries to speak he must close this by a silk tab, which is always close at hand. This, however, needs rarely to be used, for he has only attempted to utter a few monosyllables since his return. In each case he paid a severe penalty in throat irritation. He has got in the way of moving his lips so that his attendants, notably the Empress, are able to understand everything he wishes to convey.

To-day there was a favorable bulletin, but private information is to the effect that the phlegm, though less in quantity, is worse in color, and Dr. Bergmann, who was so summarily frozen out at San Remo, was to-day summoned in consultation again at the Schloss. My informant says the Kaiser works hard, finds little or no reaction after exertion, and would impress an ordinary observer as a dumb man in excellent health and spirits. It is not easy to believe that he cherishes hopes of recovery, but certainly both of his messages to the Reichstag and Landtag to-day were couched in sanguine terms. Both bodies rose spontaneously when Prince Bismarck finished reading the documents and raised thundering cheers for Kaiser Frederick. Only a few Socialist Democrats abstained from this manifestation.

It is the belief in the best political circles that the Kaiser is going to hasten a number of important constitutional reforms and make their adoption a matter of personal urgency in order to commit his successor as far as possible to liberalism. The question of Prince Bismarck's attitude toward that policy is discussed with much curiosity. It is evident that he is no longer absolute master of affairs, for the Kaiser has already selected for special honors and promotion several who are known to be bitterly distasteful to Bismarck. One of the most notable of these is old General Blumenthal, who is a genius only second to Von Moltke and who was chief of Unser Fritz's staff in 1866, 1870 and 1884. It was noted with surprise that he somehow never got to be a field marshal, though younger and lesser men were promoted to that grade over his head. One of the first things the new Kaiser did was to summon General Blumenthal to Charlottenburg on his arrival at Berlin for the funeral and say: "Liber Blumenthal, I have not had time to get a new baton for you, so here is mine. You take it and I will get another." General Blumenthal came down the path from the Schloss half an hour later with a blue stick in his hand and tears of gratification in his eyes.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Won't you please tell your male readers that $3 will buy a fine, strong and serviceable pair of pants, made to order by the N. Y. Standard Pants Co., of 66 University Place, New York city? By sending 6 cents in postage stamps to the above firm, they will send to any address 25 samples of cloth to choose from, a fine linen tape measure, a full set of scientific measurement blanks and other valuable information. All goods are delivered by them through the U. S. Mails. A novel and practical idea. Advise your readers to try the firm. They are thoroughly reliable. Yours truly,

* WILLIAM VANDERBILT.

The Hon. Morrison R. Waite, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at Washington at an early hour Friday morning.

A special from Frankfort, Ky., states that Governor Buckner has suspended the treasurer of the State, Jas. W. Tate. Tate is charged with defalcation in his office, and it is said that he has fled from the State. The defaulting official has been treasurer for twenty-one years. He was considered the sole of honor, and the news will produce a tremendous sensation over the entire State. A later dispatch from Frankfort states that an investigation, immediately instituted on the recommendation of Governor Buckner, disclose a deficit in Tate's office of $150,000, and that the irregularities seem to run back eleven years.

THE DIOCESAN CONVENTION.

Mr. McCrady's Views—Ordination Gives no Right to Sit in the Convention--The Laity Advised to Abstain for the Present.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina—Dear Brethren: I see by the Bishop's late pastoral of March 10th, instant, there is danger of a very serious misunderstanding between our clergy and laity, which I think may be avoided. The pastoral seems to declare that the laity condemn the clergy for their vote on the admission of a colored clergyman. This is a total misapprehension. As one of those who retired from the last Convention, I beg leave to say (and I think my years, being one of the oldest members of the Church now living, entitle me to speak) that we have never objected to the votes of the clergy, because that was the exercise of an undoubted right; but we have retired after the presiding officer had deprived us of our right to vote.

The clergy and the Bishop being firmly resolved together, our safety only rested on our right to call for a vote by orders, and in that way to prevent the action contemplated by the clergy. This was our right under the constitution, and we had good ground for our action, and our action was strictly under the constitution of the Convention. We denied no one's right as we recognized it under that constitution.

The pastoral says we deny the right of an ordained minister of our Church to exercise his privileges under our constitution on account of his color. We deny that a clergyman has any privileges by virtue of his ordination under our constitution. This is the question between the clergy and ourselves, and is a constitutional one, and the only difference is as to the construction of the words of that constitution, and certainly, upon the construction of that instrument, the laity have as good right to their opinion as the clergy. But the real difficulty is that some of the clergy hold that their ordination entitles them to sit in our body, while the laity insist that the Convention is not the Church, and their ordination gives them no such right, while others of them hold to the meaning of the word "clergyman," as used in our constitution. On both these questions we maintain that the laity have as much right to their opinion as the clergy.

Now, the only way in which we can express our opinions is by our votes, whenever the vote is to be taken by orders, and our right to call for a vote by orders, whenever two delegations agree to call for it. It was on a vote by orders, as to the organization, that the question in the last Convention came up. Upon an appeal from the decision of the Chair in favor of the clergy's views, to which a large majority of the laity was opposed, the Bishop, after stating that he would receive no further appeal, but would go on to the regular orders, "as though the body was organized, put the question fairly to the Convention, and a vote by orders was called for, and he announced that his decision was not sustained by the Convention but was rejected; and then turned to the secretary and directed him to proceed to the order of business and declared that he would entertain no appeals. Upon this declaration the majority of the laity retired, believing it to be their duty so to do, as their votes were not respected, and, by retiring, considered the Convention as ended.

The laity certainly cannot go to the Convention at Anderson without acknowledging the validity of the acts of those who remained in the last Convention; which they cannot do without putting themselves at the mercy of the clergy, while the constitution puts them on an equal footing when they disagree. Their remedy is to abstain from Conventions until their rights are recognized, or some arrangement made to compose the difficulty. We do not ask the clergy to give up anything, but simply to submit to the constitution. We are not asking them now to do more than to submit to a proper rule governing all legislative assemblies; that when the decision of the Chair is appealed from, the body itself is to decide, and its decision is final.

I shall say nothing more now, when there seems to be a possibility of healing our differences, than this: Kindness may do much, but such attempts to force the colored clergy upon us, however unwilling, may possibly bring on all the troubles anticipated in the pastoral.

EDWARD MCCRADY.

The Episcopal Conference.

One of the lay delegates to the Episcopal conference which was held on Wednesday, in relation to the coming Diocesan Convention, was asked yesterday if he could give for publication some of the details of the conference.

He said that he had no reason to withhold any information as to any action taken by the conference, for the reason that no action was taken. As a matter of fact, the basis of whatever agreement might hereafter be arrived at was not formulated by the conference. There were no resolutions passed expressive of the views submitted by any or all of the members of the body. He said, however, that nearly every member, lay and clerical, had views, and these views were stated and discussed. The conference, he said, was not sufficiently representative, as to number, to warrant any definite action, which could only be had when other delegates, lay and clerical, should have been heard from. He understood that such members would have been been heard from yesterday, and it was then expected that the general opinion of representatives, lay and clerical, could so far be arrived at that plan of action could be put in shape.

This delegate declined to give his own views as expressed in the conference; but he had no objection to stating that, from the temper and tone and earnestness of the discussions, there was no doubt that there would be entire harmony at the next Diocesan Convention.

The information was also obtained, from a member of St. Philip's congregation, that the divisions in the diocese would be reconciled by the adoption of the Virginia compromise, or rather plan, whereby, as it is stated, the colored minister would be deprived of none of his rights as a clergyman, but that each and every right could be exercised either in a separate convocation, or by a restriction solely as to the manner in which the colored member should become a lawmaker of the diocese.—News and Courier, March 23.

Progress in the State.

The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record of this week contains the following statement of new enterprises in this State for the past week:

Aiken.—The building of a large hotel is being agitated.

Aiken.—The Aiken Institute, recently mentioned as chartered, will erect a building to cost from $4,000 to $8,000.

Barnwell.—It is stated that a street railroad will be built.

Charleston.—Wm. M. Bird, Henry F. Welch and John Davis have incorporated the Acme Creosoting Company, capital stock $25,000, to build creosoting works.

Georgetown.—It is rumored that a cotton compress will be erected.

Laurens.—There is talk of a cotton gin factory being started.

Orangeburg.—The Orange Cotton Mills are adding 576 spindles.